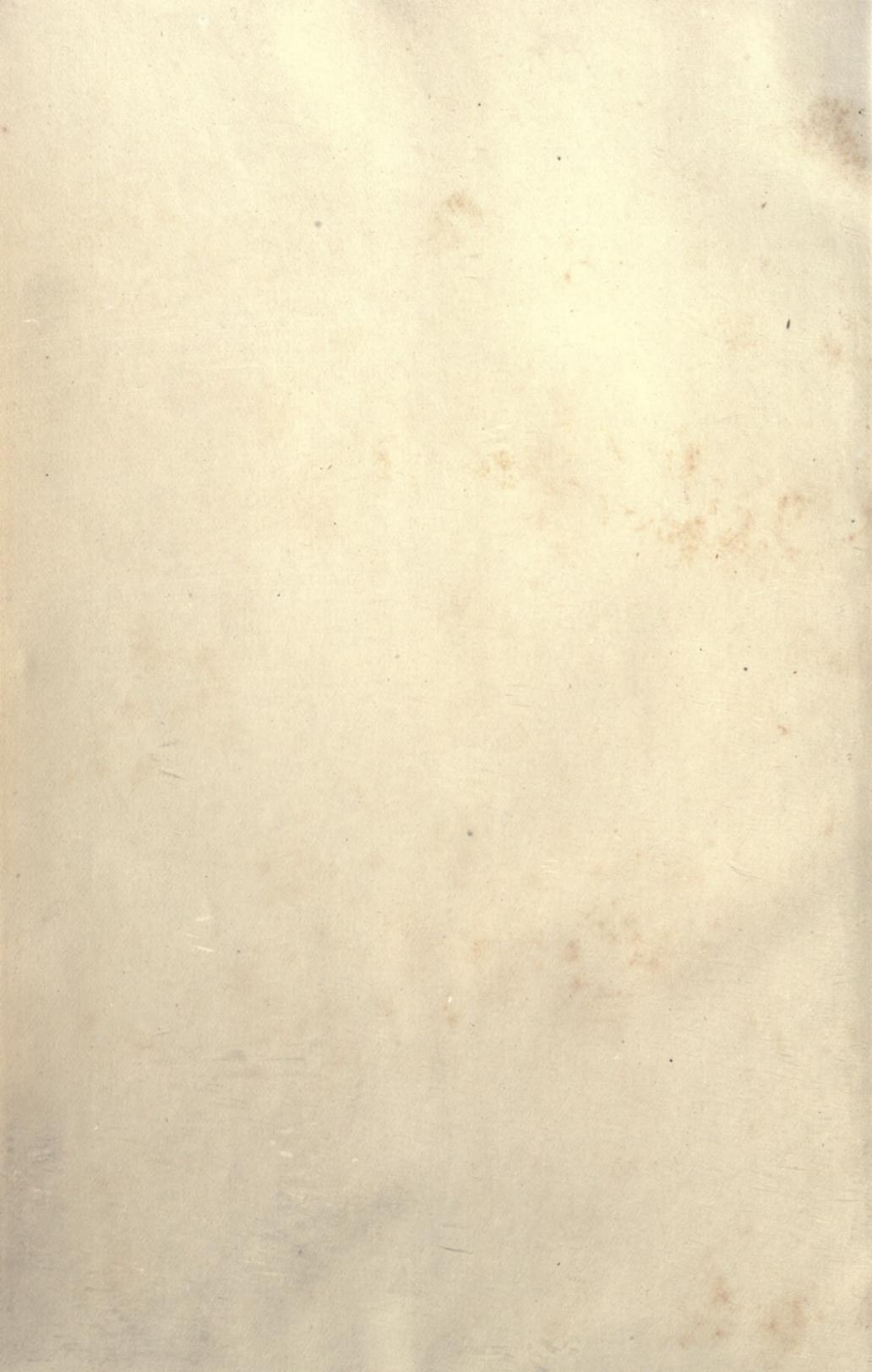


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VOL. XXIV



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MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1875.

NATURAL RELIGION.

V.

“BUT what consolation is to be found in such a worship? What is the *use* of believing in such a God?” This is the objection I expect to hear. It is true that the conception I have been drawing out, however evidently great, sublime, and glorious, is at the same time a painful and oppressive conception to us. The thought of the unity of the Universe is not by itself inspiring; the belief in it can scarcely be called a faith. For we must look at the bad side of the Universe as well as the good. The Power we contemplate is the power of death as well as life, of decay as well as of vigour; in human affairs He is the power of reaction as well as of progress, of barbarism as well as of civilization, of corruption as well as of reform, of immobility as well as of movement, of the past as well as of the future. In the most ancient and one of the grandest hymns ever addressed to Him, this mixed feeling of terror and fascination with which we naturally regard Him is strongly marked:—“Thou turnest man to destruction; again Thou sayest, Come again, ye children of men. For we consume away in Thine anger, and in Thy wrath we are troubled.” Bearing this in mind, it has become a habit with us to say that God thus conceived is not God at all, and to treat belief in God as equivalent to a belief in something beyond these appearances, something which gives the preponderance to good and makes the evil evanescent in com-

parison with it. If we cannot grasp this belief in something beyond, it is thought that what is visible on the face of the Universe is a mere nightmare. “Call it God, if you will; but it is a God upon whose face no man can look and live; from such a God it is well to turn away our eyes. What is the *use* of such a God?”

But meanwhile He is there. Though the heart ache to contemplate Him, He is there. Can we turn our eyes away from Him? In which direction should we turn them?

And yet no doubt it is quite possible to look upon the Universe and see no such Being. It is possible to think only of each thing as it comes, and to refrain from viewing them in the whole which they constitute. By viewing all things continually “in disconnection dull and spiritless,” we may relieve our minds of the burden of a thought too vast for them. This course is possible, and even has its advantages; but it is only possible in the same way as it is possible to narrow our minds, to retrograde into a past stage of development, and the advantages it offers are of the same sort as those which barbarism offers in comparison with civilization. For a mind of any force or compass it is scarcely possible; at least, if it is possible to remain a stranger to the conception altogether, it is scarcely possible to lose it after having been once enlightened, after having once admitted a conception which so rapidly modifies the mind into which it enters.

But is this conception really so efficacious to modify the mind? Is it not too large and vague? Or if its power over minds in a certain stage cannot be denied, if the wonderful effect it has had, even in its rudest shape, over the nations that have been converted to Mohammedanism must be acknowledged, yet is there any reason to believe that it can exert any influence over minds sobered by knowledge and inductive science? The question here, be it observed, is not whether practical results are to be expected from such direct contemplation of God in Nature. This question we have considered before; we have seen that the practical result to be expected is nothing less than that reign of science which is announced in these days as the greatest of revolutions. The question is not now of theology but of religion. It is whether this practical devotion to Nature is to be attended with any worship, any exalted condition of the imagination and feelings. This seems often to be denied both by the friends and by the enemies of the scientific movement. The former often take for granted that worship belongs only to God considered as a supernatural Being, and that God in this sense is exploded by science. The latter represent that God, viewed in Nature alone, appears so awful, so devoid of moral perfections, as to be no proper object of worship.

Unquestionably there is some real foundation for this latter view. That God is too awful to be worshipped has been at times almost admitted by those who have worshipped Him most. Prophets used to speak of entering into the rocks and hiding in the dust for fear of Him. It is only because they were able to perceive dimly that which reassured them, that which mitigated the terror and made the greatness less insufferable, that religious men have been able to retain religious feelings. But for this they would have felt nothing but a stony stupefaction; they would have armed their hearts with callousness, and have encountered life with stoic apathy. Religious men have always been in

danger of that scorching of the brain which leads to fanaticism and inhumanity. It is not without danger that the brain tampers with so vast a conception, as on the other hand it can only keep aloof from it by resigning itself to a contemptible littleness. What means there are of escaping this danger is a separate question, but as soon as it is escaped, terror and astonishment pass at once into worship. Meanwhile, I can find no reason why the most exclusive votary of science should not worship. On the contrary, I think it clear that worship, if we may fairly use that word in the sense of infinite admiration and absorbing wonder, will increase in proportion as science is diffused, and that it can only be endangered by too great division of labour among scientific men. Not because there is no God to worship is science tempted to renounce worship, but it may be tempted by the necessity of concentration, by the absorbing passion of analysis, by prudential limitation of the sphere of study, by a mistaken fear of the snares of the imagination.

I might quote many distinct declarations made by scientific men of the tendency of the contemplation of Nature to excite worship. But it can be shown by a more conclusive proof. Worship expresses itself naturally in poetry. And again where a deity is recognized there are votaries, there are those who dedicate their lives to the worship of him. Now, is it true that God viewed in Nature has received the homage of no poetry? Is it true that Nature has made no votaries, has inspired no one? Has the Universe always appeared either so awful as to shut the mouths of those who contemplated it, or, on the other hand, so devoid of unity as to excite no single or distinct feeling?

It would certainly be of little use to say, Here is God—worship Him! to those at least who have been gazing upon the object all their lives, and yet have seen nothing to worship there; unless we could show historically that the same contemplation has led others to worship. But surely this is easy.

Ever since the worship of God founded too exclusively on supernaturalism began to be dulled by scepticism, a counter movement has been going on, reviving and re-establishing the worship of God in Nature. As I have maintained that the scientific movement so far from being properly atheistic, is in fact the setting up of a new theology, so let me point out that all modern poetry and art, particularly where it has appeared most hostile to the Church, has pointed towards a new form of religion, towards a new worship of God. How striking a phenomenon is the appearance, since the middle of the last century, of the word Nature in all theories of literature and art.

As worship always finds its expression in Art, calling in Architecture to design the temples of its Divinity and Painting to embellish them, and invoking Him by the aid of the poet and of the musical composer, so, on the other hand, art is never inspired by anything but worship. The true artist is he who worships, for worship is habitual admiration. It is the enthusiastic appreciation of something, and such enthusiastic appreciation is the qualification without which an artist cannot even be conceived. Wherever, therefore, art is, there is religion; but the religion may be what has been described above as Pagan. It may be a mere appreciation of material and individual beauty. To become religion in the high sense, it must appreciate the unity in things; and even of such religion there is a higher and a lower form. The lower form is that which, while it perceives a unity in nature, yet takes at the same time an inadequate view of nature, not including in its view, or not making sufficiently prominent, what is highest in nature—that is, morality. Such religion may be said to worship a mere Jove; but if morality receives its due place, such religion is, in a worthy sense, the worship of God. Now, there took place towards the end of the last century a remarkable revolution in art. For the first time artists began to perceive the unity of what they contem-

plated; and for the first time, in consequence, they began to feel that their pursuit was no desultory amusement, but an elevating worship. It never entered into the mind of the poets of the seventeenth century, of a Corneille or a Dryden; perhaps it was not clearly conceived even by a Shakespeare or a Milton, that their function as artists was the worship of Nature. This conception belongs to the age of Goethe and Wordsworth, and it has had very manifestly the effect of increasing the self-respect of artists ever since. But this fact, so conspicuous upon the page of recent history, is the best answer to the question whether God considered purely in Nature is an object of worship. No terror, and still less any hopeless incomprehensibility in Nature, prevented these poets from rendering a worship by which their own lives were dignified, and in a manner hallowed.

I might quote many names from many countries in illustration of this, for it was characteristic of that age that everywhere the men of sensibility, the artists, and especially the poets, as using the instrument of greatest compass, assumed a high and commanding tone. The function of the prophet was then revived, and poets for the first time aspired to teach the art of life, and founded schools. The greatest poets in earlier times had aimed at nothing of this sort; but from the time of Rousseau, through that of Goethe, Schiller, Chateaubriand, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Byron, and almost to our own times, poets have helped to make opinions, have influenced philosophy, social institutions, and politics. But let us think for a moment of the two greatest of these names.

Goethe was not, it may be, admirable in morality; but he was, nevertheless, a religious man. There is no necessary connection between religion and morality; and, as I have just pointed out, one form of religion, and that not the lowest, takes little account of morality. It does not follow because the religion which is combined with morality is immeasurably better, that the non-

moral religion is unreal or hypocritical, nor yet that it is valueless. It may be greatly better than no religion at all. Goethe's religion seems to me to have been a very real and a very powerful principle. It gave unity and dignity to his life. It made it life in the true sense—that is, a perpetual regulated energy of the feelings. God in Nature was the object of his worship. Not this or that class of phenomena, but the unity that is visible in all was the thought that possessed him. He felt, as he says, the whole six days' work go on within him. To know this by science, and to realise, appropriate, and assimilate it in art, was the labour and happiness of his life. When I call this perpetual rapt contemplation by the name of religion, I am not interpreting his feelings into a new language. I am using his own language; it is Goethe himself who calls it so. Who has science and art, he says, has religion.

It is not altogether true that this religion did not act as a moral stimulus or restraint upon him. It was the spring of an indefatigable industry, and industry is a virtue. Little-mindedness, frivolity, sordid devotion to money, are vices; and his religion raised him high above all such temptations. But it is true that the idea of duty and self-sacrifice appears not to be very sacred in his mind—rather, perhaps, to be irritating, embarrassing, odious to him. Only I cannot see that this was in any degree owing to the pantheistic character of his religion. It seems to me quite possible to think of God as an immanent cause, or not to raise the question of the manner of His relation to the universe, and yet to pay a due homage to morality. If Goethe thought of God mainly as the source of beauty, and did not much associate the ideas of duty or of self-sacrifice with Him, this seems to me owing simply to some misfortune in his experience or character which in some measure blinded him to the true greatness of those ideas. Had he realised the moral side of the universe as strongly as he did the other sides, assuredly his idea of God would have

been raised proportionally. His pantheism would not have prevented this—rather, it would have necessitated it. He who identifies God with the universe will assuredly not omit from his idea of God that which he thinks greatest in the universe.

But the saint of this religion is Wordsworth. Up to a certain point these two poets agree in their way of regarding the universe. Both begin with a warm and perfectly healthy Paganism. They refuse worship to nothing that has a right to it. Their sympathies take hold of everything, and that with so much warmth, that their poems have made the old mythologies intelligible to us, and brought back the days of nymphs and river gods. Again, they agree in setting the whole above the parts, in worshipping the unity of things much more than the things themselves. Their service of adoration rises gradually to the highest object, and closes in the Hebrew manner with, "Among the gods there is none like unto Thee, O God." But the feebleness in handling the conception of duty, which we notice in Goethe, is not to be remarked in Wordsworth. No poet can be named more austere in his morality than this worshipper of Nature. If it is just to call him a pantheist, all that can be said is: In that case pantheism has not the effect commonly attributed to it of cutting the sinews of virtue.

I have said that Goethe's religion had a salutary effect upon his life. Of Wordsworth's religion, surely much more may be said. Religious people have a curious habit of refusing to take it seriously. 'Oh, yes!' they say, 'he made for himself a sort of poetical religion,' and they imply that it had no more reality than the conventional heathenism of the classical school, or the Arcadia of modern pastoral. Most of them would be utterly disconcerted to hear him called the most religious man, and the greatest reviver of religion of his age. And yet it is surely somewhat unsatisfactory to account for the religiousness of his poetry by the conventionalism of poetic language, when we

consider that he was precisely the reformer who put down this conventionalism, and gave new life to poetry by making it sincere. And without denying that even he might not always escape the temptation to exaggeration which besets all those whose trade is in words, there is quite as much evidence of the general sincerity of Wordsworth's religion as there is of that of any other eminent religious teacher. All religious teachers alike must necessarily deal much in words, and almost all will occasionally overstate their feelings. Here is a description of Wordsworth, drawn from the personal observation of one who was perfectly aware of all his foibles. Let the reader judge whether this description of the man as he was does not correspond to a very unusual and wonderful degree with that which might be drawn by conjecture from his poems:—"The Recluse of the Lakes,' who loved the 'life removed,' would direct himself to the painstaking investigation of Nature's smallest secrets, would halt by the wayside bank, and dilate with exquisite sensibility and microscopic power of analysis on the construction of the humblest grasses, or on the modest seclusion of some virgin wild flower nestling in the bosom, or diffidently peering from out the privacy of a shady nook composed of plumes of verdant ferns. In that same stroll to Heisterbach he pointed out to me such beauty of design in objects I had used to trample under foot, that *I felt as if almost every spot on which I trod was holy ground, which I had rudely desecrated.* His eyes would fill with tears, and his voice falter, as he dwelt on the benevolent adaptation of means to ends discernible by reverential observation. *Nor did his reflections die out in mawkish sentiment; they lay 'too deep for tears,' and as they crowded thickly on him, his gentle spirit, subdued by the sense of the Divine goodness towards His creatures, became attuned to better thoughts; the love of Nature inspired his heart with a gratitude to Nature's God, and found its most suitable expression in numbers."*

It seems strange to refuse to think of this man as religious, and yet to think, for example, of Keble as a saint, whose poetry frequently bears the appearance of having been written not so much to express what he felt as in hopes of feeling what he expressed, and who himself accused his own *Christian Year* of unreality. It would be hard to find in hagiography better evidences of genuine piety than can be found in the life of Wordsworth.

But another thing conceals from us the saintliness of this character. It is that Wordsworth's life was not passed in philanthropic undertakings, that he made no great sacrifices of money or labour, and that his happiness was enormous and never clouded. Here again his lot has been similar to that of Goethe, who has lost men's sympathies, partly because he was exempt from suffering. Wordsworth's prosperity was of a much more modest kind, but it was equally uniform. Neither of these men knew much of the darker side of human life. Goethe, we know, shunned the sight of whatever was painful with a care that may be thought selfish or effeminate, particularly when it is considered in connection with the moral laxity which pervades his works. Wordsworth had none of this Epicureanism; but, accustomed as we are to picture the saint as in the very thick of human misery, as surrounded with distresses with which he identifies himself, and which he devotes his life to comforting or remedying, we do not readily imagine it possible for a saint to pass his life in a perpetual course of lonely enjoyment as Wordsworth did among the lakes and mountains, the objects of his passion. It may be worth a paragraph or two to consider the soundness of this impression.

Let us then remark that if Wordsworth knew nothing of sacrifice and sorrow, it was mainly because he had, in his religion, a talisman against both. The complete absence of wealth, and of the prospect of wealth would have been a severe trial to most Englishmen. It would have cost most people anxiety,

discontent ; it would have led many literary men to unworthy compliances with the taste of the age, to writing bad books and too many of them. If it brought no suffering and no temptation to Wordsworth, if it never clouded his happiness for an instant, this was not good luck but a victory over evil, won so completely that there remain no traces of the conflict. That art of plain living, which moralists in all ages have prized so much, was mastered completely by Wordsworth. He found the secret of victory where alone it can be found. He sacrificed the wealth that is earned by labour, trade, speculation in exchange for the wealth that is given away. Others might purchase and hoard and set up fences, calling it property, to exclude others from enjoyment. To his share fell, what all alike may take, all those things that have no economical value, and that are therefore denied to industry, air and sunshine, in short the goodly universe to which "he was wedded in love and holy passion." It is impossible to avoid rhetorical language in describing what nevertheless is no imaginary moral attainment, but one well-attested as much by the ridicule of his detractors as by his own assertions.

As of sacrifice, so of adversity. He was no stranger to it ; only he triumphed completely over it. What greater calamity can befall a man than to fail in his vocation, to be unappreciated, to see his highest efforts unsuccessful ? Wordsworth's failure was such as has driven many men to suicide, many to settled despondency, many to cynicism, and many to abandonment of their enterprise. Had he been a rich man it might not have been surprising that he should indulge his taste for a good while even in defiance of public ridicule. Had he been intoxicated with self-conceit, his perseverance would have been none the less wonderful, but it would not have been admirable or virtuous. But taking all the circumstances together, considering that the estimate he formed of his own merits was rational, that he was a poor man,

that the ignorant contempt of the public for his performances continued unshaken for the greater part of his life, and was ratified by the most authoritative critics, we cannot but consider it an extraordinary proof of the power of character to prevail over circumstances that so much injustice, such brutal dullness in his countrymen, should not have affected for a moment his happiness or his temper, or the soundness of his judgment. But this force of character came to him from his religion. From the Eternal Being among whose mountains he wandered, there came to his heart steadfastness, stillness, a sort of reflected or reproduced eternity.

No word should be said against the philanthropic life, against the Christian sympathy that seeks out distress, and bestows time and trouble upon the relief of it. But assuredly there are great works which need to be done, yet cannot be done without solitude and concentration, such as cannot be combined with what is commonly called philanthropy. There is a tale about Martha and Mary. Our ancestors may have been too monastic in their notions of the religious life, but perhaps there was something in the notion of the hermit ; more things certainly are done by solitary worship than the world dreams of. If work is worship, it is implied in this proverb that worship is at least work. It was not for nothing that our "glorious eremite" sacrificed work for worship ; that the Symeon Stylites of the God in nature, stood there so long "on Helvellyn's summit, wide awake." No other modern Englishman has done so much to redeem us from vulgarity ; no other life that has recently been led in this country has so fresh and real a sacredness.

Wordsworth was not only a worshipper of God in nature ; he was also a Christian. This may be urged to show that his case is no proof that God considered simply in nature is an object of worship. It may be thought that the rapture Wordsworth felt in the contemplation of the universe would have been chilled, that it would have given

way to a cold, uneasy amazement very different from worship, had not his mind been filled with prepossessions drawn from Christianity. Though his attitude towards the Christian religion was rather that of tranquil reverential assent, than of enthusiastic conviction, still his Christian belief may have sufficed to give his view of the universe a touch of optimism. The evil that is in the universe may have made the less impression on him, and seemed more evanescent and accidental than it would otherwise have seemed, because of his Christian doctrine of redemption and reconciliation. Had he taken an impartial, unprejudiced view of the universe as it actually presents itself to us he would have seen, it may be thought, evil balancing good, and equally inherent in the nature of things, and would have felt no disposition to worship.

This, however, is not the conclusion which is justified by Wordsworth's poetry. He always declares that his optimism came to him from nature itself. He takes pains, again and again, to make it clear that revealed religion does not seem to him to supply a defect in natural religion, but only, one would really think somewhat superfluously, to tell over again, and to his mind less impressively, what is told by nature. The doctrine of a future life, which he calls "the head and mighty paramount of truths," is at the same time, he says, to one who lives among the mountains a perfectly plain tale. He reverences the volume that declares the mystery, the life that cannot die; but in the mountains does he feel his faith,—which means, beyond mistake, that the gospel of the visible universe is not only in harmony with the written gospel, but is far more explicit and convincing. There may, perhaps, be something embarrassed and confused in the joining of his views, but this only makes the strength and depth of his natural religion appear more clearly.

And yet it is not the "argument from design" which influences Wordsworth, though he may have accepted

that argument, and occasionally urged it himself. It was not upon curious evidence industriously collected, and slightly overweighing when summed up the evidence which could be produced on the other side, that his faith was founded. Nature, taken in the large, inspired him with faith, because the contemplation of it filled him with a happiness his mind could scarcely contain—a happiness which easily, and without the least effort, "overcame the world." As the scepticism of most men is founded upon their experience that the universe does *not* supply their wants, does *not* seem to have in view their happiness, so the faith of Wordsworth was founded upon his own happy contrary experience. He has unbounded trust in Nature, because he has always found her outrunning his expectations, overpaying every loss, unfathomably provident and beneficent. Wordsworth often speaks bitterly of experimental science, and hence it is easy to conclude that he was conscious that his view of nature would not bear examination. But if we look at the passages, we shall see that he is influenced by a very different feeling. He is not one who loves the vague and sentimental; he is remarkable for the distinctness of all his conceptions. A very similar worship of Nature led Goethe to a passionate study of natural science. What Wordsworth is afraid of is the injury that may come to the imagination from considering things in isolation and disconnection. Assuredly his fear was not unreasonable. Every study is in constant danger of being degraded by specialists. The eye of science is apt to get intensely and morbidly concentrated, not upon objects, but parts or points of objects. The ardour for knowledge and discovery leads men to forget that things do not exist merely that they may be known, or named, or classified; still less dissected. Such men, when their habit of mind has grown fixed, destroy everything that they may analyze it. They do not merely, like Apollonius in Lamia, detect what is unreal; there are philosophers whose eye kills the

truest and most real beauty. To them Sophocles falls into a mere heap of Greek Iambics; *Paradise Lost* "proves nothing." They have decomposed a wife's tears, and found them to consist of so much mucus, so much water, so much &c.¹ As they destroy unity in whatever they contemplate, so, when they contemplate the universe, they appear as atheists; for they contemplate it always in detail or by particular, and never as a whole. These are the men of science that Wordsworth has in view. It is not their analysis in itself that he objects to; it is not truth of any kind that offends him. He welcomes truth, whatever prepossessions may be shocked by it. This may be seen in his reflections on Niebuhr's destructive criticism of the legends of Rome. What offends him is not that they analyze, but that they do nothing but analyze. And who is there that will deny that this is a real and a great evil? Who will deny that all the play of life and feeling depends upon the large unities which we are able to apprehend, and which work upon our natures, and not upon the invisible elements into which science may be able to analyze them? Human life is gone, if, instead of friends, relations, &c.—instead of men, women, and children, we think of pounds of flesh, pints of blood, so much albumen, so much lime. Wordsworth had the same feeling about the unities of the inanimate world. To him the sea was the sea, and not merely so much water; it was a mighty being. To him this was a very different thing from personification, though often accompanied with it. If it was a play of poetic feeling, yet he held that such poetic feeling was only human feeling a little heightened, and that upon such feeling all virtue and all happiness depend. Above all, he prized the highest unity. It was those who had no God, in whose minds

nothing bound together the whole multitude of impressions that visit us, and whose feelings therefore had no coherence or unity, that he denounced as men who

"Viewing all things unremittingly,
In disconnexion dull and spiritless,
Break down all grandeur; still unsatisfied
With the perverse attempt while littleness
May yet become more little."

The result of the movement in art which was represented abroad by Goethe, and in England principally by Wordsworth, is still plainly perceptible both in the art and even to some extent in the religion of the present age. An age which is called atheistic, and in which atheism is loudly professed, shows in all its imaginative literature a religiousness—a sense of the Divine which was wanting in the more orthodox ages. Before Church traditions had been freely tested, there was one rigid way of thinking of God—one definite channel through which Divine grace alone could pass—the channel guarded by the Church He had founded. "As if they would confine the Interminable, and tie Him to His own prescript!" Accordingly, when doubt was thrown upon the doctrines of the Church, there seemed an imminent danger of atheism, and we have still the habit of denoting by this name the denial of that conception of God which the Church has consecrated. But by the side of this gradual obscuring of the ecclesiastical view of God, there has gone on a gradual rediscovery of Him in another aspect. The total effect of this simultaneous obscuration of one part of the orb and revelation of the other has been to set before us God in an aspect rather more Judaic than Christian. We see Him less as an object of love, and more as an object of terror, mixed with delight. Much indeed has been lost—it is to be hoped not finally—but something also has been gained. For the modern views of God, so far as they go, have a reality—a freshness that the others wanted. In orthodox times the name of God was

¹ "Tiens, dit-il, en voyant les pleurs de sa femme, j'ai décomposé les larmes. Les larmes contiennent un peu de phosphate de chaux, de chlorure de sodium, du mucus et de l'eau."—BALZAC, *La Recherche de l'Absolu*.

almost confined to definitely religious writings, or was used as part of a conventional language. But now, either under the name of God, or under that of Nature, or under that of Science, or under that of Law, the conception works freshly and powerfully in a multitude of minds. It is an idea indeed that causes much unhappiness, much depression. Men now reason with God as Job did, or feel crushed before Him as Moses, or wrestle with Him as Jacob, or blaspheme Him; they do not so easily attain the Christian hope. But with whatever confusion and astonishment,

His presence is felt really and not merely asserted in hollow professions; it inspires poetry much more than in orthodox times. A Kingsley looks at the world with the eyes of a Psalmist much more than any poet in those times could. And if men can add once more the Christian confidence to the Hebraic awe, the Christianity that will result will be of a far higher kind than that which passes too often for Christianity now, which, so far from being love added to fear, and casting out fear, is a presumptuous and effeminate love that never knew fear.

To be continued.

THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER XI.

CICELY ST. JOHN was not in the least beautiful. The chief charm she had, except her youthful freshness, was the air of life, activity, and animation which breathed about her. Dulness, idleness, weariness, languor were almost impossible to the girl—impossible, at least, except for the moment. To be doing something was a necessity of her nature, and she did that something so heartily, that there was nothing irritating in her activity. Life (but for bills and debts, and the inaction of others) was a pleasure to her. Her perpetual motion was so easy and pleasant and harmonious, that it jarred upon nobody. When she came out, suddenly stepping from the dining-room window, all the sweetness of the morning seemed to concentrate in this one figure, so bright, so living, so full of simple power; and this, after the sombre agitation and distress in which she had been enveloped on the previous night, was the most extraordinary revelation to the stranger, who did not know Cicely. He could scarcely believe it was the same, any more than a man could believe a sunshiny, brilliant summer morning to be the same as the pallid, rainy troubled dawn which preceded the sun-rising. Cicely had been entirely cast down in the evening; every way of escape seemed to have closed upon her; she was in despair. But the night had brought counsel, as it so often does; and to-day she had risen full of plans and resolutions and hopes, and was herself again, as much as if there were no debts in her way, as if her father's position was as sure and stable as they had all foolishly thought it. The moment she came into this little group in the garden its character changed. Two poor little startled babies gazing at a man who understood nothing about them, and gazed back at them with a wonder as

great as their own, without any possible point on which they could come into contact: this is what the curious encounter had been. Mildmay, as thinking himself much the most advanced being, smiled at the children, and experienced a certain amusement in their bewildered, helpless looks; yet he was not a bit wiser in knowledge of them, in power to help them, in understanding of their incomplete natures, than they were in respect to him. But when Cicely stepped out, the group grew human. Whatever was going to be done, whatever was necessary to be done, or said, she was the one capable of doing or saying. Her light, firm step rang on the gravel with a meaning in it; she comprehended both the previously helpless sides of the question, and made them into a whole. Her very appearance had brightness and relief in it. The children (as was natural and proper) were swathed in black woollen frocks, trimmed with crape, and looked under their black hats like two little black mushrooms, with their heads tilted back. Cicely, too, possessed decorous mourning for poor Mrs. St. John; but at home, in the morning, Mab and she considered it sufficient in the circumstances to wear black and white prints, in which white predominated, with black ribbons; so that her very appearance agreed with the sunshine. May would have suited her perhaps better than August, but still she was like the morning, ready for whatever day might bring. Mildmay saluted her with a curious sensation of surprise and pleasure; for this was the one, he perceived at once, who had looked at him with so much hostility—and the change in her was very agreeable. Even the children were moved a little. Charley's mouth widened over his thumb with a feeble smile, and Harry took his gaze from Mildmay to fix it upon her, and

murmured, "Zat's Cicely," getting over her name with a run, and feeling that he had achieved a triumph. Little Annie, the nursemaid, however, who was jealous of the sisters, appeared at this moment, and led her charges away.

"Funny little souls!" Mildmay said, looking after them; then fearing he might have offended his hostess, and run the risk of driving her back into her former hostility, he said something hastily about the garden, which, of course, was the safest thing to do.

"Yes, it is a nice garden," said Cicely; "at least, you will be able to make it very nice. We have never taken enough trouble with it, or spent enough money upon it, which means the same thing. You are very fond of the country, Mr. Mildmay?"

"Am I?" he said. "I really did not know."

"Of country amusements, then—riding, and that sort of thing? We are quite near the race-ground, and this, I believe, is a very good hunting country."

"But these are not clerical amusements, are they?" he said, laughing; "not the things one would choose a parish for?"

"No; certainly papa takes no interest in them: but then he is old; he does not care for amusement at all."

"And why should you think amusement is my great object? Do I look so utterly frivolous?" said Mildmay, piqued.

"Nay," said Cicely, "I don't know you well enough to tell how you look. I only thought perhaps you had some reason for choosing Brentburn out of all the world; perhaps love of the country, as I said; or love for—something. It could not be croquet—which is the chief thing in summer—for that you could have anywhere," she added, with a nervous little laugh.

"I hope, Miss St. John, there are other motives—"

"Oh, yes, many others. You might be going to be married, which people say is a very common reason; but indeed you must not think I am prying.

It was only—curiosity. If you had not some object," said Cicely, looking at him with a wistful glance, "you would never leave Oxford, where there is society and books and everything any one can desire, to come here."

"You think that is everything any one could desire?" he said smiling, with a flattered sense of his superiority—having found all these desirable things too little to content him—over this inexperienced creature. "But, Miss St. John, you forget the only motive worth discussing. There is a great deal that is very pleasant in Oxford—society, as you say, and books, and art, and much besides; but I am of no use to any one there. All the other people are just as well educated, as well off, as good, or better than I am. I live only to enjoy myself. Now, one wants more than that. Work, something to exercise one's highest faculties. I want to do something for my fellow-creatures; to be of a little use. There must be much to do, much to improve, much to amend in a parish like this—"

A rapid flush of colour came to Cicely's face. "To improve and amend!" she said quickly. "Ah! you speak at your ease, Mr. Mildmay—in a parish where papa has been working for twenty years!"

Mildmay gave her a startled, wondering look. To be thus interrupted while you are riding, full tilt, your favourite hobby, is very confusing. He scarcely took in the meaning of the words "working for twenty years."

"Twenty years—all my lifetime and more; and you think you can mend it all at once like an old shoe!" cried Cicely, her cheeks flaming. Then she said, subduing herself, "I beg your pardon. What you say is quite right, I know."

But by this time her words began to take their proper meaning to his mind. "Has Mr. St. John been here so long?" he said. "I hope you don't think I undervalue his work. I am sure it must have been better than anything I with my inexperience can do; but yet—"

"Ah! you will learn; you are

young; and we always think we can do better than the old people. I do myself often," said Cicely, under her breath.

"I did not mean anything so presumptuous," he said; "indeed, I did not know. I thought of myself, as one does so often without being aware—I hope you will not form a bad opinion of me, Miss St. John. I accepted the living for the sake of the work, not for any smaller motive. Books and society are not life. It seemed to me that to instruct one's fellow-creatures so far as one can, to help them as far as one can, to bring a higher ideal into their existence——"

Cicely was bewildered by this manner of speech. She did not quite understand it. No one had ever spoken to her of a high ideal; a great deal had been said to her one time and another about doing her duty, but nothing of this. She was dazzled, and yet half contemptuous, as ignorance so often is. "A high ideal for the poor folk in the village, and Wilkins the grocer, and old Mrs. Joel with her pigs?" she cried mocking; yet while she said it, she blushed for herself.

Mildmay blushed too. He was young enough to be very sensitive to ridicule, and to know that high ideals should not be rashly spoken of except to sympathetic souls. "Why not," he said, "for them as well as for others?" then stopped between disappointment and offence.

"Ah!" said Cicely, "you don't know the village people. If you spoke to them of high ideals, they would only open their mouths and stare. If it was something to make a little money by, poor souls! or to get new boots for their children, or even to fatten the pigs. Now you are disgusted, Mr. Mildmay; but you don't know how poor the people are, and how little time they have for anything but just what is indispensable for living." As she said this, Cicely's eyes grew wistful, and filled with moisture. The young man thought it was an angelical pity for the poverty and sufferings of others; but I fear the girl

was at that moment thinking of what lay before herself.

"Miss St. John," he said, "when you feel for them so deeply, you must sympathize with me too. The harder life is, has it not the more need of some clear perception of all the higher meanings in it? If it is worth while to be a clergyman at all, this is the use, it seems to me, to which we should put ourselves; and for that reason——"

"You are coming to Brentburn!" cried Cicely. The tears disappeared from her eyes, dried by the flush of girlish impatience and indignation that followed. "As if they were all heathens; as if no one else had ever taught them—and spent his time and strength for them! Out of your Latin and Greek, and your philosophy, and your art, and all those fine things, you are coming to set a high ideal before poor Sally Gillows, whose husband beats her, and the Hodges, with their hundreds of children, and the hard farmers and the hard shopkeepers that grind the others to the ground. Well!" she said, coming rapidly down from this indignant height to a half disdainful calm, "I hope you will find it answer, Mr. Mildmay. Perhaps it will do better than papa's system. He has only told them to try and do their best, poor souls! to put up with their troubles as well as they could, and to hope that some time or other God would send them something better either in this world or another. I don't think papa's way has been very successful, after all," said Cicely, with a faint laugh; "perhaps yours may be the best."

"I think you do me injustice," said Mildmay, feeling the attack so unprovoked that he could afford to be magnanimous. "I have never thought of setting up my way in opposition to Mr. St. John's way. Pray do not think so. Indeed, I did not know, and could not think——"

"Of papa at all!" cried Cicely, interrupting him as usual. "Why should you? No, no, it was not you who ought to have thought of him. You never heard his name before, I sup-

pose. No one could expect it of you."

"And if I have entered into this question," he continued, "it was to show you that I had not at least mere petty personal motives."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Mr. Mildmay. I had no right to inquire into your motives at all."

Mildmay was not vain; but he was a young man, and this was a young woman by his side, and it was she who had begun a conversation much too personal for so slight an acquaintance. When he thought of it, it was scarcely possible to avoid a touch of amiable complacency in the evident interest he had excited. "Nay," he said, with that smile of gratified vanity which is always irritating to a woman, "your interest in them can be nothing but flattering to me—though perhaps I may have a difficulty in understanding——"

"Why I am so much interested? Mr. Mildmay!" cried Cicely, with her eyes flashing, "don't you think if any one came to you to take your place, to turn you out of your home, to banish you from everything you have ever known or cared for, and send you desolate into the world—don't you think you would be interested too? Don't you think you would wonder over him, and try to find out what he meant, and why this thing was going to be done, and why—oh, what am I saying?" cried Cicely, stopping short suddenly, and casting a terrified look at him. "I must be going out of my senses. It is not that, it is not that I mean!"

Poor Mildmay looked at her aghast. The flash of her eyes, the energy of her words, the sudden change to paleness and horror when she saw how far she had gone, made every syllable she uttered so real, that to pass it over as a mere ebullition of girlish temper or feeling was impossible; and there was something in this sudden torrent of reproach—which, bitter as it was, implied nothing like personal, intentional wrong on his part—which softened as well as appalled him. The very denunciation was an appeal. He stood thunderstruck, looking at her,

but not with any resentment in his eyes. "Miss St. John," he said, almost tremulously, "I don't understand. This is all strange—all new to me."

"Forgive it," she said hastily. "Forgive me, Mr. Mildmay, when I ask your pardon! I did not think what I was saying. Oh, don't think of it any more!"

"There is nothing to forgive," he said; "but you will tell me more? Indeed I am not angry—how could I be angry?—but most anxious to know."

"Cicely," said the Curate's gentle voice from the window, "it is time for prayers, and we are all waiting for you. Come in, my dear." Mr. St. John stood looking out with a large prayer-book in his hand. His tall figure, with a slight wavering of constitutional feebleness and age in it, filled up one side of the window, and at his feet stood the two babies, side by side as usual, their hats taken off, and little white pinafores put on over their black frocks, looking out with round blue eyes. There was no agitation about that placid group. The little boys were almost too passive to wonder, and it had not occurred to Mr. St. John as possible that anything calculated to ruffle the countenance or the mind could have been talked of between his daughter and his guest. He went in when he had called them, and took his seat at his usual table. Betsy and Annie stood by the great sideboard waiting for the family devotions, which Betsy, at least, having much to do, was somewhat impatient of; and Mab was making the tea, in order that it might be "drawn" by the time that prayers were over. The aspect of everything was so absolutely peaceful, that when Mr. Mildmay stepped into the room he could not but look at Cicely with a question in his eyes. She, her face flushed and her mouth quivering, avoided his eye, and stole away to her place at the breakfast-table behind. Mildmay, I am afraid, got little benefit by Mr. St. John's prayer. He could not even hear it for thinking. Was this true? and if it was true, what must he do? A perfect tempest raged

in the new Rector's bosom, while the old Curate read so calmly, unmoved by anything but the mild every-day devotion which was habitual to him. Secular things did not interfere with sacred in the old man's gentle soul, though they might well have done so, Heaven knows, had human necessities anything to do with human character. And when they rose from their knees, and took their places round the breakfast-table, Mildmay's sensations became more uncomfortable still. The girl who had denounced him as about to drive her from her home, made tea for him, and asked him if he took cream and sugar. The old man whom he was about to supplant placed a chair for him, and bade him take his place with genial kindness. Mr. Mildmay had been in the habit for the greater part of his life of thinking rather well of himself; and it is inconceivable how unpleasant it is when a man accustomed to this view of the subject, feels himself suddenly as small and pitiful as he did now. Mr. St. John had some letters, which he read slowly as he ate his egg, and Mabel also had one, which occupied her. Only Cicely and the stranger, the two who were not at ease with each other, were free to talk, and I don't know what either of them could have found to say.

The Curate looked up from his letter with a faint sigh, and pushed away the second egg which he had taken upon his plate unconsciously. "Cicely," he said, "this is a startling letter, though perhaps I might have been prepared for something of the kind. Mr. Chester's relations, my dear, write to say that they wish to sell off the furniture." Mr. St. John gave a glance round, and for a moment his heart failed him. "It is sudden; but it is best, I suppose, that we should be prepared."

"It was to be expected," said Cicely, with a little gasp. She grew paler, but exerted all her power to keep all signs of emotion out of her face.

"Sell the furniture?" said Mabel, with a laugh. "Poor old things! But who will they find to buy them?" Mabel

did not think at all of the inevitable departure which must take place before Mr. Chester's mahogany could be carried away.

"You will think it very weak," said poor Mr. St. John, "but I have been here so long that even the dispersion of the furniture will be something in the shape of a trial. It has seen so much. Of course, such a grievance is merely sentimental—but it affects one more than many greater things."

"I did not know that you had been here so long," said Mildmay.

"A long time—twenty years. That is a great slice out of one's life," said Mr. St. John. (He here thought better of a too hasty determination, and took back his egg.) "Almost all that has happened to me has happened here. Here I brought your mother home, my dears. Cicely is very like what her mother was; and here you were born, and here——"

"Oh, papa, don't go on like that odious Jessica and her lover, 'On such a night!'" said Cicely, with a forced laugh.

"I did not mean to go on, my dear," said the Curate, half aggrieved, half submissive; and he finished his egg with a sigh.

"But I wonder very much," said Mildmay, "if you will pardon me for saying so, why, when you have been here so long, you did not take some steps to secure the living. You must like the place, or you would not have stayed; and nobody would have been appointed over your head; it is impossible, if the circumstances had been known."

"My dear sir," said the Curate, with his kind smile, "you don't think I mean to imply any grudge against you? That would shut my mouth effectually. No, there are a great many reasons why I could not do anything. First, I did not know till a few days ago that the Rector was dead; he should have sent me word. Then I have grown out of acquaintance with all my friends. I have not budged out of Brentburn, except now and then to town for a day, these twenty years; and, besides all

this," he said, raising his head with simple grandeur, "I have never asked anything from anybody, and I hope I shall end my life so. A beggar for place or living I could never be."

Cicely, with her eyes fixed upon him with the most curious mixture of pride, wonder, humiliation, satisfaction, and shame, raised her head too, sharing this little lyrical outburst of the humble old man's self-consequence.

But Mab burst lightly in from the midst of her letter. "Don't boast of that, papa, please," she said. "I wish you had asked something and got it. I am sure it would have been much better for Cicely and me."

"My dear!" said Mr. St. John, with a half smile, shaking his head. It was all the reply he made to this light interruption. Then he resumed the former subject. "Take the letter, Cicely, and read it, and tell me what you think. It is grievous to think of a sale here, disturbing old associations. We must consult afterwards what is best to do."

"Papa," said Cicely, in a low voice full of agitation, "the best thing of all would be to settle now, while Mr. Mildmay is here; to find out when he wishes to come; and then there need be no more to put up with than is absolutely necessary. It is better to know exactly when we must go."

The Curate turned his mild eyes to the young man's face. There was a look of pain and reluctance in them, but of submission; and then he smiled to save the stranger's feelings. "It is hard upon Mr. Mildmay," he said, "to be asked this, as if we were putting a pistol to his head; but you will understand that we wish you every good, though we may be grieved to leave our old home."

Mildmay had been making a pretence at eating, feeling as if every morsel choked him. Now he looked up flushed and nervous. "I am afraid I have inadvertently said more than I meant," he said. "I don't think I have made up my mind beyond the possibility of change. It is not settled, as you think."

"Dear me," said Mr. St. John con-

cerned, "I am very sorry; I hope it is not anything you have heard here that has turned you against Brentburn? It is not a model parish, but it is no worse than other places. Cicely has been telling you about my troubles with those cottages; but, indeed, there is no parish in England where you will not have troubles of some kind—unwholesome cottages or other things."

"I said nothing about the cottages," said Cicely, with downcast looks. "I hope Mr. Mildmay does not mind anything I said. I say many things without thinking. It is very foolish, but it would be more foolish to pay any attention. I am sure you have often said so, papa."

"I?" said the Curate, looking at her disturbed countenance with some surprise. "No, I do not think you are one of the foolish talkers, my dear. It is a long story about these cottages; and, perhaps, I let myself be more worried than I ought. I will tell you all about it on the way to the Heath, for I think you ought to call on the Ascotts, if you will permit me to advise. They are the chief people about here. If you are ready, perhaps we should start soon; and you will come back and have some of our early dinner before you go?"

"I am ashamed to give so much trouble, to—receive so much kindness," said Mildmay, confused. He rose when Mr. St. John did, but he kept his eyes fixed upon Cicely, who kept her seat, and would not look at him. The Curate had various things to do before he was ready to start. He had his scattered memoranda to collect, and to get his note-book from his study, and yesterday's newspaper to carry to an old man in the village, and a book for a sick child, and I don't know how many trifles besides. "Papa's things are always all over the house," Mab cried, running from one room to another in search of them. Cicely generally knew exactly where to find all these properties which Mr. St. John searched for habitually with unfounded yet unalterable confidence in the large pockets of his long clerical coat. But Cicely still

kept her seat, and left her duties to her sister, her mind being full of other things.

"What is the matter with Cicely?" said Mab, running back with her hands full. "I have found them, but I don't know which of your pockets they belong to. This is the one for the note-book, and this is the one for the newspaper; but what does Cicely mean, sitting there like a log, and leaving everything to me?"

"Miss St. John," said Mildmay, in this interval, "may I come back as your father says? May we finish the conversation we began this morning? or is the very sight of me disagreeable to you? There are so many things I want to know."

Cicely got up suddenly, half impatient, half sad. "We are always glad to see any one whom papa asks," she said; "you must call it luncheon, Mr. Mildmay, but to us it is dinner; that makes the difference between Rector and Curate," she added, with a laugh.

CHAPTER XII.

How brilliant was that August morning when the two men went out! the sky so blue and warm and full of sunshine, bending with friendly tenderness toward the luxuriant earth which it embraced, lost everywhere in soft distances, limits that were of the eye and not of the infinite melting space—showing through the foliage, opening out sweet and full over the breezy purpled common. The red cottage roofs, with all their lichens, shone and basked in the light; the apples reddened moment by moment, the yellow corn rustled and waved in every breath of air, conscious of the coming sickle. Everything was at its fullest blaze of colour; the trees more deeply green than usual, the sky of more profound and dazzling blue, the heather purple-royal, showing in its moorland flush against the russet-golden fields burning in the sun which gave them their last perfection of ripeness; and even the flowers in the gardens blazing their brightest to hide the fact from all men

that the sweetness and hope of the year were almost lost in that harvest and climax which touches upon decay, as everything does which is perfect. The sun was too fierce for anything but red burning geraniums and gaudy hollyhocks and rank dahlias. But the red old cottages at Brentburn were of themselves like growths of nature, with all their stains of moss, red and grey and yellow, relieved and thrown up by the waving greyness of the willows, that marked every spot of special dampness, and by the wealthy green woods that rolled away into the distance, into the sky. Everything is musical in such a morning; the very cackle of the ducks in that brown pond—how cool it looks to the dusty wayfarer!—takes a tone from the golden air; the slow roll of the leisurely cart along the country road; the voices from the cottages calling in full Berkshire drawl to Jyain or Jeo outside. A harmonious world it seemed, with nothing in it to jar or wound; the very air caressing every mother's son it met, blowing about the rags as if it loved them, conveying never a chill to the most poorly clad. How different was that broad outdoor satisfaction and fulness to the complainings and troubles inclosed by every set of four walls in the parish! Mildmay, as was natural, knew nothing about these nor suspected them; his spirits rose when he came out into the summer air—to walk along the cool side of the road in the shade, and watch the triumphant sunshine blazing over everything, leaving not an inch even of the common high road unglorified, brought a swell of pleasure to his heart he could not tell why.

"You must not come to a country parish with the idea that it is Arcadia," said Mr. St. John; "such ideas lead to a great deal of disappointment; but you must not let yourself be discouraged either. I don't think that Cicely knows all the outs and ins of the story about the cottages."

"Miss St. John said nothing about the cottages."

"Ah! I thought she had put you out of spirits; that would be foolish,"

said the Curate kindly. "You see, Mr. Mildmay, everybody here thinks a great deal of a little money; it is so, I believe, in every small place; they have little, very little, Heaven knows; and somehow, when one is very poor, that gets to look of more importance than anything else. I don't say so from personal experience, though I have always been poor enough. My way, I am afraid, is to think too little of the money, not too much—which is, perhaps, as great a mistake the other way; but it is much easier, you know, to condemn those faults we have no mind to," Mr. St. John added, with a smile. The visit of an intelligent stranger had quite brightened the good man up, though it ought to have depressed him, according to all principles of good sense. The Curate forgot how much he himself must suffer from the change that was coming. Mildmay pleased him; he was deferential to his own grey hairs and long experience; he was willing to hear and apparently to take, his predecessor's opinion, and Mr. St. John liked the novelty, the new companion, the attentive listener. He walked on quite briskly, with the easy steps of a man to whom the way is so familiar that he does not need to pause to look where he is going. Now and then he would stop to point out a view, a glimpse of the distant forest, a slope opening down upon the lower level of the common, or even a pretty cottage; and one of them, a most picturesque refuge of misery, with tiny little casement windows bulging anyhow from the ruddy old wall, and a high roof of the most indescribable and beautiful mixture of tints, set him easily afloat again upon the subject of which his mind was full.

"Look at it!" he said; "it is a picture. If one could only clear them out and shut them up—or rather throw them open, that the winds of heaven might enter, but not our fellow-creatures, Mr. Mildmay! As I was saying, they are all poor here. The people think you do them an injury when you speak of anything that has to be paid for. Because I have tried to get the cottages put

into good repair, the arrangements made a little more decent, and the places fit to live in, more than two or three of the people have left the parish church. Yes, that is quite true—I thought Cicely must have told you—well-to-do people, who might have spared a few pounds, well enough. It was a trial; but what of that? I have outlived it, and perhaps done a little good."

"The cottagers, at least, must have been grateful to you," said Mildmay; but the Curate shook his head.

"The cottagers thought I was only trying to get them turned out," he said. "They almost mobbed me once. I told them they should not take lodgers and lodgers till every room was crowded. They are as bad as the landlords; but, poor souls! it was easy to forgive them, for the shilling or two they gained was such an object to them. I thought it best to tell you; but there was really nothing in it, nothing to be annoyed about. It was soon over. You, a young man, need not be discouraged by any such episode as that."

"Mr. St. John, there is something which discourages me much more," said Mildmay. "When I came yesterday to see Brentburn, I did not know you at all. I had heard your name; that was all. I thought you were most likely a man of my own standing, or younger—"

"As a curate ought to be," said Mr. St. John, once more shaking his head. "Yes; I was saying to Cicely, it is almost a stigma upon a man to be a curate at my age; but so it is, and I cannot help it. Perhaps if I had not settled down so completely when I was young, if I had been more energetic; I feel that now—but what good does it do? it is too late now to change my nature. The children are the worst," he said, with a sigh, "for they must come upon the girls." Then recovering himself with a faint smile, "I beg your pardon, Mr. Mildmay, for going off with my own thoughts. You said it discouraged you. Do you mean my example? You must take it as a lesson and a warning, not as an example. I am very sensible it is my own fault."

"I came to supplant you, to take your place, to turn you out of your home," said Mildmay, finding it a kind of relief to his feelings to employ Cicely's words, "and you received me like a friend, took me into your house, made me sit at your table—"

The Curate was startled by his vehemence. He laughed, then looked at him half alarmed. "What should I have done else?" he said. "I hope you are a friend. Supplant me! I have been here a great deal longer than I had any right to expect. Of course, we all knew a new Rector would come. The girls, indeed, had vague notions about something that might be done—they did not know what, poor things! how should they? But of course from the first I was aware what must happen. No, no; you must not let *that* trouble you. I am glad, on the contrary, very glad, that the people are going to fall into hands like yours."

"Poor hands," said Mildmay. "Mr. St. John, you may think it strange that I should say this; but it is you who ought to be the Rector, not me. You ought to stay here; I feel it. If I come after all, I shall be doing a wrong to the people and to you, and even to the Church, where such things should not be."

Once more Mr. St. John slowly shook his head; a smile came over his face; he held out his hand. "It is pleasant to hear you say it; somehow it is pleasant to hear you say it. I felt sure Cicely had been saying something to you this morning. But no, no; they would never have given me the living, and I should never have asked for it. As for a wrong, nobody will feel it a wrong; not myself, nor the Church, and the people here last of all."

"They must look upon you as their father," said Mildmay warmly. "Nothing else is possible. To them it is the greatest wrong of all."

"You speak like a—boy," said the Curate. "Yes, you speak like a kind, warm-hearted boy. The girls say the same kind of things. You are all young, and think of what ought to be, not of

what is. The people! The Church does not give them any voice in the matter, and it is just as well. Mr. Mildmay, I've been a long time among them. I've tried to do what I could for them. Some of them like me well enough; but the people have never forgotten that I was only Curate—not Rector. They have remembered it all these twenty years, when sometimes I was half tempted to forget it myself."

"Oh, sir, do not think so badly of human nature!" said Mildmay, almost with a recoil from so hard a judgment.

"Do I think badly of human nature? I don't feel that I do; and why should this be thinking badly? Which is best for them to have, a man who is well off, who is a real authority in the parish, whom the farmers and masters will stand in awe of, and who will be able to help them in trouble—or a poor man who has to struggle for himself, who has nothing to spare, and no great influence with any one? I shall feel it, perhaps, a little," said Mr. St. John, with a smile; "but it will be quite unreasonable to feel it. In a month you will be twice as popular in the parish as I am after twenty years."

"It is not possible!" said the young man.

"Ah, my dear Mr. Mildmay, a great many things are possible! The girls think like you. I suppose it is natural; but when you come to take everything into account—the only thing to have been desired was that I should have died before Mr. Chester; or, let us say that he should have outlived me, which sounds more cheerful. Come," said the Curate with an effort, "don't let us think of this. I hope you are a friend, Mr. Mildmay, as I said; but, as you say yourself, you are only a friend of yesterday, so why you should take my burden on your shoulders I don't know. I think we may venture to call on the Ascotts now. He is a little rough, or rather bluff, but a good man; and she is a little—fanciful," said the Curate, searching for a pleasant word, "but a kind woman. If you take to them, and they to you—"

"On what pretence should I go to see them, unsettled as I am about my future?" said Mildmay, hesitating.

The Curate looked at him with a smile. He rang the bell, then opened the door, which, like most innocent country doors, opened from the outside. Then he fixed his mild eyes upon the young man. He had some gentle insight in his way by right of his years and experience of life, simple-minded as he was. "You go as the new Rector—the best of introductions," he said, and led the way smiling. It was not difficult, perhaps, to see through the struggle in Mildmay's mind between his own wish and determination, and his sympathetic sense of the hardship involved to others. I think the Curate was quite right in believing that it was the personal inclination which would gain the day, and not the generous impulse; as, indeed, Mr. St. John fully recognized it ought to be.

Mr. Ascott was in his library, reading the newspaper, but with such an array of papers about him, as made that indulgence look momentary and accidental. He was not the squire of the parish, but he had a considerable landed property in the neighbourhood, and liked to be considered as holding that position. He received Mr. Mildmay, boldly introduced by the Curate as the new Rector, with the greatest cordiality. "I had not seen the appointment," he said, "but I am most happy to welcome you to the parish. I hope you like what you have seen of it? This is quite an agreeable surprise."

Mildmay found it very difficult to reply, for was not every word of congratulation addressed to him an injury to his companion, whose star must set as his rose? The Curate, however, showed no such feeling. His *amour propre* was quite satisfied by being the first to know and to present to the parish its new Rector. "Yes, I thought you would be pleased to hear at once," he said, with gentle complacency. "I would not let him pass your door."

"Poor Chester! This reminds me of him," said Mr. Ascott. "He came to

Brentburn in my father's time, when I was a young fellow at home fresh from the university. He was a very accomplished man. It was a pity he had such bad health. A parish gets out of order when it is without the proper authorities. Even a good deputy—and St. John, I am sure, has been the best of deputies—is never like the man himself."

"That is just what I have been saying," said Mr. St. John; but though he took it with great equanimity, it was less pleasant to him to hear this, than to say it himself. "I think I will leave you now," he added. "I have a great deal to do this morning. Mr. Ascott will tell you many things that will be really valuable, and at two o'clock or sooner we will expect you at the Rectory."

"It is a pity to trouble you and your girls, St. John. He can have some luncheon here. Mrs. Ascott will be delighted to see him."

"I shall be at the Rectory without fail," said Mildmay, with a sense of partial offence. He belonged to the Rectory, not to this complacent secular person. A certain *esprit de corps* was within him. If the rest of the world neglected the poor Curate, he at least would show that to him the old priest was the first person in the parish. "Or," he added, hesitating, "I will go with you now."

Mr. St. John did not wish this. He felt that he would be less at his ease with his poor people if conscious of this new man fresh from Oxford at his elbow. There might be, for anything he knew to the contrary, newfangled ways even of visiting the sick. To talk to them cheerily, kindly, as he had always done, might not fall in with the ideas of duty held by "high" schools of doctrine, of whatever kind. He went away plodding along the high road in the sultry noon, with a smile still upon his face, which faded, however, when the stimulus of Mildmay's company, and the gratification of presenting the stranger to the great people of the parish, had subsided. These circumstances were less exhilarating when

the Curate was alone, and had to remember Wilkins and all the outstanding bills, and the fact that the furniture in the Rectory was to be sold, and that Cicely that very night would ask him once more what he had made up his mind to do. What could he make up his mind to do? The very question, when he put it to himself merely, and when it was not backed up by an eager young face, and a pair of eyes blazing into him, was bewildering enough; it made the Curate's head go round and round. Even when he came to Brentburn twenty years ago it was not his own doing. Friends had found the appointment for him, and arranged all the preliminaries. Nothing had been left for him but to accept it, and he had accepted. And at that time he had Hester to fall back upon. But now to "look out for something," to apply for another curacy, to advertise and answer advertisements, describing himself and his capabilities—how was he to do it? He was quite ready to consent to anything, to let Cicely manage for him if she would; but to take the initiative himself! The very thought of this produced a nervous confusion in his mind which seemed to make an end of all his powers.

"You must come up stairs and see my wife," said Mr. Ascott. "She will be delighted to make your acquaintance. She has been a great deal in society, and I don't doubt you and she will find many people to talk about. As for me, I am but a country fellow, I don't go much into the world. When your interests are all in the country, why, stick to the country is my maxim; but my wife is fond of fine people. You and she will find a hundred mutual acquaintances in half-an-hour, you will see."

"But I am not fond of fine people—nor have I so many acquaintances."

"Oh, you Oxford dons know everybody. They all pass through your hands. Come along, it will be quite a pleasure for my wife to see you. Adelaide, I am bringing you some one who will be a surprise to you as well as

a pleasure. Mr. Mildmay, our new Rector, my dear."

"Our new Rector!" Mrs. Ascott said, with a subdued outcry of surprise. She was seated in a corner of a large light room with three or four large windows looking out upon a charming lawn and garden, beyond which appeared the tufted undulations of the common, and the smooth green turf and white posts of the race-ground. With a house like this, looking out upon so interesting a spot, no one need be surprised that Mrs. Ascott's fine friends "kept her up," and that for at least one week in the year she was as popular and sought after as any queen. Though it was only one week in the year, it had a certain influence upon her manners. She lived all the year through in a state of reflected glory from this brief but ever-recurring climax of existence. The air of conferring a favour, the look of gracious politeness, yet pre-occupation, which suited a woman overbalanced by the claims of many candidates for her hospitality, never departed from her. She gave that little cry of surprise just as she would have done had her husband brought a stranger to her to see if she could give him a bed for the race week. "I am delighted to make Mr. Mildmay's acquaintance," she said; "but, my dear, I thought there was going to be an effort made for poor Mr. St. John?" This was in a lower tone, as she might have said, "But there is only one spare room, and that I have promised to Mr. St. John." Her husband laughed.

"I told you, my dear, that was nonsense. What do ladies know of such matters? They talked of some foolish petition or other to the Lord Chancellor, as if the Lord Chancellor had anything to do with it! You may be very thankful you had me behind you, my dear, to keep you from such a foolish mistake. No; Mr. Mildmay has it, and I am very glad. The dons have done themselves credit by their choice, and we are in great luck. I hope you will not be like your predecessor, Mr. Mildmay, and take a dislike to the parish. We must

do our best, Adelaide, to prevent that."

"Indeed, I hope so," said the lady. "I am sure I am delighted. I think I have met some relations of yours, Mr. Mildmay—the Hamptons of Thornbury? Yes; I felt sure I had heard them mention you. You recollect, Henry, they lunched with us here the year before last, on the cup day? They came with Lady Teddington—charming people. And you know all the Teddingtons, of course? What a nice family they are! We see a great deal of Lord Charles, who is often in this neighbourhood. His dear mother is often rather anxious about him. I fear—I fear, he is just a little disposed to be what you gentlemen call fast."

"We gentlemen don't mince our words," said her husband; "rowdy young scamp, that is what I call him; bad lot."

"You are very severe, Henry—very severe—except when it is a favourite of your own. How glad I am we are getting some one we know to the Rectory. When do you take possession, Mr. Mildmay? We shall be quite near neighbours, and will see a great deal of you, I hope."

"I do not feel quite sure, since I have been here, whether I will come to the Rectory at all," said Mildmay. "Mr. St. John was so hasty in his announcement, that I feel myself a swindler coming here under false pretences. I have not made up my mind whether I will accept the living or not."

"Since you have been here? Then you don't like the place," said Mr. Ascott. "I must say I am surprised. I think you are hasty, as well as St. John. Poor Chester, to be sure, did not like it, but that was because he thought it did not agree with him. The greatest nonsense! it is as healthy a place as any in England; it has a hundred advantages. Perhaps this sort of thing mayn't suit you as a clergyman," he said, waving his hand towards the distant race-course; "but it gives a great deal of life to the place."

"And so near town," said Mrs.

Ascott; "and such nice people in the neighbourhood! Indeed, Mr. Mildmay, you must let us persuade you; you must really stay."

"Come, now," cried her husband, "let's talk it over. What's your objection? Depend upon it, Adelaide, it is those pets of yours, the St. Johns, who have been putting nonsense into his head."

"Poor things, what do they know!" said Mrs. Ascott, with a sigh. "But indeed, Mr. Mildmay, now that we have seen you, and have a chance of some one we can like, with such nice connections, we cannot let you go."

This was all very flattering and pleasant. "You are extremely kind," said Mildmay. "I must put it to the credit of my relations, for I have no right to so much kindness. No, it is not any objection to the place. It is a still stronger objection. I heard Mrs. Ascott herself speak of some effort to be made for Mr. St. John—"

"I—what did I say?" cried the lady. "Mr. St. John? Yes, I was sorry, of course; very sorry."

"It was all nonsense," said the husband. "I told her so. She never meant it; only what could she say to the girls when they appealed to her? She is a soft-hearted goose—eh, Adelaide? One prefers women to be so. But as for old St. John, it is sheer nonsense. Poor old fellow! yes, I am sorry for him. But whose fault is it? He knew Chester's life was not worth *that*; yet he has hung on, taking no trouble, doing nothing for himself. It is not your part or our part to bother our minds for a man who does nothing for himself."

"That is true enough," said Mildmay; "but his long services to the parish, his age, his devotion to his work—it does not seem right. I don't say for you or for me, but in the abstract—"

"Devotion?" said Mr. Ascott. "Oh, yes; he has done his work well enough, I suppose. That's what is called devotion when a man dies or goes away. Yes, oh, yes, we may

allow him the credit of that, the poor old fogey, but—yes, oh, yes, a good old fellow enough. When you have said that, there's no more to say. Perhaps in the abstract it was a shame that Chester should have the lion's share of the income, and St. John all the work ; but that's all over ; and as for any hesitation of yours on his account——”

“It may be foolish,” said the young man, “but I do hesitate—I cannot help feeling that there is a great wrong involved—to Mr. St. John, of course, in the first place—but without even thinking of any individual, it is a sort of thing that must injure the Church ; and I don't like to be the instrument of injuring the Church.”

“Tut—tut—tut !” said Mr. Ascott ; “your conscience is too tender by far.”

“Mr. Mildmay,” said the lady sweetly, “you must not expect me to follow such deep reasoning. I leave that to superior minds ; but you ought to think what a great thing it is for a parish to have some one to look up to—some one the poor people can feel to be really their superior.”

“Not a poor beggar of a curate,” cried her husband. “There, Adelaide ! you have hit the right nail on the head. That's the true way to look at the subject. Poor old St. John ! I don't say he's been well treated by destiny. He has had a deal of hard work, and he has stuck to it ; but, bless you ! how is a man like that to be distinguished from a Dissenting preacher, for instance ? Of course, he's a clergyman, in orders and all that, as good as the Archbishop of Canterbury ; but he has no position—no means—nothing to make him the centre of the parish, as the clergyman ought to be. Why the poorest labourer in the parish looks down upon the Curate. ‘Parson's just as poor as we is,’ they say. I've heard them. He has got to run up bills in the little shops, and all that, just as they have. He has no money to relieve them with when they're out of work. The farmers look down upon him. They think nothing of a man that's poor ; and as for the gentry——”

“Stop, Henry,” said Mrs. Ascott ; “the gentry have always been very kind to the St. Johns. We were always sorry for the girls. Poor things ! their mother was really quite a lady, though I never heard that she had anything. We were all grieved about this last sad affair, when he married the governess ; and I should always have made a point of being kind to the girls. That is a very different thing, however, Mr. Mildmay,” she added, with a sweet smile, “from having a clergyman whom one can really look up to, and who will be a friend and neighbour as well as a clergyman. You will stay to luncheon ? I think I hear the bell.”

CHAPTER XIII.

MILDMAY left the house of the Ascotts hurriedly at this intimation. He thought them pleasant people enough—for who does not think those people pleasant who flatter and praise him ?—but he would not allow himself to be persuaded out of his determination to return to the Rectory. I must add however that his mind was in a more confused state than ever as he skirted the common by the way the Curate had taken him on the previous night. There were two sides to every question ; that could not be gainsaid. To leave Brentburn after passing twenty years here in arduous discharge of all the rector's duties, but with the rank and remuneration only of the curate, was an injury too hard to contemplate to Mr. St. John ; but then it was not Mildmay's fault that he should interfere at his own cost to set it right. It was not even the fault of the parish. It was nobody's fault but his own, foolish as he was, neglecting all chances of “bettering himself.” If a man would do nothing for himself, how could it be the duty of others, of people no way connected with him, scarcely knowing him, to do it for him ? This argument was unanswerable ; nothing could be more reasonable, more certain ; and yet—Mildmay felt that he himself was young, that the rectory of Brentburn was not much to him

one way or the other. He had wanted it as the means of living a more real life than that which was possible to him in his college rooms; but he had no stronger reason, no special choice of the place, no conviction that he could do absolute good here; and why should he then take so lightly what it would cost him nothing to reject, but which was everything to the Curate? Then, on the other hand, there was the parish to consider. What if—extraordinary as that seemed—it did not want Mr. St. John? What if really his very poverty, his very gentleness, made him unsuitable for it? The argument seemed a miserable one, so far as the money went; but it might be true. The Ascotts, for instance, were the Curate's friends; but this was their opinion. Altogether Mr. Mildmay was very much perplexed on the subject. He wished he had not come to see for himself, just as an artist has sometimes been sorry for having consulted that very troublesome reality, Nature, who will not lend herself to any theory. If he had come without any previous inspection of the place, without any knowledge of the circumstances, how much better it would have been! Whereas now he was weighed down by the consideration of things with which he had really nothing to do. As he went along, full of these thoughts, he met the old woman whom he had first spoken to by the duck-pond on the day before, and who had invited him to sit down in her cottage. To his surprise—for he did not at first recollect who she was—she made him a curtsy, and stopped short to speak to him. As it was in the full blaze of the midday sunshine, Mildmay would very gladly have escaped—not to say that he was anxious to get back to the Rectory, and to finish, as he persuaded himself was quite necessary, his conversation with Cicely. Old Mrs. Joel, however, stood her ground. She had an old-fashioned large straw bonnet on her head, which protected her from the sun; and, besides, was more tolerant of the sunshine, and more used to exposure than he was.

"Sir," she said, "I hear as you're the new gentleman as is coming to our parish. I am a poor woman, sir, the widow o' Job Joel, as was about Brentburn Church, man and boy, for more than forty year. He began in the choir, he did, and played the fiddle in the old times; and then, when that was done away with, my husband he was promoted to be clerk, and died in it. They could not ezactly make me clerk, seeing as I'm nothing but a woman; but Dick Williams, as is the sexton, ain't married, and I've got the cleaning of the church, and the pew-opening, if you please, sir; and I hope, sir, as you won't think it's nothing but justice to an old servant, to let me stay?"

"What do you think of Mr. St. John going away?" asked Mildmay abruptly.

The old woman stared, half alarmed, and made him another curtsy, to occupy the time till she could think how to answer. "Mr. St. John, sir? He's a dear good gentleman, sir, as innocent as a baby. When he's gone, sir, they will find the miss of him," she said, examining his face keenly to see how he meant her to answer, which is one of the highest arts of the poor.

"If he goes away, after being here so long, why shouldn't you be sent away, too?" said Mildmay. He felt how absurd was this questioning, as of an oracle, which came from the confused state of his own mind, not from any expectation of an answer; and then he could not but smile to himself at the idea of thus offering up a victim to the Curate's *manes*.

Mrs. Joel was much startled. "Lord bless us!" she said, making a step backwards. Then commanding herself, "It weren't Mr. St. John, sir, as gave me my place; but the Rector hisself. Mr. St. John is as good as gold, but he ain't not to say my master. Besides, there's a many as can do the parson's work, but there ain't many, not in this parish, as could do mine. Mr. St. John would be a loss—but me, sir——"

Here she made another curtsy, and Mildmay laughed in spite of himself. "You—would be a greater loss?" he

said. "Well, perhaps so; but if there are any good reasons why he should leave, there must be the same for you."

"I don't see it, sir," said Mrs. Joel promptly. "The parson's old, and he's a bit past his work; but I defy any one in the parish to say as the church ain't as neat as a new pin. Mr. St. John's getting a bit feeble in the legs; he can't go long walks now like once he could. Me! I may be old, but as for my mop and my duster, I ain't behind nobody. Lord bless you! it's a very different thing with Mr. St. John from what it is with me. He's got those girls of his to think upon, and those little children. What's he got to do with little children at his age? But I've nobody but myself to go troubling *my* brains about. I thinks o' my work, and nought else. You won't get another woman in the parish as will do it as cheap and as comfortable as me."

"But don't you think," said Mildmay—whose conduct I cannot excuse, and whose only apology is that his mind was entirely occupied with one subject—"don't you think it is very hard upon Mr. St. John, at his age, to go away?"

Mrs. Joel found herself in a dilemma. She had no desire to speak ill of the Curate, but if she spoke too well of him, might not that annoy the new Rector, and endanger her own cause? She eyed him very keenly, never taking her eyes off his face, to be guided by its changes. "Between gentlefolks and poor folks," she said at last, philosophically, "there's a great gulf fixed, as is said in the Bible. They can't judge for us, nor us for them. He's a deal abler to speak up for hisself, and settle for hisself, than the likes o' me; and I reckon as he could stay on if he'd a mind to; but me, sir, it's your pleasure as I've got to look to," said the old woman, with another curtsey. This oracle, it was clear, had no response or guidance to give.

"Well," he said, carelessly, "I will speak to Miss St. John—for I don't know about the parish; and if she approves——"

A gleam of intelligence came into the keen old eyes which regarded him so closely; the old face lighted up with a twinkle of mingled pleasure, and malice, and kindness. "If that's so, the Lord be praised!" she cried; "and I hope, sir, it's Miss Cicely; for if ever there was a good wife, it's her dear mother as is dead and gone; and Miss Cicely's her very breathing image. Good morning to you, and God bless you, sir, and I hope as I haven't made too bold."

What does the old woman mean? Mildmay said to himself bewildered. He repeated the question over and over again as he pursued his way to the Rectory. What was it to him that Cicely St. John was like her mother? The Curate, too, had insisted upon this fact as if it was of some importance. What interest do they suppose me to take in the late Mrs. St. John? he said, with great surprise and confusion to himself.

Meanwhile, the girls in the Rectory had been fully occupied. When their father went out, they held a council of war together, at which indeed Mab did not do much more than question and assent, for her mind was not inventive or full of resource as Cicely's was. It was she, however, who opened the consultation. "What were you saying to Mr. Mildmay in the garden?" said Mab. "You told him something. He did not look the same to-day as he did last night."

"I told him nothing," said Cicely. "I was so foolish as to let him see that we felt it very much. No, I must not say foolish. How could we help but feel it? It is injustice, if it was the Queen herself who did it. But perhaps papa is right—if he does not come, some one else would come. And he has a heart. I do not hate him so much as I did last night."

"Hate him! I do not hate him at all. He knows how to draw, and said some things that were sense—really sense—and so few people do that," said Mab, thinking of her sketch. "I must have those mites again when the light is about the same as last time, and finish

it. Cicely, what are you thinking of now?"

"So many things," said the girl, with a sigh. "Oh, what a change, what a change, since we came! How foolish we have been, thinking we were to stay here always! Now, in six weeks or so, we must go—I don't know where; and we must pay our debts—I don't know how; and we must live without anything to live on. Mab, help me! Papa won't do anything; we must settle it all, you and I."

"You need not say you and I, Cicely. I never was clever at plans. It must be all yourself. What a good thing you are like mamma! Don't you think we might go to Aunt Jane?"

"Aunt Jane kept us at school for three years," said Cicely. "She has not very much herself. How can I ask her for more? If it were not so dreadful to lose you, I should say, Go, Mab—she would be glad to have you—and work at your drawing, and learn all you can, while I stay with papa here."

Cicely's eyes filled with tears, and her steady voice faltered. Mab threw her arms round her sister's neck. "I will never leave you. I will never go away from you. What is drawing or anything if we must be parted?—we never were parted all our lives."

"That is very true," said Cicely, drying her eyes. "But we can't do as we like now. I suppose people never can do what they like in this world. We used to think it was only till we grew up. Mab, listen—now is the time when we must settle what to do. Papa is no good. I don't mean to blame him; but he has been spoiled; he has always had things done for him. I saw that last night. To ask him only makes him unhappy; I have been thinking and thinking, and I see what to do."

Mab raised her head from her sister's shoulder, and looked at Cicely with great tender believing eyes. The two forlorn young creatures had nobody to help them; but the one trusted in the other, which was a safeguard for the

weaker soul; and she who had nobody to trust in except God, felt that inspiration of the burden which was laid upon her, which sometimes is the strongest of all supports to the strong. Her voice still faltered a little, and her eyes glistened, but she put what was worse first, as a brave soul naturally does.

"Mab, you must go—it is the best—you are always happy with your work, and Aunt Jane will be very kind to you; and the sooner you can make money, don't you see? It would not do to go back to school, even if Miss Blandy would have us, for all we could do there was to keep ourselves. Mab, you are so clever, you will soon now be able to help; and you know, even if papa gets something, there will always be the little boys."

"Yes, I know," said Mab, subdued. "O Cicely, don't be vexed! I should like it—I know I should like it—but for leaving you."

Cicely's bosom heaved with a suppressed sob. "You must not mind me. I shall have so much to do, I shall have no time to think; and so long as one can keep one's self from thinking!—There now, that is settled. I wanted to say it, and I dared not. After that—Mab, don't ask me my plans! I am going round this very day," cried Cicely, springing to her feet, "to all those people we owe money to." This sudden movement was half the impulse of her vivacious nature, which could not continue in one tone, whatever happened, and, half an artifice to conceal the emotion which was too deep for her sister to share. Cicely felt the idea of the separation much more than Mab did, though it was Mab who was crying over it; and the elder sister dared not dwell upon the thought. "I must go round to them all," said Cicely, taking the opportunity to get rid of her tears, "and ask them to have a little patience. There will be another half-year's income before we leave, and they shall have all, all I can give them. I hope they will be reasonable. Mab, I ought to go now."

"Oh, what will you say to them?"

Oh, how have you the courage to do it? O Cicely! when it is not your fault. It is papa who ought to do it!" cried Mab.

"It does not matter so much who ought to do it," said Cicely, with composure. "Some one *must* do it, and I don't know who will but me. Then I think there ought to be an advertisement written for the *Guardian*."

"Cicely, you said you were to stay with papa!"

"It is not for me; it is for papa himself. Poor papa! Oh, what a shame, what a shame, at his age! And a young man, *that* young man, with nothing to recommend him, coming in to everything, and turning us out! I can't talk about it," cried Cicely. "The best thing for us is to go and do something. I can make up the advertisement on the way."

And in the heat of this, she put on her hat and went out, leaving Mab half stupefied by the suddenness of all those settlements. Mab had not the courage to offer to go to Wilkins and the rest with her sister. She cried over all that Cicely had to do; but she knew very well that she had not the strength to do it. She went and arranged her easel, and set to work very diligently. That was always something; and to make money, would not that be best of all, as well as the pleasantest? Mab did not care for tiring herself, nor did she think of her own enjoyment. That she should be the brother working for both, and Cicely the sister keeping her house, had always been the girl's ideal, which was far from a selfish one. But she could not do what Cicely was doing. She could not steer the poor little ship of the family fortunes or misfortunes through this dangerous passage. Though she was, she hoped, to take the man's part of breadwinner, for the moment she shrank into that woman's part which women too often are not permitted to hold. To keep quiet at home, wondering and working in obscurity—wondering how the brave adventurer was faring who had to fight for bare life outside in the world.

I dare not follow Cicely through her

morning's work; it would take up so much time; and it would not be pleasant for us any more than it was for her. "Don't you make yourself unhappy, Miss," said the butcher. "I know as you mean well by every one. A few pounds ain't much to me, the Lord be praised! and I'll wait, and welcome, for I know as you mean well." Cicely, poor child! being only nineteen, cried when these kind words were said to her, and was taken into the hot and greasy parlour, where the butcher's wife was sitting, and petted and comforted. "Bless you, things will turn out a deal better than you think," Mrs. Butcher said; "they always does. Wait till we see the handsome young gentleman as is coming through the woods for you, Miss Cicely dear; and a good wife he'll have, like your dear mother," this kind woman added, smiling, yet wiping her eyes. But Wilkins the grocer was much more difficult to manage, and to him Cicely set her fair young face like a flint, biting her lips to keep them steady, and keeping all vestige of tears from her eyes. "Whatever you do," she said with those firm pale lips, "we cannot pay you now; but you shall be paid if you will have patience;" and at last, notwithstanding the insults which wrung Cicely's heart, this savage, too, was overcome. She went home all throbbing and aching from this last conflict, her heart full of bitterness and those sharp stings of poverty which are so hard to bear. It was not her fault; no extravagance of hers had swelled those bills; and how many people threw away every day much more than would have saved all that torture of heart and mind to this helpless and guiltless girl! Mildmay himself had paid for a Palissy dish, hideous with crawling reptiles, a great deal more than would have satisfied Wilkins and relieved poor Cicely's delicate shoulders of this humiliating burden; but what of that? The young man whom she saw in the distance approaching the Rectory from the other side could at that moment have paid every one of those terrible debts that were crushing Cicely, and never felt it;

but I repeat, what of that? Under no pretence could he have done it; nothing in the world would have induced the proud, delicate girl to betray the pangs which cut her soul. Thus the poor and the rich walk together shoulder by shoulder every day as if they were equal, and one has to go on in hopeless labour like Sisyphus, heaving up the burden which the other could toss into space with the lifting of a finger. So it is, and so it must be, I suppose, till time and civilization come to an end.

Meanwhile these two came nearer, approaching each other from different points. And what Mildmay saw was not the brave but burdened creature we know of, dear reader, bleeding and aching from battles more bitter than Inkerman, with a whole little world of helpless beings hanging upon her, but only a fresh, bright-eyed girl, in a black and white frock, with a black hat shading her face from the sunshine, moving lightly in the animation of her youth across the white high-road—a creature full of delicate strength, and variety, and brightness; like her mother! Mildmay could not help thinking that Mrs. St. John must have been a pretty woman, and there came a little pang of sympathy into his heart when he thought of the grave in the twilight where the Curate had led him, from which the light in the girls' windows was always visible, and to which his patient feet had worn that path across the grass. To be sure, across the pathos of this picture there would come the jar of that serio-comic reference to the other Mrs. St. John, who, poor soul! lay neglected down the other turning. This made the new Rector laugh within himself. But he suppressed all signs of the laugh when he came up to Cicely, who, though she gave him a smile of greeting, did not seem in a laughing mood. She was the first to speak.

"Have you left papa behind you, Mr. Mildmay? He has always a great many places to go to, and parish work is not pleasant on such a hot day."

Was there an insinuation in this that he had abandoned the unpleasant work,

finding it uncongenial to him? Poor Cicely was sore and wounded, and the temptation to give a passing sting in her turn was great.

"Mr. St. John did not permit me to try its pleasantness or unpleasantness," said Mildmay. "He took me over the parish indeed, and showed me the church and the school, and some other things; and then he left me at Mr. Ascott's. I come from the Heath now."

"Ah, from the Heath?" said Cicely, changing colour a little, and looking at him with inquiring eyes. What had they done or said, she wondered, to him? for she could not forget the projected petition to the Lord Chancellor, which had raised a fallacious hope in their hearts when she saw Mrs. Ascott last.

"They have a pretty house, and they seem kind people," said Mildmay, not knowing what to say.

"Yes, they have a pretty house." Cicely looked at him even more eagerly, with many questions on her lips. Had they said nothing to him? had they received him at once as the new Rector without a word? Kind! what did he mean when he said they were kind? Had they, too, without an effort, without a remonstrance, gone over to the enemy?

"Mr. St. John somewhat rashly introduced me as the new Rector," said Mildmay, "which was very premature; and they knew some relations of mine. Miss St. John, the Ascotts are much less interesting to me than our conversation of this morning. Since then my mind has been in a very confused state. I can no longer feel that anything is settled about the living."

"Didn't they say anything?" said Cicely, scarcely listening to him; "didn't they make any objection?" This was a shock of a new kind which she was not prepared for. "I beg your pardon," she cried; "they had no right to make any objection; but didn't they say anything at least—about papa?"

What was Mildmay to answer? He hesitated scarcely a moment, but her quick eye saw it.

"A great deal," he said eagerly; "they said, as every one must, that Mr. St. John's long devotion——"

"Don't try to deceive me," said Cicely, with a smile of desperation. "I see you do not mean it. They did not say anything sincere. They were delighted to receive a new Rector, a new neighbour, young and happy and well off——"

"Miss St. John——"

"Yes, I know; it is quite natural, quite right. I have nothing to say against it. Papa has only been here for twenty years, knowing all their troubles, doing things for them which he never would have done for himself; but—'Le roi est mort; vive le roi!'" cried the impetuous girl in a flash of passion; in the strength of which she suddenly calmed down, and, smiling, turned to him again. "Is it not a pretty house? and Mrs. Ascott is very pretty too—has been, people say, but I think it is hard to say, has been. She is not young, but she has the beauty of her age."

"I take very little interest in Mrs. Ascott," said Mildmay, "seeing I never saw her till to-day; but I take a great deal of interest in what you were saying this morning."

"You never saw any of us till yesterday, Mr. Mildmay."

"I suppose that is quite true. I cannot help it—it is different. Miss St. John, I don't know what you would think of the life I have been living, but yours has had a great effect upon me. What am I to do? you have unsettled me, you have confused my mind and all my intentions. Now tell me what to do."

"I," said Cicely aghast. "Oh, if I could only see a little in advance, if I could tell what to do myself!"

"You cannot slide out of it like this," he said; "nay, pardon me, I don't mean to be unkind; but what am I to do?"

Cicely looked at him with a rapid revulsion of feeling from indignation to friendliness. "Oh," she cried, "can't you fancy how a poor girl, so helpless as I am, is driven often to say a great deal

more than she means? What can we do, we girls?—say out some of the things that choke us, that make our hearts bitter within us, and then be sorry for it afterwards? that is all we are good for. We cannot go and do things like you men, and we feel all the sharper, all the keener, because we cannot *do*. Mr. Mildmay, all that I said was quite true; but what does that matter? a thing may be wrong and false to every principle, and yet it cannot be helped. You ought not to have the living; papa ought to have it; but what then? No one will give it to papa, and if you don't take it some one else will; therefore, take it, though it is wicked and a cruel wrong. It is not your fault, it is—I don't know whose fault. One feels as if it were God's fault sometimes," cried Cicely; "but that must be wrong; the world is all wrong and unjust, and hard—hard; only sometimes there is somebody who is very kind, very good, who makes you feel that it is not God's fault, and you forgive even the world."

She put up her hand to wipe the tears from those young shining eyes, which indignation and wretchedness and tears only made the brighter. Cicely was thinking of the butcher—you will say no very elevated thought. But Mildmay, wondering, and touched to the heart, asked himself, with a suppressed throb, of emotion, could she mean him?

"I am going back to Oxford," he said hastily. "I shall not go to town. The first thing I do will be to see everybody concerned, and to tell them what you say. Yes, Miss St. John, you are right; it is wicked and wrong that I or any one should have it while your father is here. I will tell the Master so, I will tell them all so. It shall not be my fault if Mr. St. John does not have his rights."

They were close to the Rectory gate, and as fire communicates to fire, the passionate impulse and fervour of Cicely's countenance had transferred themselves to Mr. Mildmay, whose eyes were shining, and his cheeks flushed with purpose like her own. Cicely was not used

to this rapid transmission of energy. She gazed at him half frightened. Usually her interlocutor did all that was possible to calm her down—wondered at her, blamed her a little, chilled her vehemence with surprised or disapproving looks. This new companion who caught fire at her was new to the girl. She was half alarmed at what she had done.

“Will you do so, really?” she said, the tears starting to her eyes. “O Mr. Mildmay, perhaps I am wrong! Papa would not advise you so. He would say he never asked for anything in his life, and that he would not be a beggar for a living now. And think—perhaps I should not have said half so much if I could have done anything. I am too ignorant and too inexperienced for any one to be guided by me.”

“Yes, you are ignorant,” cried the young man. “You don’t know the sophistries with which we blind ourselves and each other. You dare to think what is right and what is wrong—and, for once in my life, so shall I.”

The moisture that had been gathering dropped all at once in two great unexpected tears out of Cicely’s eyes. Her face lighted like the sky when the sun rises, a rosy suffusion as of dawn came over her. Her emotion was so increased by surprise that even now she did not know what to think. In the least likely quarter all at once, in her mo-

ment of need, she had found sympathy and succour; and I think perhaps that even the most strong and self-sustaining do not know how much they have wanted sympathy and comprehension until it comes. It made Cicely weak, not strong. She felt that she could have sat down on the roadside and cried. She had an idiotic impulse to tell him everything, and especially about the butcher—how kind he had been. These impulses passed through her mind mechanically, or, as one ought to say nowadays, automatically; but Cicely, who had no notion of being an automaton, crushed them in the bud. And what she really would have said in the tumult of her feelings, beyond what the look in her eyes said, behind the tears, I cannot tell, if it had not been that the Curate came forth leisurely at that moment from the Rectory, making it necessary that tears and every other evidence of emotion should be cleared away.

“Cicely, it is just time for dinner,” he said. “You should not walk, my dear, in the heat of the day; and Mr. Mildmay, too, must be tired, and want something to refresh him. It is a long time since breakfast,” said the gentle Curate, opening the door that his guest might precede him. Mr. St. John was not a great eater, but he had a mild, regular appetite, and did not like any disrespect to the dinner hour.

To be continued.

INDIAN NOTES.—IV. NATIVE EDUCATION.

IN referring to Education in India, I may say that my notes were taken after many years' experience, and in one or two cases intimate experience, of educational work in some of the principal centres of population from north to south of Great Britain, and in the capital and the north of Ireland, and that I visited the schools of India with greater personal interest than almost anything else I had the opportunity of visiting. In most cases I made it quite clear to all concerned, that in any notes taken my object was neither to support nor to condemn Missionary Schools, but to state facts, without the slightest regard as to whether those facts did or did not meet the approval of Missionary Committees or May Meetings, and that I hoped the only prejudice I had was in favour of men, heathen or Christian, who were really raising the poor people of India into self-reliance and manhood. In the same spirit I would wish now to write out those notes. So far from Missionaries in India being, as some suppose, looked upon coldly by Europeans and insulted by natives, I believe the very contrary to be the fact. Beyond all question their position is hedged about by privileges of many kinds, and men of strong character and real ability invariably find deference and respect, and from none more so than from natives of India. It is true you occasionally meet with Englishmen, civil and military, who speak slightly of Missions and Missionaries, much in the same way in which, half a century ago, country gentlemen and their much less excusable imitators spoke of Methodists. There was a time, indeed, within the memory of most adults when to term a man a Methodist, in some parts of England, was to say that not merely was his tone of voice nasal and his eyes ever up-turned hypocritically to heaven, but that he gave short weight,

or shirked a fair day's work, or "dropped his axe or hammer before the sound was out of the dinner bell" (a very wholesome old proverb), or connived at smuggling, and then secured a reward by informing the Excise. In short, there was nothing too bad to say of a Methodist in those bygone but well-remembered days.

The Missionaries in India may take comfort from the fact that those who disparage them and their work are those who also term the natives of India "niggers"—the same persons who in an insensate caste pride would prevent the youth of India from acquiring knowledge and being enabled to compete with young Englishmen for State employment. No grave and thoughtful—assuredly no earnest—men in India ever condemn Missions or Missionaries as a body, though such men would be the very last to concede to Missions or Missionaries an immunity from fair criticism, and the really able and true Missionaries in India would be the last men to claim any such exemption. And so with natives of the country. Perhaps of all gratifications in life there is nothing they enjoy more than hearing a Missionary defeated in argument. When a man of portentous manner and big-sounding phrases can be fastened to Eve's apple, or to Saul ordered by Samuel to kill the Amalekites "old and young," &c., or to the Miraculous Conception, or the doctrine of the Trinity, then Bengal is in all its glory, and its laugh is worth hearing. But the same men will listen for hours, ask questions eagerly, will give Sahib salaam when he leaves, and tell him there is after all a great deal of good in Christianity, much more indeed than they had thought, and that they have no manner of doubt that if the Christian is a good man and acts up to his faith he will get to heaven almost as certainly by his way as they

will by theirs. They assure him that they have no wish to convert him to Hindooism, and, in fact, that as no power of man could make him a Brahmin, he must be content to go on as a Christian, always believing that a fair allowance will be made for the fact of his birth in a cold unromantic climate and country, and without the advantage of teachers who, as in India, have wisdom of all ages at command. Of course, all this is very provoking to a really earnest Missionary, but he grows in time to care little about it, and sometimes even to accept Hindoo pleasantries and sharp badinage in a spirit as light and genial as their own. Then a great point has been gained.

In part confirmation of a statement made above I have two notes. A grave and able officer who has seen much service, and who writes with rare skill and power, said :—"I have always held that the Missionary is the only Englishman in India whom the native of India cannot identify with purely personal interest. The soldier, the merchant, the journalist, the civilian, and whoever else you care to mention, are there simply to make a livelihood. The Missionary Society, at least, comes with the statement, correct in the main : 'We are asking you for no money ; we are spending our money that we may teach you things that we know will make you better men on earth and secure you endless happiness after death.'" Whether this is accurate or inaccurate in itself, I take it, rather than the talk to which I have referred above, to be the key to intelligent Anglo-Indian opinion. The relation of the Missionary to his Society is quite another question, and one to which I have no intention of referring in any way beyond saying that, as with all other classes of men, no designation, good or bad, that would apply to an individual would properly designate the entire body to which that individual belongs. If you meet with a Missionary of great merit it would be absurd to infer that all Missionaries are of great merit, just as if you met with a Missionary who was clearly the square

man in the round hole it would be unjust to visit Missionaries generally with disapproval on his account. My other note refers to an opinion expressed by a very distinguished man, the late Mr. Seward, when he visited India. Mr. Seward spoke eloquently and warmly of the efforts that England is making (and he might have added that his own country is making) to Christianise India, and I think no one who listened to him could come to any other conclusion than that Mr. Seward would have gone much farther than English statesmen have gone in making at least Christian literature the basis of State Education in India. He pointedly referred to the greed of gain that first led the English among other adventurers to the East, and no one said him nay when he asserted that only in the use made of the rare success achieved would British rule be justified ; or when he added that by that use he meant the substitution of the Christian religion for all other faiths. That, he maintained, would be to act worthily in India. It were needless to say that Mr. Seward was no advocate for a propaganda in any of the usually understood senses of the term—he was far too good and generous a man for that ; but I am quite sure, from the force with which he spoke, that he would many years earlier, while the crucial issue was impending, have been claimed as a supporter by those who would have made the Christian religion in some way the basis of State Education. Feeble as he was, and unable to lift his hand to his head without great effort, no one could persuade him to dispense with seeing the Baptist College in the old refuge found by that body under the Danish flag when no Missionary was permitted to preach where the East India Company ruled. There seemed a curious attraction for him in the spot where three men defied their own Government and took refuge under the flag of strangers that they might retain the foothold of their faith in India. It was doubtless, in one sense, a reverence for individual manhood defying cupidity

in power, but it was more than that—underlying all these was an ardent belief that the faith of Christ, and that alone, would answer the high purpose of sages and statesmen, and enable India some day to stand self-reliant among nations.

Mr. Seward in India as visitor, however, and Mr. Seward as an Anglo-Indian statesman, would have been very different men, and there cannot be a doubt that with official responsibility he would have been one of the foremost to say, "Push Christianity vigorously as it was originally pushed from Judæa, but let State Education have neither part nor lot, even in appearance, with proselytism." What really came to pass was that the State established a great department for Education as free as any English system of instruction can be from anything like a Christianising design. Young Hindoos have facilities for high-class education which English boys of the same classes at home till very recently had not, and they have availed themselves of their privilege to an extent which has astonished those who favour their success as well as those who see in it elements of personal assumption and dangerous competition. They attend English lectures in crowds, and often the lecturer is a Hindoo. They hold public meetings in villages as well as in towns, and discuss the questions of the day. Of course, when this is the case, it can hardly fail that the "Bengal Baboo" is the butt of everyone who thinks that Englishmen have the sole right to offices under the State. But the ball that has been set rolling all the Queen's armies could not stop. And shame upon the Englishman who would wish to stop it, or rob any young man, Hindoo or Mahomedan, orthodox or heterodox, of one fairly won honour. Englishmen may lose in the number of places open to them, but England will be the gainer for every intelligent man—would we could add and woman too—added to the population of India.

I have notes, taken with a view to publication, of conversations with two influential native gentlemen, both of

whom boasted (laughingly, jocularly, but with all the meaning in their words) that they owed nothing of their education to the English Government or to Missionary Societies, but all to native agencies. It may be said that the very boast shows the reverse of cordial feeling. What cordiality of feeling can there be where so many Englishmen term every difference of opinion disloyalty, and every argument insult? I confess I liked to hear the boast, simply because I think it is well that men should grow in manhood whatever comes of British rule in India. The difficulties in the way of natives of India taking men's parts in their own country are insuperable, but are overcome. An accomplished scientific man, Dr. Sicar, a pure Hindoo, but an English scholar and thinker, and one of rare modesty, has been labouring for years to establish a native Science Association. Most Englishmen seem to stand aloof from the project, while Dr. Sicar's wealthier countrymen have supported him with munificent contributions, and one may well hope will support him still further. In fact, Young Bengal, by the help of State colleges and Missionary colleges, is able to compete, and dares to compete, with Englishmen in every struggle for place, and in some cases to wrest away even the higher prizes. Great errors are made and laughed at, but the competition never ceases. The Mahomedans alone have in the main stood sullenly aside from all educational schemes, from causes of pride, many Englishmen say; from a neglect, learned Mahomedans say, on the part of the rulers of India to consider the peculiarities of the Mahomedan faith—to make the Arabic language, for instance, a fundamental element of the examinations: In Madras, the late excellent governor, Lord Hobart, announced from the offset of his benign rule his determination to do justice to the Mahomedan race, and it was remarkable with what a cheerful spirit he was met by members of that race in all parts of India. Little as it is known, there has been no better instance in our time of the response of the instinct of an

entire race to the initiative of a generous mind.

Let me draw attention to this marked and remarkable fact, that inducements offered to the Mahomedans to attend school rarely elicit disapproval from educated Hindoos. I noticed this again and again. Of course there are Mahomedan and Kooka, or Mahomedan and Parsee feuds. I do not mean to say that race-hatred is dead or dying. I do not say, for I do not think, that a word in the Punjab or the North-west Provinces might not prove like a spark in a powder magazine. But certainly many noted men, both Hindoo and Mahomedan, have striven of late years, with laudable and virtuous zeal, to unite the native races in all such good efforts as those for education, and on occasions the Brahmin and the Moulvie can stand together for some patriotic object. It has been said that England's interest lies in the separation of races. Then England's interest is a false interest, unworthy of her great name. But it were a pure calumny to say so, and a calumny no one worthy of the name of statesman ever has endorsed. There is not much fear of any union for war. There is hopefulness at last of a future though distant generous union in peace of at least the intelligent men of the different races of India.

It may be said—is being said every day—that with the rapid spread of native education Englishmen must of necessity lose some of the chief advantages of the conquest of India. I grant, without a moment's hesitation, that if one of the objects of conquest was to provide new openings in life for young Englishmen, that object must inevitably suffer from the extension of high-class education among natives of India. There will, beyond all question, be fewer "openings." But no such object as the one here indicated ever was in the mind, or at all events ever influenced the policy, of any English statesman of the first order on whom devolved the responsibility of extending the British Empire in India. The contrary would mean an avowal which

England, I am quite sure, is not prepared to make, that there is one immense territory under the dominion of the Queen where Englishmen can only have success in life at the cost of keeping the natives of the country in ignorance, or at least of refusing them the high-class education to which they aspire. There will be a great many revolutions of thought before that revolution of the justice and honour of English character. It may please a certain class of politicians to talk unduly of the rights of the civil service, just as it pleased a bygone class of politicians to talk of the rights of the East India Company. What other Company ever had statesmen, heroes, administrators of the same order—such a galaxy of great names—to exhibit in its day of trial? The arguments for allowing the Company to do pretty much as it pleased—for perpetuating its privileges, for denouncing its enemies as the enemies of England, if not of mankind—were irrefutable everywhere but in one place. They collapsed like a pricked bladder the moment they were brought before Parliament. Any other ordeal they could meet. Men high in the Company's service might use their patronage to secure elections. Nay, there have been cases when divisions in Parliament were influenced by the Company's immense wealth. But no mere "privileges" of company or class ever yet were suffered to permanently silence Parliament as to the prior and invincible claim of broad justice. It is a mere coincidence that the Red Indian and the Maori make no demand for colleges, while the Bengalee does. The Queen, indeed, has no other possession to which the same rule applies as to India, but there is no doubt of the rule here, and the answer that Lord Salisbury is said to have given to a remonstrance on the subject is both just and wise. I hardly need, after the sentiments expressed in the first of these papers, guard myself against the charge of writing against the just interests of the Civil Service. At all events I am not doing so, nor have I any feeling or

recollection tending in that direction. I believe some of the best men in the Civil Service would endorse and even amplify the above remarks. I simply say that the hand held out to India with high-class education cannot be withdrawn; and that educated men will, with us or without us, climb the ladder of State employment. In the path of justice no course ever was clearer in these particulars than that of England in India. The path of injustice in these particulars would be rugged and thorny, and the only comfort is that England never will tread it any more.

Perhaps nothing more clearly marks the rapid progress of State Education than the fact that it has been mooted, both at home and in India, whether Missionaries ought not to withdraw altogether from educational work, or from all but the education of the children of Christian parents, and confine themselves to preaching and religious ordinances. They find it difficult to compete with the State in smallness of fees, and general efficiency; and it has been a serious question to many earnest men whether Missionaries are not in some measure receding from their proper and legitimate duty in maintaining colleges and schools. It may seem presumptuous to give an opinion on such a point, but I am writing for the purpose of giving opinions, not of shirking them, and I shall at all events say that if any Missionary Society decided to give up teaching, or to give it up save in the limited degree referred to above, a great error would be committed. At least, every child who attends a Missionary school must hear Christian prayers, and must read the Bible. That is something; and no native of India has the slightest claim to object to it, though he would have every right to object to it in a State school. The education is there, if he wants it for his children, and if he accepts the boon provided at the cost of others, he has no right to choose the terms. Under some circumstances it would be ungenerous to take this position, but when it is remembered that

the Missionary goes out professing, at all events, the belief that "there is none other Name given among men whereby they can be saved, but the name of Christ," no one can for a moment dispute his right—nay, his duty—before all else to make that Name known. The only question in such a case is, whether the duty is being as effectually performed in the class-room as in the pulpit. The Roman Catholics (and the Jesuits and the devoted nuns are second to no teachers in India) never debate these questions with open doors. There is nothing at St. Xavier's College, or the great school of the nuns at Calcutta, to give the slightest idea of anything but minds perfectly well made up as to their duty. They have the great advantage that instead of laying down rules for the union of all Christians, they secure perfect union of purpose and action, and some very beautiful and gentle spirits there are among both the nuns and the priests, and as a whole they wield a healthy and wholesome influence among Missionaries. They have in Calcutta a talented newspaper, little known in England, but edited by an able and shrewd man, very kindly disposed towards the people, utterly unconscious of his own personal dignity, and, without any parade of bravery, to the last degree fearless where a right is to be upheld or a wrong denounced. The great colleges of the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the Free Church of Scotland, the London Missionary Society, and the Baptists are among the noblest educational institutions in the world. Anyone who wishes to see what they have done should read Mr. Sherring's *History of Missions*, lately published—a graphic picture of a great work of which I am only affecting to give general impressions as a looker-on. It is only when you pass from college to college or from school to school, that you obtain real glimpses of the vast educational work being done. You see men and women striving day by day to impress upon hundreds of boys and girls of very different ages, castes, races, the

nature of various kinds of knowledge. You hear eager questions—some shrewd, some foolish, some as from dreamland—relating to all manner of subjects, human and divine. Nothing is too sacred for a Bengalee boy to touch. Speculation the most daring is his delight, though in action his timidity has become a proverb. His parents are in the same sense at once men and wondering children. They would read, and allow their children to read, the Bible to-day, and the *Age of Reason* to-morrow; and they would laugh and chuckle over both alike, as wonderfully interesting and romantic. Books like Paine's and Volney's are printed cheaply, placarded extensively, and sold all through India.

I once read a lecture to a purely Bengalee audience—in a large room crowded to the doors—on “Three English Sailors: Drake, Blake, and Cook.” The result was a lesson to myself, and may not be uninteresting to others. The aim was to picture Drake as perhaps the greatest sailor ever known; Blake as a fine sailor actuated by high principle; Cook as the pioneer of peaceful commerce. While I spoke of Drake—of his daring and impulse, of the queen's practical and almost dramatic endorsement of his defiance to Spain, of boardings and cuttings out, and of the burial at sea, my Bengalee friends sat quietly, whispering to each other, without one “lit-up eye,” as far as I could see from end to end of the room. Blake, I thought, might be better. But no, they associated him with “the sword of the Lord and of Gideon,” a theme with which a certain class of preachers have made them familiar. When I spoke of James Cook the very atmosphere seemed to change, and when I came to that part of the story which tells how he would not allow an insult to be offered to one of a weak and helpless race, there was a real and a prolonged cheer. They understood little of either Drake or Blake; they followed Cook, with unflagging interest, from his English cottage to his grave in a distant

land, and in the end voted him worthy of the love no less than the respect, not of England alone, but of all mankind. I intended to have told, as a companion picture, the story of George Stephenson, but circumstances intervened. The peculiarly English character of Cook caught their fancy; his quiet enthusiasm and enterprise, devoid of fervour and noise; his manly obedience to orders, his resolution that his own orders should be obeyed were thoroughly appreciated, and I thought they would have found the same qualities in Stephenson. I question if they would have taken at all kindly to John Knox. Once, in a smaller Bengalee assembly, I heard an Englishman quote a beautiful passage from Burns, but no person present appreciated it. “A man's a man for a' that” has little meaning to a native of India; but Cook modestly living the poem, without perhaps ever putting the sentiment into form of words, may become an example to some Hindoo generations yet unborn.

This seems to naturally lead to another topic, mentioned previously—the relations of the native rich and poor in India. I referred to this in a paper a couple of years ago in *Macmillan's Magazine*,¹ and subsequently I kept the subject constantly before me when opportunities for observation occurred. Of course I told nothing new, so far as Anglo-Indians are concerned, when I said that the poorest Brahmin has a nobility that no wealth could purchase, and which no wealth of the bitterest foe could infringe or impair. You see the man of great wealth bow to one, however poor, who wears the sacred thread, but especially to one who has also, by learning and virtue, vindicated his claim to the high lineage which the thread betokens. Every one knows this, but few consider that it has any significance beyond that of a custom of which Englishmen count nothing. In reality, it is a key to the character of the Hin-

¹ “Our Present Position and Probable Future in India,” in the number for April 1873.

doo race. The low bows and prostrations of Eastern nations, the rule that an inferior must stand barefooted in the presence of a superior, and so on, have led to a very erroneous belief with respect to the intercourse of rich and poor. The rule with respect to shoes is a standing puzzle and torment to some Englishmen. If one of their own baboos should enter a room with his shoes on, the matter is easy; but if a native of position does so, the poor stickler for dignity is in a terrible difficulty; and I have known instances in which he sulked and made himself disagreeable to his visitor, from the simple fact that he did not know whether he was not being quizzed. The proper rule, I have been told, is to exact the same amount of deference that the visitor would pay to a native of high rank. I say no—such a rule would be absurd. First, because race gives an Englishman no claim to rank; a man who in England would be undistinguished has no right in India to claim the honour given to men of high position. Secondly, English rules have also a claim to be taken into consideration. Natives of India sit upon the floor, and, in some respects, to step upon that floor would be equivalent to stepping on an Englishman's table, with, of course, tenfold greater pollution. Such a case, I know, cannot occur, because rooms are set apart in great houses for English visitors, and there our countrymen can go booted and spurred, and with mud up to the knees, if they please. Sensible Englishmen, therefore, lay down a rule something like this: "When a native gentleman enters my house, I shall take no notice whatever of the rule he observes as to shoes. He keeps his hat on, it is true, in accordance with his custom. He is welcome to keep on his shoes in accordance with mine." It were absurd to suppose that an English gentleman loses dignity by any such course. I do not mean that there are not very trifling points of etiquette in which dignity might be lost. In State ceremonies, or other public occasions, it would be unwise to

allow Eastern rules to be set aside; but in ordinary life the shrewdest men in India are the men most gifted with the faculty of blindness where it were folly to see. Englishmen tell us excellent jokes of high-handed proceedings on the part of men like Lord Dalhousie, with respect to native customs unduly strained; but the point of the jokes ought to be in the fact that if we will not allow customs to be strained to the imperilling of English comfort, we ought not to strain customs in an assertion of dignity on our own part.

Certainly, a poor native often speaks to one of his wealthy countrymen in a manner which would surprise people who imagine the poor man's life one of never-ending servility. An English or Scotch labourer addressing a lord or "gentlebody," would not dare to use anything like the same degree of freedom that a Hindoo would use to his lord. A servant very commonly tosses his head saucily to one side, and looking his employer full in the face, argues with him on terms of apparent equality; and the employer, also commonly enough, will argue the matter out in the same spirit, rarely affecting to stand upon his rank and position, prouder to all appearance of a victory in the fair arena where volubility carries the day than of any reliance on his mere wealth. An Englishman would be likely to knock a servant down for half the familiarity that is common between some native landowners and others and their servants, and yet Englishmen can never obtain that social mastery which they often appear to have obtained. They, too, are bound by inexorable custom. No bribe on the one hand, or threat on the other, would ever induce a Hindoo servant bearer-born to perform the duties of a table servant. It is caste, people say, the influence of an all-powerful faith. True, but the caste has in this case given birth to a kind of personal dignity through which the mailed hand of the rudest conqueror has failed to break, at the time when he was breaking through armies as if they had been cob-

webs. In higher grades, the freedom with which Joab, the son of Zeruiah, spoke to David the king (not to speak at all of Nathan's freedom, which I have no doubt also has its modern counterpart) may be found as characteristic as ever. The bows and genuflexions are "deportment" merely. The pulse of the man bowing beats none the more rapidly because he is in the presence of his superior. If he is reprov'd, and there is no room for argument, he "stands reprov'd." If he is punished, he submits; but he begins again, and does his work, and draws his wages in money or kind, all the same. Similarly the relations of landlord and tenant are often very kindly. The landlord may object to make new roads at the behest of an enterprising commissioner, and he may even see no use for village schools, but, "let alone," or gently dealt with, he will sometimes make his tenantry as comfortable as the circumstances admit. Naturally, also, there are landlords of a very different class; but this we may say, that the native tenant as a rule prefers a native landlord to an English one. We never shall make any permanent impression on the social life of India if we cannot impress first the wealthier men. We never shall do any good if we degrade these men in the eyes of their poorer neighbours. There is a very strong impression in the minds of many able military men that if immediately after the Mutiny we had cared to give the slightest encouraging sign, the Sikhs would have become Christians almost in a body, as a military admission that the Cross had won, and as a memento that they had shared in the triumph. What would have been the result of such a step, beyond the fact that it would have been like an old leaf of history inserted out of date, it is impossible to conceive. Probably a new order of aristocracy would have sprung up, after the Mahomedan model. Lands would have found Christian owners. The Missionaries would have found fresh work among a brave people. Perhaps even the social free-

dom of India would have been strengthened by the political freedom of England. But whether Christianity would have been any the stronger is questionable.

In secular affairs the Missionary in India has at once a high and a difficult duty. I came in contact with one of two well-known Santal Missionaries (Dane or German, I forget which), and I was surprised at his enterprise no less than his goodness. These two men are effecting a revolution in Santalia. Both were at one time workmen, and houses, roads, bridges, churches (the last built entirely for a few shillings, with unpaid labour) attest one of the great ends to which experience has been directed. The men also stand between their people and the money-lenders, and have in that way done much good. The same rule is observed by many other Missionaries. My only reason for mentioning these specially is that I saw the work in active progress, in a society whose very rudeness tended only the more to bring out into sharp outline what was being done. There is another side, however, to this picture. It is quite possible for a Missionary to interfere where he has no right to do so. It would be very questionable taste, for instance, to put himself in the position of a general referee as between Christian tenant and heathen landlord, though there have been cases to my knowledge in which the temptation has been both great and effectual, but perhaps in few cases with good results. The Missionary's position is an unusually delicate one in India. He is there the representative of a dominant race, and in any right cause would possess an influence more than sufficient to counterbalance a landlord's wealth, while in any cause he would be a redoubtable antagonist. With such power, checked only by the ever-critical Civil Service (critical, I mean, where individual Missionary zeal in civil affairs are concerned), the Missionary cannot be free from the danger of improper intercourse, and in any such case the chances are that he does immense harm. When he interferes in a just cause, and happily he

often does so, he is the one representative man in India whose action is most effectual. He cannot be brought to a court-martial or made the subject of a Government minute. If his own mind is satisfied, and he can satisfy his committee at home, he is safe. The consciousness of these facts will always make a good man fearless in a right cause, and will only cause him the greater hesitation as to any action about which he has doubt. The highest ground of Missionary work in India—and the one ground that natives never misunderstood—is, “He went about doing good.” I do not think the most eloquent preachers are the most successful, but the men whose practical kindness is best known. The names of some such men have endured, and remain household words among the last old men of their generation.

Education in India would be very imperfectly dealt with, even in outline, without reference to the Brahmists, but it will only be possible now in this paper to glance at them. Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen’s visit to England a few years ago undoubtedly induced great bitterness among Englishmen in India. His denunciation of some was accepted as a general denunciation, and the cheers with which it was received in English public meetings were deemed “the unkindest cut of all.” I do not think that from that time the intercourse between Englishmen and the younger body of the Brahmists has been kindly. I regret to say this—for the feeling is clearly founded on a misapprehension of what the Brahmist intended to convey to England. It is a year or so more than a century since Rammohun Roy, the great founder of Brahmaism, was born, of a high and wealthy Brahminal family, in Burdwan. He was instructed in all the learning of his caste, but at an early age he doubted, and eventually, after years of study, travel, and communion with men of different races and creeds, he began to teach, both to classes of his countrymen and through the press. One of his tracts, “Against the Idolatry of all Religions,” seems to have made him

many enemies, and among others several Missionaries. He held that the Vedas of India, so far from upholding idolatry, really established the unity of the one God. He selected from the writings of Christ all that he thought most beautiful and true, and published them with remarks which, applied to any teacher but Christ, would have been termed the eulogy of a disciple. Some of his works breathe a spirit of piety and reverence such as any of the purest fathers of the Christian Church in any age might have brought to the service of God. Rajah Rammohun Roy (he had been made a Rajah by the King of Delhi) died at Bristol in 1833, and a year later a disciple and warm friend, Baboo Dwarkanauth Tagore, marked by a monument over the grave the last resting-place of one of the great teachers of men. I do not purpose to tell anything of the history of the two bodies into which the followers of Rammohun Roy are now divided. It may be useful, however, to say that the elder body, the *Adi Sumaj*, is known for its wish to remain Hindoo, while the younger body, the *Progressive Sumaj*, does not affect to claim any part in Hindooism as a creed. Both Churches contain some pure and gentle spirits. Each has a literature (I have a vast number of the tracts of both before me now) with maxims and sentiments in which holiness of life is the central theme. A lecturer (there is no name to the tract, but I believe he is the minister of the *Adi Sumaj*, an excellent man) has these which I cull from among many equally good words:—

“The law of progress applies to religion as to other things. Is not progress to be perceived in the sacred writings of the Christians also? Was it not a great transition from the Elohim of Moses to the God of the New Testament? ‘A change passes over the Jewish religion from fear to love, from power to wisdom, from the justice of God to the mercy of God, from the nation to the individual, from this world to another, from the visitation of the sins of the father upon the children, to every “soul shall bear its own iniquity;” from the fire, the earthquake, and the storm to the “still small voice.”’—[These, it will be observed, are the words of a Hindoo.]... Christian Missionaries remark the diversity of opinions

prevailing among the Brahmists. The same might be remarked of Christians by Brahmists. The Brahmists, however, have this superiority over the followers of exclusive religions, that although an individual may have difference of opinion with the Sumaj on minor points, he is reckoned a Brahma if he agree in essentials. 'Unity in essentials, variety in non-essentials, and toleration in all,' might be predicated with greater correctness of the Brahmists than of Christians."

After some other remarks, the lecturer concludes:—

"Let us be pure and holy in our lives. Let us show to the idolater that our religion is not a dead religion, a religion only to be talked of and not acted up to. Let us make sacrifices for our religion, and thereby show our countrymen that we love it with all our minds, and all our hearts, and all our strength, then will they think that Brahmaism is something, and that it is not to be made light of. Let us think more of our country's than of our own interests. Let us direct our chief attention to the education and social improvement of our women, for if one half of our population be in darkness, how can the other half prosper? Let us be always up and doing, for our country is in a state of transition, and the duties of those who live at such a period are not light. Lord God, our Father, our Saviour, our Redeemer! give us strength to bear the trials of this awfully critical time. To Thee we look up for succour, for we are weak. Always grant the light of Thy countenance, for that light alone is our only consolation amid the darkness and dangers of our situation. From Thee alone come strength, comfort, and bliss. Forsake us not, but infuse patience, firmness, and fortitude into our souls, so that we may stand as witnesses of Thy glory to generations to come."

These are the words not of St. Augustine nor of Richard Baxter, but of one of the old Church of the Brahmists. The Church of Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen holds the same views, and carries out the same sentiments into human intercourse. I would like very much to place the tracts of both Churches in the hands of any one who would wish to draw closer the cords of union with men who deserve so well of all who have a generous feeling for the future well-being of mankind. I believe, however, that Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen is well represented in England by an excellent lady. I would be well satisfied with the result of these papers if I could in ever so small a degree tend to draw the attention of

Englishmen to men of sentiments like those I have quoted—men who can make their own (embody in their text-books) the charming words of Ben Adhem's dream:—

" 'What writest thou?'

'The names of those who love the Lord.'

'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so.'

Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low, But cheerful still, and said, 'I pray thee then

Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.' The Angel wrote and vanished. The next night

It came again, with a great wakening light, And show'd the names whom love of God had blessed,

And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest."

There is, or recently was, in Calcutta, an American Unitarian minister, Mr. Dall, who has tried hard to bring Brahmaism and Unitarianism together, but so far I think he has failed. Mr. Dall is a devoted man, sacrificing ease, comfort, everything to his faith, and no arguments addressed to India could equal these, but Brahmaism knows what it aims at and wants, and that it must be Eastern if it would catch the popular sympathies, and guide them into safe channels. I may add that the elder body of the Brahmists is now scarcely at all divided from orthodox Hindoos in anything but faith. There is no social antagonism between them; and in this certainly lies as much hopefulness for India as in the impulse of the younger body, which is working very hopefully. I never met Mr. Sen where talk was possible, but a younger brother of his I met under very favourable circumstances, and I had some pleasant conversation with him. I thought I never had met anywhere a gentler spirit, or one that was more likely in the future to help to infuse kind and generous sentiments into the minds of his countrymen. Among native Christians the names of two men trained for the Christian Ministry occur to me as representing suggestive facts. About a year and a half ago I was a fellow-passenger with one of these men, Mr. Sheshadri, a Presbyterian Missionary, connected with Bom-

bay, and I believe that though he had many critics at the outset, long before our arrival out every one on board had for him a most kindly regard. He was going away to a native state somewhere, to found native villages on a large and comprehensive plan, providing for instruction in trades and much besides. That he will succeed if he lives I am as certain as I am that his success will be deserved. The other gentleman is Mr. Lal Behari Day (both are entitled to be called "reverend," though), who has lately written a prize novel,¹ descriptive of native life. It is strange to find a prize offered by a Bengalee landlord—rigidly orthodox, that is, rigidly "heathen"—won by a native Christian; but no better proof could be given of the breadth of both the giver and the receiver of the prize. Baboo Joykissen Mookerjee is a rare man when compared with the enlightened men, not of India alone, but of all nations. Quite blind, and to that extent helpless, he is an excellent and forcible speaker, a shrewd administrator of a large and growing estate, and a kind and benevolent helper of all who need help and can show at once a good cause and a pure aim. If such a man lived for no other purpose, he would be invaluable as showing how a Hindoo, glorying in his faith, can at the same time hold out the hand of fellowship to Mahomedans, to Christians, to Brahmists, to men of all creeds and names. I would venture to claim the reader's interest in *Govinda Samanta*, if on these grounds alone; but the story has no need to be taken on trust. It is a graphic, clever, and, I believe, faithful picture of Bengalee home life—the life, it will be remembered, of which we so often hear that the shell never is broken for European eyes. Mr. Day introduces us, in simple, telling language, to many a strange scene—to the village, the naming of the child, the forecasting of his horoscope, the home, the school, the marriage, the ceremonies; to friendships, superstitions, festivals, and all manner

¹ *Govinda Samanta*; or, *The History of a Bengal Rayat*. By the Rev. Lal Behari Day. London, Macmillan and Co.

of unknown things, and with the net result of a picture singularly complete. The book might be taken up as a curiosity (for is it not curious to find a native Christian coming to us in this way, at the invitation of a Hindoo Zemindar?), but it would be read as a story, and the amount of light thrown on native life is most striking. These are but two from among many instances of the development of the Christian life of India.

I have no doubt that many Anglo-Indians will say, as is usually said in such cases, that all this is very general and uninformative writing. Well, I intended it to be general, because I know that people are much more likely to grasp a general fact, illustrated by personal observation, reduced even to bare outline, than to wade through the weary technicalities which so often adorn and repel from papers or books on India. What I have aimed at has been to convey on paper what passed through my own mind, and what remains in it still, in a digested form. Slight errors I may have made, but fundamentally I have stated facts; and where opinions are concerned, I have no hesitation in leaving them to men who, without any object to serve, are disposed to do what they can to benefit India, and to perpetuate in India, by strict justice, the rule of the Queen. An able writer, well known to English literature, Mr. Allardyce, editor of the *Ceylon Times*, in commenting, not by any means in terms of unqualified approval, on my first paper, said:—

"Our policy, then, for the safety of our power, as well as in kindness to India, is to keep ourselves in such a position as will enable us to immediately repress any popular ferment, and to crush disaffection before it succeeds in coming to a head. But it would be still better to frankly inquire into all the real sources of discontentment, and to remove them if we can, and if we cannot, to frankly tell the natives that they will have to put up with their grievances. Much better this than to seek to create a feeling of false security, where no security exists, and to deny evils instead of redressing them."

The article altogether is an acute and searching analysis of the paper, and

embodies also the independent view of a man of keen insight and cool resolution. The above words will show the spirit with which the writer would act in an emergency, and the spirit also in which he would build up security by redressing wrongs. But my object has been more particularly to direct attention to the latter. When Mr. Fox was asked, in view of a Coercion Bill, or Suspension of Habeas Corpus, what he would do to check the dangers pointed out by the Minister, his reply—almost a compendium of statesmanship, as pointed by the Liberal policy was eloquently developed—resolved itself in effect into this—“I would remove the causes of complaint.” We have no better guide in India. We have nothing in all English history more trenchant and true than the full text of those grand words.

It only remains now to conclude, and I shall do so by repeating what I said at the offset, that India (and I think after the foregoing extracts it will hardly be said that there is no intelligent opinion in India) is not satisfied either as to the rectitude of our aims or the value of our rule. When we boast of the latter, the native press has a ready reply: “Why, then, do people emigrate from British to native territory; while, unless in famine or pestilence, they do not emigrate from native territory to British?” It were easy to deny the accuracy of the statement, but it cannot well be gainsaid. In pestilence or famine the people come in for preservation, and the British Government rarely withholds its generous hand; but under ordinary circumstances they prefer native rule, with all its defects, to British rule, with all its iron perfections. It would be almost treason to say that one of the main difficulties of Anglo-Indian statesmanship is the gradual and certain increase of expenditure, whereas the subject is generally treated in England as resolving itself almost entirely into inelasticity of revenue. Either the country is or is not paying as much as under present conditions it is ever likely to pay, save

at the bayonet's point. If it is, then reduction of expenditure becomes the first question in politics; but that is a question too often pushed into the background. Civil officers are commended for great energy, for new bridges, new roads, plans for irrigation, new schemes of a hundred kinds—and, above all, for excellent and exhaustive minutes and reports; but very rarely do we hear of commendation for reduction of expenditure. Would it not be worth while making that one of the greatest qualifications for honour? Lord Mayo's division of income and expenditure into provincial assignments—a scheme which was criticised at the time, and which has been criticised ever since, without any one ever venturing to hit upon the part of it that was deemed unsound—gave to subordinate rulers the power to do what was heretofore in the hands of the Government alone. Lord Northbrook's control of the finances is believed to have been rigorous. It would be the nearest way to a great Indian reputation if any civil servant in high place could, with the help of some native administrator, cut down expenditure, and increase revenue in a way that would press lightly on industry. No one doubts that India, with fair play, would produce other men like Sir Dinkur Rao and Sir Madhava Rao, both brought into prominence by the exigencies of native states; not in any way by the difficulties of British administrators. The absolute penury of the Princes of Travancore was Sir Madhava's opportunity. The mortal danger of Scindia was the opportunity of Sir Dinkur Rao. The financial administration of both was marvellous, transforming barren treasuries into treasuries of abundant wealth, and at the same time removing burthens under which the people had groaned, and making hostile populations loyal. This is no exaggeration. It is a bare fact which might be amplified to any extent, and with figures which never now are questioned. Why do we not employ such men, and raise them to high honour? Let us face the fact, as we

shall have to face it some day, in spite of all interests. It is because we are sending out men who put in a claim to all the high offices in India as their covenanted right. They have a right to much. No men, no class of men, have the right to say that the Queen shall be precluded from the service of any one of her subjects who can serve her best. When Parliament considers this subject fairly, we shall have advanced far beyond opium-duty and salt-duty discussions, on the way to a sound scheme of finance for India.

It may be useful to remember that only a few of our able administrators and officers in India have any real knowledge of the history of India, and that the great mass have no more knowledge of that history than they have of the history of the moon. I am using here, as my own, the words of a gentleman who has made Indian history a study, and who, perhaps, knows as much about the real state of the country as any man living. Yet these officers, military and civil, are the men from whom not merely the legislation, but the opinion—or the “thinking,” as this gentleman puts it—that must precede legislation, comes. In England, Parliament has the advantage of a great public opinion outside the legislative Houses. In India, the men who make the laws embody the opinion that precedes legislation; and when we remember how hard it is for them to enter into any native feeling, we shall see one of the gigantic difficulties of British rule in India. If Sir George Campbell’s well-meant scheme for vernacular education fail, one of the main causes will be

that we have no machinery whereby to secure an efficient inspection and control. Yet we continue to do what no conquerors of India ever did before; we refuse to employ the really able men of India; or, if we employ them, we do so in some capacity which is in fact an insult to them. Finally, I venture to ask once more, Why are not men like Sir Dinkur Rao and Sir Madhava Rao invited to England by the Court, and entertained as befits their station? One shrewd man visited England, saw the might of the nation, and not only stood by us in the Mutiny, but by his influence and example bound to us many wavering chiefs. When Nepal was invited to throw in its lot with the rebels, this astute man, its real sovereign, is credited with saying, in his laconic Eastern fashion, some such words as “No, I have stood on London Bridge.” Azimoolah Khan, it will be remembered, fresh from the Crimea, but with a foregone purpose, had spread it far and wide that all our men were exhausted, and that the whites in India eaten up no more could be sent to replace them. Jung Bahadoor had stood on London Bridge, and knew better. Cannot we induce a score more of able chiefs to stand on London Bridge? It would be well worth the trouble and cost. It might lead to undreamt-of results which could not fail to be healthy and beneficial. It certainly would lead to the sympathies of native chiefs and able men being bound up in the well-being and security of the Empire.

JAMES ROUTLEDGE.

VIRGIL AND TENNYSON.

VIRGIL and Tennyson! the one born B.C. 70, the other A.D. 1810—what can they have in common who are separated by such an interval of years, and whose surroundings are so entirely different? The one, the poet of the heathen autocrat Augustus, born in an age when “the world by wisdom knew not God,” when if there was any real belief at all in men’s hearts it was divided between “lords’ many and gods many”—the other, the laureate of Queen Victoria, a worshipper of the one true God, a Christian, and an upholder of Christian verities—how can a parallel be drawn between the two? Certainly the accidents of their age, religion, polity, and outward manners seem to set them very wide apart. But these are but accidents. There remains, after due weight is given to these dividing influences, much in the two men themselves that admits of comparison—much in the works with which they have severally enriched the world.

It will be the purport of this paper to draw out this comparison: to bring together and set before our readers passages from Virgil and Mr. Tennyson which show them to be of a kindred spirit—alike in natural gifts and in the careful cultivation of those gifts: men cast much in the same mould, who have the same tastes and the same studies, who on many points think alike, and feel alike, and write alike: true brother poets, linked together by many a subtle link that is discoverable by students of their poems. And first, the two poets have this in common, that they are close and diligent observers of physical phenomena, investigators of nature’s laws, watchers of the skies and of the sea, and of all that grows or moves upon the earth. Especially are they remarkable for their love of astronomy. Take,

for example, these splendid lines from the *Georgics*, ii. 475, in evidence of Virgil’s thirst after the great science. “*Me vero primum,*” &c., thus rendered by Dryden:—

“Ye sacred Muses! with whose beauty fired
My soul is ravished and my brain inspired,
Whose priest I am, whose holy fillets wear,
Would you your poet’s first petition hear,
Give me the ways of wandering stars to
 know,
The depth of heaven above and earth below.
Teach me the various labours of the moon,
And whence proceed the eclipses of the sun;
Why flowing tides prevail upon the main,
And in what dark recess they shrink again;
What shakes the solid earth; what cause
 delays
The summer nights, and shortens winter
 days.”

In keeping with these lines—as though the poet’s prayer had been granted him—are the numerous allusions to the rise and setting of the signs, and to their place in the heavens which we meet with in Virgil. The most noticeable of these are in the *Georgics*, especially the invocation to Cæsar in *Georgic* i., where the poet in a strain of exaggerated flattery discusses the future apotheosis of his patron, and invites him to add a new constellation to the Zodiac—

“Or wilt thou bless our summers with thy rays,
And seated near the Balance poise the days;
Where in the void of heaven a space is free
Betwixt the Scorpion and the Maid, for thee?
The Scorpion, ready to receive thy laws,
Yields half his region and contracts his
 claws.”

Further on, in the same *Georgic*, the husbandman is exhorted to watch no less carefully than the sailor the stars in their courses, and to regulate his sowing according as this or that is in the ascendant. Barley he is to cast in when the sun is in the Balance, flax and poppies as well: millet, beans, and lucern “in

spring time, when the sun with Taurus rides"—thus poetically represented,—

"When, with his golden horns in full career,
The Bull beats down the barriers of the year,
And Argo and the Dog forsake the northern
sphere."

Wheat must not be sown till the Pleiades and the Crown are set; vetches and lentiles may be planted from the setting of Arcturus till mid-winter. Turning to Georgic iii. we have the Scythians described as a race of savages who live under Charles's Wain (Georgics, iii. 382), and the shepherd is to shelter his sheep in south-looking places against the season of winter, "when chill Aquarius sprinkles with showers the closing year" (Georgics, iii. 304), while in Georgic iv. 231, we have this truly poetical picture of the two seasons for gathering the store of honey: the one in May, the other in the end of October corresponding with the rising and the setting of the Pleiades:—

"Two honey harvests fall in every year:
First, when the pleasing Pleiades appear,
And springing upwards spurn the briny seas.
Again, when their affrighted choir surveys
The wat'ry Scorpion mend his pace behind
With a black train of storms and winter
wind,
They plunge into the deep and safe protection
find."

Compare with these the following verses descriptive of celestial phenomena out of Mr. Tennyson's works. The first three extracts are from the "Princess":—

"The world was once a fluid haze of light,
Till toward the centre set the starry tides,
And eddied into suns, that, wheeling, cast
The planets."
"Like those three stars of the airy Giant's zone
That glitter, burnished by the frosty dark;
And as the fiery Sirius alters hue
And bickers into red and emerald, shone
Their morions wash'd with morning as they
came."

"Then ere the silver sickle of that month
Became her golden shield"—

Two other aspects of our satellite are given in these graceful lines from "The Voyage":—

"Far ran the naked moon across
The houseless ocean's heaving field;
Or flying shone the silver boss
Of her own halo's dusky shield."

What follows is from "The Last Tournament," descriptive of the Aurora Borealis:—

"They fired the tower,
Which half that autumn night like the live
north
Red-pulsing up through Alioth and Alior
Made all above it as the waters Moab saw
Come round by the east. And out beyond
them flushed
The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea."

Our next extract shall be from "Maud," where the season is indicated by the position of the signs as seen on a clear night above the downs:—

"For it fell on a time of year
When the face of night is fair on the dewy
downs,
And the shining daffodil dies, and the
Charioteer
And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns
Over Orion's grave low down in the west."

This figure of the grave is reproduced in "In Memoriam," No. lxxxvii., where Venus is pictured as about to follow in the wake of Jupiter:—

"And last, returning from afar,
Before the crimson-circled star
Had fallen into her father's grave."

In the same group of poems, and evidently composed very late in the collection, the poet finds in the changed name and changed position of one and the self-same star an analogy to his own condition:—

"Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
For what is one, the first, the last,
Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed: thou art the same."

These quotations are evidences of Mr. Tennyson's love of astronomy. They show him to be, as Virgil was, a student of the stars; and that like Virgil he can clothe with a vesture of true poetry what he has seen and noticed of their motions and changes in the heavens.

Another point of resemblance between the two poets will be found in their constant reference to and description of the sea. Both must have had good opportunities for watching it in all its moods. Both must have lived, we think, much of their life within hearing of its waves; and both—*pace* a late writer in the *Cornhill*—have excelled in delineation.

tion of it. Here is a passage from *Georgic* iii. 237, brought in as a simile to illustrate the rush and roar of a bull prepared for fight with his rival, "Fluctus uti," &c. The rendering of it by Dryden is very insufficient, and we prefer to give the accurate prose translation of Conington:—"Like a billow which begins to whiten, far away in the mid sea, and draws up from the main its bellying curve; like it too, when rolling to the shore, it roars terrific among the rocks and bursts, in bulk as huge as their parent cliff, while the water below boils up in foaming eddies, and discharges from its depths the murky sand."

Again, the rising of the sea under the winds which Æolus has let loose is finely described in *Æneid* i. 83:—

"The winds rush forth,
Then settling on the sea the surges sweep,
Rise liquid mountains, and disclose the deep;
South, east, and west, with mixed confusion
roll,
And roll the foaming billows to the shore."

In contrast with this, we have in the same book the well-known description of a land-locked bay. "Est in secessu," &c.:—

"Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride:

* * * * *

No halsters need to bind the vessels here
Nor bearded anchors: for no storms they
fear."

As one further example of Virgil's sea descriptions let us take a passage from *Æneid* xi. 623, where the cavalry engagement between the Trojans and the Etruscans, first the one and then the other being the pursuers, is likened to the alternate advance and retreat of the waves. "Qualis ubi alterno," &c. Dryden takes eight lines to Virgil's five in his translation of it:—

"So swelling surges with a thundering roar,
Driven on each other's back insult the shore,
Bound on the rocks, encroach upon the land,
And far upon the beach eject the sand.
Then backward with a swing they take their
way,
Repulsed from upper ground, and seek their
mother sea.
With equal hurry quit the invaded shore,
And swallow back the sand and stones they
spew'd before."

This by no means exhausts the references in Virgil to the sea. Many more passages will occur to the reader which show that he had watched it, and could describe it well, in storm and calm alike. But let us turn to Mr. Tennyson, and see if he has not equalled, or even surpassed the Roman poet, in the truth and beauty of his delineation of this element.

Here is the sea as Mr. Tennyson saw it when a boy on the flat, stormy coast of Lincolnshire:

"Locksley Hall that in the distance overlooks
the sandy flats,
And the hollow ocean-ridge roaring into
cataracts."

Here again is the same sea, introduced by way of simile in "The Last Tournament":—

"As the crest of some slow arching wave,
Heard in dead night along that table shore
Drops flat; and after the great waters break
Whitening for half a league, and thin them-
selves,
Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
From less and less to nothing."

In "Maud" we find quite another beach and sea,—

"The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring
of the land,"

And—

"Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung
shipwrecking roar,
Now to the scream of a maddened beach
dragged down by the waves."

Visitors at Freshwater and the Needles will verify the truth of this, as also of what follows from "Sea Dreams," the scene of which is laid by the author upon a coast all sand and cliff and deep in-running cave:—

"But while the two were sleeping a full tide
Rose with ground-swell, which on the fore-
most rocks
Touching, upjetted in spirits of wild sea
smoke,
And scaled in sheets of wasteful foam, and
fell
In vast sea-cataracts."

Surely as a sea-picture this is perfect, and must be the envy of workers in the sister-art. Here are two other vigorous lines, and the last that we shall quote on this head. This from "Boadiceæ," where

the gathered Britons round their queen :—

“Roared, as when the rolling breakers boom
and blanch on the precipices.”

And this from “Enoch Arden :”—

“The league-long roller thundering on the reef.”

The above examples, we submit, show a similarity between Virgil and Tennyson in their treatment of the sea, in their careful drawing of its waves, and nice and true observation of its various moods.

Another point of resemblance we find in the battle pieces of the two poets, and in the love they both have of the pomp and circumstance of war. That Virgil has imitated Homer in this, and that Mr. Tennyson has profited by his imitation may be admitted. But there is something more than only imitation in their manner of dealing with martial subjects. They write of them *con amore*, as men who had “drunk delight of battle,” for whom war had a fascination, who by the force of poetic genius realize to themselves and convey to their readers all the incidents of a combat, the blare of bugle, the flash of armour, “the thunder of the captains and the shouting.”

Out of a superabundance of instances let us take but the two following from Virgil. The first, the vigorous description of the encounter between Mezentius and Æneas, with which the Æneid x. concludes. Dryden is here very diffuse, and we prefer the rendering of Mr. Conington :—

“He ceased, and at the word he wings

A javelin at the foe ;
Then circling round in rapid rings
Another and another flings.

The good shield bides each blow.
Thrice, fiercely hurling spears on spears
From right to left he wheeled ;
Thrice, facing round as he careers,
The steely grove the Trojan bears
Thick planted in his shield.

“At length impatient of delay,
Wearied with plucking spears away,
Indignant at the unequal fray
His wary fence he leaves,
And issuing with resistless force,
The temples of the gallant horse
With darted javelin cleaves.

The good steed rears, and widely sprawls,
Distracted with the wound ;
Then heavily on the rider falls,
And pins him to the ground.”

And this from Æneid ix. 748, where Pandarus is slain by Turnus. The version is Dryden's :—

“Then rising on his utmost stretch he stood
And aim'd from high : the full descending
blow
Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks
in two.
Down sinks the giant with a thund'ring
sound,
His ponderous limbs oppress the trembling
ground,
Scalp, face, and shoulders the keen steel
divides,
And the shar'd visage hangs on equal sides.”

Now compare with these the following passages from Mr. Tennyson, which show him, we think, worthy to be classed with Virgil as a describer of feats of arms. We quote from the “Princess :”—

“The lists were ready—empanoplied and
plumed,
We entered in, and waited ; fifty there
To fifty, till the terrible trumpet blared
At the barrier—Yet a moment, and once more
The trumpet—and again—at which the storm
Of galloping hoofs bare on the ridge of spears,
And riders front to front, until they closed
In the middle, with the crash of shivering
points
And thunder. On his haunches rose the
steed,
And into fiery splinters leapt the lance,
And out of stricken helmets sprang the fire.
Part sat like rocks : part reeled but kept
their seats :
Part roll'd on the earth, and rose again and
drew :
Part stumbled mixt with floundering horses
—Down
From Arac's arm as from a giant's flail
The large blows rained.
And Cyril seeing it, push'd against the
Prince,
With Psyche's colours round his helmet,
tough,
Strong, supple, sinew-corded, apt at arms ;
But tougher, suppler, stronger he that smote
And threw him : last I spurred : I felt my
veins
Stretch with fierce heat : a moment hand to
hand,
And sword to sword, and horse to horse we
hung,
Till I struck out and shouted ; the blade
glanced ;
I did but shear a feather, and life and love
Flow'd from me : darkness closed me, and
I fell.”

Many passages equally vigorous, descriptive of combat, might be found in the "Idylls of the King." We shall be content to adduce but two—this from "Imlaine"—which will serve also to exhibit Mr. Tennyson's marvellous power as a sea painter:—

"They couch'd their spears and prick'd their
steeds and thus,
Their plumes driven backward by the wind
they made
In moving, all together down upon him
Bare, as a wild wave in the wide North sea,
(Green-glimmering toward the summit, bears,
with all
Its stormy crests that smoke against the skies,
Down on a bark, and overbears the bark
And him that helms it, so they overbore
Sir Lancelot and his charger, and a spear
Prick'd sharply his own cuirass, and the head
Pierced thro' his side, and there snapt, and
remained."

And but these two lines from "Gareth and Lynette," in which Mr. Tennyson, has exactly reproduced, perhaps unconsciously, the fate of Pandarus:—

"And with one stroke Sir Gareth split the
skull,
Half fell to right, and half to left, and lay."

Turning from "wars and fightings," sallies and retires, and all the dire incidents of battle, in the description of which both poets have excelled, and locking to quite an opposite quarter for a further point of comparison and resemblance, we find in it the tenderness which marks alike the works of Virgil and Mr. Tennyson. The episode of Orpheus and Eurydice (*Georgic* iv. 453); the fate of Priam (*Æneid* ii. 506); the description of Dido love-wounded (*Æneid* iv. 69); the lament for young Marcellus (*Æneid* vi. 860). The story of Nisus and Euryalus, with that most touching outburst of the mother's anguish, when she hears the untimely end of her son (*Æneid* ix. 481):—

"Hunc ego te, Euryale, aspicio? tunc illa
senectæ
Fera mea requies potuisti linquere solam,
Cruclis?"—*

The death of Pallas, Silvia's wounded stag seeking refuge in its stall, and

Is it thus I behold you, my Euryalus!
could you, the last solace of my old age, could
you leave me thus desolate, O cruel one!

like one that begs for pity, filling the house with its cries (*Æneid* vii. 502), these are passages which at once occur to exemplify this feeling in Virgil. The tenderness of Mr. Tennyson is conspicuous in all parts of his poems, and it will be enough to mention "The May Queen," "The Lord of Burleigh," "The Grandmother," "Elaine," and "Guinevere," the dedicatory verses prefixed to the "Idylls," "These to His Memory," and "In Memoriam," throughout, as eminently illustrative of this quality.

And as in tenderness, so are these poets alike, and may be compared for a certain melancholy, leading them to take a depressing view of human life, of its shortness and its vanity, and all the ills to which flesh is heir. Thus Virgil in *Georgic* iii. 66:—

"Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit, subeunt morbi tristisque
senectus,
Et labor et duræ rapit inclementia mortis."

"In youth alone unhappy mortals live.
But oh! the mighty bliss is fugitive.
Discoloured sickness, anxious labours come,
And age, and death's inexorable doom."

And again, in the apostrophe of Mezentius to his war horse (*Æneid* x. 861):—

"Rhebe diu, res si qua diu mortalibus ulla est.
Viximus."

"O Rhebus! we have lived too long for me,
If life and long were terms that could agree."

Compare with these sentiments the following from Mr. Tennyson's "Maud: "

"We are puppets—Man in his pride, and
beauty fair in her flower.
However we brave it out we men are a little
breed."

And this from his "Lucretius: "

"Tired of so much within our little life,
Or of so little in our little life.
Poor little life! that toddles half an hour,
Crowned with a flower or two—and there
an end."

And again from the same poem:—

"Rather plunge at once,
Being troubled, wholly out of sight, and sink
Past earthquake—ay, and gout, and stone,
that break
Body toward death, and palsy, death-in-
life."

The resemblance here is more than accidental; it arises from essential congruity of sentiment in the two minds.

There is yet one other point of comparison we would draw, and that is between the philosophy of these two poets. Allowing for the difference which the age, education, and outward surroundings must be supposed to make in the matter, both Virgil and Mr. Tennyson have very similar sentiments about the *summum bonum* of their kind. They both are quietists—wookers of the passionless bride, divine tranquillity: placing happiness in a rural life, undisturbed by ambition, unfretted by care of human praise or human blame; masters of themselves, and not sworn to the words of any particular teacher. Here is Virgil's ideal from the *Georgics*, ii. 490:—

“Happy the man who studying nature's laws,
Through known effects can trace the secret
cause.

His mind possessing in a quiet state,
Fearless of fortune, and resigned to fate.
And happy too is he who decks the bowers
Of Silvans, and adores the rural powers;
Whose mind unmoved the bribes of courts
can see,
Their glittering baits, and purple slavery,
Nor hopes the people's praise, nor fears their
frown.”

And here is the counterpart from Mr. Tennyson in “Maud:”—

“For not to desire or admire, if a man could
learn it, were more
Than to walk all day like the Sultan of old in
a garden of spice.”

And from the same poem:—

“Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet
woodland ways,
Where if I cannot be gay, let a passionless
peace be my lot.
like a Stoic, or like
A wiser Epicurean.”

And in “A Dedication,” in very solemn tones he begs the “dear, near” object of the poem:—

“Pray that he
May trust himself; and spite of praise or scorn,
As one who feels the immeasurable world,
Attain the wise indifference of the wise.”

But it is time to gather up our threads and draw to an end. We have sought

to show that Virgil and Mr. Tennyson have much in common; that they are alike in their study of physical phenomena; in their love of astronomy; in their painting of the sea; in their description of combats; in their love of martial spectacles; in their tenderness and melancholy; in the view they take of human life; in their philosophy; in placing man's best happiness in tranquillity.

The comparison might be pushed much further; and in more competent hands made more complete. Nothing has here been said of skill in composition; of artistic beauty of phrase; of finished excellence of workmanship; of refinement of polish; nothing of marvellous melody of rhythm; of the use of onomatopœa; of the supreme fitness of epithets; of the splendour of words and elevation of style; nothing of the numerous *feliciter dicta* and dramatic touches—points in which each of these great poets has shown himself a master: each has been without a rival in his own generation. But apart from these inviting topics of comparison, enough, we think, has been adduced to prove the thesis with which we started—to carry us out in maintaining that there is a resemblance, and that neither slight nor superficial, between the two; a resemblance closer than that between Macedon and Monmouth, founded on common points of disposition and genius, and traceable all throughout their several writings.

Both, we may add, are learned poets, on a level with the knowledge of their time; and yet both are out-door poets, fond of gardens and of flowers, with a keen eye for all that walks or creeps, or perches, or flies. Both are kind to the dumb creation, and careful watchers of their habits. Both are alike in temperament, shy and reserved, shunning crowds and popular notice. Both have caught the ear of kings, and earned their lasting gratitude and favour. Even in outward appearance, if we may trust tradition, the two are alike: tall, dark-complexioned, wide-shouldered, bearing in their very form the mark of strong

men. Both would seem to have enjoyed easy circumstances, and to have been kept from those petty cares which drive away the Muse—

“Nam si Virgilio puer et tolerabile deesset
Hospitium, caderent omnes a crinibus hydri:
Surda nihil gemeret grave buccina.”¹
Juvenal, vii. 69.

And though while Mr. Tennyson is still happily with us it would be impertinent to press too close the comparison as to manners, fortune, reputation, and the like, future commentators may perhaps think that they see in the following lines from Mr. Conington’s “Life of Virgil” a description applicable *mutatis nominibus* to either poet:—“In his fortunes and his friends Virgil was a happy man. Magnificent patronage gave him ample means of enjoyment and leisure; and he had the friendship of all the most accomplished men of the day. He was an amiable, good-tempered man, free from the mean passions of envy and jealousy. His fame was established in his life-time, and cherished after his death, as an inheritance in which every Roman had a share. And his works be-

¹ For if Virgil had to go without a servant and a decent lodging, all the snakes would fall from his hair, and the dulled trumpet would lose its martial ring.

came schoolbooks even before the death of Augustus, and continued such for centuries after. The learned poems of Virgil soon gave employment to commentators and critics. Aulus Gellius has numerous remarks on Virgil; and Macrobius has filled four books with his critical remarks on Virgil’s poems.”

How much of this is already true of our own poet! and how prophetic is the rest of what awaits him in years to come! There is little doubt but that Mr. Tennyson’s works will hold a conspicuous place in classical education hereafter, and will be seen, like the Virgil of our youth, in schoolboy hands, well-thumbed and roughly-bound, as is the fate of such literature. Already have his chief poems exercised the skill of our best Greek and Latin translators; already are there growing up, or looming close at hand, volumes of notes to add to the difficulty of the context; and the mind shudders at the strokes which the Orbilius of the future will inflict on the pupil who shall come up without having learned his lines of Tennyson, or who shall be unable, when put on, to construe cantos xlv. or cx. (1st ed.) of “In Memoriam.”

A LINCOLNSHIRE RECTOR.

WHO WROTE HENRY VI. ?

THERE always has been—there always will be—the greatest interest in determining accurately what are Shakespeare's writings, and what are not. Under cover of that mighty name much rubbish has for generations been palmed off on uncritical readers as valuable; and some intrinsically beautiful writing has been assigned to him, to the injury of the reputation of its real author. The latter wrong has been remedied in two exceedingly ingenious and altogether able papers, by Messrs. Hickson and Spedding, and Fletcher's claim to his share of the *Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Henry VIII.* has been completely vindicated and accurately assigned. The former wrong has also been in part set right by the present writer, and the portions due to Shakespeare's creation in *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Timon of Athens*, and *Pericles*, ascertained with exactness. Fortunately, in these instances the metal can be separated from the dross, and its beauty enjoyed without diminution from alloy. Of the problems of a similar nature that remain unsolved, there is none equal in interest and importance to that on which the present paper is written; and as the evidence is of a nature which can in great part be expounded popularly, I have abstracted from my larger work on the subject as much as is necessary, I hope, to produce conviction. Up to the present time three distinct theories have been propounded. Firstly, Malone's, to the effect that the imperfect copies of the second and third of the three plays, which we call collectively *Henry VI.*, published under the names of *The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster*, and *The True Tragedy of the Duke of York*, were written by Marlowe, Greene, and Peele, and that Shakespeare, on this foundation, built the present plays. Secondly, Knight's,

that Shakespeare wrote both the imperfect and the completed plays. Thirdly, Mr. Grant White's, that Shakespeare, Greene, Marlow, and perhaps Peele, wrote the imperfect plays in conjunction, and that Shakespeare in the perfect plays reclaimed and added to his own work, rejecting that of his coadjutors. I shall not here attempt any refutation of these remarkable and imaginative theories, as I hope to give convincing evidence of the truth of my own. I shall merely premise that there is no evidence whatever for Shakespeare's having any share in either the early or late editions, except the solitary fact that the editors of the first folio included *Hen. VI.* in their collection; and the value of their evidence is shown by their rejecting *Pericles* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which unquestionably were in the greater part written by Shakespeare. We may, therefore, start with perfectly unprejudiced minds in determining the question in hand as to the second and third of the three plays. The first, which we know only from the folio editions, has been rejected by nearly every editor of authority; how far rightly we shall see presently.

I shall begin, then, in the natural course, by examining the external evidences; for there is some evidence which has been strangely overlooked by preceding critics.

External Evidences.

The first of these concerns the history of the stage at the date at which these plays were produced. Were they connected with any particular companies of players? and can we trace them from their original actors into the hands of the king's company in 1623, when the first folio was published? I will begin with the second and third

plays, which I will call, from the name given them in the edition of 1600, *The Whole Contention*, when spoken of jointly, keeping the names of *The Contention* and *The True Tragedy* for their separate indication. For the plays in the folio I shall use the usual abbreviations — 1 *Hen. VI.*, 2 *Hen. VI.*, 3 *Hm. VI.*

Now as to the date of *The Whole Contention* it cannot well be later than 1592. *The Contention* must be as early as that, as it is indicated in a well-known passage in Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*, in which a line from it is quoted. We shall want to refer to this passage again, and I therefore give it here. After addressing Marlow and "young Juvenal" (either Lodge or Nash), and advising their reformation, Greene apostrophizes Peele thus: "And thou no less deserving than the other two, in some things rarer, in nothing inferior; driven as myself to extreme shifts; a little have I to say to thee; and were it not an idolatrous oath, I would swear by sweet St. George, thou art unworthy a better pass, sith thou dependest on so mean a stay. Base-minded men, all three of you, if by my miseries ye be not warned; for unto none of you like me sought these burs to cleave; those puppets, I mean, that speak from our mouths, those antics garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they have all been beholding; is it not like that you to whom they all have been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not, for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his 'tiger's¹ heart wrapt in a player's hide,' supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute *Johannes factotum*, is in his own conceit the only *Shake-scene* in a country. O that I might entreat your rare wits to be employed in more profitable courses; and let these apes imitate your past excellence, and never more acquaint them with your admired

¹ Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.*, Act i. Sc. 4.

inventions." This was written in 1592, the year of Greene's death, which gives a posterior limit of date for *The True Tragedy*.

Now, from 1592 onwards, we have some evidence as to the connection of Greene, Peele, and Marlow with various companies of players; and as these are the only writers, except Shakespeare, to whom we can assign the authorship of *Henry VI.* (all critics admit this), I will give an abstract of what we know. In 1592 Greene's play of *Friar Bacon* was acted (as were also his *Orlando Furioso*, and *The Looking-Glass for London* written in conjunction with Lodge) by Lord Strange's company. In 1594 this play was printed as played by Her Majesty's players. There is nothing to connect him with other companies, unless *George a Greene* be his production. This was acted by Lord Sussex's men in 1593. Peele's work, *The Old Wife's Tale*, and ²*Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, were also performed by the Queen's company, and published at the respective dates of 1595 and 1599. They may possibly have been, like Greene's, acted at some time by Lord Strange's men. That is all we know as to these authors. Marlow's *Tamberlane*, *Massacre of Paris*, and *Jew of Malta*, were all acted by Lord Strange's company in 1592-3; *Edward II.* by the Earl of Pembroke's in 1593; and *Tamberlane*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Faustus*, by the Admiral's, or the Lord Chamberlain's, or both together, in 1594. Putting these results side by side, we see Marlow was acted in three successive years by different companies: Lord Strange's in 1592, Earl of Pembroke's in 1593, and either the Admiral's or Chamberlain's in 1594. He probably kept the copyright of his works in his own possession.³ Greene did so in his earlier career, and probably sold some of his copyrights to the

² But this play is not Peele's; Dyce is mistaken on this point.

³ They belonged ultimately some to the Admiral's, some to the Chamberlain's company: the latter were acquired probably in 1600.

Queen's company just before his death. Peele, perhaps, imitated his two rival authors, though it is of little importance to our present subject whether he did or not.

I may mention here that Mr. Halliwell has proved that Lord Strange's company were in 1594 incorporated with the Lord Chamberlain's. I inferred the same result from very different evidence to his—namely, from the title pages of these plays. I state this, not to claim any credit (that is due entirely to Mr. Halliwell), but to point out how these separate investigations confirm each other. In the same way my inference from internal evidence in Shakespeare's Sonnets (*Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1875), to the effect that Shakespeare must have acted in 1594, coincided with Mr. Halliwell's positive evidence to that effect, which reached me a month after my article was in type, finally corrected (10th November, 1874). To return.

How do these dates affect the question of the authorship of *The Whole Contention*? Thus. *The True Tragedy* was in the possession of Lord Pembroke's players in 1595, as Marlow's *Edward II.* was in 1593. As it was written in 1592, Marlow may or may not have been concerned, either alone, or with help, in writing it for Pembroke's company. But the evidence, such as it is, points to Marlow as one author. This is confirmed by the fact that *Titus Andronicus* was in the possession of the Earl of Sussex's men in 1593 when Greene and Marlow were connected with that company, and in 1594 it also was acted by the Lord Admiral's company in conjunction with others. Our evidence from this source, then, simply goes to exclude Shakespeare from any authorship of *The Whole Contention*, as he was never in connection with any company but the Chamberlain's (afterwards the King's, 1603), and perhaps Lord Strange's; and even in the title page of *The Whole Contention* in 1600 only the Earl of Pembroke's servants, and not the Chamberlain's, are mentioned. The earliest evidence of the

latter company having the play is in the statement (by T. Pavier)¹ in the 1619 edition that it was written by William Shakespeare. This assertion was made three years after Shakespeare's death, and we shall presently see its value.

With regard to 1 *Hen. VI.* the evidence is very different. It was acted by Lord Strange's company in 1592, but must have passed to the Chamberlain's servants before 1599, the almost certain date of 1 *Hen. V.* For in the epilogue to that play, we find :

“The world's best garden he achieved,
And of it left his son imperial lord.
Henry the Sixth, in infant bands crowned
king
Of France and England, did this king succeed :
Whose state so many had the managing,
That they lost France and made his England bleed,
Which oft our stage hath shown, and for
their sake,
In your fair minds let this acceptance take.”

This play, then, unlike *The Whole Contention*, probably did not pass through the hands of the Earl of Sussex's company or the Earl of Pembroke's, but passed along with Lord Strange's company to the Lord Chamberlain's. Anyhow, they had it in Shakespeare's lifetime, and that is all we care about.

This evidence is not much yet, but it indicates this much, that Shakespeare had probably no hand in the original

¹ Mr. Halliwell has pointed out that the edition of 1619 of *The Whole Contention* is intermediate in character between the 1600 editions of the separate plays and the folio of 1623. He thinks this due to a partial revision by Shakespeare between these parts. I think it due to Pavier's having got a few more shorthand notes from the theatre, and used them to correct his stolen copy. Exactly the same phenomenon is observable in the editions of *Hamlet* (and in a less degree of *Othello*), where the second quarto is intermediate between the imperfect sketch and the folio, though much nearer the latter than in this case. Here, again, some modern editors I think quite wrongly prefer the quartos to the folios. The fact also that in the assignment of these plays to Pavier from Millington (1602), they are called the *first and second parts of Henry VI.* shows that they were not continuations of 1 *Hen. VI.*, which is called the *third part of Henry VI.* in Blount and Jagard's entry of 1623. Query : does this show posteriority of authorship? I think not.

composition of any of these plays; that 1 *Hen. VI.* was the property of his company during his lifetime, probably from 1594; and that the presumption is that *The Whole Contention* was not theirs till much later, probably in 1600, possibly not till after his death.

Another branch of external evidence far too much neglected is the character of the publishers of early works. As 1 *Hen. VI.* was not issued separately, this kind of evidence does not bear on it; but *The Whole Contention* is in a different predicament, for the firm that printed it (Thomas Millington and his successor, T. P. that is, Thomas Pavier, really constitute but one firm, and did exactly the same kind of business, as I have shown elsewhere) were merely pirates and falsifiers. They deliberately forged Shakespeare's name on the title pages of the *Yorkshire Tragedy* and *Sir John Oldcastle*, and they published surreptitious editions¹ of *Pericles* and *Henry V.* This latter is an utterly worthless, garbled, abridgment of Shakespeare's play, evidently taken down at the theatre in shorthand, and has been honoured by reprinting much oftener than it deserves.² Neither Millington nor Pavier ever published an edition of any other play of Shakespeare's. The probability is, then, that T. P. forged his name on the title-page, and that the differences between his edition and 2 *Hen. VI.*, 3 *Hen. VI.* are of the same nature as those in his surreptitious *Hen. V.* This evidence again is not very important *per se*, but it is cumulative, and entirely confirms what was advanced before.

Now, let us look at the passage quoted above from Greene's *Groatsworth of Wit*. I entirely agree with Mr. R. Simpson's conclusive arguments, that it refers to Shakespeare only in his character as a player. I need not reproduce

¹ Although my text of *Marina* is printed from the wretched quarto surreptitious edition, I plead not guilty to the charge of selecting it; I worked under orders.

² In the same way *Titus Andronicus* was entered for publication by the printer (J. Danter) who published the first quarto of *Romeo and Juliet*.

his arguments here; I should spoil his admirable paper if I quoted only part of it, and for the whole I have no space. Since then Greene does not refer to Shakespeare as a writer; although the line quoted would have some point if taken from Shakespeare's writings, it would, I think, have more if taken from Peele, and understood as indicating a compliment to him. I am not using this as an argument that the line cannot be Shakespeare's, but that it may be Peele's; had it been Marlow's or young Juvenal's, Greene would surely have put it in the paragraphs where he was addressing them; and it cannot certainly, as some think, be his own. But our preceding evidence points to Greene, Marlow, and Peele as a group including all the authors of *The Contention*. This little point seems to indicate Peele as one and Greene as not one of them. Peele and Marlow are, therefore, so far the winning horses for the authorship of *The Contention*, and all three are equally eligible for that of 1 *Hen. VI.* in its original form. Now we pass to internal evidence. These divide into several heads, the first of which is

Æsthetic Evidence.

I mean by this the result of careful reading by a cultivated mind; the general flavour left on the palate after a copious, but not hasty libation. Now, I suppose no one will deny that the parts of 2 *Hen. VI.* which clearly detach themselves from the rest, are Act iii., Scenes 3, 4. The first of them with its death-speech of Beaufort:—

“Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? Where should he die?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
O torture me no more; I will confess.
Alive again? Then show me where he is,
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.”

with the king's terrible afterword—

"He dies and makes no sign."

should be compared with Faustus's death :—

"*O lente, lente, currite noctis equi!*

The stars move still, time runs, the clocks
will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be
damned.

Oh, I'll leap up to heaven! Who pulls me
down?

See where Christ's blood streams in the fir-
mament.

One drop of blood will save me. Oh, my
Christ!

Rend not my heart for naming of my
Christ!

Yet will I call on him. Oh, spare me,
Lucifer!

Where is it now? 'Tis gone.

And see a threatening arm, an angry brow!
Mountains and hills—come, come, and fall
on me!

And hide me from the heavy wrath of
heaven!"

with the chorus comment—

"Cut is the branch that might have grown
full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

Not even in Shakespeare is there a
death-scene of despair like either of
these two. But the whole scenes
should be read to judge them fairly.

And in the next scene none but the
same hand could have written :—

"The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day,
Is crept into the bosom of the sea;
And now loud howling wolves arouse the
jades,
That drag the tragic melancholy night."

In 3 *Hen. VI.* the second and fifth
Acts are conspicuously different from
the other three. One can hardly show
this by quotations, but the speech of
Henry in the former :—

"Oh, God, me thinks it were a happy life,
To be no better than a homely swain,
To sit upon a hill as I do now
To carve out dials quaintly point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run.

* * * * *

Oh what a life were this? How sweet, how
lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter
shade

To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
Oh yes, it doth,"

or Richard's in Act v. :—

"Then since the heavens have shaped my
body so,
Let hell make crookt my mind to answer it!
I have no brother; I am like no brother;
And this word Love, which greybeards call
divine,

Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone,"

can certainly not be paralled in the
other Acts. They are worthy of the
man who wrote :—

"Was this the face that launched a thousand
ships,
And burst the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen make me immortal with a kiss.

* * * * *

I will be Paris,

And I will wound Achilles in the heel—

And then return to Helen for a kiss;

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

I do not quote these last passages for
comparison; but merely to show that
"sweet Marlow" had beauty and music
enough in him to have written any of
the bits which are usually quoted as
proofs that Shakespeare must have
written part of these plays because they
are too good for any one else. On the
other hand, Marlow could not have
written the Cade part of 2 *Hen. VI.*,
nor the quick thrust-and-parry of the
wooing scene between Edward and
the Widow. He had no humour what-
ever in his composition, nor had Greene,
but Peele had, and his works abound
with similar passages. Compare, for
instance, *Edward I.* Scene 6, with the
latter of these scenes, and Scene 8 with
the Cade part of 2 *Hen. VI.*

I wish I could quote these scenes;
but humour cannot be illustrated in short
passages, as horror and cynicism and
exquisitely delicate thought can. I
only hope the reader will turn to Peele
and read him himself. It would, more-
over, take us too far from our argument
to discuss this point at length, as I
believe no one likely to dispute it.

In 3 *Hen. VI.*, although the same
hand is visible in Acts i., iii., iv., as in
the greater part of 2 *Hen. VI.* it is
evidently more cramped and laboured:
the writer is out of his element: he does
not care for battles and combats, and in

Acts iii., iv. gets away from them whenever he can. He is clearly writing under orders, and does it not badly, but not at his best. Marlow is therefore probably the principal arranger or plotter, and Peele his subordinate.

In 1 *Hen. VI.*, Marlow's hand is visible at the outset:—

“ Hung be the heavens with black, yield day
to night,
Comets imparting change of times and
states
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
And with them scourge the bad revolting
stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death !”

But it is the Marlow of *Tamberlane*, not of *Faustus* and *Edward II.* The same hand runs through i., 1 ; i., 3 ; iii., 1 ; iv., 1 ; v., 1. An inferior hand, exactly in Greene's style, has had the French plot intrusted to him ; he has written—i., 2 ; i., 4 ; i., 5 ; i., 6 ; ii., 1 ; ii., 2 ; ii., 3 ; iii., 2 ; iii., 3 ; iv., 2 ; iv., 3 ; iv., 4 ; iv., 5 ; iv., 6 ; iv., 7 ; v., 2. In this part there are three scenes in rhyme. I shall speak of them presently. There are also three scenes—iv., 4 ; v., 1 ; v., 5—which are quite different in tone from the rest of the play, and are by some one who is neither Greene, Peele nor Marlow ; and one scene, ii., 4, which in the opinion of Sidney Walker, and, I think, of every one who reads it attentively, is certainly by Shakespeare¹—date, between *Richard II.* and *John*. Thus far I am speaking only of the general impression produced in reading, and if I seem to pronounce too dogmatically, it is for brevity's sake, and not as by any means prejudging the question at this stage of the inquiry. Let us now look to the power of characterization, or dramatic power, properly so called.

Power of Delineating Character.

Here, again, there is a manifest difference between the parts I have assigned to Peele in *The Whole Contention* and those I have given to Marlow. Of all

¹ Act ii. Sc. 5 is neither Marlow's nor Greene's ; is it Shakespeare's ?

the personages handled by the latter, *Richard*, and *Richard* only, stands out fairly from the background. But *Richard* was done to his hand by the chroniclers. In all his grand passages, such as the deaths of Winchester and Suffolk, it is the circumstance, and not the man, that impresses. We think of the despairing agony of the cardinal and the magician, not of Beaufort or Faustus as people whom we know. He is the tragedian of situations, not of men. Hence his great difference from Shakespeare, hence also his inferiority. Peele, on the other hand, is in this respect the greater master of the two. Who recognizes Northumberland, Exeter, and the rest of the nobles of Henry's court as individuals ? But Henry, Margaret, Iden, Cade, and the rest in Peele's part of the play, have a distinct personality ; they are creations of a lower order than Shakespeare's, but still creations. Yet, after all, on this as on the cognate questions of the amount of life-knowledge and experience, much must be left to the personal judgment of the reader. I am specially anxious not to dogmatize on such points. I have seen so many failures in dogmatic criticism, that I do not wish to weaken my argument by offending any one's prejudices in this respect. Nor shall I say anything on knowledge of stage technicalities ; I leave this for more competent hands.

Thus far, then, we have obtained a strong probability that 1 *Hen. VI.* is the production of Marlow and Greene, with a few additions ; 2 *Hen. VI.* and 3 *Hen. VI.* of Marlow and Peele ; that Marlow was the original plotter or constructor of all three plays. It is time, then, to answer in general terms the objections that may be made by the supporters of the previously advanced theories. We will afterwards proceed to consider the metrical evidence.

1. It is said by the Malone party that the differences between *The Whole Contention* and *Henry VI.* are too great to be accounted for without supposing a subsequent editor ; for instance, that the lines corresponding to a passage

already quoted must be a first draft. These are the lines:—

"Why died he not in his bed?
What would you have me to do then?
Can I make men live whether they will or no?
Sirra, go fetch me the strong poison which the
Pothicary sent me.
Oh, see where Duke Humphrey's ghost doth stand,
And stares me in the face. Look, look, comb
down his hair,
So now he's gone again. Oh! oh! oh!"

I have italicized the words that occur in the complete play, as in my unpublished edition of the parallel texts of these plays I have done for every word in them, and I confidently ask the reader if there is anything in the words not italicized that shows any art superior to a makeshift version of a short-hand note-taker at the theatre. But more than this: We know that such versions in pirated editions are common. Here is one from the first edition of *Hamlet*, which play Dr. Abbott has investigated independently, and come to the conclusion that there is not a line in it beyond what is in the second quarto that he believes to be written by Shakespeare.¹

"To be or not to be, I there's the point,
To die to sleep, is that all? I all:
No, to sleep to dream, I marry there it goes,
For in that dreame of death, when we awake,
And borne before an everlasting Judge,
From whence no passenger ever return'd,"
&c.

Does any one think that this passage is a first draft of Hamlet's famous soliloquy? I fancy not. Then why must Beaufort's death-scene be a first draft?

But then they change face and say: There are many passages that are really good, but which in the later text are replaced by better which are entirely different. Thus, near the end of 2 *Hen. VI.*, in Clifford's speech, after a long piece that does not occur in the quarto, he says:—

"Henceforth I will not have to do with pity,
Meet I an infant of the house of York,
Into as many gobbets will I cut it
As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.
In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
Come, then, new ruin of old Clifford's house:

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,
So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders.
But, then, Æneas found a living load,
Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine."

In *The Contention* this stands thus:—

"Sweet father to thy murdered ghost I swear
Immortal hate unto the house of York,
Nor shall I never sleep secure one night,
Till I have furiously revenged thy death,
And left not one of them to breathe on earth.

[*He takes him up on his back.*

And thus as old Anchises' son did bear
His aged father on his manly back,
And fought with him against the bloody
Greeks!

Even so will I. But stay, here's one of
them

To whom my soul hath sworn immortal
hate."

[*Enter Richard, and then Clifford lays down his father, fights with him, and Richard flies away again.*

Did Greene, Marlow, or Peele, all of them true poets, two of them great poets, write this stuff? Is it not clearly an interpolation² of players who wanted to introduce a combat to please the groundlings? But we cannot examine more passages. In my unpublished texts of *Hamlet* and of these plays every passage is criticised in detail: if they ever appear, I am confident that my case will be proven, if indeed it is not so already. Come we then to

The Metrical Evidences.

One general consideration makes of itself a strong case against Messrs. Knight and G. White. *The Contention* must have been written by 1592. At that time Shakespeare is granted to have written nothing that we know of beyond *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Comedy of Errors*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (?)³ *Love's Labour's Won*, and possibly *Midsummer Night's Dream*. In all these we find a large abundance of rhymes, alternate

² The marks of piratical reproduction are: 1. Words chiefly exclamatory ('*sdeath*, for instance), introduced at the beginning of lines. 2. Omissions of words needful for the sense and metre. 3. Mangling of the sense by misarrangement of words. 4. Erroneous metrical division of the lines. 5. Filling up of lacunes by inferior matter. *All of these occur in The Whole Contention.*

³ I think this play was later, 1594-5:

¹ N.B.—I do not agree with this entirely.

rhymes, stanzas (sometimes sonnets), and in all but the last-named many doggerel rhymes. Well, they will say, what of that? These are tragedies, those are comedies. True, but Shakespeare according to them wrote *Romeo and Juliet* his first tragedy, and *Richard II.* his first history, in the same rhyming style as his comedies. If he wrote *The Contention*, or any part of it, he must have done so at the time when he wrote *Richard III.*, to which they are closely allied in metre. But he certainly did not write *Richard III.* so early as the above-named plays. Therefore he did not write *The Contention*; which drives my opponents back to their last refuge, Malone's theory. If they say, well, you object to our hypothesis, according to your view you must produce evidence of your own kind; where are there any metrical peculiarities in Marlow, Greene, and Peele? No one has yet seen any in their blank verse, and there is a clear presumption against Peele, because there are no such rhymes as *royal, withál; agó, ráinbow*, etc.: then I interpose and say *Haltez lá*, that is just my point. Thank you for your argument. In Peele there are many lines with an extra syllable in the middle of the verse; not like Shakespeare's, with a pause after it, as in—

“Or I | mistake | you. || O would | her name
were
The cove | ring sky | is no | thing. || Bo-
he | mia noth | ing,”

in which moreover the extra syllable is in Shakespeare a light one: but without a pause, and often a heavy syllable. Here are a few instances from Edward I.

“Oven | apRice | while wě stay | for fur |
ther force,
Victo | rious Ed | wárd tő whom | the
Scot | tish kings
Lovely | queen El | inőr, un | tő hěr turn |
thine eye
Bull | hold | I give | thě thě Scot | tish
crown.
Our so | lemn ser | vice őf co | rona | tion
past.”

These all occur in two pages, the first I open: here are some from 2 *Hen. VI.*

“Duke Hum | frěy hās done | a mi | racle |
to-day.
You make | in ā day | my lord | whole
towns | to fly.
Under | the coun | tēnānce and | confe |
dēracie
The sec | ond Will | iām őf Hat | field and
| the third,
And left | behind | him Rich | ārd hīs on |
ly son
Till Hen | ry Bull | ingbrōoke duke | of
Lan | caster.”

All from one page.

Such lines do not occur in Greene or Marlow; and in Shakespeare only very rarely till the end of his career. Here then we have our quantitative test, and on applying it we find our results confirmed. There are lines of this kind in every verse scene in 2 *Hen. VI.*, except the two great Marlow scenes already pointed out. In those two there are no such lines.

In 3 *Hen. VI.* there are such lines in every scene in Act i., Act iii., Act iv. (except Scene 8, which should properly be joined to Act v.) Hence we may fairly conclude that in the other scenes Peele had no share. The peculiar rhyme also occurs at least in one instance at the end of Clifford's speech in 2 *Hen. VI.* Act iv. Scene 8—

“To France, to France, and get what you
have lost,
Spare England, for it is your native coast;
Henry hath money, you are strong and
manly,
God on our side, doubt not of victory.”

With regard to the many minute points of metre which I have noted, the details which I have counted, &c., I will spare the reader; they would be out of place unless addressed to students of early literature. I need only say, that all the percentages agree with those I have gathered from a metrical investigation of Marlow, Greene, and Peele through all their works; and are given in full in the edition I have prepared of these plays.

I must notice however the great abundance of rhyme in 1 *Hen. VI.*, Act iv. 2-7, and v. 2. This is so remarkable as at first sight to seem to point to another author; but the same phenomenon is observable in Greene's

James IV., where nearly whole scenes are written in rhyme, while his *Orlando* and *Friar Bacon* have comparatively very few. His practice in this respect was clearly irregular. Mr. R. Simpson, the best authority we now have on the plays of this date, will perhaps give us a complete chronology of them which may explain Greene's change of metre.

It remains to say somewhat as to style. Malone has given a list of classical allusions from 1 *Hen. VI.*, which he regards as showing conclusively that that play was not written by Shakespeare; but he has curiously omitted to note that they occur abundantly not only in 2 *Hen. VI.* and 3 *Hen. VI.*, but in the very parts of those plays which, not being in *The Whole Contention*, he regards as Shakespeare's additions. As this bears so strongly against all the theorists who hold that Shakespeare had any part in these dramas it will be worth while to give a few instances.

"1. As did the fatal brand Althea burnt
Unto the Prince's heart of Calydon."

Compare with this *Hen. IV.* Act ii. Sc. 2, "Althæa's Dream":—

"2. To sit and watch me as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold,
His father's acts commenced in burning
Troy.

"3. And now like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

"4. As wild Medea young Absyrtus did.

"5. Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus.

"6. As victors wear at the Olympian games.

"7. As Ulysses and stout Diomed,
With sleight and manhood stole to
Rhesus' tents."

These are so unlike Shakespeare's writing that those who claim for him a hand in *Hen. VI.* are driven to assert that in his early work he imitated the style of his fellow-workers. If such a doctrine as this is admitted, we may as well give up criticism altogether. Not only did he in the earliest works we know to be his write in a perfectly distinct style of his own, but all through his career his work can confessedly be separated from others. From *The Taming of the Shrew*, from *Henry VIII.*, from *Timon*

and *Pericles*, from *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, it is quite clear that when he wrote with others he never altered his own style a jot, that whether he altered theirs is a moot question. Never was there a man who wrote in so many distinct styles, and in every one of them retained a perfect individuality. Fletcher and Massinger wrote individually enough, but always the same; as they began so they ended. Yet they never imitated any one, nor were ever suspected of doing so: it was reserved for this age of criticism to maintain that England's greatest man was a purloiner of other men's plumes in a worse sense than poor Greene meant.

There are abundance of other arguments from the use of Latin quotations and similes, the use of words certainly not Shakespearian in both *The Whole Contention* and the additions made thereto in *Henry VI.*, the use of expressions found also in Peele, Greene, or Marlow, and similar verbal matters; but these, though valuable to the student, make heavy reading, and at present I must only say that I have worked these completely out with greater labour than the result is worth, and that the verdict of all these tests unites in confirming our conclusions from what I have here laid before the reader, that Shakespeare had no hand in any part of *Henry VI.*, except in the scene in the Temple Garden the next to it; no hand, that is, as a writer. He may have corrected *Hen. VI.*; certainly not have originally written any one scene of 2 *Hen. VI.* or 3 *Hen. VI.*

Our investigations, then, bring us back to our starting-point; only instead of saying there is no evidence of Shakespeare's having written any part of *The Whole Contention*, we can now say there is evidence of the strongest kind against it. These plays were produced by companies unconnected with Shakespeare, published by a piratical house in the habit of putting his name to productions manifestly spurious. They consisted of surreptitious fragments taken down in short-hand at theatrical performances, and patched up by some inferior hack,

hired to write additions, or by some strutting player, who interpolated bits of sensation for the groundlings. At the same time the genuine plays from which these were stolen, bear throughout in their diction, their power and weakness, their amount and kind of dramatic characterization, their style, their metre, their handling of the classics, palpable evidence of having been written by Peele and Marlow. The question still remains—How came they in the first folio? The answer is not hard to find. It is clear that somehow they had before 1623 got into the hands of the King's players (formerly the Chamberlain's); the play of 1 *Hen. VI.* belonged to the same company, and had been dovetailed to them by the addition of its last scene, which is neither Greene's nor Marlow's, like the greater part of the play; Shakespeare was known to have added to this history (Act ii. Sc. 4), and probably to have corrected it throughout. The editors then finding Shakespeare's name on the title-page of *The Whole Contention*, and having very possibly acquired their property in 2, 3 *Hen. VI.* after his death,¹ concluded that these as well as 1 *Hen. VI.* were revised and altered by him, and issued them altogether as parts of one work. The persistency of recent critics in perpetuating their blunder is their best excuse. They may also be pardoned on account of their want of critical discrimination. I have already noticed their omission of *Pericles* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Besides this it is clear that they began to print *Troilus and Cressida* for this edition, to follow *Romeo and Juliet*, and paged it accordingly, but afterwards changed their intention, and inserted in its place *Timon of Athens*, which did not nearly fill up the vacancy. Then they printed *Troilus and Cressida*, and inserted it unpagged, except at the beginning, between the histories and tragedies, even then not inserting its title in their

¹ But if, as I think, they acquired them in 1600, Shakespeare may have corrected them; he certainly did not write or rewrite any part of them.

index. This indecision about a play so clearly Shakespeare's in its best parts is a strong confirmation of what I have previously advanced.

And here it might seem our task ends. But there is a greater difficulty behind. There is such a similarity between parts of 2, 3, *Hen. VI.* and *Richard III.* as distinctly to show a unity of authorship. Phrases not occurring elsewhere in Shakespeare are frequently repeated in these plays, and there is a continuity in the plot, and in the character of Richard especially, that is unmistakable. I cannot here treat of the play of *Richard III.*, but I may indicate the outlines of my theory. No one can read the play without feeling that the true Shakespeare is not fully shown till we come to the battle; the last three scenes, and those only, show Shakespeare's free handling; and there are through the play many touches of his. But the following points must be well weighed before my argument is touched by that, apparently, strong objection.

1. *Richard III.* is entirely free from the classical allusions and Latin quotations so frequent in *Henry VI.* both in the parts common to *The Whole Contention* and the parts peculiar to itself. This alone is sufficient to indicate an author or authors different from the main plotter of 2, 3, *Hen. VI.*

2. There is strong reason to believe (the evidence turns on many small points too numerous to give here) that Marlow revised *The Whole Contention*, just as Shakespeare did 1 *Hen. VI.* and added even in Peele's part of the work. I hope to give evidence of this in a future paper.

3. The similar parts in *Richard III.* and 2, 3, *Hen. VI.* occur entirely in the parts that contain Peele's peculiar form of line, never in the other parts.

4. That in the different readings so abundant in this play, which mark a different origin for the quarto and folio, and have given all editors so much trouble, but have as yet never received any satisfactory explanation, there is clear evidence that the quarto has in

many cases been changed to suit the ideas of the folio editor with regard to metre. These have been looked on as evidence that the quarto was the more genuine of the two; and so it is in a sense hitherto undreamed of. I will give one or two as examples; they exist in great numbers in the first four acts,

"The bet | ter that | it please | your good
lord | ship to ask."

"Good" is omitted in the folio.

"The cit | izens | are mum | and speak | not
a word."

"And" is omitted in the folio.

In the numerous cases of this kind a line of Peele's form is changed into one of Shakespeare's second period. The converse never takes place. But in Act v., Scenes 2, 3, 4, all this alteration ceases, and the metre, like the style, becomes pure Shakespeare.

5. Again, there are historical mistakes in *Henry VI.* that do not occur in *Richard III.* Lady Grey's husband is said, in *Henry VI.*, to have fallen fighting for the Yorkists; in *Richard III.* (rightly) the statement is reversed. Just so in 1 *Hen. VI.* (part shown by the metre to be by the author who added the last scene after Shakespeare's death to connect 1 *Hen. VI.*, and 2, *Hen. VI.*), Henry "remembers what his father said;" in the other plays he is (rightly) "crowned king at nine months old." In 3 *Henry VI.* ii. 2. 41, we are told that Mortimer was kept in captivity by Glendower till he died; in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5 (Query: Shakespeare's), he is introduced as a prisoner in the Tower, and says:—

"Since Harry Monmouth first began to reign,
This loathsome sequestration I have had."

In 3 *Hen. VI.* the Prince of Wales marries Lady Anne, who is said to be Warwick's eldest daughter, in *Richard III.* she is rightly called Warwick's youngest daughter. Nothing can more plainly show a different supervisor of the plays (or plotter) than this, however modern editors may slur it over. Now we can explain these hitherto insoluble phenomena. At

Peele's death, his play of *Richard III.*, meant to conclude the trilogy of 2 *Hen. VI.*, and 3 *Hen. VI.*, was left unfinished. Shakespeare finished it, revised it, and it was produced by the Chamberlain's company. The Shakespeare part is Act v., Scenes 2, 3, 4, and the alterations made in the folio. The quarto edition represents Peele's work much more closely than the folio, being Shakespeare's first hurried revisal of the play; I say hurried, for the careless metre shows it to have been so; I mean the metre of Act v. The quarto was published in 1597, which must have been after Peele's death. The date of this is unknown, but, from an allusion in Meeres' *Palladis Tamia*, is fixed as earlier than 1598. I do not know of any critical discovery from internal evidence that rests on a surer basis than this, and my investigations respecting *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* though made at an interval of seven years from each other, confirm each other most remarkably. The rhyme ratio for the Shakespeare scenes comes out as 1:12 which gives a date of 1594 or thereabouts, agreeing exactly with my theory of metrical tests.

A few words on *Titus Andronicus* and I have done. This play has always presented difficulties to the critic. It is so repulsive in plot, so unlike Shakespeare in all his higher characteristics, so like the school that preceded him in metrical handling, that all the sounder critics from Malone to Halliwell have rejected it on internal grounds. It has, however, been admitted (unwisely, I hope to show) that the external evidence is in its favour. My present object is to adduce proof that the external evidence is on the other side.

Nothing beyond these two points can be alleged for it. 1. That Meeres mentions it in his *Palladis Tamia* as Shakespeare's. 2. That the editors of the Folio 1623 included it in their edition. Full weight must be allowed to these considerations though they are not very heavy; and Mr. Halliwell's ingenious conjecture that Shakespeare's

play¹ is lost, and that remaining to us is by an earlier author, would go far to dispose of them; supported as it is by the proof adduced by the Cambridge editors that a second play existed, whose copyright belonged to Millington in 1602, when he sold it to Pavier. These persons were, as noticed above, notoriously piratical of Shakespeare's plays; whereas the play we now have was the property of J. White in 1600 and in 1611, at which dates the only quarto editions we know of were published.

But there is stronger evidence than this. The title page of Q₁ (1600) states that the play had been acted by the servants of—1. Earl of Derby; 2. Earl of Pembroke; 3. Earl of Sussex; 4. The Lord Chamberlain. But on turning over the leaf we find "as it was plaid by the Right Honorable the Earle of *Darbie*, Earle of *Pembrooke*, and Earle of *Sussex* their Seruants." The insertion of the Lord Chamberlain in the title was clearly made after the printing of the play. We know not if the edition was then newly printed, or as is possible, a remainder of the edition entered by J. Danter on the Stationers' books in Feb. 6, 1594, with a new title. This was, and is a common device of publishers of a certain class, although in this instance Danter's edition was more likely one of the play afterwards possessed by Millington. The play as we have it then probably came into the possession of the Chamberlain's company at or shortly before 1600. But had it been Shakespeare's it would have been theirs from the first; for he certainly never wrote for any other company but the Chamberlain's, and, perhaps, Lord Strange's. No connection between him and any of the companies of Derby, Pembroke, and Sussex has been proved or is likely to be possible. Marlow is the only author of note that can be traced as writing for Pembroke's company. *The Contention* is no exception to this statement, as I have tried to show above. Nay, more, in Q₂ (1611), although "The King's Majestie's Servants" alone

¹ Was this lost play the *Titus and Vespasia*? See Kohn's *Shakespeare in Germany*.

are mentioned on the title-page, the notice of Derby, Pembroke, and Sussex at the beginning of the play itself remains unaltered.

The play was acted by Sussex's players at the Rose in 1592; and if we may trust the "25 or 30" years mentioned in the Induction to Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair* (1614) must have existed at least as early as 1590, about which date, I believe Marlow to have written it. It is exactly in his style, and is a strong instance of the avoidance of rhyme to which Marlow was so opposed. Shakespeare in his work earlier than 1593 abounds in rhyme, and not only wrote in a style totally different to this play as regards all higher matters, but also in verse-structure and rhythmic pause.

Another important point is the fact that the quarto editions do not bear Shakespeare's name. The only other plays attributed to him which were published without his name after 1598, were *Henry V.* and *Romeo and Juliet*. The *Henry V.* is a mangled, surreptitious, and almost worthless piracy of Pavier's, and the *Romeo and Juliet* is only in part Shakespeare's, as I hope to show in a continuation of this paper, so that there was good reason for omitting his name in these instances. But the *Andronicus* is a complete play, and almost, if not quite, by one hand; it is a perfect copy (except one short scene omitted for stage purposes) and it is evidently printed with authority, and with unusual care. There is no parallel to such a play being produced without the name of its author when the author was as popular as Shakespeare was in 1600, and still more in 1611. It may be interesting to add the names of some critics who have espoused the several sides in the matter.

Against Shakespeare's authorship are the tradition in 1687 (Ravenscroft), Pope, Theobald, Johnson, Rowe, Stevens, Farmer, Malone, Drake, Singer, Dyer, Hallam, Hartley Coleridge, Halliwell, W. S. Walker, Craik (?), Ingleby, Staunton, and nearly all other English editors. Some of these admit the

possibility of a few touches by Shakespeare.

For Shakespeare's authorship are Capell, Collier, Knight, R. G. White (with Greene (!) and Marlow), Verplanck, Kohn, Schlegel, Ulrici, Horn, Kreyssig, Gervinus, Richard Simpson, and German aesthetic critics generally.

It is singular that the bulk of the authority on this side should be composed of those who are supposed to understand Shakespeare best, though at so great a disadvantage from not being natives of the same country with him. The upholders of Shakespeare's authorship of *Andronicus* (mainly or entirely) must be prepared to admit the following propositions. First that Shakespeare allowed a work of his (carefully edited, and so far differing from all editions of his admitted plays) to be printed twice after 1598 without his name on the title-page. Secondly, that Shakespeare wrote one play, and one play only, for a rival and inferior company; that this play was handed down from one company to another till after three changes it reached his own company's hands. Thirdly, that this play was set up in type for a rival company, but published for his own; and that the reprint of eleven years after was allowed to remain with this feature unaltered. Fourthly, that Jonson during Shakespeare's life-time sneered at it *by name* in his Induction to *Bartholomew Fair*. After these admissions they can deal with the internal evidence.

In conclusion, I would state, that my chief desire in calling attention to this matter is to show how necessary it is

to examine the external evidences more closely than has hitherto been done. Mr. Swinburne's eloquent and needful protest against those who fancy that mere counting of syllables can by itself lead to any possible results needs only an equally eloquent and reasonable denunciation of the critics who decide questions of authorship and date solely from their own peculiar instincts, and utter their decisions with the authority of a judge or an oracle, without reading any of the works of the many eminent men who have devoted their time to the examination of these questions, to produce a school of criticism equally free from the blinded narrowness of the pedant who can merely count on his fingers, and the shallow arrogance of the would-be critic or poet who thinks that his capacity is large enough to serve as a measure of the myriad-minded Shakespeare, or even of the greater among his contemporaries.

And now, patient reader, farewell! I know if we have travelled together thus far through arid deserts of detail and mists of swampy criticism, you must be, like myself, a faithful, humble admirer of the greatest man that God has sent into this land of ours. Neither will you deem that the stripping off these feathers that others have bedizened him with will lessen one tittle the beauty of the eagle's plumage. He wrote *Lear*, *Othello*, *Hamlet*; to him we owe Falstaff, and Touchstone; no criticism can touch these. We ought to measure him by the height he reached, not by the number of steps he took in reaching it.

F. G. FLEAY.

LOCKE'S EXPULSION FROM OXFORD.

IN the concluding paragraphs of his interesting article in the August number of this magazine (pp. 312, 313), Mr. Mark Pattison has succinctly told the story of Locke's expulsion from Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1684; and, as others have done before him, has thrown the chief blame of that disgraceful procedure on Bishop Fell, who, in his double capacity of Dean of the College and Chancellor of the University, was able to be a good deal of an autocrat at Oxford. I am not anxious to be Dr. Fell's apologist; and his reputation is not important enough for it to be worth any one's while to say much in defence of it; but it is very desirable that this episode in Locke's history, about which a great deal has from time to time been written, should be rightly understood, and I beg to offer to the readers of Mr. Pattison's paper the substance of what appears to have been Locke's own view of the transaction, based on documentary evidence that will be more fully set forth in a *Life of Locke* which I am now writing. My chief authority is not Locke himself, but his excellent friend Lady Masham, with whom he resided for the last thirteen years of his life; who, shortly after his death, wrote to Jean Le Clerc, the critic and theologian of Amsterdam, a charming letter, full of biographical details, which I have had the good fortune to discover among Le Clerc's papers in that city. Lady Masham knew more of Locke's mind than any other of his friends, and she certainly would not have offered any excuse for Dr. Fell, had Locke not inclined her to do so. Her account, moreover, is in part remarkably confirmed by Locke's own words.

The following are the important passages of Lady Masham's narrative:—

"Mr. Locke had not been gone out of England above a year, when, as it is said, he was accused of having writ some libellous pamphlets that were supposed to have come over from Holland, but have since been known to have been writ by others. This was the reason that I have ever heard assigned of his Majesty's sending to Dr. Fell, the Bishop of Oxford, and Dean of Christ Church, to expel Mr. Locke that house immediately. The Bishop had ever expressed much esteem for Mr. Locke; and not only so, but had lived with him on terms of friendship, so that it is not to be doubted but that he received this harsh command with trouble. He presently sent to speak with Mr. Tyrrell about it, and was so well satisfied of Mr. Locke's innocence, that, instead of obeying the order he had received, he summoned him to return home by the 1st of January following (this being the 18th of November) to answer for himself, signifying at the same time to the Court what he had done by a letter to my Lord Sunderland." Lady Masham then quotes part of this letter, most of which is also quoted in Mr. Pattison's article. "This," she continues, "was what the Bishop writ, and most probably with an intention of serving Mr. Locke hereby; but a second letter coming from the king, Mr. Locke was forthwith expelled his student's place in Christ Church before it was possible for him to come over, if to have heard anything of this matter." Next comes an important anecdote. "As Dr. Fell was a man of great worth on many accounts, I cannot but subjoin to the relation of a matter wherein some have thought him blamable what persuades me that, if he was so, he was so only through a principle of fear. It is that, several months after Mr. Locke's expul-

sion, I (who was then a young maid, and unknown to be of Mr. Locke's acquaintance), being at Dr. Stillingfleet's house, the then Dean of St. Paul's, since Bishop of Worcester, I heard a friend of the Bishop of Oxford's tell the Dean that the Bishop had often said that nothing had ever happened to him which had troubled him more than what he had been obliged to do against Mr. Locke, for whom he had ever had a sincere respect, and whom he believed to be of as irreproachable manners and inoffensive conversation as was in the world."

"When Mr. Locke was returned into England, which was at the same time that the Princess of Orange, our late Queen, came over," Lady Masham further records, "on his application to be restored to his right in Christ Church, which he desired as an acknowledgment that he had been wronged, this would have been granted him, but that he, finding it would give great disturbance to the society, who would rather continue a supernumerary than dispossess the person that was in his place, Mr. Locke desisted from that pretension." Locke's own draft of his petition to William the Third for reinstatement, dated 1689, is among the Locke manuscripts in the possession of the Earl of Lovelace, and was printed by Lord King. It is in this document that he substantially confirms Lady Masham's more detailed narrative:—"The humble petition of John Locke," we here read, "showeth that your petitioner, being student of Christ Church College, in Oxford, was, in the year 1684, by a letter sent by the Earl of Sunderland, the principal Secretary of State, to the Dean and Chapter of the said college, ordered to be turned out. Dr. Fell, then Bishop of Oxford, and Dean of the said college, finding it against the rules of common justice, as well as the ordinary method of the college, to turn out any one without hearing, or so much as being accused of any fact which might forfeit his place, especially one who had lived inoffensively in the college for many years, did, by a *monoe*

affixed to the screen in the college-hall of the same college, summon your petitioner, who was then in Holland, to appear at Christmas following, which was about two months after, to answer anything should be alleged against him. But this regular proceeding not suiting the designs upon the University, another letter was sent the week following, with positive orders to turn your petitioner out immediately, which was accordingly done." Here all the blame is thrown upon Charles the Second and his counsellors, not on Dr. Fell and the chapter of Christ Church. In Locke's correspondence are to be found a few sarcastic allusions to the time-serving policy of the Oxford authorities, with Bishop Fell at their head; but I have not met with a single passage implying in any way that he held those authorities responsible for the unjust treatment to which he was subjected in 1684. Locke was too wise and generous to feel any grudge against Dr. Fell and his associates for the hardship they thought themselves constrained to inflict upon him. He preferred to regard them as, like himself, victims of "the designs upon the University."

To understand the circumstances of Locke's expulsion, we must remember its antecedents, and Mr. Pattison is not to be blamed for not being aware of some facts that have never yet been published. "John Locke," he says, "held in 1684 a studentship at Christ Church, which he had enjoyed ever since 1651." This statement is verbally correct, except that the year in which Locke went to Christ Church was 1652, not 1651. But there were irregularities connected with his studentship which doubtless had weight with Dr. Fell and his colleagues. The junior studentship that he acquired as a Westminster boy was tenable only for the seven years to be spent in obtaining his M.A. degree. He would have a right to supplement that by a senior studentship, tenable for life, if he had chosen to take "holy orders." This, however, he declined to do; probably he was not even asked to do it for two

or three years after the completion of his septennium, as that was the time of the Commonwealth, and Oxford was under Presbyterian rule. After the Restoration, he was allowed to retain his student's place, against rule, on the ground that he was studying medicine, and would thus be entitled, on vacancy, to one of the two medical studentships established at Christ Church; but that his position was an irregular one is clearly shown by several documents which I have discovered, and especially by the following "dispensation for Mr. Locke," signed in 1666 by Sir William Morrice on behalf of King Charles the Second, and addressed to the Dean and Chapter of Christ Church:—"Whereas we are informed that John Locke, master of arts and student of Christ Church, is of such standing as by the custom of that college he is obliged to enter into holy orders, or otherwise to leave his student's place there, at his humble request that he may still have further time to prosecute his studies without that obligation, we are grateously pleased to grant him our royal dispensation, and do accordingly hereby require you to suffer him to hold and enjoy his said student's place in Christ Church, together with all the rights, profits, and emoluments thereunto belonging, without taking holy orders upon him, according to the custom of the college or any rule of the statutes in that case," &c. Some years afterwards this "dispensation" lapsed in consequence of a medical studentship being conferred upon Locke by the Christ Church authorities; but, as he never took his M.D. degree, and had abandoned the pursuit of medicine as a regular profession, I believe that he was not strictly entitled to it, and that it was only conferred upon him as a convenient way, asked for by himself and his friends, of dispensing with the "dispensation." It is clear, at any rate, that Locke held his studentship mainly by the express intervention of Charles the Second, and when Charles the Second summarily insisted that the studentship should be cancelled, it is

not strange that Dr. Fell and the Chapter of Christ Church should have felt themselves bound to obey the king's orders.

It must be remembered that, when those orders were issued, Locke was regarded by the king and the party in power as a dangerous traitor. His friend, the Earl of Shaftesbury had started an insurrection in favour of the Duke of Monmouth, and had only avoided execution in England, along with Russell and Algernon Sidney, by dying as a fugitive in Holland. Monmouth was now in Holland, and Locke had also gone thither to escape the vengeance of the Court. He there carefully abstained from all connection with Monmouth, rather because he had no confidence in the hot-headed and selfish young libertine, than because he was averse to Charles's overthrow, and he was now keeping clear of all politics, and devoting himself, as entirely as his broken health allowed, to philosophical studies. But even his most intimate friends appear to have suspected that he was engaged in other occupations, and his enemies represented that he was doing all he could to foment the Monmouth plots. Had he been in England, he would certainly have been beheaded, unless the poisonous wards of the Tower had killed him before he could be brought up for mock-trial, and the *Essay concerning Human Understanding* would never have been given to the world. It was a comparatively small piece of royal spite, as the man himself could not be got hold of, to cause his name to be struck off the books of Christ Church.

The fame that Locke subsequently acquired makes it important that this business should be regarded in its true light, and that the blame should be thrown on those who were really culpable. Though Locke's studentship was given to him irregularly, his deprivation of it was clearly illegal. The Dean and Chapter of Christ Church, had they been men of ideal virtue and courage, ought to have resisted the king's mandate, and refused to expel the absent

student without formal trial and sufficient proof of the offences with which he was vaguely charged. But we ought not to blame them, any more than Locke did, for being ordinary Englishmen of the second Stuart period. Dr. Fell was a far more learned and honest man than most of the priests and prelates who pandered to Charles the Second and his courtesans ; but, well-principled in many ways, he shared with his contemporaries what Lady Masham quaintly called "a principle of fear," and, under the influence of that "principle," he unwillingly allowed himself to be King Charles's

tool in a small act of persecution towards Locke, apparently in ignorance of its much greater significance as one of many "designs upon the University," according to Locke's correct epithet. The king and his advisers and minions at court are the real persons to be blamed, and Locke's expulsion from Christ Church is only a small item in the long list of offences by which they sought to bring England into far greater degradation than was involved in the less ignoble treacheries and tyrannies of the other Charles.

H. R. FOX BOURNE.

HAPPY AND WHOLE.

SIGH not for me, O never sigh for me,
 Tender and true ! since tongue can never tell
 Half my content in your felicity,
 For you are happy and whole, and all is well.
 God's alms wherewith my daily bread is bought,
 Strait casement letting in my livelong day,
 Sweet words, the blossom of a blessed thought,
 "Happy and whole, happy and whole are they."
 Divine reproachful voice at dead of night,
 "Happy and whole are they, how canst thou weep ?"
 My lids are toucht by fingers feathery-light,
 And Love that never slumbers gives me sleep.
 See how your joy is mine, both night and day,
 Your joy is mine, sigh none of it away.

MARY BROTHERTON.

THE CENTRAL ASIAN QUESTION.

WE are often assured that Russia, in advancing towards the Oxus, can have no intention of attacking our Indian possessions; nor does even Mr. Vambéry, or the most active of so-called "alarmists," suggest that Russia proposes deliberately to invade India with a view to conquest. On the other hand, the most credulous of quietists will admit that in case of war with England, Russia might cause diversions useful to her arms, by making demonstrations or encouraging independent expeditions in the neighbourhood of our Indian frontier. Since the beginning of the present century the notion of attacking England through India has been entertained three times by the Russian Government—that is to say, whenever Russia and England have been at war, or on the point of going to war. In 1801 the Emperor Paul equipped and despatched an expedition to India. In 1807 Alexander I. and Napoleon discussed and arranged the preliminaries of an expedition to India. In 1854 General Duhamel proposed to the Emperor Nicholas a similar expedition to India. Moreover, in 1814 the British Government, believing in the possibility of a Russian expedition to India at some future time, made a treaty with Persia by which the Persians bound themselves to stop it—a feat which, if only for geographical reasons, they would have found it difficult to perform.

None of the expeditions spoken of could, it may be said, have been carried to a successful end. That, however, is not the question. The question is whether, in case of war against England, one of the first ideas that would occur to Russia would not be to threaten us in our Indian possessions. In 1801, on the 2nd of January, the Emperor Paul gave secret orders to Orloff, Ataman of the Cossacks, to lead his Cossack regiments to India. For the

expenses of the journey 2,670,000*l.* were allowed out of the Treasury, "to be expended in pay, provisions, and forage;" the money to be returned "from the booty made in the expedition." In giving directions for the march, the Emperor Paul wrote to Orloff: "Go with the artillery straight through Bokhara and Khiva," [Khiva and Bokhara?] "to the river Indus, and the adjacent English possessions. All the riches of India will be your reward for this expedition." After such a liberal promise it was worth Orloff's while to exert himself. So with 22,000 Cossacks, 44,000 horses (apparently for train), two companies of horse artillery, "being perfectly ignorant of the road to India, he started, after the treasures of the Rajahs and Nabobs." The march was exceedingly difficult, especially as it was winter—winter campaigning in the Steppes has since Perovski's disaster been given up. Nevertheless, in not quite a month, Orloff made 685 versts, and he had just reached the heights of Irghis, when he received a manifesto informing him of the accession of Alexander I., and at the same time a command from the new Emperor to abandon what the Russian writer from whom I cite these particulars calls "this fantastic enterprise."¹

The expedition of 1807, with Cossacks in advance, and French infantry in the main body, was to have passed through Persia. The invasion of India proposed by General Duhamel to the Emperor Nicholas, was also to have been executed through Persia.²

No reasonable doubt then can be entertained in the present day as to

¹ *Remarkable Fortunes of Private Individuals in Russia.* By E. P. Karnovitch, St. Petersburg, 1874.

² *Times*, January 29th, 1873. Referred to by Sir Henry Rawlinson, *England and Russia in the East.* Second edition, page 187.

whether, in case of war, Russia would form projects for disturbing our position in India. Nor can there be any question as to whether she is more favourably placed for carrying out such projects now than she was in 1801, when they were indeed "fantastic;" or in 1807, and again in 1854, when they were beset with difficulties.

Not to speak of 1807, the Russians in 1854 were scarcely established at the mouth of the Jaxartes. Now they have the whole course of the Oxus beneath their control, with the right, formally admitted by the English Government, of occupying territory as far as the right bank of that river, and with the intention, clearly announced by actions on their side, feebly contested in words on ours, of seizing important districts and strategical points to the left of the stream, and far away from the stream in the direction both of Afghanistan and of Persia. In 1854, too, they had the mountaineers of the Caucasus to count with. Now in any expedition, whether of demonstration or of actual invasion, the Caucasus would be their most important, though doubtless not their sole base of operations.

Thirty-six years ago, when the English entered Afghanistan to meet an expected Russian advance through Khiva;¹ ten years ago, when Sir Henry Rawlinson's remarkable article on Russia's progress in the East was published in the *Quarterly Review*; eight years ago when Mr. Vambéry's first volume on Central Asia appeared; five years ago when Lord Clarendon had his important interview with Prince Gortchakoff at Heidelberg; two years ago when the Afghan boundary was settled by the Russian and English Governments, it was held that if Russia ever attempted the invasion of India, she would do so by way of Balkh and Cabul. Vambéry had indeed pointed out² that, although "no one could now doubt that the Eastern question might be more easily solved on the Hindoo Kush than on the

Bosphorus, yet the Russians would not necessarily choose the difficult road through Balkh to Cabul, and none other," "the road through Herat and Candahar, the proper caravan course to India, being far more convenient." Sir Henry Rawlinson, who now says but little of Russian expeditions, or expeditions under Russian leadership through Balkh and Cabul, wrote in 1865 that "if Russia should take possession of the Oxus, as she has already taken possession of the Jaxartes, then, as her outposts will be in contact with the Afghan outposts along the whole line of the mountains from Mymenah to Badakhshan, it will become a question for serious consideration whether leaving Cabul and Ghazni, the scene of our old disasters, to struggle on in isolated anarchy, it may not be incumbent on us to secure a strong flanking position by the re-occupation of the open country of Shaul, of Candahar, and even of Herat." Sir Henry Rawlinson recommends precisely the same defensive measures now; not, however, by way of taking up a "flanking position," but in view of a possible frontal attack.

In September, 1869, when the Earl of Clarendon at his interview with Prince Gortchakoff commenced the negotiations which upwards of three years afterwards ended with what at the time was considered a highly satisfactory arrangement in respect to the Afghan boundary, his lordship had observed that the Russians already in possession of Samarkand, with Bokhara in their power, and constantly advancing in the direction of Afghanistan, might soon be expected in the vicinity of the Hindoo Kush; whence "the British possessions might be viewed as a traveller on the summit of the Simplon might survey the plains of Italy," so that "measures for our own protection might then become necessary." The practical result of the negotiations protracted over so many years, has been to bind us to a frontier as regards Afghanistan without binding the Russians to any corresponding frontier except in regard to Bokhara; and in lieu of the "neutral

¹ *The Russians in Central Asia*, by J. and R. Michell, p. 423.

² *Sketches of Central Asia*, p. 407 (1868.)

zone" originally spoken of, to give Russia the right of doing as she pleases in Bokhara, where she is all powerful, and us a similar right to do as we please in Afghanistan, where no Englishman is allowed to penetrate. What is above all remarkable, however, in the now historical conversation between the two ministers, is that the English statesman saw danger where danger is now no longer seen—not because it has ceased to exist, but because it has been overshadowed by a greater peril.

Besides the roads through Balkh and Cabul, and through Herat and Candahar, there is a third route of invasion in which some believe, and which may one day be employed certainly not in lieu of, but possibly in conjunction with, the two others. Mr. Schuyler,¹ while convinced that "there is not the slightest desire or incentive to make any attack upon India," adds that the Russians would dislike to see England extend her influence nearer than she now does to Central Asia, and thinks it possible that "at some time difficulties may arise with regard to the English policy at Kashgar; while the late Lieutenant Hayward was convinced that from Eastern Turkestan India might without much difficulty be invaded. "An army," he wrote, "attempting a passage across the mountains from Eastern Turkestan to India would have no great impediment to encounter until it had entered the deeper defiles of the Lower Himalayas. The portion of the line intervening between the crest of the Karakorum range and the plains of Turkestan is quite practicable; and as in all human probability it is here that the Russian and Indian empires will first come into contact, and the frontiers run conterminous, this fact is deserving of especial consideration."²

Nevertheless, the advance by way of Samarkand, the approach by way of Balkh and Cabul, was the line of menace or invasion generally accepted, at least until some time after the Khivan ex-

pedition, when newly-observed intentions on the part of Russia changed the aspect of affairs.

Mr. MacGahan, believing, like everyone else, that the Russians have no "immediate designs on India," admits that "whether they follow a traditional policy of aggression or not, the result is very much the same." "They are steadily advancing towards India," says the observant American in his most interesting account of the Khivan expedition;³ "and they will, sooner or later, acquire a position in Central Asia which will enable them to threaten it. Should England be engaged in a European war, and not show herself sufficiently accommodating on the Bosphorus, then, indeed, Russia would probably strike a blow at England's Eastern Empire." Mr. MacGahan does not think the Russians could do much in that way at present; "but when a railroad is laid from Samara to Samarkand the question will assume a very different aspect. Suppose stores to have been collected at Samarkand in advance, an army 100,000 strong might, by means of a railroad, be concentrated in Kerki in thirty days. From Kerki to Kunduz, along the valley of the Oxus, is only 250 miles, and an army might make this distance easily in twenty days. The annexation of Bokhara and occupation of Kerki would therefore be the next step in the advance of the Russians on India. Bokhara is at present completely under the Russian tutelage, and I believe no existing agreements between them and the Russian Government prevent them from occupying that country; and, Bokhara occupied, the Russian frontier would be within 150 miles of Cabul."

It was not, in fact, until after the occupation of Khiva had become an accomplished fact, and therefore not worth protesting against (as previously it had been disavowed as a project, and equally, therefore, not worth protesting against), that the notion of Russia's advance towards India by way of Merv and Herat

¹ Report to the United States Government.

² *Central Asia, from the Aryan to the Cosack.* By James Hutton, p. 387.

³ *Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva.* By G. A. MacGahan, p. 425.

came to be entertained as it now seems to be to the exclusion of all other routes. No mention of Merv in connection with Russia is to be found in any book or article published prior to the year 1874. Merv derived a great part of the importance now attached to it from incidents which occurred during the Khivan expedition, or rather immediately after the capture of the city of Khiva. Mr. MacGahan has told us of the wanton and cruel attack made by General Golovatchoff on the Khivan Turkomans. He saw it, rode with the troops who executed it, has graphically described it, and says plainly that he could not understand it. General Kaufmann had insisted on immediate payment of a tribute, which the Yomud Turkomans agreed to yield, but were notoriously unable to collect without some short notice. General Kaufmann was severely criticised, as Mr. MacGahan writes, by his own officers for adopting this course. "He knew very well," they said, "it was not possible for the Turkomans to pay in the specified time; he had allowed himself to be hoodwinked by the Khan, and was becoming a mere tool in his hands for the furtherance of his schemes of conquest over the Turkomans." The conduct of the general was much blamed in the Russian newspapers; but probably the worst thing said of it came from General Kryzhanoffsky, Governor-General of Orenburg, who explained the massacre by remarking to Mr. Schuyler that "it was necessary to have some actions in which the Taschkend expedition could distinguish itself, and receive its share of honours and rewards, the glory of the affair having been so far to the Orenburgh and Caucasus expeditions alone." Accordingly, General Golovatchoff, sent out by General Kaufmann to ascertain the probability of payment, entered upon a solution of the problem by "attacking the Turkoman villages and encampments, burning the houses, destroying the waggons of household stores, and spreading devastation generally among them."

Medals in the Russian army are,

according to General Kryzhanoffsky, a direct encouragement to wilful murder. I do not, however, mention Golovatchoff's raid among the Turkoman families merely to condemn it, but in order to inquire into its true origin. It may have been dictated by other not more humane but less paltry motives than those assigned by General Kryzhanoffsky. The Orenburg column was on such bad terms with the less successful column from Taschkend that the Turkomans, immediately after General Golovatchoff's incursion amongst them, said to the Orenburg troops that "if they were not so friendly with General Kaufmann, now would be just the time to fall together upon General Golovatchoff's expedition and utterly annihilate it." It is possible, then, considering the jealousy between Orenburg and Taschkend, that General Kryzhanoffsky may have been merely uttering a bitter jest when he said that General Golovatchoff had made an onslaught on a host of unoffending men, women, and children for the sake of "glory," and in the hope of obtaining "honours and rewards." Consciously or unconsciously, he seems to have indicated the true motive of attack when he afterwards told Mr. Schuyler that it was likely to lead to serious results. "It will now be necessary," he observed, "to have expeditions against the Turkomans for many years. It will be a second Caucasus, and in the end we shall find ourselves obliged to take Merv, which will undoubtedly lead to complications with England."¹

"Complications with England" represent in this case those drawbacks which, great or small, almost every advantage carries with it. Every step of importance made by Russia in Central Asia has involved "complications with England" from which, however, by means of explanations and assurances, Russia has had no trouble in freeing herself; and it is certainly more credible that the deliberate destruction of so many Turkoman households may have been effected because "no peace with the Turkomans"

¹ Report to the United States Government.

was the political order of the day, than because General Kaufmann wished to obtain from them an obviously impossible payment, or because General Golovatchoff was eager for a new decoration. The Turkomans attacked with such apparent wantonness by General Golovatchoff were, it is true, Turkomans of the Yomud tribe, whereas the Turkomans around Merv are of the Tekke tribe. General Kaufmann, however, told Mr. MacGahan that the Yomud Turkomans, after the destruction of their property by the Russians, sent an embassy to the Tekke Turkomans asking permission to emigrate to their territory. Few of them, according to Mr. MacGahan, did really emigrate. But General Kryzhanoffsky was evidently convinced that Tekkes and Yomuds would make common cause, and it is he who is responsible for the statement that General Golovatchoff's ruthless descent upon the latter would lead to serious results; that the Russians would find it necessary to make expeditions against the Turkomans for many years; and that they would in the end find themselves obliged to take Merv, "which would, undoubtedly, lead to complications with England."

If the Russians propose to take possession of Merv it matters little whether they do so from the force of circumstances or in the execution of a design. We have seen what the circumstances were which are now to impell the Russians towards Merv; and it has been already stated that no English publication anterior to the year 1874 speaks of Merv in connection with Central Asian politics. In the correspondence, however, respecting Central Asia, presented to Parliament in 1873, a despatch will be found from Mr. Ronald Thomson at Teheran to the Earl of Clarendon, dated November 14th, 1869, in which it is suggested that as the Russians will find it very difficult to establish communications across the desert from the Caspian Sea to the Oxus, they would probably in the end abandon that idea and seek a more practicable route along the Attrek; "follow-

ing the course of that river eastwards, and then skirting along the hills of the north of Bojnoord and Kochan, in the direction of Merv, which is not more than four marches from the Oxus, and within ten easy stages of Herat." The only notice which seems to have been taken at the time of Mr. Ronald Thomson's surmise is to be found in a letter from Mr. Alison to the Earl of Clarendon, in which it is set forth that "the formation of a route along the Attrek river would afford matter for serious consideration to Persia." Of Merv and its proximity to Herat, of Herat and its importance in connection with India, not a word is said.

Strange as it may at first seem the question of Merv as part of the great Central Asian question was first introduced by Prince Gortchakoff; who, on the 4th of May, 1870, spoke to Sir Andrew Buchanan of a report which had reached him from Persia, "attributing great activity to Shir-Ali Khan, who is said to be endeavouring to induce the Tekke Turkomans, a tribe occupying lands to the south of Khiva, to acknowledge his sovereignty." As no sovereignty was claimed for the Amir of Afghanistan over the Tekke Turkomans—which would have amounted to including Merv within the Afghan territory—the matter dropped; but on September 21st of the same year Mr. Stremoukoff, director of the Asiatic Department in the Russian Foreign Office, remarked in discussing the interminable question of the Afghan frontier, that probably no objection would be made to include Khoja-Sali (the last Afghan post westward on the Oxus) within it, "but that great care would be required in tracing a line from thence to the south, as Merv and the country of the Turkomans were becoming commercially important." What changes were just then taking place around or in connection with Merv so as to render the place "commercially important" is not explained. A place, however, may be commercially important, and strategically very important indeed; and Mr. Stremoukoff was probably guilty of no

inaccuracy in describing Merv, which commands roads in every direction, and is frequently traversed by caravans as "commercially important." In any case Sir Andrew Buchanan was struck by the observation, and nearly a year after it had been made, on the 13th of June 1871, reminded Lord Granville of it in one of many letters on the subject of the Afghan boundary.

Merv not belonging to Afghanistan was naturally not included within the Afghan frontier. But it seems remarkable if so much was to be said about it afterwards, that not a word was uttered on the subject—at least not by England—when the Afghan frontier was being traced. Merv is nearly on the same parallel as Khoja-Sali, the most western point of Afghan territory on the Oxus; so that if "care had not been taken," as Mr. Stremoukoff suggested, in drawing the line—if, for example, it had been drawn due west—Russia, by excluding herself from all interference in the affairs of Afghanistan, would have been definitively shut out from Merv. She expressly stipulated that this should not be the case, having previously given the English Government to understand, in the same order of ideas, that if the Amir of Afghanistan claimed to exercise sovereignty over the Tekke Turkomans, "a tribe occupying land to the south of Khiva," his pretensions could not be recognised.

In insisting on the fact that the Afghans had nothing to do with Merv nor the Turkomans of Merv with Afghanistan, the Russian Government gave no hint of any intention to occupy the place on their own account. But Prince Gortchakoff has declared so often and so pointedly that "Afghanistan would be considered as entirely beyond the sphere in which Russia might be called upon to exercise her influence," that it is difficult not to see in the constant reiteration of this phrase a meaning not contained in the phrase itself. "No intervention or interference whatever opposed to the independence of that state enters into his Imperial Majesty's intentions," added Prince Gortchakoff when, in re-

sponse to Earl Clarendon's suggestion of a neutral territory between the English and Russian empires in the east, he, for the first time, assured Her Majesty's Government, through the usual channels, that Afghanistan should certainly be left alone.

"Afghanistan" has since been accepted by both Governments as comprising besides Afghanistan proper, which was all Prince Gortchakoff originally included beneath that name, certain dependencies south of the Oxus regarded at one time by Prince Gortchakoff as belonging to Bokhara, by the British Embassy at St. Petersburg as belonging to Khiva, but which the Indian Government showed to be feudatory states under Afghan sovereignty. The negotiations on this subject are known to have lasted something like four years; and nearly five years after they were first begun, on the 21st of January, 1874, we find that Prince Gortchakoff has "repeated to Lord Loftus the positive assurance that the Imperial Cabinet continues to consider Afghanistan as entirely beyond its sphere of action." This was in answer to a despatch calling Prince Gortchakoff's attention to the injurious effects that might be expected from the expedition the Russians were preparing to send against the Turkomans of the region around Merv and to Merv itself; as to which point Prince Gortchakoff contented himself with observing that Russia had "no intention of undertaking an expedition against the Turkomans," though he, at the same time, let it be understood that this intention might be departed from if "these turbulent tribes were to take to attacking or plundering us."

According to Mr. Schuyler (*Report to the United States Government*), "the arrangements made last year with England with regard to the boundary of Afghanistan simply meant that if Russia came up to the Oxus nothing would be said;" though Mr. Schuyler was convinced (and he thought the "same would be evident to any one who understood well the position of affairs in Central Asia") that

the "Russians would eventually occupy the whole country as far as the Oxus, and possibly as far as the Hindoo Kush." In this latter case we should, of course, be allowed to exercise our ancient right of remonstrance; to which, as long as the Russians do not go south of the Upper Oxus, we are not entitled to have recourse. In other words, Mr. Schuyler holds that Russia does not consider herself bound to respect the Afghan frontier, as defined by Russia and England conjointly; but that having ascertained how far she can proceed without giving cause for complaint, she will advance to the extreme limit as a matter of course, and at a fitting opportunity go a step further. He cites no particular authority, but refers in support of his opinion to "any one who understands well the position of affairs in Central Asia." Prince Gortchakoff's emphatic declaration in respect to the inviolability of Afghan territory, does not, according to the ordinary meaning—not even according to the ordinary diplomatic meaning—of words, bear the interpretation which Mr. Schuyler would put upon it. But the Prince does really appear to lay too much stress on Russia's firm intention to respect Afghan rights. This had already occurred to me when in a note to the second edition of Sir Henry Rawlinson's *England and Russia in the East*, I find it set forth that "Russia now complains of our interposition on behalf of the Turkomans of Merv as opposed to the principle of geographical limitation which governs our mutual relations in Central Africa. She considers, in fact, that her own abstention from interference within the limits of Afghanistan requires a similar abstention on our part beyond those limits; and as far as the Afghans and Uzbeks are concerned," adds Sir Henry Rawlinson, "such a reciprocity of obligation would seem to be only fair and reasonable. But Merv is independent territory belonging neither to the Afghans nor Uzbeks, and in the absence of any special arrangement with Russia to that effect, there is really no argument against our communicating with the Turkomans or taking an in-

terest in their welfare that would not apply equally to our diplomatic relations with Kashgar or even with Persia." (P. 316.)

Meanwhile, it is quite clear that the settlement of the Afghan boundary, effected to the great apparent delight of both Governments in January 1873, some two or three months before the departure of the expedition or expeditions to Khiva, was no settlement of the general question as to how far Russia may advance in Central Asia without giving just cause for complaint to England. All Russia pledged herself to do when, after many objections, she at length accepted the Afghan boundary, as traced by the Indian Government, was in no way to interfere with the affairs of Afghanistan; and she had already taken particular care to point out, from three to four years before any question in connection with Merv had arisen to occupy the attention of the English Government, that the affairs of the Tekke Turkomans and of Merv were not those of Afghanistan at all.

It would be useless to consider the Russian arguments on this subject, though it is easy to imagine what they must be, and also by what counter-arguments they may well be met on the part of our own Government. Several insoluble, but none the less interesting, questions have already been discussed between Russia and England; as, for instance, whether Orientals are more amenable to sentiments of gratitude or of fear? In its abstract form, such a question seems as impossible to decide as those on more tender subjects which used to be discussed in the days of the troubadours by Courts of Love. If the Governments of Russia and England begin to dispute, or are already disputing, as to whether what is not included in a proposition is necessarily excluded from it, the arguments on the subject of Merv may last some considerable time. It is certain, however, that in drawing the Afghan boundary some fifty miles south of Merv, the English Government did not intend to place Merv at the disposition

of Russia; while it is by no means certain that in conceding to England the frontier she demanded on behalf of the Amir of Afghanistan, Russia did not mean to imply that she could not recognize England's right to interfere with the action of Russia in any part of Central Asia outside Afghanistan.

No official correspondence respecting Central Asia has recently been published. Russia has given herself, or what comes to the same thing, has given Bokhara a fixed boundary on the Oxus to Khoja-Sali, where, while the river still runs to the north, the Afghan boundary, hitherto marked by its course, suddenly runs to the south. But it is impossible to say what the Russian boundary is, or what it is intended to be, east of Khoja-Sali; nor do the selected Parliamentary papers enable one to guess whether so much as an "interchange of ideas" (to use one of Prince Gortchakoff's historical expressions) ever took place on the subject. It may safely be assumed, however, that no assurances or explanations were offered to us by Russia on this point further than those given very positively in connection with the occupation of Khiva—which was not to be occupied permanently. At one time it seems to have been thought that the Russians would consent to regard the Oxus to its mouth as their boundary. This was some time before the Khivan expedition; and Prince Gortchakoff at once explained that such a limitation would place Khiva beyond their reach, and embolden the Khan, having no fear of punishment before his eyes, to misbehave himself. Ultimately, the frontier was traced only between Afghanistan and Bokhara, and along the whole northern line of Afghanistan; so that if Russia is entitled to annex everything in Central Asia which by the Afghan boundary arrangement she is not excluded from annexing, we may look upon the future frontier of Russia in Central Asia as conterminous along the whole line with the frontier of Afghanistan. This would round off the Russian possessions between the Caspian

and the Oxus very beautifully, and it would, of course, give Merv to the Russians.

Russia having already in her occupation the east coast of the Caspian, the Attek river, and the river Oxus, it is impossible not to believe that she proposes to possess herself of all the territory comprised within these three lines. In an article published in the *Quarterly Review*,¹ which Sir Rutherford Alcock, writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, attributes to Sir Bartle Frere, it is maintained that "if Merv is not a Russian garrison, if her outposts are not entrenched on the Attek, it is simply because Russia believes such occupation would bring matters to an undesirable crisis with England; and not from any strategical difficulty in the necessary movements on the part of Russia. Both positions can be easily occupied whenever the Czar wills it, and the Russian outposts will then be conterminous with the Afghan and Persian frontiers." According, however, to General Kryzhanoffsky, the occupation of Merv would be no such easy matter. He sees in the Turkoman country "a second Caucasus," and without disregarding the political obstacle which Sir Bartle Frere deems so formidable, looks upon it not as a primary, but as a secondary one. Admit, however, that the Tekke Turkomans will be found as dangerous opponents as were formerly Schamyl's mountaineers; the Caucasus was pacified in the end, and some day the Turkoman country will in its turn be subjected. Before that object is attained, it is probable that a great many despatches will be exchanged between the English and Russian Governments; which will have as much effect as the despatches presented to the Russian Foreign Office on the subject of the establishment of a Russian "factory" at Krasnovodsk, the occupation of Samarkand and the expedition to Khiva.

The line of argument proper to each side is already known; but

¹ *Quarterly Review*, April, 1875.

how an agreement can possibly be arrived at by the disputants is not known. Only a very sanguine person, however, can believe that any amount of letter writing will have the effect of making Russia abandon her intention of seizing Merv. All that the English Government (as far as can be learnt from the published correspondence) has said on the subject, is that the occupation of Merv by Russia, and the pursuit of the Tekke Turkomans by Russian troops, might cause those warriors to take refuge in Afghanistan, to the serious inconvenience of the Amir, and indirectly of the Indian Government. Both Lord Granville, moreover, and Lord Derby, have declared—the former in a despatch to the English ambassador at St. Petersburg, the latter in a speech delivered in the House of Lords—that the independence of Afghanistan must at all hazards be maintained. There is nothing provocative or in the slightest degree defiant in these declarations which, as we have seen, have been anticipated again and again by Prince Gortchakoff.

Indeed, His Excellency has stated so often that he considers Afghanistan "entirely beyond the sphere of Russian influence or interference," that it seems somewhat superfluous to address to Russia any warnings on that subject. Our Government speaks "with no uncertain sound" on a point concerning which there is no possibility of a misunderstanding, and, as a matter of fact, absolute agreement. About Merv, however, the sound is very uncertain indeed. In connection with Merv, neither do the English say that it must not be attacked, nor the Russians that they will not attack it. The English Government confines itself to hoping that the Russians will leave it alone, while the Russian Government fears that the bad conduct of the Tekke Turkomans may perhaps not allow it to do so.

Even Sir Henry Rawlinson, the best informed, the most clear-sighted, and the only one with decided views of all the writers on Central Asia, is

not quite sure that the occupation of Merv would give us ground for interference—and if not for interference, why for vain protest? "Without," he writes, "making any offensive notification to Russia about the limitation of her advance, and reserving to ourselves the right, in the interest of the Afghans, to impede her occupation of Merv, if it seems advisable, I submit that we should at any rate make up our minds that she shall not follow up the Murghab valley from Merv into the Afghan territory unopposed." This looks very like a surrender of Merv to the Russians, under cover of a caution that if they *do* take Merv, they had better, at all events, leave Afghanistan alone. But according to the declaration of the Russian Foreign Office, made explicitly and emphatically, repeated again and again, put on record in every shape, and supported by a formal agreement which was not signed until every point contained in it had been thoroughly discussed, the Russians will under no circumstances enter or in any way interfere with Afghanistan.

Not to expose Herat to the possibility of a Russian surprise, Sir Henry Rawlinson would garrison it with English troops; always supposing that the Amir, besides accepting arms, money, and our services in securing to him his legitimate frontier, would permit us to offer him personal assistance. No one can say that with the Russians at Merv he would not consent to such an arrangement, whatever objections he may feel under actual circumstances to admitting English troops within his dominions. Sir Henry Rawlinson, then, who is more alive to the danger of the Russian advance than any other writer of high authority on the subject, and the only one who proposes to meet it by specific means, would look upon the further extension of the Russian frontier to the borders of Afghanistan, so that Afghans and Russians should face one another along the whole line of the Afghan frontier, as a step which would call for the garrisoning of

Herat by an English force; and nothing more. This might be either the solution of a difficulty, or the prelude to a conflict. But the question of peace or war would obviously rest with the Russians themselves; and if they adhered to their present determination in no way to interfere with the affairs of Afghanistan, no inconvenience need arise from the proximity of English to Russian troops.

The author of the article already referred to in the *Quarterly Review* ends like Sir Henry Rawlinson, but with fewer reservations and more complacency, by giving up to Russia the whole of Central Asia up to the boundaries of Western as now up to the boundary of Eastern Afghanistan. "It is more than probable," he writes, "that if Russia were satisfied that we had no jealousy of her attempts to dominate and civilize the countries east of the Caspian, as far south as the *Attrek* and the *Oxus*, she would be only too glad to know that we considered that frontier as fixed as our own is in Eastern Europe, and to find her officers, as her frontier neighbours, prepared to use the vast moral influence at our command to insure to her reasonable satisfaction in the event of just cause of offence being given by the tribes and powers to the south of the border."

This is really Sir Henry Rawlinson's conclusion put in a conciliatory and complimentary form. It is, indeed, "more than probable" that, if we could reconcile ourselves to seeing the Russian power established all along the Afghan frontier and continuously along the line of the *Attrek*, the Russians would on their side see nothing to object to in the presence of English officers in Afghanistan. In fact Prince Gortchakoff volunteered on one occasion the statement that there could be no objection to the presence of English officers in Afghanistan; though the important question of numbers and organization was not touched upon.

English writers on the Central Asian question may in the present day be divided into those who would abandon

to Russia all Central Asia up to the Afghan frontier, but at the same time would seek to place an English garrison at Herat; and those who would abandon Central Asia to Russia absolutely. These latter believe that Russia has a great civilizing mission to perform in Central Asia; which is doubtless true. They also maintain that the Russians in advancing towards Afghanistan have no designs, direct or indirect, upon India, which is demonstrably false. A recent writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, whose line of argument Sir Henry Rawlinson denounces in the preface to his second edition as "unpatriotic in principle, unsound in theory, and untrue in practice," asserts that no one in India sees any danger in the Russian advance, except those who have served on the North-western frontier. It is precisely, however, on the North-west frontier of India that one would expect officers to be most alive to the importance of the Russian approach. The Indian Government, too, is supposed to be more impressed by its significance than the Home Government; though we have seen that even the late Foreign Minister, Lord Clarendon, did not like the idea of the Russians making their way to the *Hindoo Kush*, whence the British possessions might be viewed "as a traveller on the summit of the *Simplon* might survey the plains of Italy." Travellers in Central Asia are more suspicious authorities than even officers who have served on the North-west frontier of India. But without laying any further stress on the writings of Mr. Vambéry (whose predictions, however, made from eight to ten years ago have hitherto been gradually receiving verification), the two Americans who have lately travelled in Central Asia are equally persuaded, not indeed that Russia purposes invading India with a view to its conquest—which no one, not even Mr. Vambéry believes—but that she means to advance as far as possible towards our Indian frontier, where her very presence, whatever her intentions might be, would be a threat. Mr. Schuyler thinks the arrangement on the subject of the Afghan boundary

will possibly be disregarded, and that the Russians will eventually advance as far as the Hindoo Kush. Mr. MacGahan, without attributing any immediately hostile design to the Russians, tells us that "they see there is a certain amount of territory lying between the English and Russian possessions which must sooner or later fall into the hands of either power." "I think," he adds, "they are disposed to seize as much of this territory as they conveniently can, and this comprises their whole policy at present."

As to the Russians, Mr. Schuyler has informed us that in the opinion of General Kryzhanoffsky, the Russians were pursuing a course which "would undoubtedly lead to complications with England." This was an Orenburg opinion. As to the Russian officers of General Kaufmann's expedition from Tashkend, they "looked upon the English, if not with liking, at least with a good deal of respect; but none the less anticipated a time when the collision of Russian and English interests might bring Russian and English armies into conflict."

Already the position of the Russians in Central Asia is such a menace to India that if we were again at war with Russia, instead of receiving troops from India, as happened in the Crimea, we should by some means or other have to strengthen our Indian garrisons. Russia, on the other hand, would have plenty of troops on the spot with the army of the Caucasus at no great distance to draw upon for supports. Although it is a favourite theory that every advance of the Russians in Central Asia is due to the force of circumstances, and not to well-planned design, two Russian officers, Captain Kuropatkin and Captain Kostenko, have been for the last two years in Algeria studying according to the *Russian Invalid* the local method of training indigenous troops under French officers. No reason can be assigned why the Russians should not profit by every move open to them in the game of politics; and when they have conquered the Turko-

mans, they will have every right to form them into squadrons of irregular cavalry under Russian leadership. But this will be no more due than have been the reconnoitering expeditions already sent in the direction of Merv, to the force of events.

In case, too, of war with England, for which at present there is fortunately no apparent cause, near or remote, the Russians would have an invaluable ally in the former rival for, and actual pretender to, the throne of Cabul, Abdul Rahman Khan, of whom mention is made several times in the correspondence presented to Parliament on the subject of the Afghan frontier. Without apparently troubling himself about the English, this active chief is very anxious to undertake an expedition against our ally, Shir Ali, whom he feels sure he could dethrone. Possibly he shares the delusions common to so many refugees, and enjoys less influence than he imagines in the country which he still regards as his own. General Kaufmann has warned him against entertaining dangerous schemes, and has even written to Shir Ali, assuring him that Abdul Rahman Khan is only allowed to remain at Samarkand by reason of his unfortunate position, and not in recognition of his claim to the Afghan throne. It appears, however, from Mr. Schuyler's interesting report that the dispossessed Amir receives a pension of 25,000 roubles from the Russian Government, and is counted in the Russian service. "Some years ago," writes Mr. Schuyler (1874), "he petitioned General Kaufmann to grant him 100,000 roubles, saying that with that he would be able to reassert his right to the throne, and put down Shir Ali, but this request was refused. As Abdul Rahman lives very economically, he will soon be able to have the money required from his savings. He is in constant correspondence with Afghanistan, and professes to think that on his reappearance there, there will at once be a revolution in his favour."

The Russian means, then, of "influencing" Afghanistan are simple enough.

if it should ever be thought necessary to employ them. Hitherto the direct relations between Russia and Afghanistan have been very few, and have been chiefly confined to the interchange of letters of politeness. With much delicacy, the Russians, as Mr. Schuyler thinks, make a point of sending with their letters an English translation of the same, "for the greater convenience of the Indian authorities," to whom it is presumed they are transmitted.

England also has her Afghan refugee, described by Sir Henry Rawlinson as "a young man of considerable abilities and force of character, who may yet play a not unimportant part in the arena of Afghan politics." Iskander Khan, the chief in question, son of Sultan Ahmed Khan, of Herat, took part in an insurrection, or civil war, waged against Shir Ali, his uncle; and soon after the restoration of peace, passed from Afghanistan to Bokhara, and ultimately from Bokhara to Russian Turkestan, where he entered the Russian service. At the battle of Samarkand he commanded a contingent of Afghans, nearly three hundred strong. Afterwards he was sent to St. Petersburg, where he received a lieutenant-colonel's commission, and served for some time with the hussars of the guard. Several years later, when he proposed to return home, he was recommended to

take the route of Central Asia; but he preferred to visit England, where he has been residing for the last four years. A perfect master of Russian and English as of other languages, and acquainted with the arms, tactics, and organization of European armies, he might render essential service to his own country by establishing a regular military force on something like the European model. Iskander Khan's knowledge of Afghan affairs, of the relations between Afghanistan and Bokhara, and between Bokhara and Russia, ought to be, and possibly are, of some use to our Indian Government; but his rich relative, Abdul Rahman, who is resolved some day to strike a blow for the Afghan crown, and is in fact saving up his money for that purpose, would, in the event of hostilities between England and Russia, prove a most powerful weapon of offence in Russia's hands. As long as we remain at peace, no apprehensions, of course, need be entertained on this head. But if causes of war should some day unhappily arise, the solemn promise given by the Russian Government not in any way to interfere with the affairs of Afghanistan would naturally be at an end; and the Russians would have at their immediate disposal a sure means of injuring us which they did not possess at the time of the Crimean war.

H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

THE MUSICAL DRAMA.

IN the article¹ on the growth and decay of the opera, it was attempted to depict, in a rough-and-ready way, the questionable and equivocal side of the operatic phantasmagoria, especially as they are to be seen in the works of Italian and French composers since the days of Rossini. Reference was moreover made to the doings and sayings of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, and Weber, in a manner to make it clear beyond misconception, that, although the writer chose to scoff at operatic puerilities, he is nevertheless fully cognizant of the many divinely beautiful things contained in the rich operatic literature of the last two centuries, and ready to appraise them at their full value. The result of his critical survey of operatic development appeared to be that the typical operatic forms—*Recitativo-secco*, *Aria*, and *Ballet tune*—are essentially sterile, and have all along acted as an almost insuperable bar to the realization of the highest dramatic intentions; and that no musician who is not exclusively a craftsman would care to say more for them than that their sterility has in hundreds of instances been triumphantly overcome, and that the spirit and breath of great composers can put life into the driest bones. The long array of successes and failures laid bare the fact that by a *just* combination of the tragedian's art and the musician's numberless effects of perfect dramatic truth and supreme musical beauty had been attained; but that the full harvest of artistic excellence which such a combination of the two arts, if *strictly carried out*, admits of, had not been gathered. Music had been allowed to run riot at the expense of dramatic poetry and mimetics, and in the hands of the most popular composers of our day had become more and more meretricious and sensational.

¹ *Macmillan's Magazine*, May, 1875.

We shall attempt to-day to throw a little light upon the transformation of the opera into a veritable musical drama as accomplished in the later works of Richard Wagner; and if the reader, who has not yet witnessed a performance of *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, or *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, will be content to take the writer's word for it that all the absurdities and trivialities charged against the opera have been avoided, and that the full stream of Beethovenian instrumental music has been led into a dramatic channel, he will certainly not be loth to attest that Wagner has rendered a service of incommensurable importance to art.

On close inspection, it would appear that the vital point of the astoundingly rapid and extensive growth of instrumental music since Sebastian Bach consists of the strong stimulus towards an increase of means and ways for emotional expression, which was given to music by its connection with the stage. In fact, one can lay it down as an axiom that the dramatic principle is the *punctum saliens* of the best modern music. In Beethoven's great symphonies this dramatic principle has guided the composer not only in the invention of his themes, each of which has a strongly-marked and individual character, but also in the construction of each movement—nay, even in the arrangement of the entire work. The order in which the several parts of his symphonies follow one another—the succession of the main themes in each particular movement, their connection, conflict, and final equation—witness the opening *allegro* and the succeeding movements of the *Sinfonia Eroica*—all this has in some sort a dramatic significance.

Each of Beethoven's larger symphonies, and most of his quartets

and sonatas, may be regarded as representing an entire drama. They are, so to speak, connected trilogies or tetralogies, in which latter even the lively satyr-play, the *scherzo*, is not wanting. Beethoven has even gone the length of furnishing a programme to the emotional elements of his work; and Weber, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Berlioz, Liszt, in most of their more elaborate instrumental pieces have followed the order of pictures and emotions furnished by some particular poem. Whilst listening to Schumann's overture to *Manfred*, Berlioz's *Symphonie Fantastique*, or Wagner's *Eine Faust Overture*, one is struck by the fact that certain peculiarly modern phases of emotion—in short, the key-note struck in Goethe's *Faust* and echoed in Byron's *Manfred*—receive a more adequate expression in such music than in the words and lines of the poets themselves. The very essence and kernel of the dramatic subject-matter—the purely emotional sides of it—are here revealed, and made to appeal in a most immediate and direct manner to the feelings of all.

Every man possessed of some small share of imaginative power is inclined, whilst listening to a great symphony, to picture to himself all manner of dramatic scenes and characters. He adds to the indefinite and pictureless speech of music a concrete scheme—an example, as it were, to some general idea.

Now no one asserts that composers always count upon any such imaginative gift, or even desire its presence. They express distinct emotions in tones; and we comprehend them intuitively, and without the aid of precise pictures. It is, however, important for our present purpose to recognize the fact that Beethovenian music is thoroughly imbued with the dramatic principle, and that dramatic pictures are apt to arise spontaneously whilst one listens to it. In fact the whole matter in question hinges upon this point; for the sublime spirit of Beethovenian music is the matrix—the informing element—of the ideal drama we have in view. The spirit of music determines the choice of the dramatic

subject, the character of the action, and the development of the scenes; even the choice of metre. It influences the thing said as well as the manner of saying it.

Let us stop a moment to explain in what sense such a vague phrase as “the spirit of music” is used here. All the arts except music address themselves in the first place to our intellectual perceptions. All ultimately act upon our emotions; but a certain preliminary intellectual process is unavoidable before they can touch our feelings. Thus in epic and dramatic poetry our intellect has to master many details of time, place, and cause, before we are in a position to sympathize with the actions and emotions placed before us. Whilst looking at a great painting, we are bound to make many logical combinations of the data supplied by the painter's *contours* and colours, before we can seize upon the true emotional significance of his painting. But the very first chord of a symphony plunges us *in medias res*—the melodious and harmonic combinations tell immediately, and the emotional essence of the work is revealed to us with a minimum of logical mediation. Music is continually saying, *This is*; all other arts say, *This signifies*. Music gives the very impulse of passion; the other arts suggest it. The spirit of music is orgiastic; that of the plastic arts contemplative. Music is an immediate picture of volitions; it represents emotions in the most direct manner; and it tends to transport everything it touches into an ideal sphere.

Let us now turn to the primary element of the musical, as of every other drama—the poetical subject-matter. If the effects of that idealizing and exclusively emotional tendency which we recognize as the spirit of music are not to be nipped in the bud, the sort of theatrical matter which has been so much used in our so-called historical plays, and which Faust characterizes as “eine haupt und Staats Action mit trefflichen pragmatischen Maximen” (a political and State Action with superior pragmatistical maxims), must be eschewed altogether.

A story, if it is to be presented in the shape of musical drama, should be simple and essentially human; that is to say, the motives for emotion and action which it embodies should be free from all admixture of such elements as are only conceivable from some specifically political or historical point of view. It is a curious fact that no dramatic poet has ever shown himself capable of constructing stories such as will stand comparison with genuine myths and legends in point of perfect concentration and directness of emotion and incident. Compare Goethe's *Iphigenie* with his *Tasso* or *Clavigo*! Or, to take an instance of to-day, compare Mr. Swinburne's *Atalanta* with his *Chastelard*! All experience shows that great tragic poets have succeeded best with traditional, legendary, or mythical matter, which comes, as it were, ready made to their hands. Like languages, such matter is ever growing and undergoing change and transformation; it is practically inexhaustible. Genuine myths have the peculiar property of acting as a sort of nucleus, round which all kinds of congenial elements cluster. They have the power of assimilating everything that belongs to their peculiar range of fact and feeling. Every new element that comes in contact with them

"Doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

Wagner was led almost unconsciously by the spirit of music towards mythical and legendary subjects for his dramatic works. Possessing, as he does, like Goethe, the very rare gift, coveted in Burns's verse, of seeing himself as others see him, he has been able to give a perfectly clear and rationalistic account of this and many other of his artistic acts and intuitions. Here are a few sentences on the subject of myths from one of his pamphlets:—"No picture of human life can be called truly poetical in which all the motives of action, comprehensible to abstract reason only, do not make room for motives of purely human feeling. I

was led to designate the 'Mythos'—that primitive and anonymous poem of the people which we find at all times taken up and treated anew by poets of cultivated periods—as the ideal subject-matter for poetical treatment, because in it those conventional forms of human relations, explicable only to abstract reason, disappear almost entirely; and in their place stands that which is for ever comprehensible, being purely human, and which is expressed in such an inimitably concrete form as to give to every genuine myth a strikingly individual character." And again, taking up the same theme, he says: "I quitted once for all the field of history for that of popular tradition. All details necessary for the form and representation of historical and conventional things—all descriptions of a distinct and distant historical epoch, such as modern writers of novels and plays treat so circumstantially—all this I could pass over. The legend, to whatever time or nation it may belong, has this great advantage, that it assumes nothing of such a time and such a nation but what is purely human, and renders it in a peculiarly distinct and pregnant form, so that it is at once perfectly intelligible. A ballad, a popular refrain, is sufficient to give us instantly a clear impression of this character. The characteristic scene, as well as the legendary tone, immediately serve to throw the mind into that dreamy state in which it soon arrives at a perfect clairvoyance, and perceives a new connection in the phenomena of the world—a connection of which the waking perception can never become aware."

Whilst constructing his drama under the continual guidance of his musical intuitions, Wagner, of course, everywhere counts upon the limitless capacity of the art for the portrayal of the passions; but he does not trouble himself about any special musical forms; that is to say, *recitatives*, *arias*, and *ensemble* pieces, as the opera has them. He divides his story into a few important and decisive scenes, in each of which the action results from the

emotions of the *dramatis personæ*; and which emotions, music, with its peculiar *directness* just spoken of ("This is"), is best fitted to express.

Each phase of emotion touched upon in any scene stands in some important relation to the emotions of the following scene; so that the sequence of these phases, and their development one from another, constitute the unity of expression in the entire drama.

Alliterative verse, Wagner thinks, on account of its general terseness and rhythmical animation, better suited to the strong accents and firmly-marked rhythms of our music than rhymed verse. Such verse is natural to all Teutonic languages. In Germany a large number of alliterative phrases similar to the English "stocks and stones," "weal and woe," "kith and kin," "wax and wane," are still current in common speech. But as the question of verse, especially of alliterative verse, has been treated at some length in the *Monthly Musical Record* for July 1874, it appears better to refer the reader who cares to follow this part of the subject to that periodical. About the orchestra too, as used by Wagner and his disciples, the writer has there also said his say, in November 1873.

Hitherto we have dealt with the poet's share in the drama. Let us now examine the musician's. One need hardly repeat, that the series of detached tunes strung together upon the thread of some *intrigue*, which constitutes the ordinary opera, is done away with entirely. Wagner constructs the whole of his drama out of a comparatively small number of characteristic musical themes. Each of the phases of emotion, which, as has already been said, regulate the division of scenes, is expressed by one of these themes, which theme, to return to our analogy, is as it were the general notion for which the picture and action on the stage is the particular example. The elaborate musical tissue resulting from the various combinations of the main themes, and the continual metamorphosis of these themes, advances simultaneously with the development of the

action on the stage. Wagner makes use of his melodious phases on a sort of mnemonic system; they are heard, either on the stage or in the orchestra, whenever the passions or sentiments of which they are the correlatives make their appearance; and the systematic persistence with which they are introduced renders it possible for the composer to indicate poetical and psychological relations, for the expression of which there would have been no room in the course of the action. The return of these melodies announces the sentiments which, for the time being, cannot be explicitly indicated by the dramatic speech. They serve to reveal to us the innermost emotional secrets of the *dramatis personæ*.

In his latest works, Wagner's vocal melody is different from anything that has as yet been seen in music. Independent of the orchestra it grows directly out of the alliterative verse, of which indeed it is but a melodious declamation. Remarkable as it generally is for great rhythmical animation, it is at the same time capable of being developed into a broad expanse of warm lyric song, whenever and wherever the dramatic situation demands such a thing. It is continually floating as it were upon the waves of a rich orchestral symphony. We attributed to Beethoven's symphonies and sonatas a power of suggesting all manner of dramatic pictures; in Wagner's drama the action on the stage can be taken as the realization of this strange suggestiveness inherent in instrumental music.

It is almost impossible to give in words an idea of the total effect of such a method of musical procedure. But as Wagner has himself attempted this *tour de force* more than once by means of elaborate similes, we may quote one, though it has been quoted before. It applies to *Tristan* and *Die Nibelungen*, not to *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, or any of the earlier works.

"The infinitely rich and ramified details which form the musical tissue that covers the whole drama, are intended to make themselves felt not

only by the connoisseur but also by the most naïf layman, as soon as his thoughts may be sufficiently collected to receive the impression. The effect upon him will be at first somewhat similar to that made upon a solitary visitor by a fine forest on a summer evening. The peculiarity of this impression consists in the perception of the ever-growing eloquence of silence. The visitor to the woods, whom we suppose just to have left the noise of the town, overcome by the total impression, rests to collect his thoughts, and then, gradually straining the powers of his soul, he distinguishes more and more clearly, as if gifted with new senses, the multitudinous forest voices. He recognizes in these sounds, which swell, and at last dominate him, the grand, unique melody of the forest, that melody which from the beginning had struck him with a religious impression. It is as if on a beautiful summer night the deep azure of the firmament absorbed his gaze. The more he gives himself up to the spectacle the more the countless hosts of stars reveal themselves, distinct, dazzling, clear, innumerable. This melody will haunt him for ever, but he will not be able to repeat it. To hear it again he must again return to the forest—must return on a summer evening.”

With the first bars of the orchestral prelude, one is at once transported into an ideal sphere, such as is attainable by high-class music only. With the rise of the curtain, a series of dramatic pictures is unfolded, which, for perfection of delineation and vividness of colouring, for completeness and intensity of expression, are absolutely without parallel in dramatic art, at least as far as the drama has been developed in connection with music. By the divine aid of music, the dramatist is enabled to speak with a fulness and an intensity that give to his work the dignity of a veritable revelation. In this instance, the poet comes indeed near to being what he was held to be of old, an inspired prophet. By no other artistic means have men ever succeeded in ex-

pressing human emotion with such completeness and plastic perfection; as the writer can attest from personal experience of correct performances of *Tristan und Isolde* and *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg* at Munich, and above all, from the overwhelming impression of the *Nibelungen Tetralogy*, the preliminary rehearsals for which have just been terminated at Bayreuth. Correct performances are, however, distressingly rare. It is not enough that the performers should be good singers; they should be good actors as well. They should begin by learning the words of their parts as though they belonged to a spoken play; and the musical study should not commence until the psychological significance of the rôle has been caught, and the declamation fully mastered; and, above all, there should be a conductor who sympathizes with the work, and knows his score intimately. A correct performance reveals the enormous advantage a musician possesses over a dramatic poet; for whilst the pathos of dramatic speech is of necessity left to the discrimination of the actor, the musician's art enables him to fix every accent and every inflection quite positively. Thus, buoyed up by music, even a singer of mediocre talents may realize dramatic effects so high and intense, as to be utterly beyond the reach of an actor of veritable genius who is *not* a singer.

It might lead us too far if we tried to examine in what relation the musical drama stands to the spoken drama—whether it is a narrower or a wider form of art—whether it is likely to do harm to the cause of good acting, as the opera has hitherto done, and the like. But as regards the art of music in particular, we may rest assured that for the future its highest achievements will belong to the musical drama. At various periods of the history of the art, men of genius have felt an irresistible impulse towards some particular goal which was in especial unison with the main stream of the culture of their time. Thus, at and before the age of Palestrina, the greatest musicians

devoted their lives to the ritual of the Catholic Church. Beethoven and his immediate predecessors and followers directed their energies almost exclusively towards the development of the larger forms of instrumental music—more or less consciously under the stimulus of the dramatic principle, as we have seen. For the future, since Wagner has once found the form, men of the loftiest aspirations will, in all probability, work at the musical drama: a form of art which reflects the spirit of modern life as much as the Greek drama reflected the national spirit of ancient Greece. It would appear that we are

now, after having travelled round an enormous circle, returning to that starting-point from which, under the guidance of the spirit of music, all the arts combined to create Greek tragedy. No one dreams of saying that the various and beautiful forms of instrumental music now current—symphonies, sonatas, trios, quartets, &c.—will ever cease to be cultivated. But one may feel certain that it will before long be the height of men's musical ambition to excel in the drama, rather than to write successful concert or chamber music, or to manufacture pleasing tunes for the piping of operatic singing-birds.

EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

THE GOLDEN LADDER.

WHEN torn with Passion's insecure delights,
 By Love's sweet torments, ceaseless changes worn,
 As my swift sphere full twenty days and nights
 Did make ere one slow morn and eve were born ;

I passed within the dim sweet world of flowers,
 Where only harmless lights, not hearts, are broken,
 And weep but the sweet-watered summer showers—
 World of white joys, cool dews, and peace unspoken.

I started even there among the flowers,
 To find the tokens mute of what I fled,
 Passions, and forces, and resistless powers,
 That have upturn the world, and stirred the dead.

In secret bowers of amethyst and rose,
 Close wrapped in fragrant golden curtains laid,
 Where silver lattices to morn unclosed,
 The fairy lover clasps his flower-maid.

Patient she yields to his caresses' strength,
 And in her simple bosom 'neath fair skies
 Love's sweetness bears, till, giving birth at length,
 She shuts her tender lids, and sweetly dies.

Ye blessed children of the jocund day !
 What mean these mysteries of love and birth ?
 Caught up like solemn words by babes at play,
 Who know not what they babble in their mirth.

Or of one stuff has some Hand made us all,
 Baptised us all in one great sequent plan,
 Where deep to ever vaster deep may call,
 And all their large expression find in man ?

Flowers climb to birds, and birds and beasts to man,
 And man to God, by some strong instinct driven ;
 And so the golden ladder upward ran,
 Its foot among the flowers, its top in heaven.

All lives man lives; of matter first, then tends
 To plants, an animal next unconscious, dim,
 A man, a spirit last, the cycle ends,
 That all creation weds with God in him.

And if he fall, a world in him doth fall,
All things decline to lower uses ; while
The golden chain that bound the each to all,
Falls broken in the dust, a linkless pile.

And Love's fair sacraments and mystic rite
In Nature, that their consummation find
In wedded hearts, and union infinite
With the divine, of married mind with mind,

Foul symbols of an idol temple grow,
And sun-white Love is blackened into lust,
And man's impure doth into flower-cups flow,
And the fair Kosmos mourneth in the dust.

O Thou, out-topping all we know or think,
Far off yet nigh, out-reaching all we see,
Hold Thou my hand, that so the topmost link
Of the great chain may hold, from us to Thee ;

And from my heaven-touched life may downward flow
Prophetic promise of a grace to be ;
And flower, and bird, and beast, may upward grow,
And find their highest linked to God in me.

ELICE HOPKINS.

THE TURKISH DEFAULT.

THE announcement made in the Second Edition of the *Times* of October 8th, that Turkey had resolved to pay for five years to come only half her debt charges in cash, is the most considerable financial event that has happened for some time. It dissolved in one moment the whole fabric of Turkish credit that financial adventurers of all classes have laboriously built up and maintained for the past twenty years; and it put an end probably for ever to the mania that has possessed the English public since the days when Palmerston persuaded it that the great mission of England was to keep the Turk on his European throne at any cost. Since that time until now, many people in this country have blindly pinned their faith to the regeneration of Turkey. Greed no doubt has done much to blind people, but that greed did not do everything is proved by the modes adopted by financial agents to lure the investor to give his money to Turkey. For twenty years past every loan issued has been to regenerate the Empire; and all murmurs hinting at its growing poverty have been met by the threadbare story of the "vast natural resources of the country" that this new influx of wealth was to bring out. These resources were the stock answer thrown at the heads of all detractors of Turkish credit. What if the last loan was ill-spent on a new palace, a new ship, or a new troupe of dancing women and slaves for the harem? *This* loan shall not be so spent—guarantees have been taken that it shall not; and the "vast natural resources" will soon make the land blossom into prosperity. I suppose the people who repeated these tales from day to day and year to year came to believe them. Their self-interest blinded them to all the facts, and probably to the simplest deductions of common sense, and we must not judge

of them too harshly; but their faith has had disastrous results for not a few in this country, and in France, Italy, and Holland; while for Turkey the greatest curse of all, one far exceeding in its baneful effects the extravagant folly and immorality of the Sultan's court, has been the "belief" of these same financiers. The worst that could have befallen investors has probably come upon them now; but what mischief the money-lending harpies have done to Turkey, and what consequences the Turks' trust in their guidance may bring, cannot yet be estimated.

Much has been said in the newspapers about the probable scope and effect of the Turkish decree upon those who hold its bonds. As every one knows, all the bonds issued by the Turks have had some supposed special guarantee, except the so-called General Debt of the Empire, the common receptacle, as it were, into which the lumps of floating dead weight were from time to time thrown, for which no special hypothecation could be obtained. Under the show of "special hypothecations," we have thus three different loans secured on the tribute payable by Egypt—those of 1854, 1855, and 1871. A loan issued in 1858 is "secured" on the Constantinople customs; one in 1862 on tobacco and other revenues; one in 1865 on the sheep-tax, Tokah mines, &c.,—vulgarly known as "muttons," or the "mutton loan;" and one in 1869 on the tithes, &c. Others there are with "special security" of one sort or other, the hypothecations being always given as of much greater amount than the loan charges. The only debts having no security of any particular kind were the Treasury Bonds, the General Debt aforesaid, and the floating obligations. Now the Turkish decree sweeps all these into one heap, with the exception of the loan of 1855, this

loan being guaranteed by France and England, whom Turkey has not yet made up its mind to leave in the lurch; and the outcry is that by thus doing Turkey has perpetrated a violent injustice. Unfortunate bondholders of this or that loan keep writing to the papers to point out how good their security is and how special, and to say that the Turk ought to be compelled to stand by his agreement. The general idea appears to be that if reduction in the debt charge is inevitable, it ought to come with discrimination, and that the general and floating debts ought to be left out in the cold, so long as the "secured" loans are unsatisfied. That notion is quite just, and is one that bondholders are entitled to press home on the Turkish Government, but there are unfortunately several cogent reasons why one may doubt gravely whether the least heed will be paid to their protest.

In the first place it appears evident that the Turk did not take this step with that extreme hastiness which has been assumed, just because he took such good care not to tell the Bank, or the money-lenders, who have usually guided him, what he was going to do. The course of market speculation proves that the stroke was resolved upon days before it was announced, and that the Sultan not improbably, and his underlings certainly, made a considerable sum of money out of it. The thing was, therefore, not done on the spur of the moment, nor in that ignorance of its results which bondholders would fain persuade themselves the Turk displayed. Secondly, the position of the Sultan as a large holder of his own debt will prevent his making any concession. He holds a sum variously estimated at from 5,000,000*l.* to 7,000,000*l.* of the 5 per cent General Debt bonds, and that is also the stock held by his favourites and by the Turkish people generally. This, in fact, may be regarded as the internal debt, while the "secured" bonds are the external. It might be as much as his rickety throne is worth, therefore, were he to say that the debt charge on these 5 per cent bonds shall not be paid at all till

the foreign creditor is satisfied. He could not do it for his safety's sake, and he will not do it for the sake of his own pocket. Finally, the self-interest of those who have led him to this end, must, as long as he is likely to listen to them, prevent the sincere adoption of any just policy towards the foreign bondholder. These people are the mainsprings of all Turkish borrowing and the supports of the floating debt, and if the General Debt were left out in the cold so would their advances be. When the Sultan wanted, say 3,000,000*l.* for the service of a loan, or for any deficit, they would lend it him at any percentage obtainable from fifteen to thirty, and as their money was never forthcoming when the day of payment came, the usual plan has been to renew the whole principal and interest at a similar or higher rate. After a little time these financiers would have about as much of this kind of floating debt as they could carry, however much the number of participants might be augmented with each renewal, and then matters would be put in train for "funding" a portion of it as a new loan. Out of 10,000,000*l.* or 15,000,000*l.* to be thus funded the Sultan would probably have received about half, more or less, according to the length of time that this snowball of floating debt had been kept rolling, the rest going as discount on the issue price of bonds, compound interest, commission, &c.; and when the public took the burden off these financial agents' shoulders they thus made a most handsome profit. Constantinople has in this fashion for nigh twenty years been the El Dorado of usurers of all nations, corporate and individual. But latterly matters have not gone quite so smoothly with them. One or two of the last baits held out (of which we shall presently give a specimen) have not taken well; the floating debt has been growing and growing in a very ugly fashion, and no kind public has come in to lift it in the old blind, believing way. Probably a fourth of the 1873 6 per cent loan for 28,000,000*l.* will fully represent all of it that has ever been taken off the loan

concoctors' hands by the public. Consequently all sorts of straits have come upon these people. They have had to lend money on the security of the unissued stock of this loan, and the floating debt has kept mounting and mounting with no apparent chance of its being taken off their shoulders, while the security they have had for obtaining repayment from the Sultan has become more and more shadowy. I trust sincerely their present load will never be taken off, and that those who have made most by working Turkey as a bait for drawing their savings from the public will now suffer most heavily; but it must be obvious that this state of affairs will make the holders of the present floating debt of 10,000,000*l.* or 20,000,000*l.*—nobody knows what it is more than that it must be prodigious—fight strenuously against any policy that might deprive them of some share in whatever cash is to be had. For these three reasons, amongst others, it is more than doubtful that all attempts to extort a new arrangement will be vain. Even supposing concessions are granted upon paper they will be practically ignored, as the manner of the Turkish Government in the past has ever been. The Sultan is thus in a dilemma out of which he cannot get. If he has any money he must share it first amongst his own subjects, next amongst the financiers who have lived on him hitherto, and what is left will go to the holders of the "specially secured" loans, whose position is thus reversed by the Turk's self-interest and subjection to the usurers.

That being so, a grave question at once presents itself. If the bondholder can have no recourse against Turkey—and short of "foreclosure" on the mortgage I do not see what recourse they can have,—is there none against those who stood sponsor for Turkey? The position which now one party, now another has assumed towards the loans issued by her has been one of the closest responsibilities and sometimes even identification. Our own Government stands among the rest in a questionable position towards the first loan that Turkey

ever raised—the loan of 1854. True we did not guarantee that loan, as in conjunction with France we did that of the following year, but our love for Turkey at that time was great, and as a token of that love we permitted the eminent city firm who issued the loan in London to use this language regarding it:—"The undersigned have the satisfaction to acquaint the public that they are authorized by the Earl of Clarendon, Her Majesty's principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to state that this loan is negotiated with the knowledge of the English Government; that Her Majesty's Government is satisfied that the loan and the appropriation of the above-mentioned 30,000,000 piastres (£282,000) per annum of the Egyptian tribute are duly authorized by His Majesty the Sultan; and further, that the representatives of the Sublime Porte at Paris and London are empowered in virtue of Imperial Firmans to ratify the contract for the loan in the name of His Majesty the Sultan; and Lord Clarendon relies with confidence upon the Turkish Government fulfilling with good faith the engagements they have entered into." This does not of course amount to a guarantee by this country in any legal sense, but it is morally something of the kind; and people with some show of justice might turn round upon our Government and say—"It was by your counsel that we lent our money to this loan, paying £80 per cent for our bonds. You ought to indemnify us." Something of that kind will no doubt be said; but there are worse offenders than Lord Clarendon in this respect, grave though his mistake was. Much has been heard of the curious documents by means of which countries like Honduras and Paraguay managed to get money from the English public, or rather by means of which loan-mongers got the money; but statements have I think been issued regarding Turkey, as bad, all the facts considered, as any of these. In this respect the Imperial Ottoman Bank has been the chief offender, as it has been the most

unsatisfactory "friend" that the Sultan ever had. Knowing the corrupt character of the Turkish Government, as its Constantinople officials must have done, it is strange to see how greed of gain, and no doubt also some remains of the old enthusiasm about Turkey's great resources, have blinded them to the true state of affairs. In the light of what has now happened, many of the announcements issued under the sanction of the Bank read as if they could hardly have been made in good faith. If they were, then two things were greater at Constantinople than I have hitherto been inclined to suppose—the cunning of the Turks, and the credulity of the Greek, French, Armenian, and English financiers, who guided the policy of the Bank. I would not rashly assert that there was not a lingering belief that 'one more chance' might yet enable the Turk to turn the corner, and allow prosperity to dawn upon Turkey. Nor do I deny that as the English element prevailed in the counsels of the Turk, some efforts were made to stem the torrent of corruption, and to secure the reform of Turkish finance. The Bank last year strove hard and earnestly to set bounds to Turkish extravagance and could not. But it is precisely this continued failure that causes us to doubt whether sensible men ought not to have held their hands long ago; and but for the boundless credulity with which greed of gain can inflate the mind, I think sober-minded men in Constantinople would have seen and turned away from the rottenness that cried out for speedy burial long ago. Looking at the question from a bondholder's point of view, however, and waiving all question of good or bad faith, it is impossible, in the face of what has happened now, and of what sensible people have foreseen for years past, to avoid the conviction that something more than a nominal responsibility attaches to declarations like the following. The prospectus of the 5 per cent loan issued last year under the auspices of the Imperial Ottoman Bank, says:—"The loan has been authorized by His Imperial Majesty

the Sultan in accordance with a convention between the Imperial Ottoman Government and the Bank, and in pursuance of the law for the reform of the financial administration of the Empire, promulgated in July last, with a view to regulate and adjust the receipts and expenditure of the Empire, and to simplify the present system of financial administration, and more especially to insure the meeting of the financial obligations of the Government as they mature. To effect these objects, it is provided by the convention that the Imperial Ottoman Bank shall receive the whole of the revenues of the Empire from the collectors, who are to be put into direct communication with the Bank. The Bank is authorized to reserve out of the revenues the funds required for the service of the public debt, and to make the disbursements authorized by a Commission of the Budget, on which the Bank is to be represented *ex officio*. The law enacts that no branch of the administration shall exceed in its expenditure the amount appropriated for it in the budget authorized by that Commission, and provides that, if from exceptional causes any additional expenditure is indispensable, the department requiring it must report the amount and object to the Government, which must submit the report to the Budget Commission for approval, and provision be made for meeting such additional expenditure."

This is a most satisfactory statement, but unfortunately the elaborate promise here made for the security of Turkish bondholders never went further than the paper on which it was drawn. No sooner was the money raised, than the whole affair was revealed to be merely one of the usual expedients by which the Turks have raised money every other year since 1854. If we might speak vulgarly of such august persons as the Sultan and his officials, it was only a dodge to get money by. The Ottoman Bank was never allowed to collect the revenues in any real sense; and to those who know anything of the vile tax-farming system of the country, it

must have seemed madness for the Bank ever to expect to do it. It only got what moneys the spending departments chose to let it have. It could do nothing towards effecting reform in anything. Yet on the faith that that compact represented a fact, some people lent their money once more to Turkey, and it is surely a fair question whether they could not now have recourse against the instrument by which they were so manifestly misled. It would not be surprising to find the question argued in a court of law; and whether the bondholders got a verdict or not, it is a question worth trying. The true status of loan contractors, and the extent of their responsibility, are things that need defining above every other business question almost, and this would be a good case to try it on, for the Ottoman Bank indubitably led the public to put faith in its character of regenerator of Turkey more than in the Turk himself.

But there are two other points of greater importance than this one connected with the Turkish bankruptcy, and to these we must now turn. The first is the effect which this step of the Turk is likely to produce on his financial position, and the second its political results. As to the first, there cannot be much hesitation in forming an opinion. The payment of the charges on the Turkish debt has for a number of years been made almost entirely by raising money in the method already described. This is proved by the rapidity with which the debt itself has grown, and therefore statements as to growth of revenues and all matters of that kind are entirely beside the mark. Be the revenues of Turkey 20,000,000*l.* or 10,000,000*l.* the Turkish debt burdens have not been borne by them, except to a very limited extent. For my part, I may say in passing that I disbelieve the big-sounding stories about the growth of the Turkish revenue, just as I disbelieve the talk about "developing the resources of the country." All trustworthy testimony concurs in saying that year by

year Turkey has been growing poorer; what capital was in the country has been drained out of it, and none other has come in beyond the money lavished in the capital. Provinces have been devastated by famine, the people ground by the tax-farmer, robbed by the hurrying governors, who knew that but few days were theirs wherein to fill their pockets. The few manufactures that the empire possessed have almost died out, roads and public works of all kinds have fallen into decay, and amid all these signs of wreck, depopulation, poverty, and general ruin, is it not a marvellous impudence that can bid us turn and look at the growing revenues of Turkey as proof that it is richer than it was? What boast more hollow than that which is based on the "growing revenues" of the country? Here growing revenues mean growing depopulation and misery. Turkey has not been growing richer, but poorer, and her debt is a burden too huge to be borne by her actual resources in any shape. It therefore follows that if Turkey can raise no more loans, the whole of the debt payments are seriously jeopardized. I do not believe, in fact, that the measure announced by the Sultan is nearly thorough enough. He might, if freed from the canker of insurrection, struggle on for a year or two with the weight of a third or a fourth part of the debt; but he cannot carry a half unless he gives up his civil list altogether. The financiers who have hitherto propped him up cannot but know this very well. They are fully aware that if they cannot help him there will be no money forthcoming in January for the dividends then due, and they are, therefore, in the desperate dilemma we have described. If the Sultan now stops payment altogether, they themselves will be caught, because they have been going on making advance after advance in the hope that a new loan might by and by be funded. The stock pawned with them as security will sink to zero; and it may soon be bankruptcy for not a few who have lived for years in overflowing wealth, the fruits of usurious

money-lending. The Sultan must, therefore, at all hazards, be propped up; but then if he be, and the new year is tided over, will the public take up any more of his loans? If not, then the next state of these financiers will be worse than the present. Thus they neither dare go on nor recede. Many schemes will probably be tried; official upon official will be disgraced as a scapegoat; modifications of the decree will be published, and every effort made once more to get the public to lend the Turk, or rather the Turk's usurers, some more money. Signs of some intentions of this kind are already to be found in a letter sent by the Turkish Finance Minister to the Imperial Ottoman Bank. An attempt is therein made to parade once more the worn out expedient of "special hypothecations." Without retracting an iota of the sweeping confiscations, or stopping to draw any distinction between the rights of one lender and those of another, or condescending to say what the Sultan means to do about the payment of the Egyptian tribute, the minister announces in the grand autocratic style befitting the official of the Sublime Porte that certain revenues will be assigned for the payment of the half of the debt charges graciously left. To receive these special revenues and to "insure the regularity of the mode of payment," he requests the Bank to "concert immediately with the committees of the Bank at Paris and London, in order that they may, in unison with the contractors of our loans, designate without delay their representatives on the Syndicate of Constantinople to which the revenues mentioned as guarantees will be assigned. You will likewise be kind enough to draw up in concert with my department, and in conformity with official notices, an exact statement of the sums devoted both to the full payment in specie of the first half of the coupons and sinking fund of our internal and external debts, and to the payment, also in specie, of the interest on the new bonds representing the second half of the said coupons and sinking funds, and, lastly, an exact and precise table of

the guarantees which will become freed on the day of the extinction of the external loan next in rotation for redemption, and which will be thenceforth applied to the said 5 per cent interest and sinking fund included, in case this same 5 per cent could not be repaid at the expiration of the five years. The whole in conformity with what was stated in the last declaration of the Sublime Porte bearing date the 9th of this month. The Imperial Ottoman Bank, while acquitting itself of this task, remains at the same time charged with the duty of proposing to my department all the details of execution for insuring the regular working of the new service of the internal and external public debt from the 1st of January, 1876."¹ This is a very gracious communication, and if we could shut our eyes to the facts it would be also very comforting. But with open eyes it is seen to mean nothing at all, unless it be, as I have said, one more bid for confidence, one more desperate throw of the dice for the chance of distressed money-lenders getting off scot-free. But if the public refuse all overtures, turn their backs on all blandishments, and steadily refuse any advances, then the game of these persons is played out, and they will have to bear their losses with the rest of the world, as best they can. I do not expect that the public either here or on the Continent will lend Turkey more, and therefore I do not see how Turkey is to avoid a complete collapse. It is a most melancholy outlook for Turkish bondholders—for at least the few of them who may be to be pitied, such as the investors in some of her early and high-priced loans; but it is a wholesome event for the gamblers who have lived on the public by means of her stocks. Should the bankruptcy be thorough, and should the huge shiploads of bonds that Turkey has issued become valueless, it will after all be the gamblers who will ultimately lose the most. This is small consolation to those bondholders who are holding meetings and agitating for something to be done,

¹ *Times*, Oct. 20th.

but their own conduct seems to prove that they have little other hope. Naturally the one great cry is that our Government should interfere. "Diplomatic pressure" ought to be brought to bear upon the Turkish Government; the Sultan should be told to dismiss venal and obnoxious officials, and to grant substantial reforms, and so forth. Well, supposing we do make these representations, what is to be hoped for from them? Are we to go to war if the Sultan politely invites us to mind our own business, and leave him to deal with his usurers according to his own pleasure? If not what can we do? no remonstrances of ours will secure reform in Turkey, whatever additional hate of us they may kindle in the bosom of the Turk. We have pursued a supine policy or no policy too long at the Porte for our interference to be effectual now. And supposing the Sultan did dismiss a minister or two at our bidding, it could do nobody any good. The dismissed officials would be but the scapegoats, and their successors would complacently reap the harvest that their unscrupulous predecessors had sown, till they in turn give place to a new set of nominees of the harem, or of the last chosen favourite. We can do nothing therefore, and yet it may be hard for the Government to resist making a show of acquiescence when beset with pathetic appeals from widows and orphans, who will urge that but for the words of English statesmen their money would never have been lost. It should resist, however; for the country cannot be drawn into broils for a cause like this, and if it resist, the energy with which poor bondholders lament themselves and abuse Turkey will do no harm.

At the same time, and secondly, such an event cannot happen without the gravest consequences for the country involved. In her present situation Turkey cannot afford to lose the support of the last remnants of the respect of European nations. Yet this act of bankruptcy is, from its time and manner, calculated to cut the Turkish Government off from all the sympathies of

Western nations. It is true that for a long time the rule of the Turk has been tolerated in Europe merely because his expulsion would only open the way for questions too dangerous to be willingly faced; but, for all that, a certain amount of goodwill was accorded to him by people in this country and in France. All that goodwill is now forfeited, and the lingering inclination to tolerate him will now give place to a more or less eager desire to find a solution of the problems which his presence has staved off, quite without regard to his interests. The insurrection in one of his down-trodden provinces has stirred the subject again, and he has precluded any reference to his supposed rights in its settlement. If the Sultan could indeed quell that disturbance, he might be suffered for a little while longer; but the prospect of his doing so—never very great—has become indefinitely lessened since his proclamation of bankruptcy. While he had credit he could command the sinews of war; but now that he has none, where is he to find the cash for carrying on the struggle? The extravagant court and the corrupt official class leave little enough in his coffers to bear the weight of even so small a task as the quelling of the revolt in Herzegovina may seem. And if the war widen, his helplessness will become more and more visible. It is long since he began to drive Europeans, and particularly Englishmen, from his service; he has dismissed the engineers from his fleet, for example, and the ships are left in the hands of men who cannot work them. They would therefore be almost useless in a war, as easy a prey to a hostile force as the old fleet was at Sinope. Penniless, friendless, hated by his subjects, Mohammedan and Christian, betrayed by the sycophants who have flattered him to his ruin, he would prove an easy prey to the Russians, did they dare now to rise and lay their hands on the long-coveted prize. If Russia were alone in the field, one cannot doubt that the final act of this miserable drama would soon be

reached ; indeed there are many who say that the machinations of Russia led to the issue of this fatal decree which has left the Sultan so helpless.

But there are others in the field, and upon these, as well as on Russia, this Turkish default—inevitable, however hastened—will throw the serious responsibility of settling before long what is to be done with the country. Obviously things cannot go on as they have done. Europe cannot tolerate such open sores as these chronic insurrections in what might be some of her fairest lands. The grim resolution of the Herzegovinians to perish, or flee the land to a man rather than yield again to the Turk, is itself enough to call on surrounding nations to find a remedy. The country must be saved, for the sake of those who live in it and are perishing, for the sake of peace, and for the sake of some at least of those whose faith in the great resources of Turkey has led them to pour their savings into it—and it must be saved speedily. It would lead us far beyond the limits of this paper to discuss in all its bearings this hither Eastern Question, to which so many recent events have given once more a paramount importance ; but there are one or two points that may be briefly indicated. It may, for instance, be taken as established that the insurgents now in arms will not yield. From amongst many signs of this take the following from a recent letter by the *Times* special correspondent in the disturbed districts. He is retailing the sentiments of Ljubibratic, and says:—“He is strongly opposed to any foreign domination of Slav organization, and especially to that of Russia ; but he said that he and his compatriots were decided to put an end to Turkish misgovernment of their province, by driving out the Turk or leaving the country depopulated and ruined. They had tried before and had experience of Turkish promises and reforms, and now they were resolved to make the struggle conclusive—if they could not live free in their own country, free from this

horrible system of slavery which made the Herzegovinian nothing more than a brute, without instruction, without hopes, and without the commonest rights of humanity, they would drive their families out of the country, and leave the Turk nothing but the bare and impoverished land—they would fight while they could hold together, and when nothing more was possible would divide into small parties, and ravage and harry the Turks until they themselves were exterminated. In reply to what would content them in the way of concessions, he said promptly, ‘From the Turk nothing less than autonomy ; we have had enough of their promises, and will listen to no more. We cannot live under Turkish administration.’ ‘But,’ said I, ‘if the Powers intervene and guarantee reforms, would you refuse them?’ ‘Certainly,’ he replied, ‘we would accept under the guarantee of the Powers, if all united in it, any reforms which assured us personal liberty and security if the execution of them were intrusted to the Prince of Montenegro, or some of the Christian Powers. The reforms must be radical, and we know that such will not be put in execution by the Turks.’”

This expresses the attitude of the insurgents and gives a hint of the course which events should take to afford a solution of the whole question. It is useless to keep up a set of corrupt officials, headed at Constantinople by a ruler who is usually reputed to be a poor, childish, half-insane tyrant, swayed by the intrigues of his harem ; it can do no good to maintain them, and has worked infinite harm. But it is equally impossible to give either of the neighbours of that wretched monarch exclusive or paramount power over his forfeited inheritances. Why not, therefore, listen to the voice of the people themselves, and suffer the various provinces of European Turkey to organize governments for themselves, under the protectorate of those powers who have hitherto guaranteed the autonomy of Turkey ? Except for Russian greed and

Austrian fears, what is there to hinder Serbia from attaching Bosnia, and Montenegro Herzegovina? and why should not Bulgaria become free, and Roumelia also? each state having its own independent organization; all to be self-governing, and yet, if possible, federated under the protection of the great Powers, so that they might have the chance of growing in time into a great Union? There is no actual reason why this should not be done, except what Austria and Russia furnish, or except what is found in the fear politicians have that the Mohammedan and Christian populations might fall out among themselves. Yet it is very doubtful whether either of these powers would gain anything by becoming dominant in European Turkey. For all purposes of trade and internal development, for all purposes of peace or war, Austria and Russia would be just as well off, or better, if they remained within their present borders as if they annexed Turkey. These Slavs do not, it is clear, love Russia, nor do they relish the prospect of the domination of any outside power. Austria has already a greater agglomeration of conflicting interests and races on her hands than she can easily manage, and we fear the same may be said of Russia. Did either of them obtain the dominion they want in Turkey, it might be the signal for their dismemberment, and for a general European conflict. But if they consent to leave the mixed populations of Turkey alone in their independence, to give them the chance at least of learning to tolerate each other, and unite merely to put down the abominable abuses of which the Sultan's Court is the source, clearing him and his barbarism out of Europe—then they may both be strengthened. Small states may rise in that old Roman Empire of which none need be afraid, yet ultimately sufficiently federated and strong to hold their own, and therefore to

prevent the wrangles and wholesale thefts, which have been the curse of Europe, more or less, since the day when Caesar led his legions into Gaul. Liberty under the guarantee of the Powers is what the people of Turkey want; and, granted that, the question of the destiny of Turkey might be settled for this generation at least. For the religious difficulty is probably much exaggerated in Turkey, as it has been nearer home. The Mohammedan population of Europe and Turkey may be bigots, but they are in the main of the same race as their Christian neighbours, and if bound over to keep the peace, would be likely soon to find a *modus vivendi* based on mutual toleration. Equal civil rights would do much to soften away those religious asperities now in some instances so bitter.

Not only so, but more hope might ultimately arise for the Turkish bondholders out of an arrangement like this than out of any other. They cannot, of course, expect that in any event their claims will be admitted in full. No just person would ask that the late loans of the Porte should be laid in their entirety upon the necks of the people. But the emancipated principalities might amongst them take up a fair proportion of the debt, and these burdens might be so adjusted and re-arranged by the suppression of the oppressive sinking funds, that they could be borne, and possibly gradually reduced. Confidence thus restored, new capital would flow into the denuded land, and new life and enterprise might soon make it as fair and prosperous as it is waste and ruined now.

It might be worth while directing energies towards a policy of this kind, rather than wasting them on unavailing complaint and useless attempts at remonstrance with a reckless, corrupt, and penniless debtor.

A. J. WILSON.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1875.

THE STRANGE HORSE OF LOCH SUAINABHAL.

THE following is a copy of a letter addressed to a lady living in Hyde Park Gardens, London, by Alister-nan-Each, of Bervabost, in the island of Lewis, Hebrides:—

BERVABOST, *the 20th of June, 1875.*

HONOURED MADAM AND DEAR MISTRESS TO COMMAND,—You waz written to Alister Lewis, the schoolmaster, that I would tell you the whole story of the Black Horse I sah at Loch Suainabhal; and I am not good at the written whatever; but I will tell you the story, and I will tell you from the verra beginnin of it the whole story. It waz John the Piper he will go about tellin a foolish tale about me; and it waz many a time I will think of going and breaking his pipes over his head, that he will tell such foolish lies. There is no man in the island will drink more az John the Piper himself, not one; and so you will not belief his foolish lies if you will be hearin of them, Miss Sheila.

Now the verra beginnin of it waz this, that Dugald MacKillop, that lives by Loch Suainabhal, and his father waz my wife's father's first cousin, ay, and a verra rich man mirover, for he had more az forty pounds or thirty-five pounds in the bank at Styornowa, he will be going away to Portree to marry a young lass there, and Dincan Peterson and me would be for going with him too, and I waz to be the best man. And

you will not mind John the Piper's lies, Miss Sheila, for it waz only one gallon of good whiskey we took aboard the *Clansman* steamer when we waz going away to Skye—as sure as death it waz only the one gallon that Dincan and me we waz for taking to the young lass's father—but it waz verra wat on board the boat, and verra cold whatever, and what harm is there in a glass of the goot whiskey? Sez Dincan Peterson to me, he sez, Alister, there is plenty of goot whiskey in Skye, and what for should we keep the whiskey? and both me and Dugald MacKillop the two of us both together said he waz a sensible man, and not a foolish man, like John the Piper. And it waz only the one gallon in the char we had on board the steamer.

I will tell you now, Honoured Madam, that the wonderful big ship took us quick to Portree, which is a great distance away; but we did not go to bed that night, for there waz two or three waiting for us, and we had a glass mirover and a dance or two. And the next morning we went away to the farm where the young lass waz; and that waz among the hills; and there waz never in the world such rain as there is in Skye. Ay, in the Lews we have the bad weather, and the goot weather; but Gott knows there is no such watter falling anywhere az there is in Skye; but we had a glass and a dance, for the two pipers waz

with us; and in the evening of that day there waz a grand supper at the young lass's father's house. And it waz not ten gallons of whiskey we took in the cart; and Gott knows I will mek John the Piper answer for that some day; but only six gallons; and there waz a goot many people there for a dance and a song. And there waz no one wished to go to bed that night either, for there waz many people in the house, and a good dram and a dance for every one; and the way the two pipers played the pipes that night would hef made a dead man jump in his grafe if he had been dead for two hundred years, ay, or one hundred years mirover. And you will mind, Miss Sheila, that the story about the ten gallons of whiskey is only the lies of that foolish man, John the Piper, who is trunk oftener az any man on the island of Lews.

The next day waz the day of the marrach; and who is there will not tek a glass at the marrach of a young girl? And after the marrach we went away to this house and to that house, and the two pipers playing in the front of us verra fine, and many a dance we had, ay, and the old people too, when they had got a goot tram. And in the evening there waz another peautiful supper; and no less az six and twenty hens, and cocks, and chickens, and rabbits, all boiled together in the boiler for boiling the turnips; and the big barn with more as twelve or sixteen, or more az that of candles; and it waz a peautiful sight. And if the father of the young lass will send to Portree for so many, or so many gallons of whiskey, what is that to any one, and to one mirover that waz not there, but will only mek lies about it? I will not interfere with any man's whiskey; no, and I would not go and tell foolish lies about it mirover.

There waz one or two of the old people, they will go to bed in the cart that night; and there waz good hay on the ground, and the cart upside down to keep away the rain; but the most of us we waz for no sleepin that night, for a young lass does not get marriet every

day. And in the morning Dugald MacKillop and the young lass they will come out to us; and they would hef us trink their verra goot health before we went in to the fresh herrings, and the milk, and the cakes; and when that waz all over, we had the pipers to the front of us, and we set away for Portree. And who would not trink a glass, when you call at this house and at that house, to let a young lass say good-bye to her friends? And all the way to Portree there waz this one and the other one come out to shake hands with the young lass; and many of them came down to the big steamer to see her away. And as for Dincan Peterson and me, there waz one or two on board of the big steamer that we knew; and we had a glass or two with them whatever, for it waz a verra cold night; but the lies of that foolish man, John the Piper, are more as I can understand. I will not say, Miss Sheila, for it is the whole story I will be telling you, that Dincan Peterson and me we were not verra tired when we got to Styornowa; for it waz five nights or more we waz not in any bed at all; but there waz two or three of our friends will meet us at Styornowa to drink a glass to Dugald MacKillop and the young lass, and who would be thinkin of going to bed then? No, nor waz there any more thinkin of going to bed when we got to the farm of Dugald MacKillop by Loch Suainabhal; for there waz two or three come to see the young lass he had married; and it waz Aleck Cameron, that lives by Uig, he had brought over two gallons of verra goot whiskey—or perhaps, Miss Sheila, for I will tell you the whole story that you will see what lies old John the Piper would be for telling—perhaps it waz three gallons. I cannot mind, now; but it waz of no consequence whatever; and to go about speaking of men being trunk that has just drunk a glass or two at a marrach, is no more az foolish and wicket nonsense.

It waz the day after this day that Aleck Cameron he sez to me, "Alister, you hef not been to Uig for many a

day; will you go back to Borva by the way of Uig; and we will go together, and we will hef a glass at Uig." And I said to him, "It is a long time, Aleck Cameron, since I will be at Uig, and I will go with you, and we will drink a glass with your father and your mother before I will be going on to Borva." And it waz about fife o'clock in the afternoon when we set out; but Aleck Cameron he is the most quarlsome man in the whole of the Lews; ay, there is no one, not even John Fergus himself, will be so bad in the temper as Aleck Cameron; and what did he know about the Campbelton whiskey? I hef been in Isla more as three times or two times myself; and I hef been close by the Lagavulin distillery; and I know that it is the clear watter of the spring that will mek the Lagavulin whiskey just as fine as the new milk. And the bottle I had it waz the verra best of the Lagavulin; and I sez to him, "Aleck Cameron, if you do not like the whiskey I hef, you can go back to the farm of Dugald MacKillop, and you will get what whiskey you like; and you are a verra quarlsome man, Aleck Cameron." And he is a coarse-speakin man, Miss Sheila, and I will not be writen to you the words that he said; but he went away back to the farm whatever; and I kept on the way by myself, without any bread or cheese in my pocket, or anything but the bottle of the Lagavulin whiskey. And as for the lies of John the Piper, that he will tell of me all over the island, I will not even speak of them to you, Miss Sheila.

It waz about fife o'clock, or maybe it waz six o'clock, or half-past fife, and not much more dark as if it waz the verra middle of the tay, when I waz going along by the side of Loch Suainabhal; and I will put my hand down on the Biple itself and I will sweer I waz as sober as any man could be. Sober, indeed!—is it to be trunk to trink a glass at a marrach? Ay, and many is the time I hef seen John the Piper himself az trunk that he could not find the way to his mouth for his chanter, and all the people laughin at him, and

the wind in the pipes, but the chanter going this way and that way by the side of his face. It is many a time that I will wonder Mr. Mackenzie will let sich a man go about his house; and for him to speak about any one hafing too much whiskey—but I will break his pipes ofer his head some day, az sure as Gott. Now, Miss Sheila, this is the whole story of it: that the watter in the loch waz verra smooth, and there waz some clouds ofer the sky; but everything to be seen as clear as the tay. And I waz going along py myself, and I waz thinkin no harm of any one, not efen of Aleck Cameron, that waz away back at the farm now, when I sah something on the shore of the loch, maybe four hundred yards in front of me, and it waz lying there verra still. And I said to myself, "Alister, you must not be frightened by anything; but it is a stranche place for a horse to be lying upon the stones." And he did not move one way or the other way; and I stopped and I said to myself, "Alister, it is a stranche thing for a horse to be lying on the stones; and there is many a man in the Lews would be frightened, and would rather go back to Dugald MacKillop's farm; but, as for you, Alister, you will just tek a drop of whiskey, and you will go forward like a prave lad and see whether it is a horse, for it might be a rock mirover, ay, or a black cow." So I will go on a bit; and the black thing it did not move either this way or that; and if I will tell you the truth, Miss Sheila, I waz afraid of it, for it waz a verra lonely place, and there waz no one within sight of me, nor any house that you could see. And this waz what I said to myself, that I could not stand there the whole night, and that I will either be going on by the beast, or be going pack to Dugald MacKillop's farm, and there they would not belief a word of it; and Aleck Cameron, he will say I would be for going pack after him and his Campbelton whiskey. And I said to myself, "Alister, you are beginning to tremple, you must tek a glass of whiskey to steady yourself, and you

will go forward and see what the beast is.

It waz at this moment, Miss Sheila, as sure as we hef to die, that I sah it mofe its head, and I said to myself, "Alister, are you afraid of a horse, and is it a black horse that will mek you stand in the middle of the road and tremple?" But I could not understand why a horse will be lying on the stones, which is a stranche thing. And I said to myself, "Is it a seal you will be seeing far away along the shore?" But whoever will hear of a seal in fresh watter; and, mirover, it waz as pig as six seals, or more az that. And I said to myself, "Alister, go forward now, for you will not hef a man like Aleck Cameron laughing at you, and him as ignorant as a child about the Lagavulin whiskey."

Now, I will tell you, Miss Sheila, apout the terrable thing that I sah; for it waz no use thinkin about going pack to the farm; and I will go forward along the road, and there waz the bottle in my hand, so that if the beast came near, I could break the bottle on the stones and gife him a fright. But when I had gone on a piece of the road, I stood still, and all the blood seemed to go out of my body, for no mortal man effer sah such a terrable thing. It waz lying on the shore—ay, twelve yards or ten yards from the watter—and it waz looking down to the watter with a head as pig as the head of three horses. There waz no horns or ears on the beast; but there waz eyes bigger as the eyes of three horses; and the black head of it waz covered with scales like a salmon. And I said to myself, "Alister, if you speak, or mofe, you are a dead man; for this ahfu crature is a terrable thing, and with a bound like a teeger he will come down the road." I could not mofe, Miss Sheila; there waz no blood left in my body; and I could not look this way or that for a rock or a bush to hide myself, for I waz afraid that the terrable beast would turn his head. Ay, ay, what I went through then no one can effer tell; when I think of it now I tremple; and yet there are one or two that will belief the foolish lies of John

the Piper, that is himself the verra trunkenest man in all the Island of Lews.

It waz a stranche thing, Miss Sheila, that I tried to whesper a prayer, and there waz no prayer would come into my head or to my tongue, and instead of the prayer mirover, there waz something in my throat that waz like to choke me. And I could not tek my eyes from the terrable head of the beast; but now when I hef the time to think of it, I belief the pody of it waz black and shining, but with no hind feet at all, but a tail. But I will not sweer to that whatever; for it is no shame to say that I waz trempling from the crown of my head down to the verra soles of my feet; and I waz watching his head more as the rest of his body, for I did not know when he might turn round and see me standing in the road. Them that sez I sah no such thing, will they tell me how long I stood looking at nim?—ay, until the skies waz darker over the loch. Gott knows I would hef been glad to hef seen Aleck Cameron then, though he is a verra foolish man; and it waz many a time I will say to myself, when I waz watchin the beast, "Alister, you will neffer come by Loch Suainabhal by yourself again, not if you waz living for two hundred years or fife hundred years." And how will John the Piper tell me that—that I waz able to stand there in the mittle of the road? Is it trunk men that can do that? Is it trunk men that can tell the next morning, and the morning after that, what they hef seen? But you know, Miss Sheila, that there is no more sober man az me in all the island; and I will not pother you any more with those foolish lies.

And now an ahfu thing happened. I do not know how I am alive to be written the story to you this day. I waz tellin you, Miss Sheila, that there waz little thought among us of sleepin for five or six nights before; and many of the nights waz verra wat; and I think it might hef been on board of the big steamer that I will get a hoast in my throat. And here, az I waz standin in the road, fearfu to mek the least noise, the koff

came into my throat; and I tremped more than effer for fear of the noise. And I struggled; but the koff would come into my throat; and then thinks I, Alistar, Gott's will be done; and the noise of the koff frightened me; and at the same time I tropped the bottle on the stones with the fright, and the noise of it—never will I forget the noise of it. And at the same moment the great head of the beast it will turn round; and I could stand up no more; I fell on my knees, and I tried to find the prayer, but it would not come into my head—ay, ay, Miss Sheila, I can remember at this moment the ahfu eyes of the beast as he looked at me, and I said to myself, Alistar, you will see Borva no more, and you will go out to the feshen no more, and you will drink a glass no more with the lads come home from the Caithness feshen.

Then, as the Lord's will be done, the stranche beast he turned his head again, and I sah him go down over the stones, and there waz a great noise of his going over the stones, and I waz just az frightened as if he had come down the road, and my whole body it shook like a reed in the wind. And then, when he had got to the watter, I heard a great splash, and the ahfu beast he threw himself in, and the watter waz splashed white apout him, and he went out from the shore, and the last that I sah of the terrable crayture waz the great head of him going down into the loch.

Ay, the last of him that I sah: for there and then, Miss Sheila, I fell back in the road, just like one that will be deal; for it waz more as mortal man could stand, the sight of that terrable beast. It is ferra glad I am there waz no cart coming along the shore that night; for I waz lying like a dead man in the road, and the night it waz verra dark: mirover. Ay, and the fright waz not away from me when I cam to my senses again; and that waz near to the break of day; and I waz verra cold and wat, for there waz being a good dale of rain in the night. But when I cam to my senses, I began to tremped again,

and there waz no whiskey left in the bottle, which waz proken all into small pieces, and I said, "O Lord, help me to rin away from this water, or the stranche beast may come out again." And then it waz I set out to rin, though I waz verra stiff with the cold and wat, and I ran neither up the shores of the loch nor down the shores of the loch, but away from the watter as hard az I could rin, and ofer the moss-land and up to the hulls. It waz ferra bad trafelling, for there waz a great dale of rain fallin in the night, and there waz a great dale of water in the soft ground, and many waz the time I will go down up to my waist in the holes. But I will tell you this, Honoured Madam, that when a man haz sich a fright on him, it is not any sort of moss-watter will keep him from rinnin; and every time I will stand to get my breath again, I will think I will hear that terrable beast behind me, and it is no shame I hef that I will be so frightened, for there waz no man alive will hef seen sich a beast as that before.

And now I will tell you another stranche thing, Miss Sheila, that I hef said no word of to any one all this time, for I waz knowing verra well they would not belief all the story of that terrable night. And it is this, that when I waz rinnin hard away from the loch, just as if the ahfu beast waz behind me, the fright waz in my head, and in my eyes, and in my ears, and all around me I sah and heard such stranche things as no mortal man will see and hear before. It waz in the black of the night, Miss Sheila, before the morning cam in, and it waz not one stranche beast, but a hundred and a thousand that waz all around me, and I heard them on the heather, and in the peat-holes, and on the rocks, and I sah them rinnin this way and that by the side of me, and every moment they waz coming closer to me. It waz a terrable terrable night, and I waz thinkin of a prayer, but no prayer at all at all would come into my head, and I said to myself, "Alistar, it is the tevle himself will be keeping the prayers out of your head, and it is this night he will hef you tammed for ever

and ever." There waz some that waz green, and some that waz brown, and the whole of them they had eyes like the fire itself; and many is the time I will chump away from them, and then I will fall into the holes of the moss, and they will laugh at me, and I will hear them in the darkness of the night. And sometimes I sah them chump from the one hole to the other, and sometimes they were for flein through the air, and the sound of them waz an ahfu thing to hear, and me without one prayer in my head. Where did I rin to? Ay, Gott knows where I will rin to that terrable night, till there waz no more breath left in my body, and I waz sayin to myself, "Alister, if the tevvle will hef you this night, it is no help there is for it, and you will see Borva no more, and Styornowa no more, and Uig no more, and you will never again drink a glass with the lads of the *Nighean-dubh*."

I waz writen all this to you, Miss Sheila, for it is the whole story I will want to tell you; but I will not tell the whole story to the people at Borva, for there are many foolish people at Borva, that will tell lies about any one. And now I know what it waz, all the stranche craytures I sah when I waz rinnin ofer the moss—it waz only the fright in my head after I sah that terrable beast. For when I sah a grey light come into the sky, "Alister," sez I to myself, "you must turn round and look at the tevvles that are by you;" and I will tell you, Miss Sheila, that verra soon there waz none of them there at all; and I will stand still and look round, and there waz nothing alife that I could see except myself, and me not much alife whatever. But I said to myself, "Alister, the sight of the ahfu beast at the shore will turn your head, and mek you like a madman; and the stranche craytures you sah on the moss, there waz no sich thing mirover; and it is no more thought of them you must hef." And I said to myself, "Alister, you must clear your head of the fright, and you will say not a word to any one about these strange craytures you sah on the moss; perhaps you will tell your

neighbours about the black horse, for it is a shame that no one will know of that terrable peast; but you will not tell them about the stranche craytures that waz on the moss, for they will be only the fright in your head." But I will tell the whole story to you, Miss Sheila; for you waz writen to Alister Lewis that I will tell you the whole story; and this is the whole story, as sure as death.

And when the grey of the morning waz cam in, I waz safe away from Loch Suainabhal; and a man is glad to hef his life; but apart from being alife, it waz little I had to be thankful for; and when the grey of the mornin waz cam in, I will be near greetin to look at myself, for there waz a grate dale of blood about me, for I had fallen on the side of my head on the bottle in the road, and there waz blood all about my head, and my neck, and my arm, and up to the waist I waz black with the dirt of the moss-land, and I think I could hef wrung a tub full of watter out of my clothes. Gott knows I am speaking the truth, Miss Sheila, when I will tell you I would hef giffen a shellin—ay, or a shellin and a sexpence, for a glass of whiskey on that mornin; for I wazna verra sure wherè I waz, and the watter waz lying deep in the soft land. But sez I to myself, "Alister, you are verra well away whatever from Loch Suainabhal now, and the stranche beast he will not come out in the daytime; and now you must mek your way back to Dugald MacKillop's farm." And it waz near to echt o'clock, Miss Sheila, when I will find my way back to Dugald MacKillop's farm.

And when I waz going near to the house, I sez to myself, "Alister, do you think you will go now and tell them what you hef seen about the black horse, or will you keep it to yourself, and wait, and tell the minister at Uig? for the men about the house, now they hef been trinking, and they are not as sober az you, and they will mek a joke of it, and will not belief any of it whatever." Well, I waz not verra sure, but I went up by the byre, and I sah one of the young lasses, and when she sah

me, she cried out, "Gott pless me, Alister-nan-Each! where hef you been this night? and it is like a madman that you are;" and I sez to her, "Mairi, my lass, if I waz not a sober man, as you know, I would not belief myself what I hef seen this night; and it is enough to hef made any man a madman what I hef seen this night." And she will say to me, "Alister, before you go into the house, I will bring you a pail of watter, and you will wash the blood from your face, and the dirt from your clothes;" and I will say to her, "Mairi, you are a vera goot lass, and you will mek a good wife to Colin MacAlpin when he comes back from Glasgow. Colin MacAlpin," I will say to her "is a verra good lad, and he is not a liar, like his Uncle John the Piper; and he does not go about the island telling foolish lies like him." That waz what I will say about John the Piper, Miss Sheila.

And when I will be going up to the house, there waz a great sound of noise, and one or two singing, and the candles inside as if it waz still the middle of the night, and I knew that these foolish men were trinking, and still trinking, and making a verra fine piece of laughing about the marrach of Dugald MacKillop and the young lass from Skye. And I went into the house, and Aleck Cameron he cries out to me, "Gott pless me, Alister-nan-Each! and hef you not gone on to Uig, when you waz having a bottle of Lagavulin whiskey with you all the way?" And I sez to him, "Aleck Cameron, it is a verra wise man you are, but you will know not any more of Lagavulin whiskey as the children about the house; and I hef seen a strancher thing than Lagavulin whiskey, and that is a great black beast that waz on the shores of Loch Suainabhal, and you nor no other man ever sah such a thing; and it is the story of that black beast I will tell you now, if you will gife me a glass of whiskey, for it is the worst night I hef had since ever I will be born." Ay, Miss Sheila, there waz not one of them will be for laughing any more when I told them all the long story; but they will say to me, "Alister, it is a stranche thing

you hef told us this day, and you will go and tell the minister of it, and Mr. Mackenzie of Borva, and you will hear what they say about it, for there is no one in all the island waz hearing of such a thing before, and it will not be safe for anyone to go along by Loch Suainabhal until the truth of it is found out, and who will find out the truth of it like the minister, and Mr. Mackenzie of Borva, that hef been away to many stranche places, and gone further away az Oban, and Greenock—ay, and away to London, too, where the Queen lifes and Sir James himself; and it was a great thing for you to see, Alister, and you will be known to all the island that you hef seen sich a strange thing."

And then I will say to them, "Well, it is time now I waz getting home to Borva, and Gott knows when I will be back at Loch Suainabhal any more, but if you will come along by the shores of the loch, I will show you the place where I sah the beast, and you will know that it is true that I sah the beast." There waz one or two were for staying at home until the word was sent to the minister; but the others of them they had a goot tram, and they said, "Alister, if you will be for going by Loch Suainabhal, we will go with you by Loch Suainabhal, and we will tek the gun that Dugald MacKillop's father got out of the wreck of the French smack, and if there will be any more sign of the big horse, we will fire the gun, and he will run into the watter again, but first of all, Alister, you will tek a glass." And I said to them, "Yes, that is verra well said; and we will tek the gun; but it is not for any more whiskey I am, for I am a sober man, and there is no telling what foolish lies they may hef about any one, for there is ofer in Borva that foolish man John the Piper, and every one in the island, and Miss Sheila, too, will know that he is the greatest one for trinking and for the telling of foolish lies of all the people in the whole island of Lews."

Ay, and Aleck Cameron he waz verra braf now, and he would be for carrying the gun, that had the pooter in it, and the flint new sharpened, and the barrel

well tied to the stock; but I said to him, "It is verra well for you, Aleck Cameron, to be brafe now, but you waz glad to get back to the farm last night." And he is a verra quarlsome man, Miss Sheila; and he will say before them all, "Alister-nan-Each, I cam back to the house pekass you waz trunk, and I sah no black horse in Loch Suainabhal or out of Loch Suainabhal, and you will do yourself a mischief if you say such things about me, Alister-nan-Each." And I will tell you this, Miss Sheila, that it waz the foolish speech of this man, Aleck Cameron, that gafe the hint to John the Piper to mek a lying story about it. There is no one more sober as me in the whole island, as you know, Miss Sheila; and as for the trink, it waz only a glass we had at a young lass's marrach; and as for Aleck Cameron and his lies, did not every one see that he could not walk in the middle of the road with the gun ofer his shoulter, but he waz going this way and that, until he fell into the watter by the side of the road, and Dugald MacKillop himself would be for tekking the gun from him, bekass he waz so trunken a man. I hef no patience with a man that will be going about telling lies, whether it is Aleck Cameron or John the Piper.

Well, we waz going down the road, and there as sure as death waz the bits of the bottle that I let slip when the terrable beast turned his head, and it waz many a time we looked at the watter and along the shore, and Peter MacCombie, who is a verra frightened man, keeping to the back of us, for fear of the terrable peast. There waz no sign of him, no, for such stranche cratures, I hef been told, do not like the taylight, but only the afternoon or the evening; and I said to Dugald MacKillop, "Dugald, there is the verra place where he waz lying." And Dugald said, "You hef seen a stranche thing, Alister-nan-Each; and I hope no other man will see the like of it again, for it is not good to see such stranche craytures, and if I waz you, Alister, it is the minister I would be for telling."

Now, Miss Sheila, that is the whole story of the black beast that I sah, and I waz saying to Alister Lewis, the schoolmaster, "Mr. Lewis, I am not good at the writen, but if it teks me two weeks or a whole week to write the letter, I will tell the story to Miss Sheila, and she will know not to belief the foolish lies of John the Piper." And he will say to me, "Alister, if you will be written the letter, you will not say anything of Miss Sheila, but you will call Miss Sheila Mrs. Laffenter, for she is marriet now, as you know, and a verra fine lady in London;" and I will say to him, "Mr. Lewis, you are the schoolmaster, and a verra cleffer young man, but the old way is the good way, and Miss Sheila when she waz in Borva waz as fine a lady as she is now, and as fine a lady as there is any in London, and she will not mind the old way of speaking of her among the people that knew her manys the day before the London people knew her, when she waz a young lass in her father's house." And if there is any fault in it, Honoured Madam, it waz no harm I had in my head when I waz writen to you; and if there is any fault in it, I will ask your pardon beforehand, and I am verra sorry for it if there will be any offence.

And I am, Honoured Madam,
Your most humble servant to command,
ALISTER-NAN-EACH,
but his own name is Alister Maclean.

P.S.—I waz not telling you, Honoured Madam, of the lies that John the Piper will be speaking about me, for they are verra foolish and of no consequence mirover. But if you will hear of them, you will know, Honoured Madam, that there is no truth in them, but only foolishness, for there is no one in all the island as sober az me, and what I hef seen I hef seen with my own eyes whatever, and there is no one that knows me will pay any heed to the foolish nonsense of John the Piper, *that waz trunk no further ago than the yesterday's mornin.*

WILLIAM BLACK.

THE FRENCH STAGE UNDER LOUIS XIV.¹

Not long since in this Magazine I gave a sketch of the theatre in France as it was during the latter half of the seventeenth century. I attempted then to state what the different theatres in Paris were, and to show how they had risen into their existing state, and also to point out how Molière, the real father of French comedy, learnt from the Italian actors then in Paris that action must ever be the principal element on the stage. The object of the present paper is to convey an idea as to the working of the theatres, and the material condition of the actors. I will venture to repeat very concisely a few facts before given.

During the first fifteen years of the reign of Louis XIV. there were two French theatres in Paris, the Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Théâtre du Marais. The former was the principal theatre of the town; the actors there enjoyed an annual pension of 12,000 livres from the king, and their official title was *La Troupe royale*. The Théâtre du Marais seems to have had no official title given to it, and also no pension. In 1658 Molière established himself and his troupe in Paris, and this new body of actors were at first allowed to call themselves *La Troupe de Monsieur, frère unique du Roi*, and afterwards in 1665, *La Troupe du Roi*. From this latter date the king gave them a pension of 6,000 livres annually, which in March 1670 was raised to 7,000 livres. Molière and his troupe at first had been allowed to play at the Hôtel du Petit Bourbon, but he was made to leave the place in 1659, as it was intended to pull the building down. He then went to the

Théâtre du Palais Royal, where he remained until his death. These three theatres, the Hôtel de Bourgogne, with the *Troupe Royale*, the Théâtre du Marais, and the Palais Royal with the *Troupe du Roi*, or, as the last was just as often called, the *Troupe de Molière*, continued to exist until Molière's death in 1673. Then, by order of the king, *La Troupe du Roi* was fused with the Théâtre du Marais. The new company went to the Hôtel Guénégaud, a newly built theatre in the rue Guénégaud, and became known as *La Troupe Guénégaud*. The pension of 7,000 livres which Louis had allowed to Molière's company was withdrawn after Molière's death. Seven years later, in 1680, the king thought fit that there should only be one company of French actors in Paris; and he caused a second fusion to be made: between the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and those of the Hôtel Guénégaud. From this time dates the official title of the *Comédie Française*—a title which the principal theatre in Paris has borne down to this day. During all this time there had been a company of Italian actors in Paris; but it is not our business to be concerned with them now. And there were also other small theatres—the Théâtres de la Foire—but having spoken of them once, I will not revert to them.

We have little information, except of a fragmentary kind, respecting the internal arrangements of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Théâtre du Marais, for neither theatre kept any register or record of its doings. Such knowledge as we have has been laboriously collected from various sources, and it is only within the last few years that it has been made generally known. With regard to Molière's theatre we are somewhat more fortunate. La Grange joined Molière's troupe in April, 1659, and soon became one of the principal actors.

¹ (1) *Curiosités Théâtrales*. Par V. Four-nel. Paris, 1859.

(2) *Le Théâtre Français sous Louis XIV.* Par Eugène Despois. Paris, Hachette, 1874.

(3) *La Comédie Française: Histoire Administrative* (1658—1757). Par Jules Bonnasies. Paris, Didier, 1874.

He kept a private register, or journal of his own, in which he daily recorded the pieces played by the company, the receipts that were taken for the performances, and any incident of importance or of interest to any of its members. This journal has not yet been published, but extracts and quotations have been made from it; and we are told that M. Édouard Thierry, the late director of the Comédie Française, is preparing the work for the press. The earliest book that we have, giving us any detailed information about the customs of the French stage and the habits of the actors, is "Le Théâtre François," by Samuel Chappuzeau. This book was written in 1673, the year when Molière died, and it was published in the year following. M. Bonnassies gives us extracts from it, for which every reader of his work has reason to be grateful. Chappuzeau's little volume is indeed precious. He was a writer of plays himself. He had travelled much about Europe, and had taken pains to visit every theatre he could find. He lived on terms of intimacy with the actors, and his book was evidently written from actual observation. We become, indeed, a little tempted to believe that this friendliness on the part of Chappuzeau towards the actors makes him prejudiced in their favour, and to suspect that the picture which he paints to us so brightly is the good side. M. Bonnassies thinks the "Théâtre François" of Chappuzeau must have been written under the inspiration of the actors, and that everything in it, from first to last, tends to show that it was supplied to order. The reader of the work would no doubt find himself carried away in that direction in spite of his own wishes. Chappuzeau speaks so highly of the conduct and morals both of the plays and of the actors of the time of which he wrote, as to make those who know the later French theatre somewhat doubtful of his evidence; nevertheless, we are inclined to trust his word. When he wrote, things were better and purer than they were twenty years later.

What he says may have been true of the actors of the time, and yet by no means true if applied to a later date. And this was also the case with the plays themselves. The comedies of Regnard, Dufresny, and Dancourt, are doubtless amusing and witty, but their authors might with advantage have shown their wit in a more delicate manner. Chappuzeau's facts concerning the usages and customs of the theatre, I believe are undisputed. The greater part of them are borne out and corroborated by various evidence. The whole is written after a plain and homely fashion, with an air of *naïveté* and frankness about it that inspires the reader with curiosity rather than doubt.

Chappuzeau is very particular in insisting on the preference that actors as a body show to a monarchy over a republic. They are accustomed, he says, to represent kings and princes and the intrigues of a court, but a republican government would hardly provide them with so many instances of gallant behaviour. The loves of the townsmen and the tradesmen have, he says, but little refinement. They would hardly afford those exciting scenes which embellish a play. People of that class are not aristocratic enough to furnish matter for a comedy. But if the actors liked a monarchy because it afforded them grand situations on the stage, they could not bear any idea of sovereign authority amongst themselves. "Ils ne veulent point de maître particulier, et l'ombre seule leur en ferait peur." In the fifth scene of *Le Baron de la Crasse*, a comedy written by Raymond Poisson, one of the actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, and played there in 1662, we find:

"Le Baron Es-tu le maître ?
 "Le Comédien. Maître ! c'est une erreur ;
 car enfin parmy nous
 Nous n'avons point de maître, et nous le
 sommes tous.
 Je fais les amoureux, les affiches, l'annonce ;¹
 Mais pour le nom de maître, il faut que j'y
 renonce :
 Nous sommes tous égaux, nous ne nous
 cédons rien."

¹ The *affiche* and the *annonce* were theatrical usages which will hereafter be mentioned.

The three theatres in Paris at this time, though quite distinct and separate one from another, were very much alike in their organization; and the laws by which one troupe of actors bound themselves together were little different from those of the others. M. Fournel tells us they were in point of fact small republics, each having its own president chosen by itself. They were by no means special enterprises under the responsibility of a special manager who paid his actors so much for their performances. "They were associations where each member had equal rights, and where each participated in the profits and losses, as is the case now with the *sociétaires* of the *Théâtre Français*." At the end of his volume M. Bonnassies gives us a table showing the "part" that each of the actors had in the *Palais Royal*—that is, Molière's theatre—in the *Guénégaud*, and in the *Comédie Française*. The *Comédie Française*, it will be remembered, was formed in 1680 by the joining of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* and the *Théâtre Guénégaud*. This table shows us who the actors in each of the troupes were, when they joined, when they left, and also the changes that some of the actors made from one troupe to another. The "part" that each actor had in his troupe meant his share in the profits and losses of the company, and also his voice in all their councils and assemblies. In Molière's troupe the "parts" varied from ten to fifteen in number. In 1670 Beauval entered the theatre with only half a "part." This is the first instance of a fraction of a "part" at the *Palais Royal*. Mdlle. Beauval (I may as well say here that married actresses in France in the seventeenth century, and indeed long afterwards, were always called *Mademoiselle* instead of *Madame*) was admitted at the same time with a whole "part," because she was a good actress; but her husband, who was inferior, had only half a "part." A little later—in 1673—Mdlle. Angélique du Croisy, a young girl, came into the theatre with a quarter of a "part," which she

retained until 1677. It was then raised to a half, and in 1684 to a whole share. This practice of dividing the parts, after it was once established, became very common. An actor who received a fraction of a "part" of the receipts of the theatre had his share of the allowance from the king divided in proportion. This pension from the king was not given to the head of each troupe to be used as a set off against the ordinary expenses, but it was intended to be equally divided amongst all the members of the company.

I have said that the customs of the three theatres were mostly the same. However, the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* was the first to introduce the system of retiring pensions to actors when they quitted the theatre. On the 17th and 21st March, 1664, this company passed resolutions, determining—first, that the system of pensions had already been in vogue—secondly, that farther provision for the pensions of retiring actors should be made. When an actor or actress left the stage on account of old age or of illness, all those remaining in the troupe were bound to contribute towards the provision for him or her of a pension of 1,000 livres annually, until his or her death, each one paying in proportion to his "part." The first instance of an actor at the *Palais Royal* receiving a pension was that of Louis Béjart, Molière's brother-in-law. He retired at Easter 1670, and his old comrades gave him a pension of 1,000 livres a year until he died in 1678. La Grange remarks in his register that this was the first pension given to an actor, according to the custom at the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*.

Chappuzeau, who wrote in 1673, says that "the actors will not suffer that there should be any poor amongst them, and that they take pains to prevent any of their body from falling into want. When age or illness forces an actor to retire, his successor is bound to pay him during his lifetime a comfortable pension; so that when a man of any worth comes on to a theatre in Paris, he is assured of a good income of three or

four thousand livres a year while he can work, and of a sufficient sum to live upon when he quits it. . . . And at the Hôtel de Bourgogne, when an actor or an actress dies, the troupe makes a present of a hundred pistoles to his or her nearest relation, thereby giving that relation in the loss sustained a more solid consolation than any compliments." These pensions and consolations were of course paid by the actors out of their shares of the receipts of the theatre, and of the pension from the king—each actor paying according to his "part."

There are unfortunately no documents showing what was the pecuniary condition of the Hôtel de Bourgogne, nor of the Théâtre du Marais, nor of the value of the "parts" of an actor at either theatre. They are to be found only for the Palais Royal during Molière's lifetime, for the Théâtre Guénégaud after Molière's death; and then afterwards, dating from 1680, for the Comédie Française. It is probable that the receipts at the Hôtel de Bourgogne were a little higher than those at the Palais Royal; and there is every reason to believe that at the Marais they were considerably lower than at either of the other two theatres. We may judge from the following statement of La Grange's what the "part" of each actor was at the Palais Royal:—"Total de ce que j'ai reçu depuis que je suis comédien à Paris jusqu'à la mort de M. de Molière—51,670 livres." That covered a period of fourteen years. His average annual income was therefore 3,690 livres, or about 147*l.* 12*s.* sterling. M. Bonnassies states that money then in France—*i.e.*, during the latter half of the seventeenth century—was worth six or seven times what it is now, a computation which we cannot but think to be somewhat high. Taking the sum at six times its present value this would make an actor of those days to be as well paid as though in these he netted annually 885*l.* 12*s.* And elsewhere La Grange gives us the "part" of each actor at the Hôtel Guénégaud, and then at the Comédie Française. M. Bonnassies has reprinted these figures, show-

ing them to us from Easter 1673 to Easter 1688, with the exception of the year 1682–1683, for which no statement can be found. The theatrical year was always made to commence at Easter, the payment of the "parts" of the actors dating from that time, and to that time. Du Parc, one of the actors of the Palais Royal theatre, died on the 4th November, 1664, and his "part" for the year was paid to his wife, Mdlle Du Parc, until Easter 1665. The average "part" of each actor during these years from 1673 to 1688 was worth 4,568½ livres a year, or about 182*l.* 12*s.* sterling. After 1680, when there was only one French theatre in Paris, the "parts" of the actors became increased; and this is shown by the figures of La Grange. Another reason for the increase of the receipts was that after the fusion of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Théâtre Guénégaud the actors were ordered to play every night, whereas before they had only performed three times a week.

At Molière's theatre the receipts used to vary considerably. When he was playing at the Hôtel du Petit Bourbon, the highest receipt for one night was 1,400 livres, or 56*l.* Afterwards, at the Palais Royal, they sometimes went higher. On the first representation of the *Tartuffe* after it had been suspended, on the 5th February, 1669, the receipt was 2,860 livres, and the first representation of the *Malade Imaginaire* was 1,992 livres. We are told that they rarely went beyond 2,000 livres, or 80*l.* Judging from the figures M. Bonnassies has given us, and also from those of M. Despois, it appears that the receipts taken at the Palais Royal very rarely indeed went so high as 2,000 livres. The sums above given are among the highest I remember to have seen quoted. M. Despois, speaking of the three theatres generally, says that during Molière's lifetime the receipts hardly ever exceeded 2,000 livres. "At a later date," he says, "they became larger when the prices of the places had been increased, but for the most part they were very much

below this figure. In the best months of the prosperous years a well-filled house seldom produced 1,000 livres." Here M. Despois adds in a note, "Except in the last years of the reign of Louis XIV." In the winter of 1712-1713 the receipts several times went beyond 2,000 livres. On the 23rd January, 1713, *Phèdre* and *Les Fâcheux* produced 2,346 livres 16 sous. On the 24th November, 1713, *Ariane* and *La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas* produced 3,038 livres 14 sous. M. Despois tells us also that in November, 1713, the "part" of an actor was worth 850 livres, and in December, 701 livres. On the 6th April, 1715, a representation of *Polyeucte* and *M. de Pourceaugnac* produced 4,758 livres 3 sous, or 190*l.* M. Despois says that he believes that to be the highest receipt during the reign. Taking the average, I do not think we shall greatly err if we consider that a fairly well-filled house at the Palais Royal produced from 700 to 750 livres. At the Théâtre Guénégaud the troupe was not so prosperous. When Mdlle. de Champmeslé, a famous actress, first went there, we find that four plays of Racine's produced on the mean average 590 livres.

I have said that the "parts" of the actors rose in value after the fusion of the Hôtel de Bourgogne and the Théâtre Guénégaud. But this good fortune only lasted for a few years. After the fusion had taken place, the old Hôtel de Bourgogne was abandoned, and the Hôtel Guénégaud became the established theatre. On the 20th June, 1687, the actors received an order from the king, commanding them to leave the theatre within three months, and to establish themselves elsewhere. They could only bow their heads and obey. During the three months' grace that was given to them they made active preparations towards finding a new theatre. An interesting romance might be made out of the wanderings of the troupe to find a new home. They succeeded in getting the king's consent four different times to establish themselves in four different places, and at each time, after the royal consent had been granted, it was re-

voked. All this was owing to the intrigues of the clergy. The actors at last submitted to the king the names of four different sites, praying to be allowed to have one of these four given to them. One of the four was accorded—that in the Rue des Fossés-Saint-Germain-des-Prés, now the Rue de l'Ancienne Comédie, but not until eight months after they had received the order to quit the Hôtel Guénégaud. All this while they were put to infinite trouble and annoyance. Their expenses for journeys to and from the Court cost them 1,869 livres. Moreover, the building that had been allowed to them was found to be practically useless. They determined to buy the ground, to pull down the old building, and to construct a new theatre. This altogether cost them 198,233 livres 16 sous 6 deniers. According to M. Bonnassies' computation of the value of money, this sum would now be worth nearly 50,000*l.* sterling. At this time the "parts" of the actors had risen to 23 in number, so that each actor who had a "part" became indebted to the amount of 8,618 livres 17 sous 2 deniers. This was the capital that each actor had in the troupe. But above and beyond this there were other large sums which each had to pay. In 1686 the actors had decreed amongst themselves that when any one of them retired from the troupe, or died, the successor, if admitted to a whole "part," should pay to the retiring actor, or to his heirs, 4,400 livres, and half that sum if admitted to half a "part," &c. This was paid by the new actor to the troupe, who had paid the 4,400 livres either to the retiring actor, or to his heirs. Moreover, this sum of 4,400 livres was independent of the payment of 1,000 livres a year pension which each retiring actor received from his successor until he died. This was formerly paid by the troupe, but now by the succeeding owner of the "part." We find, therefore, that each actor who was admitted into the troupe with a whole "part" was indebted to the following amounts:—8,618 livres, 17 sous, 2 deniers the value of his capital

as sociétaire, and 4,400 livres to be paid to the troupe, either at once or gradually, the troupe having paid the same amount to the outgoing actor, or to his heirs. These two sums make 13,018 livres, 17 sous 2 deniers, or 520*l.* sterling. And then there was the 1,000 livres, or 40*l.* per annum which each incoming actor paid annually to his predecessor until the death of the latter.

These figures, I fear, are wearisome, but they enable us to see the burdens that the troupe had to bear. If their new house was to be well filled, and the receipts continued good, the debt would not signify. M. Bonnassies says, "The change that the Comédie made into the Rue des Fossés ought to have been a profitable one; but it was really the reverse. First of all the troupe was overweighted with the debt caused by the building of the new theatre, and then there came a great decline in dramatic authorship. The house was probably often better filled than it had been at the Guénégaud, but the balance-sheets were not so good as they had expected, and hard times followed, and lasted a long while. This is shown by the registers. On the minute, dated 3rd September, 1691, is written—"For several years past the receipts have decreased," and the events that followed at the close of the reign of Louis XIV. did not make matters any better. These were very bad years during the war, both for the theatre and the country at large; and in the year 1709, especially, the theatre was in a deplorably bad condition. At this time, and for many years after, the receipts rarely exceeded 1,000 livres, and those of 2,346 livres and of 3,038 livres in 1712-1713, and of 4,758 livres on the 6th April, 1715, were quite exceptional."

It was in 1709 that Le Sage's *Turcaret* was first performed. This was perhaps the best French comedy written between the days of Molière and of Beaumarchais; and yet after seven representations it had to be withdrawn. On the first night the receipts were 2,320 livres and on the seventh 533 livres 4 sous. Different reasons have been urged to

account for the failure of this play:—the excessive cold of the winter, the evident hostility of the author to the actors, and the subject of the piece itself, which contained a severe satire upon the financial managers of the time. But I think we may affirm that had it not been for the general decline into which the theatre had then fallen, *Turcaret*, would for a while have helped to raise the pecuniary condition of the actors, and have received at the time the acknowledgment which it deserved. A five act tragedy written in verse was then more highly thought of than any comedy. Tragedy was held to belong to the *genre noble*, a class of literature of its own, holding a position to which the vulgar could not aspire, and authors, capable or incapable, burned to enrol themselves among its members. When Corneille had brought out the *Cid* three quarters of a century earlier, he had surpassed with giant strides Hardy, Mairet, and Rotrou, the authors who then held possession of the stage. Racine afterwards followed, and rose into his full fame as his older rival was declining. Racine died in 1699, and from that time till the end of the reign of Louis XIV. we find very few tragedies of value. These few were the *Manlius* of La Fosse, and one or two plays of Crébillon's. Racine's *Esther* and *Athalie* were not performed publicly until the days of the Regency, so that for the greater part of the public they were then new. In comedy, though it was less esteemed by the *beau monde*, we do find some names of merit, and more plays that an audience would now-a-days see without yawning and longing for the final drop of the curtain. We learn from M. Despois that in the fifteen years from 1660 to 1675 there were sixty-three new tragedies represented and a hundred and twenty-nine comedies; and in the same length of period from 1700 to 1715 there were thirty-three tragedies and seventy-two comedies.

Until the definite establishment of the Comédie Française in 1680, the theatres only used to play three times a

week. At all the three theatres the days of the performance were the same: Sunday, Tuesday and Friday. But at the Palais Royal theatre the Italian company used to play every Monday, Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, the days that Molière's troupe did not perform. The first representation of a piece generally took place on the Friday, so as to advertise it for the Sunday following. At the Hôtel de Bourgogne the actors used sometimes to play also on a Thursday when a new piece had been very favourably received. Five o'clock, and afterwards a quarter past five, was the hour at which the performances began during the greater part of the reign of Louis XIV. In 1609 it had been ordered that the doors of the theatre should be open at half-past one, and that the play should commence at two; but by degrees the time had become later and later.

It was a generally observed rule that the actors should play tragedy in winter and comedy in summer. But it is difficult for us to imagine how Molière could have observed this custom, since few pieces except his own were played at the Palais Royal theatre. M. Despois tells us that from the time of Molière's coming to Paris, until his death, his troupe played hardly more than fifteen new pieces that he himself did not write. It was not that Molière was unwilling to give authors a sufficient remuneration for their plays, for we know that he gave large sums both to Corneille and to Racine,—quite as much as they would have got at the Hôtel de Bourgogne. It arose rather from the jealousy of authors, who were unwilling to have their pieces appear at the Palais Royal. For tragedy the Hôtel de Bourgogne was the best theatre, but for comedy the Palais Royal was unsurpassed. Molière himself was an inimitable comic actor, and had a peculiar aptitude for training and forming others, knowing how to bring their good qualities into action, and even making use of their defects.

At this time the winter performances generally were, no doubt, more popular, or at least more fashionable, than those

in summer. Tragedy was regarded as the superior attraction, and tragedies came out in the winter months. Even Molière, who was compelled to bring out some of his greatest pieces in the summer months, could not fill his best seats at that time of the year; so that the *Misanthrope*, his best comedy in verse, and the *Avare*, his best in prose, were comparative failures. After the first seventeen representations of the *Misanthrope*, it was for a while withdrawn, and not performed again until it was joined with the *Médecin malgré lui*, probably at the end of August, or the beginning of September following. The *Avare* was even more coldly received than the *Misanthrope*. At the commencement it only had nine representations, and these were not consecutive. Twelve months later, after eleven or twelve representations, it had again to be abandoned. It was said that the failure of the *Avare* was due to its being written in prose instead of in verse; and Grimarest, Molière's first biographer, reports a noble duke to have said: "Molière est-il fou, et nous prend-il pour des benêts, de nous faire essayer cinq actes en prose? A-t-on jamais vu plus d'extravagance? Le moyen d'être diverti par de la prose!" The *Médecin malgré lui* was first performed on the 6th August, 1666, and had a great success. Though it is only in three acts, and written in prose, it was performed alone for twelve nights consecutively. M. Despois can find no trace of the *Misanthrope* being played before the court during Molière's lifetime, whilst constant mention is made of the comedy-ballets, and of their being played repeatedly. It would seem that the morose disposition of Alceste had no charm for Louis, and that the satire shown in the characters of Célimène and Arsinoé was too biting and too vivid to be borne by the great ladies and their attendants. In the second half of the reign, that is dating from 1680, the plays of Molière oftenest performed at the Court were *Le Cocu Imaginaire*, *Le Médecin malgré lui*, *Le Tartuffe*, *La Comtesse d'Escarbagnas*, and *Les Femmes Savantes*.

The making of the *affiche* and the *annonce*, mentioned above in the extract from the play *Le Baron de la Crasse*, was the business of the *orateur* of each troupe. A capable man was chosen to make a short discourse to the audience, extolling the play they had just seen, or excusing its defects, and informing them at the same time of the piece that was next going to be performed, using soft words and begging them to come and see it. And there seems to have been the free right of interpellation to any of the audience of the *orateur*, who was bound to answer them and yet not disclose the secrets of his comrades. Molière was for some years the *orateur* of his troupe; he afterwards intrusted the office to La Grange, who acquitted himself with much tact and courtesy.

It was a custom common to all the theatres during the early representations of a popular piece to increase the price of the places. This was called *jouer au double*, or, à l'*extraordinaire*. The ordinary prices were five livres ten sous, for each seat in the first row of boxes, and the same for each seat on the stage. (The placing of benches on the stage was a custom of which I shall speak presently.) The seats in the amphitheatre, corresponding to the dress-circle in a modern London theatre, were charged three livres. Sitters in the second row of boxes paid one livre ten sous, and those in the third row one livre. Spectators in the *parterre* paid fifteen sous. When the performance was *au double* the *parterre* and the third row of boxes paid thirty sous and two livres respectively—exactly double the ordinary price. The second row of boxes paid three livres, or more than double the ordinary price; and the amphitheatre was raised from three livres to five livres ten sous. The seats in the first row of boxes and those on the stage always remained at five livres ten sous. The first instance that we have of Molière's theatre playing *au double* was at the second representation of *Les Précieuses Ridicules*, on the 2nd December, 1659; but there is reason to believe that the Hôtel de Bourgogne had begun the

practice earlier. This custom lasted a long while; but except quite at its commencement the price of the *parterre* was never raised.

In the seventeenth century, the custom among the grands seigneurs was to pay for their seats in the theatre at the end of each month; but sometimes they were very backward in their payments. The Prince and Princess de Conti had their separate accounts, for which the actors found it difficult to obtain a settlement. "Ce jeudi 7 Octobre 1694, on a reçu de Monseigneur le prince de Conty la somme de 104 livres pour un mémoire de l'année 1691. On en a donné un écu à Subtil pour ses peines." Subtil paraît être un garçon du théâtre." And, "Le lundi 25 avril 1695, on reçoit de Mme. la princesse de Conty 94 livres pour les places qu'elle a occupées avec sa suite en 1691 et en 1692. Les autres princes et princesses ne sont guère de meilleures pratiques." Nor was this all. "M. le prince de Turenne chicane noblement la Comédie pour 8 livres qu'il doit sur un arriéré de 33 livres. La Comédie est obligée de se résigner à cette perte. M. le Marquis de Rochefort paye 12 livres 10 sous 'sur ce qu'il doit de vieux:' restent dus 'cinquante sous' pour lesquels la Comédie est obligée de faire crédit à ce gentilhomme; il doit les payer plus tard quand il sera en fonds." The pension that the king was supposed to pay regularly to the actors was also constantly in arrear. On the 4th July, 1697, the Comédie received 837 livres that were due to them for the months of October, November, and December, 1694. And it was the same towards the end of the reign. M. Despois says, "A la fin du règne la pension est toujours en retard; le 15 août 1706, 'reçu au Trésor 6,000 livres pour le premier semestre de 1705, payées en deux billets de monnaie, mille francs en espèces, le restant en une assignation à échoir le 10 octobre.' Les billets de monnaie avaient une assez mauvaise réputation, et on ne tarda pas à les abolir." This was the trickery practised by the king and by his courtiers towards the end of the reign.

"In Molière's time all the servants of the king's household, and especially on the military side, pretended to have the right of entering the theatre without payment." Molière once obtained from the king the suspension of these gratuitous entries. This gave rise to an uproar, in which the porter of the theatre was killed while defending himself against the king's musketeers. La Grange in his journal constantly makes mention of expenses incurred for dressing the wounds of the porters of the theatre. These riots were not peculiar to the Palais Royal. At the Marais we find mention of more than one porter being killed. If fighting with swords and pistols took place outside the theatre, we need not be surprised to find that disturbances took place inside during the performance of the play. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the audiences of the Paris theatres seem to have been very noisy. In 1635 pages and footmen were forbidden to go into the theatre wearing their swords; and Scarron, in his *Roman Comique*, complains bitterly of the disorders of the *parterre*. In a little book, "Documents inédits sur J. B. Poquelin Molière," (M. Campardon quotes sworn evidence showing that during the performance of the *Amour Médecin* at the Palais Royal, some one in the *parterre* threw a large tobacco pipe on the stage; and on the same day, inside the theatre, but after the performance, an unfortunate youth was caught hold of and belaboured with a stick. M. Bonnassies appals us by giving a list of the dates of fifty-two police ordinances, passed between December 1672 and January 1787, the greater part of which were prohibitions against going into the theatre without paying and against disturbances; and he says that probably the list is not complete.

I am partly inclined to believe, however, that in the earlier part of Louis' reign, the uproars in and about the theatre were not so much attributable to the *parterre* as to the servants of the king's household—especially the musketeers, who pretended to have the right of entering without payment. The ordi-

nary *bourgeois* was then generally content to pay for his place, and to keep himself quiet when he got there. We have abundant evidence showing that it was the judgment of the *parterre* that the actors appreciated, and their praise that they tried to win. It was in fact the judgment of the *parterre* that decided the fate of a play. Molière in his *Critique de l'École des Femmes* says: "Tu es donc, marquis, de ces Messieurs du bel air, qui ne veulent point que le *parterre* ait du sens commun, et qui seroit fâchés d'avoir ri avec lui, fût ce de la meilleure chose du monde." Racine, too, complaining of the coldness with which *Les Plaideurs* was received by the *beau monde*, says: "Ceux même qui s'y étaient le plus divertis eurent peur de n'avoir pas ri dans les règles, et trouverent mauvais que je n'eusse pas songé plus sérieusement à les faire rire." But the *parterre*, who were not afraid of having their judgment criticised, laughed and enjoyed themselves. M. Despois states as an incontestable fact that literature generally—apart from that of the theatre—has been much less soundly judged than dramatic plays, and that the *parterre* has committed fewer blunders than the *beaux esprits*, and certainly than the Academy.

It appears that the theatre built for the Comédie Française in 1687, held very nearly the same number of persons as the present Théâtre Français in the Rue Richelieu. In the year 1867, there was a representation of M. Victor Hugo's *Hernani*, at which 1,401 persons were present,—that being the greatest number the house would hold, and the same number at a representation of the *Cid* in 1872. On the 24th November 1713, there was a performance in the Rue des Fossés, at which there were 1,394 persons. We find, on one occasion, that Molière's theatre held 944 persons. During the seventeenth and the greater part of the eighteenth century, the spectators in the *parterre* always used to stand during the performance. They were not seated until 1782. By this means the space occupied under the old system contained a

much larger number of people than it does now. Out of those 1,394 in the Rue des Fossés, 691, or very nearly half, were in the *parterre*, and therefore on their legs, and of the 944 in Molière's theatre, 514, or much more than half, were in the same condition.

The usage already alluded to of placing benches on the stage for certain of the spectators appears to us now to be somewhat singular. On these benches there was room for about twenty-five persons. They were occupied by the aristocrats of the day—men who gave themselves airs, and not unfrequently used to interrupt the performance. These gentlemen were sometimes mistaken for the actors themselves, by the ignorant crowd in the house. The stage, originally small, became very much straitened by these fops, who were not content to sit in the boxes, but came on the stage to be seen by those in the theatre. They delighted to display their *point de Venise* lace—a mode then much affected—and their fashionable wigs, which in those days were long, and used to hang down loosely over the shoulder. These men were very troublesome. They would laugh and talk during the performance, much to the annoyance of the actors. At the representation of the *École des Femmes*, Plapisson, one of these fops, whose name has descended to us, envious of the hearty laughter which came from the *parterre*, called out, "Ris donc, parterre, ris donc." Molière himself mentions this in the *Critique de l'École des Femmes*. On another occasion, though at a much later date, a nobleman brought his dog into the theatre, and made him dance about on the stage. In the first scene of *Les Fâcheux*, Molière laments this custom, and gives us a full description of a man who came on the stage and called aloud for a seat during the performance. The practice of allowing spectators to place themselves on the stage was not abolished until 1759.

The *mise en scène* during the seventeenth century, apart from the costumes of the actors, was very small and scanty. From the time when Richelieu gave

the laws for dramatic art it was held imperative to observe the unity of place; and this idea was kept rigidly in view, to the exclusion of any change of scene which the play naturally demanded. Moreover, the fact of a dozen men sitting on each side of the stage rendered any change of scene impracticable. M. Despois gives us an extract from a MS. at the Bibliothèque Nationale, showing the decorations and other accessories that were then thought necessary for the plays of Corneille, Racine, and Molière. For the tragedies, we find the words "le théâtre est un palais," or "un palais à volonté"—together with some slight additions, such as tables and chairs—recurring repeatedly; and for Molière's comedies the stage arrangements were not less simple. For the *Médecin malgré lui*, "il faut du bois, une grande bouteille, deux battes, quatre chaises, un morceau de fromage, des jetons, une bourse." For the *Tartuffe*, "le théâtre est une chambre. Il faut deux fauteuils, une table, un tapis dessus, deux flambeaux, une batte."

Each actor was bound to furnish his own costume at his own expense. We find this repeatedly mentioned in the rules drawn up by the actors themselves for their own observance. It was a source of great expense to some of them; for however insignificant the stage decorations may have been, they prided themselves upon the magnificence of their costume. Chappuzeau, speaking of the costumes of the actors, says, "This article of expense is greater than one imagines. There are few pieces that do not require new dresses, and since sham gold and sham silver are not used because they tarnish so soon, a single *habit à la romaine* will often cost 500 écus." The écu was equivalent to three francs, or as they were then called livres. Chappuzeau's assertion is borne out by a comedy by Regnard and Dufresny, performed at the Italian Theatre in 1692. M. Bonnassies says that in the eighteenth century the costumes became even more costly than they had been in the seventeenth, and that "several documents

show us that the theatrical wardrobes of Le Kain and Mdlle. Clairon were valued at 80,000 and 120,000 livres." The actors thought more of the sumptuousness of their dress than of its historical exactness to the parts it was intended to represent. The "habit à la romaine" spoken of by Chappuzeau, a term always employed for a certain kind of dress, was worn equally in any tragedy meant to represent an ancient subject. An actor might wear it one night as Auguste in Corneille's *Cinna*, and the next as Achilles in Racine's *Iphigénie*. Both Augustus and Achilles used to appear in the long wigs of the day, the hair curled in long ringlets, and Augustus was crowned with a wreath of laurels. In the comedies the same principle was carried out; but there the expense as regards the inferior characters was not so great. The valets, the soubrettes, and the old men, merely dressed themselves in the simple clothes then usually worn; but the more important personages, the lovers and the courtiers, were bound to appear dressed according to the elegant fashions of the time. For instance, in the *Médecin malgré lui*, all except Léandre the lover, might have been very plainly dressed; whilst in the *Misanthrope* an expensive costume would have been absolutely necessary for all the actors.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries the tragic actors seem to have cultivated a peculiar declamatory manner of speaking. The voice instead of being used naturally, was made to drawl out a certain sing-song noise which would rhythmically lend itself to the metre in which the verses were written. Molière ridicules this in the *Impromptu de Versailles*, and in the *Précieuses Ridicules*. In the tenth scene of the latter comedy, Cathos asks Mascarille to which troupe of actors he intends to give his comedy, and he answers, "Belle demande! Aux grands comédiens;"¹ il n'y a qu'eux qui soient

¹ That is to the Hôtel de Bourgogne. The actors there piqued themselves upon being the best troupe in Paris—as for tragedy they undoubtedly were. They sometimes called them-

capables de faire valoir les choses; les autres sont des ignorants qui récitent comme l'on parle; ils ne savent pas faire ronfler les vers, et s'arrêter au bel endroit. Et le moyen de connaître où est le beau vers si le comédienne s'y arrête, et ne vous dit par là qu'il faut faire le brouhaha!" Three actors of the Hôtel de Bourgogne died from the effects of this exaggerated bombastic declamation. It is interesting to see how fully Molière in his satire bears out the advice of Hamlet to the players, and to observe that the same affectation existed in the two countries nearly at the same time, and was corrected in each by the greatest master of the drama. Molière himself had made attempts to become a tragic actor, but always failed. His mind was hardly capable of receiving an ideal. His notions were never transcendental. He believed that comedy, in which the thoughts and actions of men towards each other must be represented with realistic truth, was more difficult to write than tragedy, in which men may with ease be made grandly virtuous, or grandly vicious. That which lay round about him he saw clearly and plainly, judging men rather by their actions than by their ideas. His instinctive judgment told him that an actor was no more justified in howling verses on the stage, than a guest in roaring to his friend across a dinner table.

This little sketch must now be brought to a close. I have only attempted to mention a few of the general customs of the stage in Paris after Molière and his troupe had established themselves. Much has, of course, been unavoidably omitted on account of space. Any who wish to know more of the French stage at the time when Corneille, Molière, and Racine were writing for it, may refer with confidence to the works I have quoted; and those who are curious in the matter will not, I think, find that they have lost their time.

HENRY M. TROLLOPE.

selves *Les Grands Comédiens*, or *La seule Troupe royale*, in contradistinction to Molière's troupe, which was *La Troupe du Roi*.

AN HISTORICAL BYEWAY OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

So much has been written and said about the great struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament, that the general public can hardly be expected to take much interest in anything further in connection with so well-worn a topic. To such, however, of our readers as have not quite lost their relish for matters connected with that epoch we beg to offer the following very curious narrative, never before published, of certain events immediately preceding the King's final surrender, and subsequent incarceration in Carisbrook Castle. The writer of this notice discovered it in the month of January, 1875, in an old duodecimo MS. memorandum-book, belonging to his ancestor Sir William Dugdale, the antiquary, who attended King Charles I. as herald during a considerable portion of the civil wars. It is in the handwriting of his son, Sir John Dugdale; but the spelling has been modernized.

It is entitled *A True Transcript of the Narration which Major Huntington made to Sir William Dugdale in the month of June, 1679, of some particulars relating to King Charles the First of blessed memory, and afterwards corrected and amended by the Major; and is as follows:—*

At such time as the King was brought by one Joyce (a cornet of horse in the Parliament's army) from Holdenby, notice thereof was first given to Fairfax, the general, by a soldier who rode to him in great haste, he being then walking with Major Huntington near a river-side at Kinton, not far from Newmarket, in Cambridgeshire, that being the head-quarters of that army which then lay thereabouts.

General Fairfax being much surprised with the news, by reason he knew of no order given for it, seemed

apprehensive, and so expressed that this action might engage them again in blood, whereupon he speedily walked up to the Town, where he found Cromwell with Watson, a Scout-master, alighting from horseback, being newly returned from the Parliament, whence he came in the night with much speed, having the day before assured the House that in obedience to their votes for disbanding part of the army, and sending part into Ireland, he had so qualified their jealousies (which were such and so great at that time as that the army, being rendezvoused at Triploe Heath, would march up to Westminster) that some of them said he deserved a statue in gold.

Upon this arrival of Cromwell the general and he agreed that Major Huntington should haste away to the King, to prevent his coming to Newmarket, which was so near at hand, in regard to the army quartered thereabouts, who forthwith took horse accordingly, and, meeting the King about two miles from Childerley, accompanied by such of the Lords and Commons as the Parliament had appointed to attend him at Holdenby, acquainted them with his errand; but they declined to meddle therein, because his Majesty was taken from under their charge, whereupon the King, taking notice of Major Huntington's discourse with them, demanded his business. He told his Majesty what he had come for, and did soon receive a satisfactory answer; for, though he found the King much bent to go to Newmarket (in regard it was one of his own houses), yet representing to him his fears of some disturbance in the army, and danger to his person, as also that his house there was at present unfurnished with provisions necessary for his reception, prevailed with him to go to the Lady Cutt's house at Child-

erley, where he found good entertainment.

Being thus got to Childerley, Fairfax and Cromwell came to him the next day, or the day after, of whom his Majesty inquiring whether it was by their or either of their authorities that he was thus fetched from Holdenby, and they both disavowing it, he replied, "Unless you hang up Joyce, I will not believe what you say." On this, both Fairfax and Cromwell, being then at Childerley, made large protestations of their fidelity towards him, and that he should have liberty to go to Newmarket, which was soon done.

There it was that Cromwell first gave his Majesty hopes of his restoration, and that he would be cordially instrumental therein, and as an earnest thereof presently gave way, that divers of his own trusty Servants and Chaplains should have leave to come to him, and to serve him in their respective places, all which had been denied him, not only by the Scots, after he had fled to them from Oxford, but also by the Parliament (who had brought him from those their dear brethren) during the whole time he was under their power by a strong guard at Holdenby, commanded by Colonel Greaves; and accordingly Dr. Sheldon, Dr. Hammond, and Dr. Holdsworth, his Chaplains, with divers of his Servants, were permitted to come to Newmarket, and attend him in their respective places.

After which, ere long, they brought him to Hampton Court, men hoping that Cromwell, who had the greatest influence with the Army, out of an intention of firmly establishing himself in his Majesty's favour, and obtaining the wealth and honour he desired, would fully restore him and the whole kingdom to their just rights. For Commissary-General Ireton, who had married Cromwell's daughter, and had the most power with him of any man (as was very well known), being totally averse to that presbyterian Government, which the then predominant party in Parliament had resolved to set up, both expressing (but

in private) so great an indignation against it, and such an entire affection to the King, out of a hearty sense of his patient sufferings and unparalleled condescensions, said at Colbrooke that rather than his Majesty should continue thus enslaved by that vile party, if but five would join with him, he would adventure his life in order to his redemption; Cromwell himself having, for the same reasons, afterwards at Putney solemnly said that if ten men would stick to him, he would hazard his life and fortune for him upon the same score, or words to that effect.

Being thus at Hampton Court, where the like unreasonable and enslaving propositions were brought to him by the Parliament, as he had received thence when he was at Newcastle and Holdenby, having no small hopes of his restoration through the interest of Cromwell, who had the greatest influence in the army, and being well aware that the then predominant party in the Parliament did still agree to establish themselves in perpetual dominion, as also that in order thereto they did resolve so to garble the army according to their own interest, whereby the present strength thereof was like to be broken in pieces, and a new model set up, consisting of those who should hold firm to the covenant; his Majesty plainly foreseeing how destructive this must needs be, not only to himself and Royal family, but also to monarchy and government, thought fit, in his answer to those their proposals to take care of the Army's interest, which he then looked upon as friendly to himself and the Public.¹ But before he could abso-

¹ The King's favourable intentions towards the army at that time are proved by the following passage from the chapter in the *Icon Basilike*. "Upon the Armie's Surprisal of the King at Holmeby, &c."—supposed to have been written by King Charles at the time of his seizure by Cornet Joyce—"For the Armie . . . I think it necessarie, in order to the Publick Peace, that they should bee satisfied, as far as is just; no man being more prone to consider them than My self: though they have fought against Mee, yet I

lutely resolve what answer to make, he called Major Huntington privately to him, and told him he must resolve him a short question he should then ask, which in short was, Whether he could assure him that Cromwell was in the same in his heart to him as he had by his tongue so freely and frequently expressed himself to be.

At which question the Major, being not a little staggered, and fearing the danger of an uncertain and unsafe answer, entreated respite till the next day at noon, which being given him, he went privily by night to Cromwell, whom he found early in the morning in bed at Putney, and, having raised him up in his night-gown, acquainted him with the occasion of that his coming at such a time, whereunto Cromwell in brief answered that he did, really and uprightly, mean and intend from his heart to perform the same to his utmost, which he had formerly so often professed to the King that he would do, which was the full restoring him in his just and lawful rights, imprecating that neither himself nor his wife or children might ever prosper if he did not restore him, as before he had professed, if the Army remained an Army, and if not, they were bound to fall with him, and that he would stand to them if there were but ten men left to stick to him, with most bitter and distasteful reflections on that rigid party in Parliament, who by their presbyterian principles and practices, did merely design to enslave him.

But, notwithstanding all this, the Major was so cautious that he conditioned with Cromwell that if anything should thenceforth happen which might hinder the accomplishment of this his fair intention, that the King might have timely notice thereof to the end he might endeavour to avoid the danger, which being assented to, he returned

cannot but so far esteem that valor and gallantry they have sometime shewed, as to wish I may never want such men to maintain My self, My Laws, and My Kingdoms, in such a Peace, as wherein they may enjoy their share and proportion as much as anie men." *Icon Basilike*, chap. xxvi. pp. 228, 229.

to his Majesty, and, with a cheerful countenance (not suspecting the contrary of what he had been with such seeming confidence assured) imparted to him the substance of what had passed betwixt them.

Whereupon the King framed his answer to the proposals from the Parliament (so brought to him as aforesaid), sent them by the said Major Huntington to Cromwell and Ireton to be perused, with liberty to add or alter what they should think fit, which being done by them, and returned to him, he wrote it anew, and sent it to Westminster.

But see the horrid perfidiousness of these grand impostors (Cromwell and Ireton)! No sooner was this candid and gracious answer of the King's imparted to the House of Commons, but that both of them appeared with the highest in their invections against it. The news whereof being forthwith brought to the King, he called for Major Huntington, and acquainting him therewith, sent him to Cromwell to inquire a reason hereof; whose answer was, that what he had then said in the House of Commons was to sound the depth of those virulent humours wherewith the Presbyterians (whom he knew to be no friends to the King) were engrossed withal.

But after this time Cromwell never came to his Majesty.

Major Huntington, therefore, observing that Cromwell thus declined the King, made it his chief business to observe the counsels of the Army at Putney, and finding at length how dangerous they grew in reference to his Majesty, gave him private advertisement thereof, to the end he might consider which way best to preserve himself; whereupon, resolving to get privily from Hampton Court to the City of London, Major Huntington undertook to find him out a secure lodging there, and accordingly, leaving him, did prepare such a one, his Majesty determining that so soon as he should get safe thither, to let the Major have knowledge thereof.

But now at length being fully sensible of what he had long feared, which was that, notwithstanding his clear and candid dealing with them in all respects, and if he did so far rely upon them that he had strictly prohibited all those of his faithful subjects, who had been in arms with him, that they should not join with the Scots, who were then raising an army in that Realm in order to his Restoration, as they pretended (though nothing less would have been the effects thereof, considering it was founded upon the Covenant), he was to expect destruction and ruin to himself and his posterity, and slavery to all his good subjects, he caused a boat to be laid by the river side, and upon the 11th of November, about the beginning of the night, went down from the privy lodgings through a door where no Guard stood into the Park, and so crossed the river to Ditton, where Sir John Berkley (afterwards Lord Berkley) John Ashburnham, and Colonel William Legge (sometime Grooms of his Bed-chamber) were placed with horses. But so it happened, that when the King was got on shore, and had staid some time for them, Mr. Ashburnham dissuaded him from going to London, and led him into Hampshire; when his Majesty demanding of him, to what place he intended to bring him, he answered, into the Isle of Wight, whereof Colonel Hammond was Governor, in whom Mr. Ashburnham seemed to have no little confidence.

To which his Majesty replied, that he would not adventure himself thither unless he might have sufficient assurance under the Governor's hand for his security from any danger; and therefore sent Mr. Ashburnham and Sir John Berkley into the Isle, to treat with

Colonel Hammond for that purpose, staying himself with Colonel Legge at Titchfield House (belonging to the Earl of Southampton), till they returned, but strictly charging them they should not let Hammond know where he was, unless he would freely give them full assurance under his hand for his freedom, and to return when he pleased.

But, instead of observing these his Majesty's directions, they came back and brought Hammond with them, and being come to Titchfield, went to the King (then in his bed-chamber), leaving Hammond below. On their telling him what they had done, the King, being not a little amazed, asked them if they had a promise under Hammond's hand for his security, and they replying "no," but that he would approve himself a man of honour, he plainly told them that they had betrayed him, or words to that purpose, concluding that then he was no other than his prisoner, which sharp resentment of his condition touched them so near, that they offered to kill Hammond and take some other course for his Majesty's safety. But to this their vain proposal, the King did utterly refuse to consent, rather choosing to yield up himself a sacrifice to those bloodthirsty men, who had resolved his destruction and subversion of the Government, than to be guilty of assenting to the taking away the life of that one vile rebel in cold blood—and putting himself thereupon into the hands of that unworthy person (Hammond), was by him kept in no better condition than a prisoner, till he was by his consent, taken away by the direction of Cromwell, and the rest of those bloody regicides who brought him to the block.

WILLIAM STRATFORD DUGDALE.

THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER XIV.

MILDMAY made his way back to Oxford without any delay. He knew that the Master of the college, who was a man with a family, had not yet set out on the inevitable autumn tour. But I must add that, though no man could have been more anxious to obtain preferment in his own person than he was to transfer his preferment to another, yet various doubts of the practicability of what he was going to attempt interfered, as he got further and further from Brentburn, with the enthusiasm which had sprung up so warmly in Cicely's presence. It would be very difficult, he felt, to convey to the Master the same clear perception of the rights of the case as had got into his own head by what he had seen and heard at the Rectory; and if all he made by his hesitation was to throw the living into the hands of Ruffhead! For Brentburn was no longer an indifferent place—the same as any other in the estimation of the young don; quite the reverse; it was very interesting to him now. Notwithstanding the bran-new church, he felt that no other parish under the sun was half so attractive. The churchyard, with those two narrow threads of paths; the windows, with the lights in them, which glimmered within sight of the grave; the old-fashioned, sunny garden; the red cottages, with not one wall which was not awry, and projecting at every conceivable angle; the common, with its flush of heather—all these had come out of the unknown, and made themselves plain and apparent to him. He felt Brentburn to be in a manner his own; a thing which he would be willing to give to Mr. St. John, or rather to lend him for his lifetime; but he did not feel the least inclination to let it fall into the hands of any other man. Neither did he feel inclined to do as

Mr. Chester, the late rector, had done—to expatriate himself, and leave the work of his parish to the curate in charge. Besides, he could not do this, for he was in perfect health; and he could neither tell the necessary lie himself, nor, he thought, get any doctor to tell it for him. As he got nearer and nearer to the moment which must decide all these uncertainties, he got more and more confused and troubled in his mind. The Master was the college, as it happened at that moment; he was by far the most influential and the most powerful person in it; and what he said was the thing that would be done. Mildmay accordingly took his way with very mingled feelings, across the quadrangle to the beautiful and picturesque old house in which this potentate dwelt. Had he any right to attempt to make such a bargain as was in his mind? It was enough that the living had been offered to him. What had he to say but yes or no?

The Master's house was in a state of confusion when Mildmay entered it. The old hall was full of trunks, the oaken staircase encumbered with servants and young people running up and down in all the bustle of a move. Eight children of all ages, and half as many servants, was the Master—brave man!—about to carry off to Switzerland. The packing was terrible, and not less terrible the feelings of the heads of the expedition, who were at that moment concluding their last calculation of expenses, and making up little bundles of circular notes. "Here is Mr. Mildmay," said the Master's wife, "and, thank Heaven! this reckoning up is over;" and she escaped with a relieved countenance, giving the new comer a smile of gratitude. The head of the college was slightly flustered, if such a vulgar word can be used of such a sublime person. I hope no one will suspect me of

Romanizing tendencies, but perhaps a pale ecclesiastic, worn with thought, and untroubled by children, would have been more like the typical head of a college than this comely yet careworn papa. The idea, however, flashed through Mildmay's mind, who had the greatest reverence for the Master, that these very cares, this evident partaking of human nature's most ordinary burdens, would make the great don feel for the poor curate. Does not a touch of nature make the whole world kin?

"Well, Mildmay," said the Master, "come to say good-bye? You are just in time. We are off to-night by the Antwerp boat, which we have decided is the best way with our enormous party." Here the good man sighed. "Where are you going? You young fellows don't know you're born, as people say—coming and going, whenever the fancy seizes you, as light as a bird. Ah! wait till you have eight children, my dear fellow, to drag about the world."

"That could not be for some time, at least," said Mildmay, with a laugh; "but I am not so disinterested in my visit as to have come merely to say good-bye. I wanted to speak to you about Brentburn."

"Ah—oh," said the Master; "to be sure, your living. You have been to see it? Well! and how do you think it will feel to be an orderly rector, setting a good example, instead of enjoying yourself, and collecting crockery here?"

That was a cruel speech, and Mildmay grew red at the unworthy title crockery; but the Master's savage sentiments on this subject were known. What is a man with eight children to be expected to know about rare china?

"I believe there are much better collections than mine in some country rectories," he said; "but, never mind; I want to speak to you of something more interesting than crockery. I do not think I can take Brentburn."

The Master framed his lips into that shape which in a profane and secular person would have produced a whistle of surprise. "So!" he said, "you don't like it? But I thought you

were set upon it. All the better for poor Ruffhead, who will now be able to marry after all."

"That is just what I wanted to speak to you about," said Mildmay, embarrassed. "I don't want it to fall to Ruffhead. Listen, before you say anything! I don't want to play the part of the dog in the manger. Ruffhead is young, and so am I; but, my dear Master, listen to me. The curate in charge, Mr. St. John, is not young; he has been twenty years at Brentburn, a laborious excellent clergyman. Think how it would look in any other profession, if either Ruffhead or I should thus step over his head."

"The curate in charge!" said the Master, bewildered. "What are you talking about? What has he to do with it? I know nothing about your curate in charge."

"Of course you don't; and therefore there seemed to be some hope in coming to tell you. He is a member of our own college; that of itself is something. He used to know you, he says, long ago, when he was an undergraduate. He has been Chester's curate at Brentburn, occupying the place of the incumbent, and doing everything for twenty years; and now that Chester is dead, there is nothing for him but to be turned out at a moment's notice, and to seek his bread, at over sixty, somewhere else—and he has children too."

This last sentence was added at a venture to touch the Master's sympathies; but I don't think that dignity perceived the application; for what is there in common between the master of a college and a poor curate? He shook his head with, however, that sympathetic gravity and deference towards misfortune which no man who respects himself ever refuses to show.

"St. John, St. John?" he said. "Yes, I think I recollect the name: very tall—stoops—a peaceable sort of being? Yes. So he's Chester's curate? Who would have thought it? I suppose he started in life as well as Chester did, or any of us. What has possessed him to stay so long there?"

"Well—he is, as you say, a peaceable mild man; not one to push himself——"

"*Push himself!*" cried the Master; "not much of that I should think. But even if you don't push yourself, you needn't stay for twenty years a curate. What does he mean by it? I am afraid there must be something wrong."

"And I am quite sure there is nothing wrong," cried Mildmay, warmly, "unless devotion to thankless work, and forgetfulness of self is wrong; for that is all his worst enemy can lay to his charge."

"You are very warm about it," said the Master, with some surprise; "which does you credit, Mildmay. But, my dear fellow, what do you expect me—what do you expect the college to do? We can't provide for our poor members who let themselves drop out of sight and knowledge. Perhaps if you don't take the living, and Ruffhead does, you might speak to him to keep your friend on as curate. But I have nothing to do with that kind of arrangement. And I'm sure you will excuse me when I tell you we start to-night."

"Master," said Mildmay, solemnly, "when you hear of a young colonel of thirty promoted over the head of an old captain of twice his age, what do you say?"

"Say, sir!" cried the Master, whose sentiments on this, as on most other subjects, were well known; "say! why I say it's a disgrace to the country. I say it's the abominable system of purchase which keeps our best soldiers languishing. Pray, what do you mean by that smile? You know I have no patience to discuss such a question; and I cannot see what it has to do with what we were talking of," he added, abruptly, breaking off with a look of defiance, for he suddenly saw the mistake he had made in Mildmay's face.

"Hasn't it?" said the other. "If you will think a moment—Ruffhead and I are both as innocent of parochial

knowledge as—as little Ned there." (Ned at this moment had come to the window which opened upon the garden, and, knocking with impatient knuckles, had summoned his father out.) "Mr. St. John has some thirty years' experience, and is thoroughly known and loved by the people. What can anybody think—what can any one say—if one of us miserable subalterns is put over that veteran's head? Where but in the Church could such a thing be done—without at least such a clamour as would set half England by the ears?"

"Softly, softly," cried the Master. "(Get away, you little imp. I'll come presently.) You mustn't abuse the Church, Mildmay. Our arrangements may be imperfect, as indeed all arrangements are which are left in human hands. But, depend upon it, the system is the best that could be devised; and there is no real analogy between the two professions. A soldier is helpless who can only buy his promotion, and has no money to buy it with. But a clergyman has a hundred ways of making his qualifications known, and as a matter of fact I think preferment is very justly distributed. I have known dozens of men, with no money and very little influence, whose talents and virtues alone—but you must know that as well as I do. In this case there must be something behind—something wrong—extreme indolence, or incapacity, or something——"

"There is nothing but extreme modesty, and a timid retiring disposition."

"Yes, yes, yes," cried the Master; "these are the pretty names for it. Indolence which does nothing for itself, and hangs a dead weight upon friends. Now, tell me seriously and soberly, why do you come to me with this story? What, in such a case, do you suppose I can do?"

"If you were a private patron," said Mildmay, "I should say boldly, I have come to ask you to give this living to the best man—the man who has a right to it; not a new man going to try experiments like myself, but one who knows what he is doing, who has

done all that has been done there for twenty years. I would say you were bound to exercise your private judgment on behalf of the parish in preference to all promises or supposed rights; and that you should offer the living of Brentburn to Mr. St. John without an hour's delay."

"That is all very well," said the Master, scratching his head, as if he had been a rustic clodhopper, instead of a learned and accomplished scholar, "and very well put, and perhaps true. I say, *perhaps* true, for of course this is only one side of the question. But I am not a private patron. I am only a sort of trustee of the patronage, exercising it in conjunction with various other people. Come, Mildmay, you know as well as I do, poor old St. John, though his may be a hard case, has no claim whatever upon the college; and if you don't accept it, there's Ruffhead and two or three others who have a right to their chance. You may be sure Ruffhead won't give up his chance of marriage and domestic bliss for any poor curate. Of course the case, as you state it, is hard. What does the parish say?"

"The parish! I was not there long enough to find out the opinion of the parish."

"Ah, you hesitate. Look here, Mildmay; if I were a betting man, I'd give you odds, or whatever you call it, that the parish would prefer you."

"It is impossible; or, if they did, it would only be a double wrong." But Mildmay's voice was not so confident as when he had been pleading Mr. St. John's cause, and his eyes fell before the Master's penetrating eyes.

"A wrong if you like, but its human nature," said the Master, with some triumph. "I will speak to the Dean about it, if I see him this afternoon, and I'll speak to Singleton. If they think anything of your arguments, I shan't oppose. But I warn you I don't think it the least likely. His age, if there were nothing else, is against him, rather than in his favour. We don't want parishes hampered with an old man's past work."

"He is just as old being curate as if he were rector."

"Yes, yes. But to give him the living now, at his age, would be to weight the parish with him till he was a hundred, and destroy the chance for young men like yourself. *You* don't mind, but I can tell you Ruffhead does. No, no. Singleton will never hear of it; and what can I do? I am going away."

"Singleton will do whatever you tell him," said Mildmay; "and you could write even though you are going away."

"Hush, hush," said the Master, with a half laugh, "that is all a popular delusion. Singleton is the most independent-minded man I know—and the others are as obstinate as pigs. Talk of turning them as one likes! Poor old St. John, though! we might hear of another place to suit him, perhaps. He has something of his own, I suppose—some private income? How many children has he? of course, being only a curate, he must have heaps of children. (Coming, you rascal! coming, Ned.)"

"He has two daughters grown up," said Mildmay, "and two small children; and so far as I can judge is—— What is there to laugh at?" he added, with a look of the greatest surprise.

"So, so; he has *daughters*?" said the Master, with a burst of genial laughter. "That is it? Don't blush, my dear fellow; as good men as you have been in the same predicament. Go and marry her, which will be much more sensible; and I hope Miss St. John is everything that is pretty and charming for your sake."

Perhaps Mildmay blushed, but he was not aware of it. He felt himself grow pale in a white heat of passion. "This is a very poor joke," he said. "Excuse me, Master, if I must say so. I speak to you of an injury to the Church, and a serious wrong to one of her priests, and you answer me with a jest most inappropriate to the occasion. I saw Miss—I mean Mr. St. John and his family for the first time two days ago. Personal feeling of any kind has not been my inducement to make this

appeal to your sense of justice. But I have made a mistake, it seems. Good morning; I will not detain you more."

"Why, Mildmay! a man may have his joke. Don't take it in this tragical way. And don't be so withering in your irony about my sense of justice," said the Master, with a laugh, half apologetic, half angry. But he did not ask the young man to sit down again. "Justice goes both ways," he added; "and I have justice to the college, and justice to its more distinguished members, and even to the parish, for whose good we are called upon to act—to consider; as well as justice to Mr. St. John, which really is not our affair. But, my dear fellow, all this is very admirable in you—and don't think I fail to see that, though you say I made a poor joke. Yes, I am in a hurry, there is no denying it; but I'll see Singleton, and leave the matter in his hands. Meet you in the Oberland, eh? My wife talks of St. Moritz, but we never can drag the children all that way. Good-bye."

Mildmay marched out of the old house with all his pulses tingling. It seemed to him that poor Cicely, in the midst of all the anxieties that lurked in her young eyes, had been insulted. Was it that sort of folly he was thinking of, or she, poor girl, who had said nothing to him but reproaches? But yet, I will allow, that absolutely innocent as he felt of any such levity, the accusation excited him more, perhaps, than was needful. He could not forget or forgive it, as one forgives a sorry jest at one's own expense, the reason being, he said to himself, that it was an insult to her, and that this insult had come upon a young innocent creature through him, which was doubly hard. He was still tingling with this blow, when he met his second in succession, so to speak, Mr. Ruffhead, who was serving a curacy near Oxford, and who had a slight unspoken, unacknowledged grudge at his brother Fellow who had been preferred before himself. Mildmay, in his excitement, laid hold upon this probable heir of his, in case he should give up

Brentburn, and poured the whole story into his ears, asking with some heat and passion for his advice. "I don't see how I can take the living over Mr. St. John's head; it seems to me the most terrible injustice," he cried.

Mr. Ruffhead shook his head.

"You must not ask my advice," said that sensible person. "If you don't take it, and it's offered to me, I shall of course. I don't know Mr. St. John, and if one neglected one's own interests for every hard case one heard of, where would one be? I can't afford to play with my chances. I daresay you think I am very hard-hearted; but that is what I should do."

This plain declaration of sentiment subdued Mildmay, and brought him back to matters of fact. "I suppose you are right; but I have not made up my mind to decline the living," he said coldly, and did not ask Ruffhead to dinner as he had at first intended. No man, they say, likes his heir, and this kind of inheritance was doubly disagreeable to think of. Certainly, if the only alternative was Ruffhead and his honeymooning (which somehow it disgusted Mildmay to think of, as of something almost insulting to himself), it would be better, much better, that he himself should take Brentburn. He would not give it up only to see it passed on to this commonplace fellow, to enable him, forsooth, to marry some still more commonplace woman. Good heavens! was that the way to traffic with a cure of souls? He went back to his beautiful rooms in a most disturbed state of mind, and drew up impatiently the blinds which were not intended to be drawn up. The hot August light came in scorching and broad over all his delights, and made him loathe them; he tripped upon, and kicked away to the end of the room, a rug for which you or I, dear reader, would have given one of our ears; and jerked his Italian tapestry to one side, and I think, if good sense had not restrained him, would have liked to take up his very best bit of china and smash it into a hundred pieces. But after a while he smiled at himself, and reduced the blaze of day-

light to a proper artistic tone, and tried to eat some luncheon. Yesterday at the same hour he had shared the Curate's dinner, with Cicely at the head of the table, looking at him with sweet eyes, in which there was still the dewy look of past tears. She had the house and all its cares upon her delicate shoulders, that girl; and her innocent name had been made the subject of a jest—through him!

CHAPTER XV.

I do not suppose that Cicely St. John had really any hope in her new acquaintance, or believed, when she looked at the matter reasonably, that his self-renunciation, if he had the strength of mind to carry it out, would really secure for her father the living of Brentburn. But yet a certain amount of faith is natural at her years, and she was vaguely strengthened and exhilarated by that suppressed expectation of something pleasant that might possibly happen, which is so great an element in human happiness; and, with this comfort in her soul, went about her work, preparing for the worst, which, to be sure, notwithstanding her hope, was, she felt, inevitable. Mab, when the stranger's enthusiastic adoption of her sister's suggestion was told to her, accepted it for her part with delight, as a thing settled. A true artist has always more or less a practical mind. However strong his imagination may be, he does not confine himself to fancies, or even words, but makes something tangible and visible out of it, and this faculty more or less shapes the fashion of his thinking. Mab, who possessed in addition that delightful mixture of matter-of-factness which is peculiar to womankind, seized upon the hope and made it into reality. She went to her work as gaily as if all the clouds had been in reality dispersed from her path. This time it was little Annie, the nursemaid—Cicely having interfered to protect the babies from perpetual posing—who supplied her with the necessary "life." Annie did

not much like it. She would have been satisfied, indeed, and even proud, had "her picture" been taken in her best frock, with all her Sunday ribbons; but to be thrust into a torn old dingy garment, with bare feet, filled the little handmaiden with disgust and rage great enough for a full-grown woman. "Folks will think as I hain't got no decent clothes," she said; and Mab's injudicious consolation, to the effect that "folks would never see the picture," did not at all mend the matter. Cicely, however, drew up her slight person, and "looked Miss St. John," according to Mab's description; and Annie was cowed. There were at least twenty different representations in Mab's sketch-books of moments in which Cicely had looked Miss St. John; and it was Mab's conviction in life as well as in art that no opponent could stand before such a demonstration. Barefooted, in her ragged frock, Annie did not look an amiable young person, which, I am ashamed to say, delighted the artist. "She will do for the naughty little girl in the fairy tale, the one with toads and frogs dropping from her lips," cried Mab, in high glee. "And if it comes well I shall send it to Mr. Mildmay, to show we feel how kind he is."

"Wait till he has been kind," said Cicely, shaking her head. "I always liked the naughty little girl best, not that complacent smiling creature who knew she had been good, and whom everybody praised. Oh, what a pity that the world is not like a fairy tale! where the good are always rewarded, and even the naughty, when they are sorry. If we were to help any number of old women, what would it matter now?"

"But I suppose," said Mab, somewhat wistfully, for she distrusted her sister's words, which she did not understand, and was afraid people might think Cicely Broad Church, "I suppose whatever may happen in the meantime, it all comes right in the end?"

"Papa is not so very far from the end, and it has not come right for him."

"O Cicely, how can you talk so!

Papa is not so old. He will live years and years yet!" cried Mab, her eyes filling.

"I hope so. Oh, I hope so! I did not think of merely living. But he cannot get anything very great now, can he, to make up for so long waiting? So long—longer," said Cicely, with a little awe, thinking of that enormous lapse of time, "than we have been alive!"

"If he gets the living, he will not want anything more," said Mab, blithely working away with her charcoal. "How delightful it will be! More than double what we have now? Fancy! After all, you will be able to furnish as you said."

"But not in amber satin," said Cicely, beguiled into a smile.

"In soft, soft Venetian stuff, half green, half blue, half no colour at all. Ah! she has moved! Cicely, Cicely, go and talk to her, for heaven's sake, or my picture will be spoilt!"

"If you please, Miss, I can't stop here no longer. It's time as I was looking after the children. How is Betsy to remember in the middle of her cooking the right time to give 'em their cod-liver oil?"

"I'll go and look after the children," said Cicely. "What you have got to do, Annie, is to stop here."

Upon which Annie burst into floods of tears, and fell altogether out of pose. "There ain't no justice in it!" she said. "I'm put up here to look like a gipsy or a beggar; and mother will never get over it, after all her slaving and toiling to get me decent clothes!"

Thus it will be perceived that life studies in the domestic circle are very difficult to manage. After a little interval of mingled coaxing and scolding, something like the lapsed attitude was recovered, and Annie brought back into obedience. "If you will be good, I'll draw a picture of you in your Sunday frock to give to your mother," said Mab—a promise which had too good an effect upon her model, driving away the clouds from her countenance; and Cicely went away to administer the cod-liver oil. It was not a very delightful office, and I think that now and then, at

this crisis, it seemed to Cicely that Mab had the best of it, with her work, which was a delight to her, and which occupied both her mind and her fingers; care seemed to fly the moment she got that charcoal in her hand. There was no grudge in this sense of disadvantage. Nature had done it, against which there is no appeal. I don't think, however, that care would have weighed heavily on Mab, even if she had not been an artist. She would have hung upon Cicely all the same if her occupation had been but needlework, and looked for everything from her hands.

But it was not until Annie was released and could throw off the ragged frock in which she had been made picturesque, and return to her charge, that Cicely could begin the more important business that waited for her. She took this quite quietly, not thinking it necessary to be on the look-out for a grievance, and took her work into the nursery, where the two babies were playing in a solemn sort of way. They had their playthings laid out upon the floor, and had some mild little squabbles over them. "Zat's Harry's!" she heard again and again, mingled with faint sounds of resistance. The children were very mysterious to Cicely. She was half afraid of them as mystic incomprehensible creatures, to whom everybody in heaven and earth did injustice. After a while she put down her work and watched them play. They had a large box of bricks before them, playthings which Cicely herself well remembered, and the play seemed to consist in one little brother diving into the long box in search of one individual brick, which, when he produced it, the other snatched at, saying, "Zat's Harry's." Charley, who wanted both his hands to swim with on the edge of the box, did not have his thumb in his mouth this time; but he was silenced by the unvarying claim. They did not laugh, nor did they cry, as other children do; but sat over the box of bricks, in a dumb conflict, of which it was impossible to tell whether it was strife or play.

"Are they all Harry's?" asked Cicely, suddenly moved to interfere. The sound of the voice startled the little creatures on the floor. They turned right round, and contemplated her from the carpet with round and wondering eyes.

"Zat's Harry's," said the small boy over again with the iteration common to children. Charley was not prepared with any reply. He put his thumb into his mouth in default of any more extended explanation. Cicely repeated her question—I fear raising her voice, for patience was not Cicely's forte; whereupon Harry's eyes, who was the boldest, got bigger and bigger, and redder and redder, with fright, and Charley began to whimper. This irritated the sister much. "You little silly things!" she said. "I am not scolding you. What are you crying for? Come here, Harry, and tell me why you take all the bricks? They are Charley's too."

Children are the angels of life; but they are sometimes little demons for all that. To see these two pale little creatures sitting half dead with fright, gazing at her sunny young countenance as if she were an ogre, exasperated Cicely. She jumped up, half laughing, half furious, and at that movement the babies set up a unanimous howl of terror. This fairly daunted her, courageous as she was. She went back to her seat again, having half a mind to cry too. "I am not going to touch you," said Cicely, piteously. "Why are you frightened at me? If you will come here I will tell you a story." She was too young to have the maternal instinct so warmly developed as to make her all at once, without rhyme or reason, "fond of" her little half-brothers; but she was anxious to do her duty, and deeply wounded that they did not "take to her." Children, she said to herself with an internal whisper of self-pity, had always taken to her before; and she was not aware of that instinctive resistance, half defiance, half fright, which seems to repel the child-dependant from those whos duty it is to take care of it—most unreasonable, often most cruel,

but yet apparently most universal of sentiments. Is it that the very idea of a benefactor, even before the mind is capable of comprehending what it is, sets nature on edge? This was rather a hard lesson for the girl, especially as, while they were still howling, little Annie burst in indignant, and threw herself down beside the children, who clung to her, sobbing, one on each side. "You have made 'em cry, Miss," cried Annie, "and missus's orders was as they was never to be allowed to cry. It is very dangerous for boys; it busts their little insides. Did she frighten 'em, then? the naughty lady. Never mind, never mind, my precious! Annie's here."

To see this child spread out upon the floor with these chicks under her wings would have been amusing to a cool spectator. But Cicely did not take it in that light. She waited till the children were pacified, and had returned to their play, and then she took the little nursemaid by the arm, and led her to the door. "You are not to enter this room again or come near the children," she said, in a still voice which made Annie tremble. "If you make a noise I will beat you. Go downstairs to your sister, and I will see you afterwards. Not a word! I have nothing more to say to you here."

Cicely went back again to her seat trembling with the excitement of the moment, and then said to herself, what a fool she was! but, oh! what a much greater fool Miss Brown had been to leave this legacy of trouble to two girls who had never done any harm to her. "Though, I suppose," Cicely added to herself with a sense of justice, "she was not thinking about us." And indeed it was not likely that poor Mrs. St. John had brought these babies into the world solely to bother her husband's daughters. Poor Cicely, who had a thousand other things to do, and who already felt that it was impolitic, though necessary, to dismiss Annie, pondered long, gazing at those pale-faced and terrible infants, how she was to win them over, which looked as hard as any of her other painful pieces of

business. At last some kind fairy put it into her head to sing : at which the two turned round once more upon their bases solemnly, and stared at her, intermitting their play till the song was finished. Then an incident occurred almost unparalleled in the nursery chronicles of Brentburn. Charley took his thumb out of his mouth, and looking up at her with his pale eyes, said of his own accord, "Adain."

"Come here then, and sit on my lap," said Cicely, holding out her hand. There was a momentary struggle between terror and gathering confidence, and then, pushing himself up by the big box of bricks Charley approached gradually, keeping a wary eye upon her movements. Once on her lap, however, the little adventurer felt himself comfortable. She was soft and pleasant, and had a bigger shoulder to support him and a longer arm to enfold him than Annie. He leant back against her, feeling the charm of that softness and sweetness, though he did not know how. "Adain," said Charley; and put his thumb in his mouth with all the feelings of a connoisseur in a state of perfect bodily ease prepared to enjoy the *morceau* specially given at his desire.

Thus Cicely conquered the babies once for all. Harry, too much astounded by thus seeing his lead taken from him to make any remonstrance, followed his brother in dumb surprise, and stood against her, leaning on her knee. They made the prettiest group; for, as Mab said, even when they are ugly, how pretty children are! and they "compose" so beautifully with a pretty young woman, making even a commonplace mother into a Madonna and Lady of Blessing. Cicely sang them a song, so very low down in the scale at once both of music and of poetry that I dare not shock the refined reader by naming it, especially after that well-worn comparison; and this time both Harry and Charley joined in the encore, the latter too happy to think of withdrawing that cherished thumb from his mouth, murmuring thickly, "Adain."

"But, oh, what a waste of time—what a waste of time it will be!" cried poor Cicely, when she took refuge in the gar-

den, putting the delicate children to play upon a great rug, stretched on the grass. "To be sure there will be one mouth less to feed, which is always something. You must help me a little while I write my letters, Mab."

"Who are you going to write to?" said Mab, with colloquial incorrectness which would have shocked out of their senses the Miss Blandys, and all the excellent persons concerned in bringing her up. "Oh yes, I will try to help; but won't you forgive Annie, just for this little time, and let her stay?"

"I can't be defied in my own house," said Cicely, erecting her head with an air which frightened Mab herself; "and I must take to it sooner or later. Wherever we go, it is I that must look after them. Well! it will be a trouble at first; but I shall like it when I get fond of them. Mab, we ought to be fond of them now."

Mab looked at the children, and then laughed. "I don't hate them," she said; "they are such funny little things, as if they had been born about a hundred years before their time. I believe, really, they are not children at all, but old, old men, that know a great deal more than we do. I am sure that Charley could say something very wonderful if he liked. He has a great deal in him, if he would but take his thumb out of his mouth."

"Charley is my boy," said Cicely, brightening up; "he is the one I like best."

"I like him best, too. He is the funniest. Are you going to write there?"

"I must keep my eye upon them," said Cicely, with great solemnity. She was pleased with her victory, and felt it to be of the most prodigious importance that she should not lose the "influence" she had gained; for she was silly, as became her age, as well as wise. She had brought out her little desk—a very commonplace little article, indeed, of rosewood, with brass bindings—and seated herself under the old mulberry-tree, with the wind ruffling her papers, and catching in the short curling locks

about her forehead. (N.B.—Don't suppose, dear reader, that she had cut them short; those stray curls were carefully smoothed away under the longer braids when she brushed her hair; but the breeze caught them in a way which vexed Cicely as being untidy.) It was as pretty a garden scene as you could see: the old mulberry bending down its heavy branches, the babies on the rug at the girl's feet; but yet, when you look over Cicely's shoulder, a shadow falls upon the pretty scene. She had two letters to write, and something still less agreeable than her letters—an advertisement for the *Guardian*. This was very difficult, and brought many a sigh from her young breast.

"An elderly clergyman, who has filled the office of curate for a very long time in one parish, finding it now necessary to make a change, desires to find a similar—"

"Do you think that will do?" said Mab. "It is as if poor papa were a butler, or something—'filled the office of curate for a long time in one parish'—it does not sound nice."

"We must not be bound by what sounds nice," said Cicely. "It is not nice, in fact—is it? How hard it is to put even such a little thing as this as one ought! Will this do better?—'A clergyman, who has long occupied the position of curate in charge, in a small parish, wishes to hear of a similar—' What, Mab? I cannot say—situation, can I? that is like a butler again. Oh, dear dear; it is so very much like a butler altogether. Tell me a word."

"Position," said Mab.

"But I have just said position. 'A clergyman who has long held the—an appointment as curate in charge'—there, that is better—'wishes to hear of a similar position in a small parish.' I think that will do."

"Isn't there a Latin word? *Locum* something or other; would not that be more dignified?" said Mab.

"*Locum tenens*. I prefer English," said Cicely; "and now I suppose we must say something about his opinions. Poor dear papa! I am sure I do not

know whether he is High, or Low, or Broad."

"Not Broad," said Mab, pointedly; for she was very orthodox. "Say sound; I have often seen that, and it does not commit you to anything,—sound, but not extreme, like Miss Blandy's clergyman."

"Of sound, but not extreme principles," wrote Cicely. "That sounds a little strange, for you might say that a man who could not tell a lie, but yet did not mind a fib, was sound, but not extreme. 'Church principles'—is that better? But I don't like that either. Stop, I have it—'He is a sound, but not extreme Churchman'—that is the very thing—and has much experience' (Ah, poor papa!) 'in managing a parish. Apply'—but that is another question. Where ought they to apply? We cannot give, I suppose, the full name and address here?"

"I wonder if anyone will apply? But, Cicely, suppose all comes right, as I am sure it will, you may be deceiving someone, making them think—Here is the very person I want; and then how disappointed they will be!"

"Oh, if there is only *their* disappointment to think of! Mab, you must not think there is any reliance to be put on Mr. Mildmay. He meant it; yes, tears came into his eyes," cried Cicely, with a look of gratitude and pleasure in her own. "But when he goes back among those Oxford men, those dons, do you think they will pay any attention to him? They will laugh at him; they will say he is a Quixote; they will turn it all into fun, or think it his folly."

"Why should Oxford dons be so much worse than other men?" said Mab, surprised. "Papa is an Oxford man—he is not hard-hearted. Dons, I suppose, are just like other people?"

"No," said Cicely, who was arguing against herself, struggling against the tide of fictitious hope, which sometimes threatened to carry her away. "They live by themselves among their books; they have nobody belonging to them; their hearts dry up, and they don't care for common troubles. Oh, I know it:

they are often more heathens than Christians. I have no faith in those sort of people. He will have a struggle with them, and then he will find it to be of no use. I am as sure as if it had happened already," cried Cicely, her bright eyes sparkling indignant behind her tears.

"At least we need not think them so bad till we know," said Mab, more charitably.

Cicely had excited herself by this impassioned statement, in which indeed the Oxford men were innocent sufferers enough, seeing that she knew nothing about them. "I must not let myself believe it; I dare not let myself believe it," she said in her heart; "but, oh! if by chance things did happen so!" What abundant compensation, what lavish apology, did this impetuous young woman feel herself ready to offer to those maligned dons!

The advertisement was at last fairly written out, with the exception of the address to be given. "Papa may surely tell me where they are to apply," Cicely said, though with doubts in her mind as to whether he was good even for this; and then she wrote her letters, one of which was in Mr. St. John's name to the lawyer who had written to him about the furniture, asking that the sale might not take place until the Curate's half year, which ended in the end of September, should be out. Mr. St. John would not do this himself. "Why should I ask any favour of those people who do not know me?" he said; but he had at length consented that Cicely might write "if she liked;" and in any case the lawyer's letter had to be answered. Cicely made this appeal as business-like as possible. "I wonder how a man would write who did not mind much—to whom this was only a little convenience," she said to her sister. "I don't want to go and ask as if one was asking a favour of a friend—as if we cared."

"But we do care; and it would be a favour—"

"Never mind! I wish we knew what a man would say that was quite

independent and did not care. 'If it is the same to you, it would be more convenient for me not to have the furniture disturbed till the 22nd of September'—that is the kind of thing. We girls always make too much of a favour of everything," said Cicely, writing; and she produced an admirable imitation of a business letter, to which she appended her own signature, "Cecil St. John," which was also her father's, with great boldness. The Curate's handwriting was almost more womanlike than hers, for Cicely's generation are not taught to write Italian hands, and I do not think the lawyer suspected the sex of the production. When she had finished this, she wrote upon another sheet of paper, "My dear Aunt, I am——" and then she stopped sharply. "It is cool now, let us take them out for a walk on the common," she said, shutting up her desk. "I can finish this to-night."

It was not, however, the walk on the common Cicely wanted, but to hide from her sister that the letter to Aunt Jane was much less easy than even those other dolorous pieces of business. Poor Cicely looked upon the life before her with a shudder. To live alone in some new place, where nobody knew her, as nursemaid to these babies, and attendant upon her father, without her sweet companion, the little sister, who, though so near in age, had always been the protected one, the reliant dependent nature, believing in Cicely, and giving her infinite support by that belief! How could she do it? Yet she herself, who felt it most, must insist upon it; must be the one to arrange and settle it all, as so often happens. It would not be half so painful to Mab as to Cicely; yet Mab would be passive in it, and Cicely active; and she could not write under Mab's smiling eyes, betraying the sacrifice it cost her. Mab laughed at her sister's impetuosity, and concluded that it was exactly like Cicely to tire of her work all in a moment, and dash into something else. And, accordingly, the children's out-door apparel was got from the nursery, and the girls

put on their hats, and strayed out by the garden door upon the common, with its heathery knolls and furze bushes. Harry and Charley had never in all their small lives had such a walk as this. The girls mounted them upon their shoulders, and ran races with them, Charley against Harry, till first one twin, and then the other, was beguiled into shrill little gusts of laughter: after which they were silent—themselves frightened by the unusual sound. But when the races ended, Charley, certainly the hero of the day, opened his mouth and spoke, and said "Adain!" and this time when they laughed the babies were not frightened. Then they were set down and rolled upon the soft grass, and throned in mossy seats among the purple fragrant heather. What an evening it was! The sky all ablaze with the sunset, with clouds of rosy flame hanging like canopies over the faint delicious openings of that celestial green which belongs to a summer evening. The Curate, coming from a distant round into the parish, which had occupied him all the day, found them on the grass under the big beech-tree, watching the glow of colour in the west. He had never seen his girls "taking to" his babies before so kindly, and the old man was glad.

"But it is quite late enough to have them out; they have been used to such early hours," he said.

"And Harry wants his tea," piped that small hero, with a half whimper.

Then the girls jumped up, and looked at each other, and Cicely grew crimson. Here was a beginning to make, an advantage terrible to think of, to be given to the dethroned Annie, who no doubt was enjoying it keenly. Cicely had already forgotten the children's tea.

CHAPTER XVI.

CICELY wrote her letter to her aunt that evening, dropping some tears over it when Mab was not by to see; and almost as soon as it was possible she had a very kind answer, granting her request, and more. Aunt Jane declared

that she would receive Mab with great delight, and do everything that could be done to further her art-studies, which, as the British Museum was near, and "a very good artist" lived next door to Miss Maydew, seemed likely to be something worth while. "She shall be to me like my own child; though I have never concealed from either of you that you, Cicely, are my pet," wrote Miss Maydew; and she added a still more liberal invitation. "If you want to spend a few days anywhere between leaving Brentburn and going to the new place, wherever that may be, you must come here—babies and all. I can manage to find beds for you near; and it will be a nice little holiday for us all," said the kind woman. She even added a postscript, to the effect that, if there was a little money wanting at the time of the removal, Cicely was "not to hesitate" to apply to her: and what could woman do more? Sympathy and hospitality, and a little money, "if wanted." Alas! perhaps it is because the money is so sure to be wanted that so few people venture on such an offer; but Miss Maydew knew she was safe with Hester's child, who was so like her mother. Cicely's other letter was successful, too. The lawyer who represented the Chester family was quite willing to postpone the sale until Mr. St. John's time was up. After all, the world is not so very bad as it is called. Nobody was cruel to the St. Johns. The tradespeople agreed to wait for their money. The Chesters would not for the world disturb the departing Curate until he was ready to go; and Mrs. Ascott, and all the other great people in the parish, called and made much of the girls. The church was more full than usual every Sunday, for a vague expectation of a farewell (or, as old Mrs. Joel called it, a funeral) sermon was in the people's minds. A great many of them, now it came to the point, were very sorry that Mr. St. John was going. They would have signed freely anything that had been set before them to make the Curate stay. But, nevertheless, they were all interested about his

farewell sermon, and what he would say for himself, and what account he would give of various matters which stuck fast in their rustic recollections. Thus the weeks stole away quite placidly, and the harvest was got in, and August wore out under a great blazing moon with the utmost cheerfulness. One or two answers came to the advertisement in the *Guardian*; but they were not of an encouraging kind. Cicely felt that it was better to repeat it and wait; and her father was always pleased to wait under all circumstances; and the long bright days went away one by one in a kind of noiseless procession, which Cicely felt herself watch with a dreary dismay and restlessness. Nothing had happened yet to avert the calamity that was impending. Everything, on the contrary, seemed preparing for it—leading up to it—though still Mr. St. John went “into the parish,” and still all went on as usual at the Rectory. The Curate showed no symptom of feeling these last days different from any other; but the girls kept looking forward, and hoping for something, with a hope which gradually fell sick, and grew speechless—and nothing came.

One day when Mrs. Ascott called, Cicely had got into that state of exhaustion and strained anxiety when the mind grows desperate. She had been occupied with the children all day, not able to get free of them—Annie having finally departed, and Betsy being too much displeased at the loss of her sister and subordinate to make any offer of help. The babies had grown more active and more loquacious under the changed *régime*, and this, though it was her own doing, increased poor Cicely’s cares. Mab was upstairs preparing for her departure, which was to be a few days before the general breaking up. Altogether when Mrs. Ascott came in, fresh and cool out of her carriage, Cicely was not in the best mood to receive her. She gave the children her work-basket to play with to keep them quiet, and cleared her own brow as best she could, as she stood up and welcomed the great lady. How fresh her toilette was, how un-

wrinkled her face! a woman altogether at ease, and ready to smile upon everything. She shook hands with Cicely, and took her seat with smiling prettiness. “I have come really on business,” she said; “to see if we could be of any use to you, Cicely—in packing or any of your preparations; and to ask if the time is quite fixed? I suppose your papa must have heard from Mr. Mildmay, and that all is settled now?”

“All—settled?” said Cicely, faintly. The words, so softly and prettily said, went into the girl’s heart like a knife; and yet of course it was no more than she expected—no more!

“The appointment, as you would see, is in the paper to-day. I am so sorry your papa is going, my dear; but as he must go, and we cannot help it, at least we have reason to be thankful that we are getting such a good man as Mr. Mildmay. It will be some little compensation to the parish for losing Mr. St. John.”

“Is it—in the papers?” said Cicely, feeling suddenly hoarse and unable to speak.

“You feel it, my poor dear child!—of course you must feel it—and so do we all. There will not be a dry eye in the whole church when Mr. St. John preaches his farewell sermon. To think that he should have been here so long—though it is a little consolation, Mr. Ascott says, that we are getting a thorough gentleman, and so well connected—an admirable man.”

“Consolation!” cried Cicely, raising her head. “What consolation is wanted? Papa is pretty well worn out; he has done almost as much work as a man can do. People cannot keep old things when they are worn out—the new are better; but why should anyone pretend to make a moan over it? I do not see what consolation the parish can want. If you cry at the farewell sermon, Mrs. Ascott, I shall laugh. Why should not your eyes be dry—as dry as the fields—as dry as people’s hearts?”

“Cicely, Cicely!” cried Mrs. Ascott, shocked; “my dear, I am very sorry for it, but a misfortune like this should

be borne in a better spirit. I am sure your poor dear papa would say so ; and it is nobody's fault."

"It is everybody's fault," cried Cicely, forgetting herself, getting up in her passion, and walking about the room ; "the parish, and the Church, and all the world ! Oh, you may smile ! It does not touch you ; you are well off ; you cannot be put out of your home ; you cannot have everything taken from you, and see everybody smiling pity upon you, and no one putting out a hand to help. Pity ! we don't want pity," cried Cicely ; "we want justice. How dare you all stand by and see it done ? The Church, the Church ! that everybody preaches about as if it was God, and yet that lets an old servant be so treated—an old servant that has worked so hard, never sparing himself ! If this is the Church's doing, the Church is harder than the farmers—worse, worse than worldly people. Do you think God will be pleased because he is well connected ? or is it God's fault ?" Here her voice broke with a sob and shudder, and suddenly dropping from her height of passion, Cicely said faintly, "Papa !"

"What is it ?" said the Curate, coming in. "Surely I heard something very strange. Mrs. Ascott, I beg your pardon ; my ears must have deceived me. I thought Cicely must be repeating, to amuse herself, some speech, perhaps out of *Paradise Lost*. I have heard of some great man who was caught doing that, and frightened everybody who heard him," said Mr. St. John, shaking hands with the visitor with his friendly smile.

He sat down, weary and dusty from "the parish," and there was a painful pause. Cicely stole away to the corner where her little brothers were playing, her pulse bounding, her heart throbbing, her cheeks aflame, her whole being, soul and body, full of the strong pain and violent stimulus of the shock she had received. She had never expected anything else, she said to herself ; she had steadily prepared for the going away, the ruin that awaited them ; but,

nevertheless, her heart had never believed in it, since that conversation with Mildmay at the Rectory gate. Day by day she had awoke with a certainty in her mind, never put into words, that the good news would come, that all would be well. But the shock did not crush her, as it does some people ; it woke her up into freshened force and life ; her heart seemed to thrill and throb, not so much with pain as with activity, and energy and power.

"Cicely is very much excited," said Mrs. Ascott, in a low tone. "I fear she is very excitable ; and she ought to be more careful in her position—a clergyman's daughter—what she says. I think you ought to speak to her, Mr. St. John. She flew at me (not that I mind that) and said such things—because I mentioned that Mr. Mildmay's appointment was in the paper this morning ; and that since we must lose you—which nobody can be more sorry for than we are—it was well at least that we were getting so good a man."

"Ah !" said the Curate. The announcement took him by surprise, and gave him a shock too, though of a different kind. He caught his breath after it, and panted for a moment. "Is it in the papers ? I have not seen it. I have no time in the morning ; and, besides, I never see the *Times*."

"We hope you will settle to dine with us one day before you go," said Mrs. Ascott. "How we shall miss you, Mr. St. John ! I don't like to think of it—and if we can be of any use in your preparations—— I hear there is to be a sale, too ?"

"Not till we move. They will not put us to any inconvenience ; indeed," said the Curate, with a sigh and a smile, "everybody is very kind."

"I am sure everybody wishes to be kind," said Mrs. Ascott, with emphasis. "I must not take up your time any longer, for you look very tired after your rounds. But Mr. St. John, mark my words, you must hold a tight hand over Cicely. She uses expressions which a clergyman's daughter ought not to use."

"What were you saying to her, my

dear?" said Mr. St. John, coming in again after he had taken the lady to her carriage; "your voice was raised, and you still look excited. What did you say?"

"It was nothing, papa. I lost my temper—who could help it? I will never do it again. To think of *that* man calmly accepting the living and turning you out of it, after all he said."

"What good would it have done had he refused?" said Mr. St. John. "My dear, how could he help it?"

"Help it?" cried Cicely. "Can nobody help anything in this world? Must we stand by and see all manner of wrong done and take the advantage, and then think we are innocent and cannot help it. That is what I scorn. Let him do wrong if he will, and bear the blame—that is honest at least. But to say he cannot help it; how could he ever dare to give such a miserable excuse?"

"My dear," said the Curate, "I am too tired to argue. I don't blame Mildmay; he has done just what was natural, and I am glad he is coming here; while in the meantime talking will do no good, but I think my tea would do me good," he added, with a smile.

Always tea, Cicely could not help thinking as she went away dutifully to prepare it—or dinner, or some trifle; never any serious thought of what was coming, of what had already come. She was young and impatient and unjust, as it is so natural to be at her years. The Curate put his hand over his eyes when he was left alone. He was not disappointed or surprised. He had known exactly all along how it would be; but when it thus came upon him with such obvious and unmistakable reality, he felt it sharply. Twenty years! All that part of his life in which anything to speak of had happened to him, and—what was almost as hard to bear—all the familiar things which had framed in his life—the scene, the place, the people, the surroundings he was used to. He had not even his favourite consolation, forlorn pride in never having asked anything, to sustain him, for that was

no longer the case. He was asking something—a poor curacy, a priest's place for a piece of bread. The pang was momentary, but it was sharp. He got up, and stretched his long languid figure, and said to himself, "Ah, well! what is the good of thinking? It is soon enough to make oneself wretched when the moment comes," and then he went peacefully into the dining-room to tea. This was not how the younger people took it, but then perhaps they had more capacity for feeling left.

Next morning Cicely got a letter of a very unusual description, which affected her in no small degree. It was from Mildmay, and, perhaps, it will be best to give it in full here:—

"DEAR MISS ST. JOHN,—I have delayed writing to you until I could make sure that you must have seen or heard of the announcement in the papers which will tell the results of my last three weeks' work. Do not think that our last conversation has been obliterated from my mind. Very far from that. I have seen the Master and all who are concerned, and have done my best to show them the step which bare justice required at their hands, but ineffectually. I made a point at the same time of ascertaining what were the views of the gentleman to whom Brentburn would be offered in case I refused it, and found him quite decided on the subject. What could I do then? Should I have declined and put myself entirely out of the way of being of any use at all?

"As a matter of simple justice, I refer the question to you. What am I to do now? My thoughts on the subject have been many, I need not say, since I saw you. May I ask your father to continue at Brentburn as my curate? I am quite inexperienced; his assistance would be of infinite advantage to me; and, in point of fact, as is natural at our respective ages, I should be his curate, not he mine. May I do this? or what else can I do? The position in which I find myself is a painful one. It would have been much easier,

I assure you, to have shuffled the whole matter off upon Ruffhead, and to have withdrawn. But I felt a responsibility upon me since I met you; and I ask you now urgently, feeling that I have almost a right to your advice, what am I to do? Yours very truly,

“ROGER MILDMAY.”

This letter excited Cicely greatly. By chance it arrived before the others had come into the breakfast-room, and she was able to read it without any locker-on. She put it hurriedly into her pocket before her father and sister appeared. She did not know what answer to make, neither did she feel comfortable about making any answer, and she said nothing about it all day; though—oh, how the letter burned her pocket and her mind! She had scarcely ever known what it was to have a secret before, and not to tell Mab seemed almost wrong. She felt that there was something clandestine about her, going up and down the house with that letter in her possession which nobody knew of. And to answer it—to answer it without anyone knowing? This she could not do. She bore the burden of her secret all the day, and surprised Mab very much by her silence about Mr. Mildmay, whom the younger sister abused roundly. “Perhaps it was not his fault,” Cicely faltered. What had come over her? What change had happened? Mab was lost in amaze.

The difficulty, however, was solved in a very unexpected way. Next morning—no later—Mr. St. John himself had a letter from Oxford; a letter which made him change colour, and bend his meek brows, and then smile—but not like himself. “Cicely, this must be your doing,” he said. “I never made any complaints to Mr. Mildmay, nor said anything to call for his pity. He asks me to be his curate,” the old man added, after a pause, with a strange smile. No one had suspected that Mr. St. John was proud, until it became apparent all at once how proud he was.

“His curate—O papa! you will

stay here, and never go away at all,” cried Mab out of the fulness of her heart. Cicely knew better. She grew pale, and to stop that outcry of inconvenient delight, grasped tightly her sister’s hand.

“Stay here!” said Mr. St. John smiling again. “No, Mab, I am not fallen so low as that, I hope. There is no need of a curate at Brentburn. If I could do without one, at double his age, what should he want with a curate? It is pity, pity! Oh yes, my dear, I know, very creditable to him; but I did not expect—I never expected to be exposed. Cicely, have you that letter about the curacy in Liverpool? I should like to look at it again.”

“But, papa, we agreed that it would not do; a bad town district full of dreadful people——”

“The more dreadful people are, the more they want to be looked after,” he said. “Write and inquire about it, my dear; I am not particular. Work! that is all I want, not idleness and charity. You all know I am old—but you don’t know how much strength I have in me, nor how I like work!” he cried, with a quiver in his voice.

The shock had something of the same effect upon him now that it had previously had on Cicely. The latent pride in him rose up in arms. She had to write by that post about the Liverpool curacy; and before the week was out he had accepted this strange, uncongenial post. He was to be one of three curates in a large parish, including some of the most wretched quarters in the town; the work very hard; the people very degraded.

“Papa, you will never be able to bear it,” cried Cicely, with tears in her eyes.

“Nonsense, nonsense,” he cried, with feverish energy; “write at once and say I accept. It will do me all the good in the world.”

CHAPTER XVII.

THE day after Mr. St. John made this abrupt decision—almost the only decision he had made for himself, without

stimulation from others, all his life—he went out into the parish as usual, but came home very tired, and went to bed early, which the girls thought natural enough. During the day Cicely had told Mab of her letter from Mildmay, and had written an answer to it, thanking him for his consideration, and informing him of the step her father had taken. “We shall never forget how kind you have been,” she wrote, gratefully; “both Mab and I feel it to the bottom of our hearts. Is that too much?” she said, reading it over. “I don’t want to say too much.”

“But we must not say too little; and if a man who is willing to sacrifice the half of his income is not to be thanked for it, I don’t know who is,” cried Mab, always practical.

“It is not so much the income,” Cicely said, slightly wounded by this matter-of-fact suggestion; “it is the feeling.”

“But the offer proves the feeling,” said her sister; and indeed she was right.

Mr. St. John came home, as has been said, before his usual hour, and went very early to bed. Next morning he rang his bell—the most unusual sound—and sent word by Betsy that he thought he would not get up. When Cicely went to him—as she did at once in a fright, for the bell and the message together produced a great panic in a house quite unaccustomed (at least, so far as the girls’ experience went) to illness—she found him in a partial doze, his large pale hand, looking very nerveless and feeble, lying outside the coverlet.

“No, no!” he said, when she roused him; “not very bad; not bad at all; only tired—and lazy. I have often thought of late that I should like to lie still some morning; and to-day I have done it. That’s all, that’s all, my dear.” He would not hear of the doctor being sent for; and wanted nothing, he declared—nothing but a day’s rest. Cicely had to go downstairs, feigning content with this; but she was far from satisfied. They talked it over all the morning, but

there was little enough to be made of it. There was no harm in a day’s laziness, and nothing but good in a day’s rest; but yet—the girls did not know what to think. Had he been looking ill lately? they asked each other. But, no! he had not been looking ill—a little fatigued, perhaps; tired by the hot weather, as he often was; but just as usual, doing as much as he always did; spending the whole long day “in the parish;” ready to go out morning or night when he was called to anyone who was sick. “And what so natural as that he should be tired?” Mab said; “a day’s rest will do him good.” Cicely, though she was generally the leader, accepted this decision humbly, saying nothing for her own part, but feeling a sense of dismay steal into her mind, she could not tell why; for though it was quite natural that he should do this, he had never done it before; and an innovation on habits so long established and firmly fixed was very alarming and bewildering. But Mab had the coolest judgment of the two, she said to herself—and no doubt Mab was right.

And next day it appeared indeed that Mab had been right. Mr. St. John came down to breakfast as usual, saying cheerfully that he was quite well, and went out “into the parish” as usual. The day’s rest had done him “all the good in the world;” it had “set him up;” nor did he say anything more again about feeling tired. How quickly the days passed during that last fortnight! They seemed to tumble on each other, one following on another’s heels, holding so little of all the work they ought to see completed. It was settled that the Curate was to leave on the 25th of September, in order that the sale should be over and everything cleared away before the quarter-day. Mildmay wrote again a pleading note to Cicely, a guarded but anxious one to her father, pointing out with abject civility that it would be the greatest possible advantage to himself if Mr. St. John would consent to stay. Mr. St. John only smiled and shook his head, and

handed the letter over to Cicely, who was not so confidential in return. "Write to him for me, my dear, for I have not time. Say how obliged I am, but that it is impossible." "Is that all, papa?" said Cicely, faltering. "All? What could be said more? And that everything will be ready by quarter-day—everything ready." As he said this he gave a strange bewildered look round him at the solid mahogany furniture which stood steadfast against the walls, looking as if it never could be changed or taken away. This look was still in his eyes when he went out to the parish, and when he came back—a sort of dreamy wonder and confusion. Cicely thought he had the same look next morning, and the next and next, as if he had somehow got astray from his moorings in life, and could not make out what was going to happen to him, or why it was going to happen. Mab said, "Nonsense, you are getting fanciful. Papa looks exactly as he has always looked;" and indeed everything went on just the same as usual, showing no other difference except this look, if there was a difference at all. He went about just as usual, preached his two little sermons on the Sunday, went to the schools, kept up all the occupations he had been used to for twenty years; but nevertheless continued to have that dazed look in his eyes, sometimes only bewildered, sometimes startled, like the look of an animal who dumbly foresees something approaching which it knows to be malign, but can neither avert nor understand. This, at least, was what Cicely saw in her father's eyes; no one else dreamt of looking at his eyes particularly, or cared what they meant. Perhaps his usually tranquil manners were disturbed a little, but how natural that was! In the evening when they were sitting together he would grow quite talkative, telling the girls little stories of his first coming here, and of their mother's trials in the new parish, and would even laugh softly over them, saying, "Poor Hester! You grow more and more like her, Cicely, my dear!" and then he would drop into

long silence, never taking a book or the newspaper which came in the evening, but sitting quite still looking round him. The girls did not know, however, that his parish rounds got shorter; that in several of the cottages he had been compelled to wait and rest, and that here and there he had seemed to forget everything around him, falling into a half faint or harmless trance, from which he would rouse up, and smile upon them, and go on. This, however, they were not told till long after, when it seemed to them, that, if they had but known;—but if they had, I don't know what they could have done.

On the 22nd Mab went to London to Aunt Jane. It was not to be a parting, for it was arranged that Mr. St. John and the rest of the family were to go there also on the 25th, and rest for the night, and afterwards start on their journey to Liverpool; but still the girls were sad enough as they walked to the station together, Mab's boxes having been sent on before by Farmer Dent's cart. Their eyes were dim with tears as they went through the faded heather on the common. "You will have plenty to fret about," said Mab, "with all you have got to do; and, oh, Cicely, I beg of you, don't be silly and fret about papa! He feels it, of course—but he is quite well, as well as you or me." "I hope so, dear," said Cicely meekly, with a tremor in her voice; and when they got to the station they looked through all the carriages till they saw in one a middle-aged homely woman, whose box, labelled for "London," was being put in, under the seat. Then Cicely established Mab in the opposite corner. It was the best that could be done for her, for no one could be spared to go with her, even could they have afforded the expense. Cicely walked home alone, feeling as if the world had suddenly grown dark and lonely round her. Mab had set out upon life, and she for her part was returning to hers—to the tradespeople, who were all to be paid so much, out of the fifty pounds which the Curate had to receive, and to the babies, who had no one to look after!

them but herself, and to her father with that bewildered look in his eyes. Next morning the auctioneer was coming to begin his inventory, and arrange the business of the sale, though the actual auction did not commence until twelve o'clock on Thursday, the day they were to leave.

On Tuesday morning, however, before he went out to the parish, Mr. St. John suddenly stumbled upon the auctioneer, who had gone quietly into the study as soon as its temporary master left, and was kneeling before the large old-fashioned writing-table, which Mr. St. John had used for so long, examining it, and tapping it with his knuckles to see where the drawers were. He had his back to the door, and did not see the surprised spectator, who stood and looked at him for a whole minute in silence. The Curate went back to the hall where Cicely stood waiting for him with his hat in her hand. "Who is that?—who is that man?" he said, with his eyes more cloudy and wild than they had ever been, and a sort of palsied trembling all over him.

"No harm, papa," said Cicely, trying to be cheerful; "only the auctioneer."

"Yes, yes, I remember," he said, taking his hat from her. "It was stupid of me not to remember."

"But, papa, you are trembling. You are not well. Come back and rest a little," she cried.

"No, no; it is nothing. Go back where? I suppose he is going through all the rooms?" said Mr. St. John. "No, no; it gave me a little shock, foolishly, but the air will blow it all way," he said, with a smile, recovering himself.

What terrors were in Cicely's mind all that day! but fortunately for her she had not much time to indulge them. She had to do all her packing, to take care of the children, to separate the few things her father possessed from Mr. Chester's furniture, to see after everything and everybody, providing something even (though she had so little) for the auctioneer and his men. And it was a relief to her when her father came

back a little earlier than usual, and looking no worse. She said to herself that Mab was right; that he felt it, of course—which was to be expected—but otherwise was as well as usual. He had a little colour in his cheeks, and ate very well, and afterwards fell asleep in his chair. How natural it was that he should fall asleep! It was the very best thing for him. Notwithstanding, in her anxiety, Cicely went out into the garden to look at him through the open window, and make sure that all was right. How white his venerable head looked lying against the dark corner of the chair, his face like ivory but for the little pink in his cheeks, but he looked well, although he was wearied out, evidently; and no wonder! It was the most natural thing in the world.

Next day he was stronger and more cheerful in the morning. He went out, and made a round of all the poor people, saying Good-bye to them; and half the people in Brentburn came crying to the doors of the cottages, and said "Good-bye, sir!" and "God bless you, sir!" curtseying and wiping their eyes with their aprons. All the last sixpences he had went that day to the old women and the children, to buy a little tea or some sweets in the little shop. He was very heavy about the eyes when he came home, and took his tea eagerly. Then he went out for an evening stroll, as he had been used to do before all these troubles came. He did not ask Cicely to go with him, but no doubt he knew how busy she was. When, however, she had put the children to bed, and packed everything but the last box, which was left till to-morrow morning, Cicely perceived that daylight was over, and that it was getting late. Her father was not in any of the rooms. Frightened, she ran out, and gazed about her looking for him; then, seeing no one up or down, in a sudden passion of terror, hurried up the bank to the white churchyard stile. There she found him at once, standing close by the cross on her mother's grave. He had one arm round it, and with his other hand was picking away the yellow mosses that

had crept over the stone; but he stopped when she called him, and picked up his hat which lay at his feet, and came with her quite submissively.

"It is late, papa," said Cicely, with quivering lips.

"Yes, yes, my dear; yes, you are quite right," he said, and walked towards the Rectory—but like a blind man, as if he did not see where he was going. Two or three times she had to guide him to keep him from stumbling over the humble graves, for which usually he had so much reverence. He went into the house in the same way, going straight before him, as if he did not know where the doors were; and, instead of going into the dining-room, where supper was laid as usual, he took up a candle which stood on the hall-table, and went to his study. Cicely followed him, alarmed; but he did nothing more than seat himself at his writing-table.

"Are you not coming to supper, papa?" she said.

"Did anyone speak?" he asked, looking up eagerly, as if he did not see.

"O papa, dear, come to supper!" she cried. Then his vacant face seemed to brighten.

"Yes, my love, yes. I am coming; I am coming—"

Cicely did not know what to say or to think. Was it to her he was speaking? She went away, her heart beating loud, to see that all was ready, hoping he would follow. But as he did not come in about ten minutes after, she went back. The room was dark, one corner of it only lighted by the candle, which threw all its light on his pale face and white hair. He was turning over some

papers, apparently absorbed. He did not seem to observe her entrance. She went up to him softly, and put her hand upon his shoulder. "Come, please, papa, I am waiting," she said.

He turned to her, a great light shining over his face. "Ah! yes, my darling, you are waiting. How long you have been waiting! But I'm ready—ready.—I knew you would come, Hester, I knew you would come when I wanted you most—"

"Papa!" cried Cicely, in a voice shrill with terror.

He started, the light went out of his face, his eyes grew cloudy and bewildered. "What were you saying, Cicely? I am getting—a little hard of hearing. I don't think I heard what you said."

"Come in to supper, papa."

"Yes, yes; but you need not trouble; there is nothing the matter," he said, recovering himself. And he went with her and ate something dutifully, not without appetite. Then he returned to his study. When Cicely went to him there to say good-night he was smiling to himself. "I am coming; I am coming," he said. "No need to tell me twice; I know when I am in good hands."

"Good-night, papa—you are going to bed?—we must be early to-morrow," said Cicely.

"Yes, early—early," he said, still smiling. "Directly, Hester—before you have reached the gate—"

"Papa! don't you know me?" cried Cicely, trembling from head to foot.

Again he turned to her with his old face all lighted up and shining. "Know you! my darling!" he said.

To be continued.

DIVERSIONS OF A PEDAGOGUE.

THE idea that a schoolmaster's existence is nothing but a continual round of monotonous drudgery appears to be dying out. It may be quite true that there is a great deal of monotony and drudgery to be endured in the scholastic life; but it has evidently been discovered that, as far as these disagreeables are concerned, the life of a schoolmaster contrasts favourably with that of a merchant, a lawyer, a medical practitioner, or even of a curate. Highly intellectual men may find deep interest in the work of a good "Sixth Form," and to the less intellectual a mastership offers considerable attractions. One may find plenty to interest one in Middle-school Forms, and it does not require the highest attainments to make a really good Middle-school Form-master. And what may be called unintellectual—*i.e.*, non-bookish—men, as well as others, are quite open to the allurements of cricket, football, fives, and the like, which may be freely enjoyed by those who accept the life of a master in a large school. The number of men who, on leaving the universities, seek masterships is really remarkable. Nor is it only the bookish or the athletic-bookish who are drawn to school life. It is not a rare thing to find, on answering advertisements in the *Guardian* or some scholastic paper, that the man who is anxious for a mastership is one who has been remarkable at the university only for a knowledge of boating or cricket "shop:" possibly only for the attendant circumstances of a velvet coat and a sweet bull-dog.

Most people, however, would be disposed to imagine that the school hours passed with a low or a middle form must be unmitigated boredom: that the time spent in actual teaching must be "grind," pure, simple and dismal: that the interest excited by one or two promising

boys must be swamped by the stupidity and indifference of the many.

The true pedagogue will take an entirely different view from this. To him the ladies' school expression, "a finished education," is unknown. He will regard himself as a learner with those whom he teaches, a learner with a few years' start of his pupils. That lead in all probability he will maintain or increase against the majority of his form, but now and then he will see himself being caught up, and pretty safe to be beaten in the long run. He and his form are all runners in the same race. His stupid and ignorant boys are not a set of dummies. He recognizes in each a greater or smaller degree of intelligence or dulness. In many a correct answer he will see stupidity; in many an incorrect one, a degree of intelligence. He will be able to classify his stupid just as well as his clever boys. And if he chooses to look into the methods by which his boys arrive at their most astoundingly foolish conclusions, he will often find that their methods are not altogether stupid; and that in the most wonderful displays of ignorance and the darkest depths of denseness may be discerned rays of light and sense. And thus he will find his form capable of being not only interesting, but at times immensely amusing.

The non-reading undergraduate has been shown to be amusing in "The Art of Pluck." Perhaps the following experiences will show that the schoolboy has great powers as a humorist. But let it be observed that while the characters in the volume just quoted are for the most part fictitious, and their delusion] the inventions of ingenious scholars, I am not about to affront my readers by offering them a collection of jokes invented for the occasion, and put into

the mouths of fabulous beings. *Mira, sed acta loquor*; and it is hoped that these actual and veritable scholastic experiences may not only amuse, but also serve to throw some light upon the nature of that extremely complex subject, the British schoolboy. The large majority of the translations and answers here given have occurred within the writer's own experience as a teacher, and almost all the authors of these *faciæ* are personally known to him.

These humorists and their utterances he will classify as best he can.

1. *The Stupid Good*.—Under this head it is meant to include boys of a literal and utterly unimaginative turn of mind; boys of little power, and free from eccentricities of any kind; who do their work honestly, but trust simply and solely to their dictionaries and lexicons to bring them through their difficulties. First take one or two instances of their powers of translation, with the help of the books mentioned. "The consul spoke for his family," is neatly rendered "Consul radius nam ejus familia." "Naval force" no less neatly "Umbilica vis." Again, "To scale a wall" is carefully rendered "Murum desquamare." The author of this deserved a mark for carefully consulting his dictionary. A good story is told of a party of boys engaged on a lesson of Virgil. They are puzzled by the line

"Mene incepto desistere victam?"

What can "mene" be? At last in triumph a small boy cries out from the depths of his dictionary, "I have it; 'mene', a small fish, resembling a pilchard," which accordingly went down.

A too great reliance on the same book produced the following translation of "Reverent distenta capellæ ubera," "They will carry back the she-goats with distended chitterlings." It does not appear what idea, unless that of a performing bird, was present to the mind of a boy who translated "Tarquinio adventanti aquila pileum sustulit," "On Tarquin's arrival an eagle supported a hat." Σάλπγιζεν αὐλοῦντες

can only be turned, by those whose sole hope is the lexicon, into "Playing the flute on trumpets." "Evoe, parce Liber," "Hail, thrifty book!" and "Si torrere jecur quæris idoneum," "If you wish to warm your useful liver"—these are two examples of what Horace suffers at the hands of the Stupid-Good.

2. *The Muddled*.—These are boys who are not without sense and knowledge, but who come to grief for want of power of arrangement and discrimination. Their "vis consili expers mole ruit sua." They remind one of Tennyson's

"Delirious man,
Who mingles all without a plan."

Such a one is asked, "How long was Jonah in the whale's belly?" He answers "Three days." "How long besides?" "Forty nights," he replies. The Muddled appear to the worst advantage when called on to express themselves in writing. As a rule they abstain from punctuation, which is liable to lead them into fresh complications. Here is an answer from a Scripture History paper. "Rahab sent Ruth out to glean in the fields of her kinsman Laban." The following is meant for a short account of the siege of Samaria:—"In the siege of Samaria there was a great famine, and as the king was walking along the wall a woman cried unto him and said that if she would boil her child they would eat it that day, and that she would boil hers and eat it the next; but she said that she boiled hers and they ate it, but the other woman hid hers and would not boil it." The next is from an essay on Jersey:—"A large quantity of apples are grown there, which are made into cider and potatoes. The inhabitants are chiefly engaged in the fisheries of cod and mackerel, which abound there and in the mines."

3. *The Simple*—boys who are not afraid of using slang, but who use it without at all meaning to be slangy; who apply the most homely expressions to the grandest subjects, and, in their simplicity, make such childish mistakes as do honour to their hearts, if not to their heads. The Simple come to much

grief in writing from dictation. The following are specimens :—

“Where waddling in a pool of blood
The bravest Tuscans lay,”

where for “waddling” read “wallowing.”

“This provoked Pope’s ayah,” where for “ayah” read “ire.”

In a passage on William Rufus occur the lines

“Who spacious regions gave,
A wasteful beast!”

where the original has “a waste for beasts.”

“No triumph flushed that haughty Brown” only differs from the original by the capital and the addition of the final letter to the last word.

In writing out “Lord Ullin’s Daughter” from dictation, one of the Simple has a very curious reading :—

“‘Come back, come back!’ he cried in Greek
Across the stormy water.”

Here is a new version of Scott :—

“He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain
When our need was the saw-dust.”

Here a variation on Macaulay :—

“And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burglars of Carlisle.”

Another,

“Herminius on black Auster,
Grave chaplain on grave steed.”

From a description of a waterfall :—

“From rock to rock the giant elephant
Leaps with delirious bound,”

where, of course, “elephant” is a *varia lectio* for “element.”

One of the Simple, to the writer’s knowledge, had the following passage in his dictation, “If ever two great men might seem during their whole lives to have moved in direct opposition, Milton and Jerry my tailor were they.”

Another variation on Scott was this—

“The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infernal old.”

Another on Macaulay—

“Hard by, a fletcher on a block had laid his
vittles down,
Virginius caught the vittles up and hid
them in his gown.”

Such marks of resentment do the Simple show on being dictated to. Now we will take a few examples of their translations.

“Ire per hanc noli quisquis es : omen habet,”

is rendered “Go not out by this (gate) whoever thou art : it has a smell.” Poor Naso ! Here is another example of what he suffers at the hands of the Simple :—

“Ipsa ego, quæ dederam medicamina, pallida
sedi,”

“I myself, who had taken medicine, sat pale.”

And Horace fares thus :—

“Me lentus Glyceræ torret amor meæ,
“The gluey love of my Glycera frightens me.”

Καὶ ἔπλεον πνεύματι καλῶ, “And they sailed to the Good Spirit,” is a touching instance of the simplicity we are illustrating. The following is good :—

Κάλχας Θεεστορίδης, οἰωνοπόλων ὄχ’ ἄριστος,
ὅς ἤδη τὰ τ’ ἔοντα, τὰ τ’ ἐσσόμενα, πρό τ’ ἔοντα.

“Calchas, son of Thestor, by far the best of augurs, who knew both the present, the future, and the perfect.” When the heart-broken Dido sees the ships of Æneas getting under sail, she cries ‘Pro Jupiter, ibit!’ which one of the Simple translates, “By Jove, he is going !”

The following, from Sophocles—

σμικρὴν μὲν ἔξαιτοῦντα, τοῦ σμικροῦ δ’ ἔτι
μείον φέροντα,

elicited this rendering, “Demanding little, and yet paying for that little with a lamb.” Another simple youth gave, as an equivalent of the first three words, “Poor beggar !” Here are some more specimens of the Simple as translators—ἔφη ὁ Ὀρόντης, “He said ‘O Orontes !’” “Vere fruor semper,” “Truly I always feed.” Τῶν δὲ πλευρῶν ἑκατέρων δύο τῶν πρεσβυράτων στρατηγῶν ἐπιμελείσθων, “And let two of the oldest generals take care of each other’s flanks.” Νόμος τοὺς μὲν ἔχοντας διδόναι

τῷ βασιλεῖ, τοῖς δὲ μὴ ἔχουσι δίδοναι τὸν βασιλέα, "A custom that those who had anything should give it to the king, and that those who had nothing should give it to the queen." This evidently refers to the monarch who was in his parlour counting out his money, whose queen, for want of something to count, amused herself with bread and honey. "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war," but the preceding show that when the Simple meet Greek much the same may be looked for in the battle-field of the form room. And they do not make much more of Latin, as witness the next elegant extracts. "Victory was worshipped at Rome under the form of a feathered (alate) virgin." "Insignis Turnus," "Eisign Turner." "Dum thymo pascuntur apes," "While monkeys are fed on thyme." "Rapientibus esseda mannis," "The chariot with captivated cobs." In what they are pleased to call "composition," the Simple are equally amusing, e.g., "These birds have long tails." "Hæ aves longæ sunt fundamentos." "She came with bare feet and dishevelled hair," "Nuda caput venit, setam diffusaque nigram." The next is from an original copy of verses entitled "Viatores":—

"ter sol cœlo dimoverat umbras,
Ex quo Mæcenas escis compleverat alvum."

Take again a few answers given by the simple:—

Q. "What is the difference between *ne* and *ne*?"

A. "*Ne* enclitic is used for a proper question: the other *ne* for an improper question."

Q. "*Annus* (year) properly means a ring. What does *annulus* mean?"

A. "Ear-ring."

Q. "Mention a comedy by Shakespeare."

A. "The Taming of the Mole."

Q. "Why was Metellus called Calvus?"

A. "Because he was such a calf."

Q. "At the Comitia Curiata the Patricians met in their——?"

A. "Togas."

It is not often that a joke is to be got

out of a Euclid lesson, but we remember a master asking for a definition of a circle, and being answered by a pupil, who described a ring in the air with his forefinger, ejaculating, "A dodge like."

We will take our leave of the Simple with "Variations on Allan Cunningham," i.e., a part of a favourite lyric, introducing the various blunders made under dictation by a form of small boys:—

"A wet sheep and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast,
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like an evil free,
Away the good sheep flies, and leaves
An old man on the lea.

* * * * *
While the hollow oak our parish is—"

The last line is too profane for quotation.

4. *The Careless.*—Under this head come a large proportion of schoolboys. The Careless are, generally speaking, boys whose form affairs, so to put it, are at a low ebb; whose credit with their master is as nearly run out as is their master's forbearance with them; boys whose position is becoming desperate, and who do not shrink from wild statements and violent imaginings, because at any risk they must make an effort to improve their condition. The Careless stick at nothing. They make their wildest shots when questions are being rapidly passed round the form.

"What is meant by 'milch kine?'" is asked.

One of the Careless promptly answers, "Male cows."

Q. "Who was Herod's son?"

A. "Herodotus."

Q. "Derive an English word from Necto, I bind."

A. "Neck-tie."

Q. "A word derived from ἀλλήλων."

A. "Alleluia."

Q. "We do not speak of Enoch's ascension, but of his——?"

A. "Transportation."

Q. "What was the comparative duration of the kingdoms of Judah and Israel?"

A. "Their comparative duration was long."

Q. "What were the three principal Jewish feasts?"

A. "Purim, Urim, and Thummim."

Q. "What was the eastern boundary of Samaria?"

A. "The Jordan."

Q. "And the western?"

A. "The other side of Jordan."

Q. "For what god was St. Paul taken at Lystra?"

A. "Venus."

Q. "What fruit did Aaron's rod bear?"

A. "A kind of plum."

Q. "What Italian poet did Surrey imitate?"

Ans. 1. "Plutarch," leading to Ans. 2, "Pluto."

Now for specimens of translations by the Careless:—

"Cæsar duodecim millia passuum hac nocte progressus est," "Cæsar this night marched twelve million miles." This historical fact was received with perfect equanimity by the remainder of the form in whose presence it was propounded. A boy put a ready repartee, on the *tu quoque* principle, into the mouth of his teacher by translating "Dira viro facies," "You will make an awful man." "Philippus Neapoli est," "Philip is Napoleon." ὦ χαῖρ' Ἀθάνη, χάρη Διογενὲς τέκνον, "O hail Athene, daughter of Diogenes!" "Deformat faciem non una cicatrix," "Not a single cockatrice shows its ugly head." "Pecori vago," "The wandering peccary." "Aspice bis senos cynos," "Behold two old poets"—such flowers of translation are culled from the Careless. It was evidently one of the same desperate race who wrote, under dictation, this version of a stanza of Tennyson's on Milton:—

"Whose Titan angels, Gabriel, Abdiel,
Starred from Jehovah's gorgeous armouries,
Tower, as the deep-domed Epicurean
Rings to the roar of an angel onset."

The last word of line three, of course, should be "empyrean." From the same class came he who, giving the rule for Prepositions governing the Ablative,

produced this new version of the concluding lines:—

"His super, subter, sub, addemus,
Et in, de statu Nicodemus,"

where for "Nicodemus" the Public School Latin Primer gives "si dicemus."

5. A large class is that of the *Conceited-ignorant*, productive of rich fruit in the way of scholastic *facetie*. From history papers by the Conceited-ignorant we select a few examples of their involuntary witticisms:—

Q. "What were the causes of the great Rebellion?"

A. "The causes of the Great Rebellion were—the excommunication of England by the Pope, the pulling down of churches by the Commonwealth, and then the kingdom rang with the cry 'No popery.'"

Q. "What do you know of Milton as an author?"

A. "Milton's pen laboured in the reign of Charles, and he wrote *Paridise Lost* and *Paridise Found*."

Q. "Define Democracy."

A. "Government by dukes and deacons."

Q. "What was the end of Tiberius Gracchus?"

A. "He was dragged out of the Senate House by a beagle and murdered."

Q. "State what you know about Mithridates."

A. "Mithridates was clever and used to write poems, some of which are very beautiful."

Q. "Give an account of Cromwell's continental policy."

A. "Cromwell was a kind father and husband, and had nine children."

Q. "What was the origin of the Church of England?"

A. "Sir Martin Luther introduced Christianity into England."

Q. "Explain 'all to brake his scull.'"

A. "This perhaps is a little confusing to uneducated minds now, but was a common phrase in the time when the Bible was translated. Jael drove the tent-peg into Sisera's head, *in order that she might break his scull.*"

Q. "What was the end of Pausanias?"

A. "Pausanias was killed by a young man, who was chaste and ran away."

The following is also from a history paper by a Conceited-ignorant:—"In the reign of Charles II. no one was allowed to hold a high position in the Army or Navy or in the Church. Consequently Buckingham and others had to leave, because they did not belong to the Church. Habeas Corpus Act was that no one need stay in prison longer than he liked." The next is from an essay on York:—"There is something that it is noted for called the Eburacum of the Roman Period. It is also noted for its cathedral, which is built in the most Gothic oficial stile in the world." Of Durham we are told that it is "celebrated as the place where the Venerable Archdeacon Beed died."

So much for the Conceited-ignorant. Only one class now remains, viz. :—

6. *The Eccentric.*—This class of boy exhibits perhaps more involuntary displays of humour than any other. The Eccentric are boys who seem to suffer from an obliquity of mental vision. They see more in words than is meant. A thing goes into their heads one thing and comes out quite another. They are caught by a similarity of sound or form in words. One expression reminds them of another, for which it is at once mistaken. The Eccentric are never dullards: they show very often a considerable amount of a perverse kind of ingenuity, as may be seen in their translations, e.g.—

ἐχθρὰ γὰρ ἢ πίουσα μητρῷα τεκνοῖς τοῖς πρόσθ', ἐχίδνης οὐδὲν ἠπιωτέρα.

"For hateful is the stepmother who drinks before her children, and nothing is more soothing than an adder."

The next specimen points to a more primitive state of things than Xenophon meant to describe,—οὔτοι ἀλκιμώτατοι ἦσαν, καὶ εἰς χειράς ἦσαν, "These men were very warlike, and went on their hands." "Dido vento reditura secundo," "Dido soon to return with her second winl." "Effigies veterum avorum," "Likenesses of old birds." This would seem to be a disrespectful way of speaking of the great men of old. "Nulla mort est," "No woman is a character."

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Was this rendering suggested by Pope's malicious line

"Most women have no character at all"?

One of the Eccentric, meeting with the words "Romulus prope-ravit" (the verb being thus divided at the end of a line), produced as the meaning, "Romulus nearly talked himself hoarse." "Nihil tam volucres est quam maledictum" is ingeniously rendered, "Nothing is so fowl as slander." The blind Œdipus says to Antigone,—

στῆσόν με καὶ ἰδρῶσον, ὡς παθῶμεθα
ἕπον ποτ' ἔσμεν,

not meaning to express himself in such a despairing way as one of the Eccentric imagined, when he translated "Place me and put me in a sitting posture, that we may moulder wherever we are." The next is rather wild :—

"Purpureos quoties deperdit terra colores,

Formosas quoties populus alba comas!"

"How often is the earth discoloured with blood!

How often have handsome people grey hair."

We give a few more translations by the Eccentric :—

ἀνωφελὴς κατ' οἶκον ἰδρῶται γυνή,

"The useless woman sweats about the house."

"Ipsique in puppibus auro ductores late effulgent, ostroque decori," "The captains themselves glitter from afar, decorated with gold and purple on their sterns."

"Et penitus toto divisos orbe Britan nos," "And the Britons with tails separated from the whole world."

"Ter circum Iliacos raptaverat Hectora muros,"

"Hector had caught three hundred Trojan mice."

"Pateram gravem," "A heavy father."

"Suo lateri assidue jussit," "He ordered him to sit down on his tile." "Sequitur non passibus æquis," (1) "He follows with impassive horses," (2) "Through rough passes." "Si adeptus foret," "If he had been adapted for it."

"Quos ego dilexi fraterno more sodales,"

"Companions that I have loved more than a brother."

"Trepidus cives," "Three-footed citizens." "Cæsar cohortatus suos," "Cæsar

having drawn up his men into cohorts."

"Philumnusque illi quartus pater,"
"And Philumnus his four father."

"Mille habet ornatus, mille decenter habet,"
"She wears a thousand adornments, she wears
one thousand two hundred."

"Duratæque solo nives," "And snows
hardened by the sun."

"Dura navis,
Dura fugæ mala, dura belli,"

"The hard ship, and the hardship of flight
and war."

"Regio victu atque cultu vitam age-
bant," "They lived in a conquered and
cultivated land." "Vitaverat mortem,"
"He had survived death."

"Præsentemque viris intentant omnia mor-
tem,"

"And all things portend immediate death by
poison."

"Sedesque discretas piorum," "Re-
served seats for the pious." οὐ σθένω
πόσι, "I do not groan for my husband."
"Le mille remain était de mille pas,"
"The Roman mile was not a mile."

It is chiefly in translations such as
these that the Eccentric show their wit.
Now and then they are good in com-
position, as thus, "He complained that
he was ill-used," "Questus est se illusum
esse." "He swears that this is true,"
"Damnat hæc vera esse."

Sometimes they are good as catechu-
mens, e.g. :—

Q. "What is a dependent sentence?"

A. "One that hangs on by its clause."

Q. "Derive *Pontifex*."

A. "From *Pons*, a bridge, as we say
Arch bishop."

The following "character of Gideon"
will repay examination. It is curiously
ingenious, though very absurd. "Gideon
was a true unbelieving Jew. Still he
was a good man, though rather idola-
trous."

This random collection of scholastic
jests shall be concluded with two re-
marks. One has been made before, viz.,
that a large majority of these *facetiae* are
to the writer's knowledge genuine. He
believes them all to be so, and has re-
frained from adding to the list others,
the genuineness of which, though per-
haps not doubtful, is not within his
own personal knowledge. Who shall
say, then, that a schoolmaster's life can
never be amusing?

Secondly, these jokes lose much of
their flavour when thus printed one after
another. Think how refreshing to the
wearied examiner, sitting up half the
night to look over papers, to come now
and then across an oasis of this kind in
the desert of stupidly correct or stupidly
incorrect performances. In form, too,
think how much the humour of the
thing is enhanced by the innocent, or
puzzled, or conceited, or sheepish, or
desperate look of the victim as he utters
his follies. Think how tickling the in-
appropriateness, the semi-impropriety,
of these utterances in a scene where a
certain amount of decorum must be
observed, and then consider whether
the hours spent by a schoolmaster in
school have not their amusing side. He
is like some of the books he uses. He
combines amusement with instruction.

J. H. RAVEN.

THE DRINKING SYSTEM; ITS EFFECT ON NATIONAL PROSPERITY AND THE RATE OF WAGES.

IN an interesting article, entitled, "The Effect of an Increased Production of Wealth on Wages," which appeared last year in the *Fortnightly Review*, Professor Fawcett, M.P., called attention to the small increase that had been made in the wages of the working-classes generally, when compared with the largely increased trade of the country during the last quarter of a century, and he endeavoured to show that this was chiefly owing to "the increase of population, the displacement of labour by machinery, and the export of capital." The great importance of an economic question which affects the material well-being of a large majority of the people; the inadequate notice which it has hitherto received, and the unsettled state of the labour market at the present time, are my reasons for reverting to this subject.

Mr. Fawcett assumes that the wealth of England has increased enormously, and that the working classes have not duly shared in it. This is to a certain extent erroneous. The increase of wealth has certainly been great, but not so great as a comparison of the value of the exports of thirty years ago with that of those of the present time would appear to indicate. The *income* of the nation has increased to that extent, but its expenditure has also increased largely. The increase of wealth *accumulated* has not been proportionate to the increase of trade. An immense amount of wealth has been produced (and the working classes have had a large share of it), but much of it has been squandered and wasted. The annual waste of money on the follies of fashion, the use of intoxicating drinks, and indulgence in unreasonable luxuries, has increased to such an extent as to very materially counterbalance the addition

to the national income. Our exports increased from 60,000,000*l.* in 1845 to 255,000,000*l.* in 1873; and our expenditure on intoxicating drinks alone increased from 81,000,000*l.* in 1845 to 140,000,000*l.* in 1873.

The assumption that the increase in the remuneration of labour has not corresponded with the increase of trade is based on certain statements made and examples given by Mr. Brassey, M.P., in his book on *Work and Wages*. Mr. Brassey shows that in the Government dockyards and the private shipbuilding yards on the Thames, wages rose but very little during the years 1851 to 1869. These are, however, special cases, and the cause of the non-advance can be explained. The wages of shipbuilders generally did advance considerably during this time, although the wages of the Thames men were almost stationary. The fact is, the Southern masters were being driven out of the market by their competitors in the North and on the Clyde. Iron ships were supplanting wooden ones. The Thames is not near to the iron-fields. So soon as shipbuilding yards were established in the iron districts, the London masters were placed at a disadvantage in the item of the carriage of their materials, as well as in the high rent of their yards. Their only chance of counteracting this was by keeping down wages. This was done, and yet the bulk of the trade has left the Thames, and is now done in the North of England and in Scotland. The almost absolute certainty of permanent employment, and the system of granting pensions in old age are special and peculiar features in the Government yards which preclude them from being taken as fair illustrations of the rate of wages. Mr. Brassey thinks that the

operatives employed in the building trades of London and Manchester did obtain an advance in their wages of about one-third between 1853 and 1872. I think that a careful investigation of this question would show that as great an average advance was obtained by the whole of the working classes of this country during that time. The style in which numbers of our artisans live is proof that their incomes have increased. The cost of living—house-rents, price of food and clothing—is greater now than twenty-five years ago. If wages have not risen, the men must be worse off, since the purchasing power of the wages they do get is reduced. Any one who is acquainted with the working classes knows, however, that they spend more money, that many of them live in better houses, clothe themselves better, and eat more meat (hence the increased demand and consequent rise in price) than formerly.¹ If wages had not increased, and house-rents, &c., had, they would live in inferior houses now; whereas, they pay higher rents, and live in better houses. It should also be remembered that the hours of labour have been considerably shortened. A given quantity of work will now employ the same men for a longer period, or more men for the same time. So that even at the same rate of wages more money would be paid now for a piece of work, and more men would be employed than formerly.

There is one point to which Mr. Fawcett does not refer, but which is a very serious one, and one that should not be overlooked in considering this subject. It is the question of pauperism. The number of paupers relieved in England and Wales in 1851 was 860,000, at a cost of 4,962,000*l.*; in 1870 it was 1,207,000, at a cost of 8,007,000*l.* This is an increase of 40 per cent in the number, and 61 per cent in the cost of our paupers in

twenty-one years, while the population had only increased 26 per cent.

The Professor proceeds to account for the supposed stationary remuneration of labourers on the ground that an increased demand for labour is accompanied by a nearly corresponding increase in the supply. This supply, he says, is increased in two ways—1st. The increase in the demand calls into activity an influence which must ultimately lead to an increase in the supply of labour. “It is, in fact, clearly shown that when wages advance in consequence of an increased demand for labour, the number of marriages is sure to increase, and in this way the supply of labour is certain to be augmented.” 2nd. Scarcity and consequent dearth of labour stimulates the invention of new machines and other industrial improvements, which, by economising labour, and rendering it more efficient, produce just the same effect in increasing its supply as if an addition were made to the number of the labouring population.—An examination of these two propositions will, I think, show that, though they are to a certain extent true *per se*, the facts do not warrant their application to the case under consideration, and that there is no proof that the small extent to which it is asserted the labourers have benefited by a great increase in the production of wealth is due to the action of the principles they enunciate.

Assuming the accuracy of the proposition that an increase of wages is followed by an increase of marriages—which, by the way, is only partially correct, and is subject to modifying conditions—the increase of population thus traceable to good trade and high wages could not be the cause, or one cause of wages remaining stationary, even in those occupations where they have so remained during the time to which Mr. Fawcett particularly refers, viz., 1851 to 1869. The effect of such an increased supply of labour would not begin to be felt till some twenty years after the period of prosperity in which there was a high marriage rate.

¹ That there are many who are not so well off even in the same trades and with the same wages, proves that the fault is not in the rate of wages, but that they do not earn what they might, or that they squander what they do earn.

If trade was good and an extra number of marriages were contracted in 1854 and 1855, the effect of the consequent increased population on the labour market would only now be manifest. Prior to that time there was no great increase of trade to induce a special number of marriages. The total value of the exports and imports of the United Kingdom in 1840, was 6*l.* 10*s.* per head of the population; in 1855, it was 9*l.* 7*s.* per head, an increase of about 44 per cent in fifteen years; whereas, in 1870, their total value was 17*l.* 10*s.* per head, or an increase of about 87 per cent in the fifteen years—double the increase per cent of the previous period. Nor did the marriage-rate show any variation worth noticing till 1850. The marriages in England and Wales were:—

1800.	One to every 123	of the population.
1810.	122	” ”
1820.	127	” ”
1830.	129	” ”
1840.	127½	” ”
1849.	124	” ”
1850.	116	” ”
1860.	117	” ”
1870.	123½	” ”

Again, the census returns do not support the theory. They show that the population has increased at a fairly uniform rate, with a lowering tendency rather than otherwise. Since 1831 the population has increased as follows during each *decennial* period:—

1831—1841.	14	per cent.
1841—1851.	13	”
1851—1861.	12	”
1861—1871.	13	”

These statistics certainly show that neither marriages nor the population increased to any such extent as would influence the supply of labourers or the rate of wages.

Mr. Fawcett's second proposition is that high wages promote the invention of machinery, or the introduction of some new method of carrying on industry by which more work can be done, and that the supply of labour is augmented, and wages are kept down thereby. I have always supposed that, as a general rule, the invention of machinery does not decrease, but rather increases

the demand for labour. Machinery does work in better style, more uniformly, and with greater rapidity than men possibly can by hand. Makers are then enabled to supply superior articles at a reduced price. The result is that their sale is so much increased that the number of men employed in the manufacture of the goods is actually larger than before. Take the cotton, woollen, and iron trades—the staple trades of the country—where I suppose there has been more machinery invented and used than in any other manufactures. The marvellous increase in the population of the chief towns of these trades where machinery has been most extensively introduced, shows that the *aggregate* number of people employed is not lessened by inventions:—

	Manchester.	Birmingham.	Leeds.
1801.	94,876	73,670	53,162
1831.	237,832	142,251	123,393
1871.	383,843	343,696	259,201

The introduction of steam-engines, by means of which an immense amount of work can be done by a few men, instead of decreasing has marvellously increased the demand for labour. So with railways, although a few men can now transport fifty times the number of passengers and weight of goods they could in the old coaching days, there are vastly more men employed now in carrying people and goods than ever there were. The facilities for doing the work better at a lower rate have, as it were, created the demand, or, more accurately, have brought the supply down to the level of an immense demand. Further, the introduction of machinery by augmenting the reproductive power of labour, leads to a rapid increase of capital, and the amount of money available for the employment of labour is thereby soon increased. So that even when an invention does throw some men out of work, the harm done is only temporary, and the increased demand for labour that soon follows makes up for it. The introduction of machinery is, however, always too gradual for there to be much injury of this kind done, if men have only sense

enough to read the signs of the times, and take steps accordingly.

Again, if it were true that the invention of machinery increases the supply of labour beyond the demand, and that such invention is stimulated by a scarcity of labourers, there would be nothing gained by restricting marriages, and keeping down the population, since the supply of machine labour thus brought into play would more than counterbalance the human supply of labour, which the Malthusian theory (one of Mr. Fawcett's remedies) would check. A restriction of population would be useless unless accompanied by a prohibition or restriction of invention. Are the political disciples of Malthus prepared to go to this length? Unless my statements and arguments thus far are fallacious, it appears clear that not only are the supposed facts on which Mr. Fawcett bases his arguments to a great extent erroneous, but also that his two principal explanations of them are unsound, inasmuch as they would not account for the conditions he supposes if they were real,—and they do not account for the actual facts. Then the question once more comes to the front—“How is it that in the midst of such marvellous prosperity and increase of wealth there is so much poverty and pauperism, and so little wide-spread material improvement?”

One other explanation which Mr. Fawcett offers is, “that only a portion of the wealth annually saved or accumulated in England is invested in our own industry.” He shows that during the last twenty years a very large amount of English capital has been exported in loans to foreign governments, and in investments in foreign industrial enterprises. This portion of our national capital is, he says, “for the time, so far as our own labour market is concerned, non-existent.” This is quite true, and may be put down as one influence which has prevented the full benefit of the national prosperity being reaped. It is, however, only one influence, and by no means the most important one. We must not overlook

the fact that much of this capital is really expended in purchasing English goods, and in employing English labour. Also that that portion of this exported money which is wisely used improves the material condition of the countries to which it is sent. One result of which is that they do more trade with us, and their consumption of the goods we manufacture increases.

I would submit that the comparatively small increase in the accumulated wealth of the majority of the people, whatever lack of employment there may be, and that vast mass of pauperism, which is “a standing blot on our civilization,” are to a great extent traceable to the use of intoxicating drinks.

The rate of wages depends on the proportion between the number of workers and the capital devoted to the employment of labour. Wages can only be permanently raised either (a) by improving trade, and thus increasing the amount of capital that is devoted to the employment of labour—and that will increase as the wealth of the country increases; or (b) by decreasing the number of workers, and that is decreased by those who do well giving up altogether, or becoming masters, and in their turn employing others. Both these conditions are opposed and counteracted by the drinking system.¹

The wealth of the nation is decreased by the money spent on drink. We spend 140,000,000*l.* a year on alcoholic liquors, and if they are practically useless—as many affirm they are—if they answer no good purpose—being at the best only a luxury—that sum is actually thrown away. That they are not a necessity may be gathered from the fact that whole nations in various parts of the world pass through life without them. Further, if intoxicating drinks are in any degree beneficial to health, if they assist any part of our system in

¹ I use the term “drinking system” to comprehend “whatever is concerned in the production, circulation, and consumption of intoxicating drinks, with all the consequences, direct and indirect.”

the discharge of its functions, if they contribute to any appreciable extent to keep our bodies or minds in proper working condition, either by direct assistance, or by protecting them from injury, it must follow that any one who is deprived of these liquors, or who is not provided with a substitute for them, must be so much the worse in proportion to the benefit to be derived from them. Nothing can be a benefit of which it is no loss to be deprived. In our own country hundreds of thousands of people do not drink intoxicating liquors, nor are they provided with a substitute, yet it has never been proved that they are, in consequence of their non-use of these liquors, in any way, morally or physically, incapacitated for the discharge of all the duties of life. On the contrary, it has been shown that, compared with those who do use the drinks even in what is called "a proper way," they are the healthier, the less injurious, and the more moral citizens. They suffer less from sickness and disease, they are longer lived, and their names are far less frequently, if ever, found in the lists of those who are known as our pauper and criminal classes.

It is sometimes urged that the manufacture and sale of drink circulates money, and employs labour and capital, and that although the man spending the money may be poorer, others are richer, and the country is benefited by the trade done. The reply to this is that if the drink really is useless, and consequently valueless, the more capital there is invested, and the more men there are employed in its manufacture, the worse for the nation. The same capital and labour employed in producing useful articles would circulate as much money, and produce something that would add to the wealth of the country, and sustain and assist a certain number of men, while they produced other articles that would still further add to its wealth, and the sale and use of which would again facilitate the production of articles of value. After a twelvemonth's use of drink, the posi-

tion of the nation is this: Capital, labour, and material of a certain value have been employed in producing drink, that drink is swallowed, and the nation is not one iota better for it, either materially or morally; not an article has been produced, not a fraction of wealth created that would not have been quite as well, if not better, done if the liquor had never been made. Therefore the 140,000,000*l.* annually spent on drink is a dead draw on the wealth of the country—is so much taken from its labour-employing capital.

Further, drinking causes poverty. People waste not only their money on drink, but also their time in drinking; a man spends sixpence on drink, and he will waste as much time over it as he could have earned another sixpence in. It indisposes men for work by bringing them into association with idle, dissolute companions: disease is promulgated, and accidents are caused by it—a father or a son is laid aside, or killed, and families are thus reduced to poverty. In the report presented to the Convocation of Canterbury by the Committee on Intemperance (1869) the testimony of 119 governors of workhouses is quoted; of this number 80 state the proportion of pauperism that they consider to be the result of intemperance; not one gives it lower than one-half, and the average estimate is 73 per cent. That proportion of our poverty that can be traced to drinking costs the nation 10,000,000*l.* a year.

Drinking promotes crime. It leads to crimes of violence by exciting men's brutal passions, and throwing them into evil associations. It causes dishonesty by pauperizing the drinker, and creating within him an appetite for that which money alone can buy. The steps from drinking to poverty, gambling and dishonesty, are frequently short and quick. Our judges and magistrates, superintendents of police, and governors and chaplains of prisons, unite in testifying that almost every criminal that passes through their hands owes his or her degradation to

the temptations and associations of the public-house. The connection between drink and crime is also clearly shown by the fact that whenever the sale of drink has been restricted, either by prohibiting distillation, or by increasing the duty, and consequently enhancing the price, or by shortening hours of sale, or otherwise limiting the facilities for obtaining it; the number of charges and committals for crime have correspondingly decreased.¹ The cost to the country of crime owing to intemperance is 9,000,000*l.* a year. This expenditure impoverishes the country, and decreases the demand for labour.

Drinking is a main cause of insanity. Alcohol flies to the brain, and not unfrequently dethrones reason, and leaves its victim a helpless idiot, or a raving maniac. Drinking parents beget imbecile or insane children. Dr. Howe, of Boston, tells us that out of 300 inmates of an asylum there, he knew that 147 had drunken parents.

¹ A notice is required here of Lord Aberdare's theory enunciated at Brighton, that one of the chief causes of crime is overcrowding in our manufacturing districts and large towns. Careful examination will show that while crime, overcrowding, pauperism, and ignorance are each secondary causes and effects acting and re-acting one upon the other, they are all traceable to one common cause. The working portion of the population naturally congregate in large numbers in those districts where trade is brisk, the demand for labour good, and wages consequently high. But that is no reason why they should—in fact, it is the very reason why they should not—herd together in wretched hovels, and be criminal, ignorant, and poor. Why are they paupers? Not because their income is so small and their expenses so great; many of them earn double the wages they did in the districts from which they came. Why do they live in such miserable homes? Not because they cannot afford to live in better. Other men in the same towns and in the same employment have similar incomes and expenses, and yet are respectable and respected, live in decent houses, and bring up their families creditably. No! they are equal in income, in education, and in capabilities. The only difference is that one is intemperate and the other is not. I will vouch for it that of these men who are paupers and criminals, and who live in these dens, not one in a thousand is a temperate man; but that nine out of every ten owe their degradation to intemperance.

In addition to deranging the mental power of otherwise perfectly sane persons, drinking develops tendencies to insanity that already exist. As there are grades in insanity, so there are grades between perfect mental soundness and insanity. Every one knows people who are "eccentric," "flighty," or "weak-minded." Alcoholic liquors readily affect such, and numbers of the inmates of our asylums are people of this class who have had the tottering balance of their reason completely upset by drinking. Many are driven mad by anxiety on account of losses and deaths caused by intemperance.

In Great Britain and in France increase of insanity has followed the increased consumption of drink. In England and Wales the number of lunatics trebled in twenty years, and the proportion to the population doubled.

In 1852 the lunatics were	21,158	or	1.16	per	1000
" 1862	"	"	41,129	"	2.02
" 1872	"	"	60,296	"	2.85

These people have to be maintained and cared for at a great cost. The nation loses not only that, but also the value of what their labour would have produced had they not been thus incapacitated.

A nation's prosperity depends much on the mental power, physical strength and length of life of its people. At a moderate estimate 60,000 persons annually die prematurely through the direct or indirect effects of drinking. It can be proved that the death-rate of the country varies with the consumption of liquor. Dr. Lankester, the late coroner for Middlesex, said that the deaths from alcoholic poisoning alone in Great Britain might be put down at a tenth of the whole death-rate of the country. The annual death-rate is about 700,000; this estimate would therefore give 70,000 as the number yearly slain by drink. The statistics of Insurance Offices show that a teetotaler's life is worth one-fourth more to them than a careful moderate drinker's. The premature death of a citizen is a direct loss to the state. It takes many years to

train a youth and qualify him to earn his living; and the cost of bringing him up and so training him is the same whether he lives 10 years or 40 years after reaching manhood. When he is once in a position to provide for himself, and so long as he is an industrious and law-abiding citizen, he is a source of wealth to his country, and if his life is shortened, or his physical or mental power impaired, the nation is impoverished by the loss of that life and the deterioration of that power, to the extent of the wealth that he would have created had he completed his natural term of life.

Next there is the loss of labour and time through drinking, and in estimating this account has to be taken not only of the loss of the labour of the man while he is drinking, but also of the loss which employers and others suffer through his being "off work;" and also of the loss through the reduced quantity, and inferior quality of the work he will ordinarily do, in consequence of his drinking habits. Whole works and valuable machinery are often kept standing for days by the want of a piece of machinery or some repairs that cannot be completed, simply because the man who is required to do the job is on a drinking bout. Valuable work is frequently entirely wasted by workmen going off drinking at critical moments, when it is absolutely necessary that the articles should be finished or they spoil. Persons not connected with trade, particularly in manufacturing departments, have no idea of the inconvenience and loss which is incurred through the drinking customs of society. Messrs. Oliver Ames and Son, one of the largest business firms in New England, wrote in 1868:—"We find that the present License Law has a very bad effect upon our *employés*. We find on comparing our production in May and June of this year (1868) with that of the corresponding months of last year (1867), that in 1867 with 375 men we produced 8 per cent more goods than we did in 1868 with 400 men. We attribute this large falling off entirely

to the repeal of the prohibitory law, and the large increase in the use of intoxicating drinks among our men in consequence."

The Rev. Professor Kirk, of Edinburgh, in *Britain's Drawbacks* says:—"The extent to which productive labour is diminished by the influence of the drinking system is incredible. We received a statement from a foreman as to the effect on the wages of working men under him. He took a case from the wages book as a fair average specimen, and gave it as follows:—During eight weeks before taking a pledge of abstinence the man's average weekly earnings were 1*l.* 6*s.* 9½*d.*; during eight weeks when keeping the pledge, 1*l.* 14*s.* 4*d.*; during eight weeks after breaking the pledge, 1*l.* 6*s.* 10½*d.* Here is a loss of wages equal to 7*s.* 6*d.* per week; or as near as may be 20*l.* a year on one man!"

Mr. Brassey in his book already referred to says, "On the Great Northern Railway there was a celebrated gang of navvies who did more work in a day than any other gang on the line, and always left off work an hour and a half earlier than any other men. Every navvy in this powerful gang was a teetotaler."

Mr. William Cockburn, manager of Messrs. Pease's Ironstone Mines, in Yorkshire, in his evidence before the Sunday Closing Committee of the House of Commons, May 1868, gave the result of his experience as a foreman with 2,600 men under him. After showing the effect that Sunday drinking has in keeping men off work in the early part of the week, he proceeded to give the result of calculations he had made to ascertain the proportion that the average lost time of the body of men bore to the time worked. He considered that the men employed under his supervision are "the cream of Yorkshire," and yet he found the average lost time was three-fourths of a day per man per week, and that this was almost entirely attributable to Sunday drinking.

Referring to the effect upon employers he said:—"It entails very serious loss

upon the owners of property themselves, and not only upon them, but upon all the various works which are depending upon their works, as they are the producers of the raw material, and there is the same staff to keep for the Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, of clerks and officers, and men about the place as there is on the Thursday, Friday and Saturday; and that gives something like $1\frac{1}{2}d.$ more per ton in the working cost of the first three days. Then the Railway Company has to keep the same number of engines to carry out the stuff, and they have to go out very frequently with a certain quantity of stuff. Their proper loads are 250 tons, but they have to go out very often with very little more than half of that, and thereby they are increasing the cost to the Railway Company very materially; but the greatest of all costs is this, that the furnaces which are kept at work during the Sunday want a greater supply of stone on the Monday, and the men being off work to the extent of the percentage which I have stated, the furnaces cannot really get their proper supply, and therefore they are not infre-

quently caused to lay off some of their men, and also to reduce the blast in the furnaces, which is very detrimental to them indeed; one can scarcely realize or calculate the extent of loss that it is to them."

The total amount of wealth wasted by the drinking system, estimating the money directly spent in purchasing drink, and the loss and cost directly and indirectly caused by that expenditure is about 270,000,000*l.* a year. Compare this enormous sum with the amount of capital that we send abroad. The money directly spent on drink every year is double what we send to other countries as loans.

I think that these facts show that the drinking system keeps wages down by crippling trade and causing a great waste of wealth; that they warrant the conclusion that drink is the great cause of the want and pauperism that exist side by side with such a vast in-pouring of national wealth; and that they ought at least to have been taken into account in any inquiry into the relation of wealth and wages.

THOS. P. WHITTAKER.

THE LITERATURE OF HOLLAND DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THE close of the eighteenth century is marked throughout the whole of Europe by violent revolutions. The barriers between nations are broken down; social order, resting chiefly on a conventional basis, shows everywhere signs of decay; a mighty change makes itself felt in the world of thought and idea. A restless spirit haunts the nations of Europe, and whispers in their ears magic formulas wherewith to invoke the tide by which things existing shall be swept away, in order—as is fondly believed and hoped—to usher in an era such as the world has never seen. On the crest of the revolutionary wave sits triumphant democracy with its wild song of “liberty, fraternity, equality,” with its bold denial of antiquated formulas and traditional beliefs, with its almost childlike belief in itself and its joyous assertion of vitality and power.

Holland—quiet, sleepy Holland—is unable to resist the impetus brought to bear on it from all sides. Her dikes, able to keep at a distance the surging billows by which she is surrounded, cannot prevent the spirit of an all-powerful democracy overrunning her borders. Her barren, rugged language, a barrier more powerful than her dikes, must become to some extent the expression of the philosophical doubt, which the elegant language of France, the metaphysical tongue of Germany, and the practical dialect of England have made known to hundreds and thousands. When the French Revolution broke out it found many in Holland who wished it God-speed, nay, who would have been glad to enlist under its banners.

During the greater part of the eighteenth century Holland had been asleep. The country had reached a

great state of prosperity, and its citizens had no occupation, except spending the money which their ancestors had earned and kindly left behind. The “stadholderate” had been restored in 1747, and the family of Orange sat once more on the throne. No sensational legislation disturbed the political atmosphere; no commercial panic convulsed the exchange; nothing, in a word, seemed to indicate that the days of the Republic were numbered. Strange to say it suddenly collapsed.

Everything tends to the belief that nations and institutions are subject to the law which rules individuals—they die of old age. Ideas, which were yesterday full of truth and of life, and embodied in living forms, are to-day deadly errors, waiting for the moment when, with the lifeless bodies of which they were once the soul, they will be thrown into a more or less forgotten grave. The chronicler records the passing events, and sees in this or that political event the reason of the overthrow of an old *régime* or the birth of a new order. But the philosopher smiles; to him the world is a vast organism, moving in accordance with fixed and unalterable laws.

No doubt political events—and we dwell on them briefly, because to know the literature a nation we must have some idea of the atmosphere in the midst of which it sprang up—brought affairs in Holland to a crisis. William IV. died in 1751, and the English princess who ruled during the minority of William V. was not at all popular. The squabbles between the stadholder and the aristocratic citizens began to be more frequent, and the spirit of general dissatisfaction, veiling itself under the name of “patriotism,” which

had hitherto kept smouldering, gave more vigorous signs of life than it had done before. Nor did the accession of William V. help to mend matters. If it be true that nothing is more successful than success, shall we deny the reverse? The part which the Dutch fleet had to play in the American war considerably increased the hatred against the English, and did not make the stadholder more beloved; whilst the revenge taken by the Germans, because of insults offered to the wife of William IV.—a German princess—added fresh fuel to the flames. Gratitude is as scarce as genius. The Dutch had never had any personal affection for William V., and they had no feeling of loyalty for that impersonal thing called a dynasty; they had always disliked the English, and hated the Germans with the dislike peculiar to the members of families—where then could they turn in this their hour of humiliation except to France:—France, which under the influence of the law of contrasts they had always preferred to every other country, to which they had ever clung, notwithstanding the many defeats received at its hands, with a well-nigh doglike fidelity? The Dutch Radicals, otherwise called patriots, lifted up their eyes to France. France, the great Cave of Adullam, opened its arms to the distressed patriots. At the end of the year 1794 the “saviour,” in the person of Pichegru, with his army, appeared on the frontiers of the Netherlands; on the 18th of January, 1795, the Prince of Orange left Scheveningen for the shores of England; a few days later the great Dutch Republic, once the mistress of Europe, had found “freedom, liberty, and equality,” or in other words had become the vassal of France. The “Wilhelmus van Nassouwe,” which had been for more than two centuries the national song of Holland, was hushed, and instead of it, men shouted the impious “Marseillaise.”

Amidst those tumultuous surroundings the Dutch muse—we shall confine ourselves to poetry in the first place—awoke gradually from her long protracted slumbers. In the hands

of the versifiers of the eighteenth century she had become a prim old maid, choke-full of the proprieties, nervously anxious to conceal her feelings, if she had any, and, above all, to express herself in the conventional phrases of the day and not to move in any other forms but those which society had prescribed. Thanks to the “societies for the encouragement of science and art”—those great promoters of mediocrity in all ages—poets had been fabricated by the dozen, and poetry had begun to be looked upon as a luxury and not as a necessity. “Voltaire,” wrote one of the so-called poets of the period, “seems to me the greatest poet in Europe. His *Henriade* is perfect.” What need of any further witnesses? An age which deifies Voltaire as a poet must be without a spark of poetry.

But now, as the result of the upheaving of the world in every possible direction, the Dutch muse lost—let us be honest—much of her learning, her smoothness, her elegance, her classical character—to sum up all in one word; but, on the other hand, she got rid of her affectation, her pedantry, and her intolerable mannerism. She tried to be natural, not to copy another muse, but to be herself. She gave full rein to the sentiment so long oppressed though never totally suppressed. And the aroused sentiment of beauty and truth kindled the imagination; and what else is poetry but feeling and imagination?

The change was not effected at once. The lawgivers on Parnassus were intolerant of innovations; the old theories of art died not without a hard struggle; and the young muse attempted, like another David, to fight her battles in the armour of Saul. But ere long a poet was born who could not brook the restraint of the old armour. Feeling intensely that he had a message to deliver and a mission to perform, he burst on his bewildered countrymen like one of the old Hebrew prophets. Poetry once more resumed her office; the consoler of our miseries and the prophetess of a better day. That man was William Bilderdijk,

the greatest and most unpopular of Dutch poets. Our readers shall have an opportunity of judging for themselves whether we have introduced him in exaggerated language or whether we have merely spoken the words of sober truth.

“An I who is Bilderdijk? methinks thou sayest. A ready question, yet which, trust me, Allan, Would not be ask'd had not the curse that came,

From Babel clipt the wings of poetry.
Napoleon ask'd him with cold fix'd look,
'Art thou then in the world of letters known?'
'I have deserved to be,' the Hollander
Replied, meeting that proud, imperial look
With calm and proper confidence and eye,
As little wont to turn away abash'd
Before a mortal presence.”

To understand the character of the poetry of Bilderdijk, it is necessary to know something of his life. The greatest poets of humanity have, it is true, so entirely suppressed their individuality, that their names and lives have become matters of secondary importance. What matters it to us whether Homer wrote the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, or whether another wrote them? Do we not understand his poems without any knowledge of their author? Do we require to know the life of Shakespeare in order to appreciate in his works the matchless knowledge of the human heart, and the unrivalled power of analyzing every passing emotion and feeling? Who feels the need of reading a biography of Goethe, when he studies *Faust*, that Bible of Pantheism? Before the calm objectivity which has made these men the poets of the world, individual questions seem merely accidental, and therefore utterly insignificant. But, on the other hand, could we read and understand Byron if his life were totally unknown to us? Is not his poetry so intensely subjective, so much the expression of his individuality—hence its greatness and its littleness—that it requires the key of the history of his life to unlock to us the many doors otherwise hopelessly shut? Bilderdijk was one of those subjective poets; his poetry is the cry of the *ego*, from the beginning to the end. So much is this

the case, that he could not translate a poem from a foreign language without altogether altering its character.

William Bilderdijk was born on the 8th of September, in the year 1756. His father, a medical man and a poet of some repute, belonged to an old Dutch family. It requires no stretch of imagination to picture to oneself the surroundings of Bilderdijk during the earlier years of his life. The visitor to Amsterdam, wending his way to the “Westerkerk” or to the “Joden Amstel” walks along the canals and the streets through which Bilderdijk must frequently have passed. If he be fortunate enough to get an introduction to a family belonging to what may be called the higher middle classes, it will be easy for him to draw a picture of the youth of the poet, spent amongst old-fashioned, upright, solid, and somewhat prosaic people—people to whom Heaven seems to have denied nothing except a touch of humour. Life is *very real* and *very earnest* to those Hollanders.

If we are to believe Bilderdijk, he must have been a most precocious child. In one of his poems—is it truth or fiction?—he not merely tells us that he had shed a great many tears during the first two years of his life, but also that he had read with delight Cats, the great poet of the sixteenth century, whose works a Dutch household ranks next to the Bible! The child at the venerable age of one year and a half, entered the world of the poet! “The aspect of the world around him became totally changed; all things became symbolical, and his sole aim was henceforth to know himself, and to decipher the hieroglyphics which on all sides met his eye.” Undoubtedly such a child is like the orthodox idea of heaven: *cela fait peur*.

An accident, which happened to him in his youth, exercised unquestionably a greater influence on his poetry than the study of good old Cats. A playfellow of his had the misfortune to tread on his foot, and the wound grew so serious that Bilderdijk suffered more or less from its effects for the

space of twelve years. During those twelve years—from his sixth till his eighteenth—his life was intensely solitary, so far as the outer world was concerned. His dream, to become a soldier, would now never be fulfilled. But though he was not to stand on a battle-field, as he had wished to do, who that has read his poetry can deny that, be it on other fields and with other weapons, he was a warrior all his life long? He was an Ishmael amongst poets, who found no rest till he had sunk in the sleep of death.

During that period of seclusion his inner life was very active. He devoted his time chiefly to the study of natural philosophy, medicine, architecture, and literature; but it need scarcely be said that besides his favourite studies there were several other departments of knowledge with which he made himself acquainted. Then, too, the poet was born. The beginnings of all life are in silence and solitude. During those long dreary days and painful sleepless nights, the problems of life became exceedingly real to that young sufferer. His eye became fixed on himself, and the questions which have troubled humanity since the days of the creation, refused to be dismissed without some attempt at a solution. To that sick-bed we must ascribe a good deal of the reserve, the gloom, the irritability and the violence, which characterized the poet and his poetry in later days; but we must also attribute to it the awakening of that individuality which made him the Prince amongst Dutch poets, *et par droit de naissance et par droit de conquête*.

At the age of twenty-five he became a member of the University of Leyden. He worked day and night, and though he devoted himself chiefly to the study of law, he managed to find time for other and more congenial studies.

After having passed through the usual course, he took his degree, and two years later (1783) we find him married and apparently settled down. But his family life proved most unhappy. Love, the sublimest form of selfishness, because half-unconscious, of which humanity is capa-

ble, deceives the poet even more than it does ordinary men. The being he loves is not the woman who stands before him, but the ideal creature which is the offspring of his poetical heart. Criticism soon dispels the glamour of early days, and then comes the inevitable collision between the ideal and the reality. Bilderdijk submitted himself to his fate for a long time, but after eleven years of silent misery, husband and wife separated. He married afterwards a poetess of the name of Schweickhardt, and the two lived happily together, notwithstanding the many susceptibilities and jealousies attributed to artistic natures.

There were, however, greater troubles in store for the poet. He was intensely unpopular—we shall soon understand why. His opinions were distasteful to the multitude; his poetry was either ignored or attacked with fanatical vehemence. The men who had arrogated to themselves the right of admission to the "republic of letters," refused to admit one who, though still standing with one foot in the eighteenth century, was rapidly freeing himself from the narrow ideas and forms which the men of that age had laid down. In addition to the literary tempest, there burst over his head the political storm of the French Revolution. Bilderdijk, greatly attached to the House of Orange, and with principles of the most ultra-Conservative character, resisted the Revolution with all the strength at his disposal. But though he struggled manfully, he could not prevent the final establishment of the "Batavian Republic." It was, however, in his power to refuse to swear the oath of allegiance which was asked of him. He had to leave Holland, and to seek a place of refuge in a friendly country. He first went to England, but his residence on our "hospitable shores" was of short duration. The poet soon emigrated to Brunswick, in Germany. There, in the midst of many refugees, and under the patronage of the Duke, his life flowed on evenly for more than eight years. When he returned to his own land the eighteenth century had been laid to rest,

and a new age was struggling through the troubles of childhood.

With the accession of Napoleon's brother, Louis, to the Dutch throne, a somewhat better day had dawned on Holland. The four years of the reign of that king (1806—1810) are among the happiest of our poet's life. They were a lull in the storm which would soon break forth with redoubled fury. The removal of Louis, because his policy was not in accordance with the wishes of his imperial brother, and the subsequent incorporation of the Netherlands with the French empire, filled the cup of Bilderdijk's sorrows to overflowing. The mental and moral anguish through which he passed in seeing his beloved country at the mercy of the stranger, were overwhelming. But to these was added actual physical distress. Though at the moment of which we are speaking, without a rival amongst the poets of Holland, he did not know where to get bread in order to satisfy his hunger.

The hour of deliverance seemed at length to have come. Holland, once more free, hailed with acclamations another prince of the family of Orange. Alas, for the bad memory of restored dynasties! Bilderdijk suffered no longer the pangs of hunger; but he looked in vain for the acknowledgment of his literary greatness, and some signal mark of favour. The wreath of laurels was kept from him by the unscrupulous maclinations of a literary rabble, and he received the reward of true greatness in all ages—a cross.

However, the gods are more merciful than men. The stately old-fashioned man will soon pass away from a life whose experience he might have summed up in the words of Jacob, to scenes less checkered and more peaceful; those eyes, shaded by fierce brows, once so brilliant, now so dim, will soon regain their lustre in sunnier climes, and that fiery tongue, which has lashed the vices and follies of the age with the sternness of a Boanerges, will ere long, amidst other surroundings, burst forth into a song of peace. The death of

his wife was to him the beginning of the end. His sorrow admitted of no consolation, and his muse was too sad to utter another sound. Poring over the pages of his Bible, and of Cats, he spent the remaining days of his life in the most perfect seclusion. One wintry night, in the year 1831—a few months before the death of Goethe—he passed away.

We now turn to Bilderdijk's poetry. With the exception of Calderon no poet ever surpassed him in fertility. During fifty years he devoted himself to a literary life, and the legacy which he left behind shows the ceaseless activity which he displayed during that protracted period. It is computed that he wrote 300,000 lines. Add to this, that with the exception of comedy, he attempted every kind and form of poetry, and the reader will easily understand the difficulty of giving any adequate conception of labours so manifold and so varied.

His earlier poems, however, need not detain us long. The first poems which he wrote were on subjects proposed by various literary societies, and the themes chosen by those institutions are clear demonstrations—if any be required—of the low ebb which poetry had reached during the eighteenth century. Bilderdijk accepted the challenge, and wrote several poems which received either a medal or an honourable mention. These poems are chiefly remarkable for the tenacity with which their author clings to the forms of the age of Louis XIV. Their writer belongs to the so-called classical school; not merely are his poems full of classical allusions, but it is evident that the poet is, above all, anxious not to depart a hairsbreadth from the stiff correctness prescribed by tradition. It is but very slowly that he will free himself from the fetters of the Greeks and Romans; it is but very gradually that he will leave the chill, methodical atmosphere of the eighteenth century, and he will never entirely succeed in his attempt to be free. As, in the case of some of the kings of Israel, we are told that "they did that

which was right in the eyes of the Lord, nevertheless the high places were not taken away," so it may be said of the Dutch poet, that he forsook the classical idols of his forefathers and turned to another and purer worship, but that he kept till the very end of his life high places in which to sacrifice to the gods of his youth.

Amongst his earlier works his erotic poetry deserves to be singled out. Into the question of the morality of these poems we shall not now enter. Many of them are translations from Anacreon, Catullus, Tibullus, and other gallant poets, but a large number are original. It is easy to picture to oneself the astonishment with which the Dutch public must have looked upon these productions. They forgot that the poet was a young student, and that if ever, surely then, the worship of *das ewigweiblich Ideale* will seek for means to express itself; they had no eye for the beauty of the form which distinguished these poems, and no ear for the music of their rhythm; they had but one feeling, one of intense astonishment at the way in which their puritanism had been outraged. We, for ourselves, pity poor Venus, accustomed to the unclouded sky of Olympus, but now condemned to tramp through the marshes of Holland; we sympathise with Cupid in the midst of a nation amongst "whom life would be bearable were it not for its amusements;" and we cannot repress a slight smile at the passionate language addressed to the young girls of Leyden. But, on the other hand, there is in this poetry ample evidence, not merely of the wonderful mastery of language and the facility of versification which distinguished Bilderdijk in latter days, but also of a poetical power which lifted him at once far beyond his contemporaries.

In one *genre* of poetry he reached even then a point of excellency which he has never surpassed. His romances and ballads are of great beauty. It would be interesting, did space permit, to draw a parallel in that respect between him and the greatest ballad-

writers of Germany—Goethe, Schiller, and Uhland. It seems to us that his productions resemble most closely those of the last-named poet; in vain do we look for the reality and the objectivity of the ballad of Goethe, and the ideality and the subjectivity of that of Schiller. But we find the power of the Suabian singer to paint in bold outlines a few simple figures and to lift them by a magic stroke above the material surroundings into the regions of imagination and feeling.

The ballads of Bilderdijk—I yield to the temptation of giving a short extract from one of them—shared the fate of all his poetry—they were always unpopular. The subjects he chose were far above the comprehension of the people, and the sentiments of which he made his heroes and heroines the mouthpiece failed to awaken an echo amongst those masses in which the true home of the ballad is to be looked for. In how far the purely historical ballad can ever be made popular, unless at the sacrifice of historical truth and the unscrupulous introduction of numberless anachronisms, we are unwilling to decide. Undoubtedly there is a human element common to man in all ages, whose expression is therefore likely to meet at all times with a response. But in the ballads of Bilderdijk there is little or no attempt at any softening of the local colouring; on the contrary, the poet, whose whole life may be summed up in the "*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*," has nowhere striven so hard to exhibit in all its width the gulf which separated him from his contemporaries. The favourite subjects of Bilderdijk are taken from the middle ages. We shall have something more to say about the peculiar political views of the poet; let it suffice for the present to remark that his poetry moves for ever on the mediæval line towards the restoration of what seemed to him the golden age, the days of chivalry and of feudal government. A descendant, as he believed himself to be, of the old noble family of the Earls of Cleve and Teisterbant he unfurled for ever "those banners of Teisterbant," to fight in days

of scepticism and democracy for the revival of a period of blind belief and despotism. The most perfect of his ballads, and the one best known is, without any doubt, his "Floriz IV."

There is first of all the description of the scene :

"Trumpets and bagpipes resounded through the court, across the walls ; the knights flocked together at the merry sound.

"From the arched window of the wall of Klermont, Blanka, the beautiful, saw the rich assemblage of arms.

"She sat before the window, draped in velvet, surrounded by her maidens, who were clothed in yellow garments.

"She stood before the window in her sky-blue dress, like the corn flower amidst the fields of ripening grain.

"She wore a golden chain with diamond clasp ; it hung down from her shoulders, and fell upon her lap.

"Her full bosom heaved ; her eye, filled with curiosity, looked around ; a flash mantled her cheek ; a smile played on her lovely lips.

"She looked at the proud knights, clothed in silk and gold ; she saw their noble horses decked with purple, richly-fringed trappings."

Then comes the innocent question, which is to be the cause of a great tragedy :—

"Ah ! tell me," she said, knowing nothing of jealousy, "where amongst all these knights is the Earl of Holland ?"

"Her husband hears the question, and looks at her fixedly ; her lips grow pale and tremble ; her heart beats.

"Look !" he says, with a grin, "in yonder crowd of earls, there is a guly lion in a field of gold."

"That knight so perfect is the Earl of Holland : examine him well, for his hour has struck."

"The beautiful Blanka recedes from the window in a tremor, there is no longer anything festive to her in the scene which is before her eyes."

And then, as Floriz IV. passes the gate where Blanka was sitting surrounded by the ladies of her court,

"He lifts up his eyes, and the spear of false Klermont pierces through his innocent heart, and he falls down lifeless."

Not, however, without revenge :

"The brave Cleve takes his heroic sword, the pledge of friendship, and sends it through the cowardly murderer.

"The frightened Blanka hears of the crime, and of its punishment ; the frightened Blanka beholds both corpses.

"Her knees give way, her blood and her breath grow still ; she shrieks, she dies, and the sombre curtain drops."

But it was during the gloomy days of exile that the genius of Bilderdijk reached the highest point of development. Of the poems written or conceived by him during that period we may say in the language of Southey—

"The language of a state,
Inferior in illustrious deeds to none,
But circumscribed by narrow bounds, and
now
Sinking in irrecoverable decline,
Hath pent within its sphere a name where-
with
Europe should else have rung from side to
side."

The horizon of the poet is considerably enlarged ; he confines himself no longer to the somewhat narrow range of subjects which had hitherto seemed to him to contain all things in heaven and earth ; he also moves with greater freedom, and is no longer tied hand and foot to those classical forms, the perfect repose of which he had never attained, and into which he had vainly attempted to pour fresh life. In the poetry of that time we also trace the magical power of Bilderdijk over the language of Holland. His word-painting is perfectly marvellous ; the sensuous colouring of some of his poems reminds one of a southern landscape. Could that shy, sullen, choleric Dutchman, whose personal appearance repelled love and commanded admiration, have written those exquisitely tender poems, which are found scattered in the collection of his works ? Perhaps the explanation is to be found in the fact that the blood which flowed through his veins had been derived not merely from the tepid west, but also from those burning lands where the sun wakes from his slumbers.

Looking at these poems one can easily understand the unpopularity of Bilderdijk, nay, the opposition which he encountered on all sides. Instead of being a representative Dutchman he was rather the reverse ; instead of being the echo of the age, whose voice made itself heard even in the low-lands, he

was rather like the preacher in the wilderness; a voice lifting up its protest against the age in which his lot was cast. The tone of his poetry is one of reaction. He knew little about the times in which he lived, for his heart moved in days long gone by and amidst scenes long since past. His scanty knowledge, however, exasperated him to the utmost against the institutions and the men by which he was surrounded; he therefore felt himself called upon to resist even unto blood the spirit of the age, and to sound in its ears nothing else but a long protracted anathema.

An anathema against the age because of its religion! Bilderdijk was too much of a theologian to be a Christian. His religious poems are strangers to the modern axiom, which has decreed the divorce between theology and religion.

In an age when the people were sunk in depths of irreligion, and when the only way to reclaim them from their state of degradation was to be found in the rousing of the religious or the ideal sentiment, which is above dogmas and independent of forms, Bilderdijk could conceive no religion except the Calvinistic theology of the seventeenth century. The system which represents God as the most arbitrary of judges, and which makes of heaven the most aristocratic of clubs, was to him the only possible salvation for an age impatient of all inquisition, theological or political.

An anathema against the age because of its politics! An aristocrat and a royalist, he hated the people cordially and denounced them ursparingly. He also disliked those petty aristocrats who seemed to him to encroach on the power which ought only to belong to the monarch. All revolutions, it is almost superfluous to add, were not merely distasteful to him, but utterly unjustifiable. A greater anachronism than Bilderdijk cannot be imagined. Placed in the midst of a revolutionary mob, exhibiting all the passions of the brute, under the intoxicating power of a newly-acquired liberty, he sighs for the return of those mediæval ages which come nearest to his ideal.

Many of the political poems of Bilderdijk belong to a later period; but it is not necessary for us to adhere scrupulously to their chronological order. The patriotic tone of most of them is undeniable, and the fact that they reflect, like the remainder of his poetry, his peculiar individuality, and that they are often influenced by his political theories, cannot take away from their beauty. There is pathos in the lines in which he foretells the ruin of his country; there is majesty in the *Ode to Napoleon*, and a well-nigh prophetic tone in that gloomy *Farewell*, which he wrote during the darkest days of French dominion. And what Dutch poet has celebrated the deliverance of his country in more magnificent strains of triumph than the man who had felt most deeply its degradation and misery?

From the mass of patriotic poetry to which such men as Loots and the philosophical Kinker largely contributed, the productions of Jan Helmers deserve to be singled out. Helmers, a native of Amsterdam, and an illiterate man, made himself famous by his stirring war-songs. Most of his poems are forgotten, and few would find fault with the verdict given against him by Time, that most impartial of judges. But his great poem, *The Dutch Nation*, has survived to the present day. It is full of bombast, it contains ridiculous exaggerations, its colouring is coarse and hard, its logic is often extremely doubtful, and its diction decidedly faulty—and yet it lives. It lives because, though the expression of patriotism run mad, there is nothing so pleasing to a nation as to be reminded that it is *la grande nation*. It lives because daubing is at all times more popular than high art; it lives, lastly, because it required heroism to write it. Helmers is a kind of Dutch Tyrtæus. He led his nation to the field of battle, but he died without hearing the shouts of victory.

The Dutch Nation was published in the year 1812; it contains a series of pictures, taken from the history of Holland, in which the Netherlands are represented as victorious, and carrying

everything before them. Thus, to mention only one episode, we have a long account of the doings of De Ruiter, how he tamed the British leopard, struck terror to the heart of London, and set fire to Sheerness. Nay, it would seem that on one occasion his ghost appeared amongst the Dutch fleet, and that the apparition acted on them so powerfully that the English leopard receded bleeding and powerless. This is rather amusing, but is it not also slightly pathetic? *The Dutch Nation* is the song of a man living in a more or less imaginary past, because he can nowhere else find alleviation for the sorrows of the present, or hope for the darkness of the future.

But to return to Bilderdijk. His most celebrated poem, dating from the period of the exile, is the *Ziekte der Geleerden* (diseases of learned men). This curious poem is divided into six cantos. The reader who pictures the muse to himself as a mysterious form of superhuman beauty, clad in dreamy twilight, full of soul and imagination, whispering in soft, broken accents, all the more sublime because slightly unintelligible, will be sadly disappointed; the muse of Bilderdijk is a female M.D. The *Ziekte der Geleerden* is a pharmacopœia in rhyme. You will find in it a description of the diseases and illnesses by which humanity is afflicted; you will be invited to listen to a discussion of the several methods of healing, and you will carry away, if you have not meantime fallen asleep, the salutary maxim—"That medicine is able to support nature in its work of healing, but unable to restore it." "Believe not in magic," which, being translated into the vernacular, reads thus: Do not trust a quack.

But we must hasten to consider another poem, which, in the opinion of Dutch critics, has raised Bilderdijk next to Shakspeare and Goethe, if not above them. During the days of exile he conceived the plan of writing a great epic poem on *The Destruction of the First World*. He began it at the

end of the year 1809, and his inspiration was at its very height when unfortunately his labours were interrupted by domestic affliction, followed by great national calamities. The pen fell from his hands never again to be taken up, and his poem remains for ever a fragment, a torso, in which the filling up of outlines, the arrangement of details, and, above all, the completion of the figure, are left to the imagination of the reader.

An epic poem *en plein jour* of the nineteenth century! It was a bold undertaking. A critical and sceptical age is not an epic age. The atmosphere for the *epos*, the childlike faith of the men of Homer, or the despairing belief of the contemporaries of Dante, where shall we find it, seeing that we are certain of nothing except of uncertainty? It was the glory of Goethe to write an epic poem in the nineteenth century, and to succeed. But then he had the courage to place on the vacant throne from which Paganism had fallen, and on which traditional Christianity was unable any longer to maintain itself, a great and noble philosophy—the philosophy of nature. The *epos* of Goethe is a cry from the heart of nature.

The Dutch poet carries us back to the days of Hebrew mythology: he will tell us of "the destruction of the first world: how the Omnipotent, wearied of the conflict with men, destroyed the earth by means of a flood." A subject like this was worthy of a great poet, and some of the episodes must be ranked amongst the masterpieces of poetry. *La pompe des Alexandrins* was never more gorgeously displayed than in those cantos of *De Ondergang der Eerste Waereld*. There is also a loftiness of conception and a vigour of execution which cannot fail to command admiration. And yet, with all its great and undeniable beauties, the poem leaves us unsatisfied. We are so very far removed from that world—and all the art of the poet fails to bridge over the distance!

I have but space for a very short extract, for I have already dwelt too long

on *Bilderdijk*. Look at the picture of Elpine, one of the daughters of Cain. She is represented to us as an orphan who has lost the innocence of her youth. "It is night: the silvery beams of the moon fall upon the rippling stream, the breeze dances through the forest, or chases the wavelets, or kisses the tear-stained cheeks of Elpine. Alas, nothing can dry those tears. She sits, plunged in deep sorrow, like a marble statue. The torch of day is well-nigh extinguished, and the stars are about to illumine the darkness. But she has no eye for those things. . . . A brief moment passes. Once more she is in the arms of the youth whose passion had overcome her virtue. She feels the pressure of his arms and the beating of his heart in unison with hers; and, as he touches her lips, and she opens her half-closed eyes, she sees the same heavenly being who had clung to her in tender embraces, and whose pledge of love she carries even now. Her joy is so overwhelming that she feels on the point of death. . . ." The episode concludes with a struggle between Elpine and her lover. Her lover swears that he will forsake his Eden in order to become her husband. She refuses, hesitates, and ends by yielding. But when her lover announces to her that he will become the

leader of a second rebellion, and regain Paradise for humanity, her better feelings are aroused, and she pronounces against that determination. "We have but one hope—it is God's grace, His redemption and restoration. . . . She then leaves the young man to himself."

Well, then, compare the Elpine of *Bilderdijk* with the Marguerite of Goethe, since the parallel is forced upon us. The glory of the maiden of Goethe is her divine ignorance. She is as pure after her fall as she had been before. Elpine, on the other hand, is a woman such as the world has often seen. Granted that the picture is intensely dramatic, and contains touches of subtle psychological analysis, we are still left to ask, which is the greater of the two, Elpine or Gretchen? But tell me which is grander, a calm evening of spring, or a stormy, wintry night?

The volumes, with the fantastical titles, which *Bilderdijk* published in later days, contain evident tokens of poetical decline. But he had done enough to have his name placed alongside of a Vondel, and to be ranked amongst the greatest men of Holland. Had he done nothing more than write the fragment, entitled, *The Destruction of the First World*, he would have had a right to claim a place amongst the princes of poetry.

A. SCHWARZ.

To be continued.

KISAWLEE: LIFE IN A CANADIAN COUNTRY TOWN.

THE town of Kisawlee—as the geography books would say—contains a population of upwards of nine thousand. I should say the town to which I will give the name of Kisawlee—for it would be time thrown away to search for its whereabouts in Keith Johnston or any other modern atlas—even if they deigned to give poor Canada a map worthy of the name. The chances are that if you consult an ordinary atlas you will find a space near the end devoted to a Map of North America generally; or in a fuller edition for more advanced students, perhaps the United States and British Possessions would be allowed a whole page to themselves, an honour shared by Sardinia and Corsica, Norway and Sweden, or the islands of the Grecian Archipelago. The names of great States, containing several millions of the Anglo-Saxon race, and half a dozen cities, larger than many of the smaller European capitals, are printed in precisely the same type as collections of mud huts on the preceding page, while our own great Dominion would be denoted by a red smudge in the top corner, with Lake Ontario standing on its head, Lake Erie looking as if it were not quite certain where it ought to be, and Superior making off (to use a native expression) in a bee-line towards the Rocky Mountains. “British Possessions” are written in a general way from Toronto (probably still put down as “Little York”) to the Atlantic Ocean, and the country behind, where short-horn stock grazes, is cut off with the simple designation of “Unknown Territory,” or the long-forgotten and obsolete name of “Prince Rupert’s Land.” Very good maps of Canada can be procured from the emigration agents, but it is not to be expected that they should fall into the hands of the

schoolroom governess or the knickerbockered child of ten, which may be put down as the most advanced age at which it is thought necessary to instil into British youths a knowledge of the physical geography of the world they inhabit. So the United States and Canada are dismissed with the same number of useless marks as Crime Tartary and Siberia. The youth goes to school, and even that little is forgotten.

Who can wonder, then, when educated Englishmen ask which is Upper and which is Lower Canada, whether South Carolina touches the Canadian frontier, and have a general idea that the country is inhabited by Yankees, Indians, and polar bears, or that they do as one individual I know of did—come straight from an eminent British seat of learning to the longest settled part of the oldest state in America, bringing with him an enormous chest of carpenter’s tools in the expectation of having to build his own house and sleep in the open air till it was finished. The feelings of the Canadians are being continually ruffled as instances come before their notice of what a *terra incognita* their land (of which they are so proud) is in the mother country. The Yankees are not so sensitive, and they only “guess the stranger is behind the times *some*,” and pity him forthwith. But I must cry *peccavi* for having rambled so far from my subject, which was to endeavour to give a description, however feeble, of the manners and customs of the Canadians, taking a provincial town as my model rather than the old beaten route by way of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto. Kisawlee, as I before said, boasts of a population of nine thousand and has considerable social pretensions. When the towns of A—, B—, or C— give a ball, and a brake-full of gentlemen

from Kisawlee are expected, it is said that the ladies take extra care with their toilets and that their hearts beat a trifle faster, while the gentlemen of A—, B—, and C—, look black. It is not surprising, then, that there are legends which tell of some festive occasions that have not ended as amiably as they should.

A very aspiring town is Kisawlee. I have even heard of ladies of fashion there whisper treasonable things against Montreal, in which I thought I caught the word "shoddy." The gentlemen of Kisawlee have long been famous for their gallantry and eligible qualities, and they have always enjoyed the reputation of numbering among their ranks a large number of freshly imported Englishmen, which has turned the scales very heavily in their favour. There used to be a tradition that when the maidens of Toronto had arrived at a time of life at which there was a danger of their lapsing into that state so dreaded in Canada,—when for many years they had been treated to candy in King St. by the youth of Toronto, with no more serious results accruing,—their friends and those interested in them used suddenly to discover that the only way of recruiting their health, shattered by the dissipation of the metropolis of the West, was to send them to stay with friends in Kisawlee to enjoy rest and quiet, about the time when pic-nics and dances were most rife in the provincial town. This, however, we must put down to spite; probably it was in return for some mocking allusion made by the Kisawleens when the British regiments were withdrawn from Toronto. A merry time the fair sex had had of it! Not so the lawyers, the bank-clerks, and other individuals whose misfortune it was to wear a black coat. They wandered through the ballrooms in vain; the whole beauty of the city was entirely engrossed with the dashing hussars, and they were fain to content themselves with the once despised wall-flowers. But in due course, the last red coat disappeared from the streets of Toronto; the clash

of the sabre, the military music, and the bugle-call, no longer sounded through what seemed to the ladies' eyes the deserted highways, and the turn of the neglected civilians had come. Ill-tongued fame says that they had their revenge, and that the idols at whose feet the mess of the 34th Queen's Own Hussars had knelt in adoration, for a whole season sat round the ballrooms unnoticed and deserted by their old play-mates, whom in the hour of prosperity they had scorned.

But time heals all things, and now-a-days the lawyers and clerks encase themselves in red or blue for a fortnight every year, and with long cavalry spurs on, whirl the admiring fair round in the giddy waltz, creating only more havoc with their hearts than with their trains.

Before touching on the more delicate subject of the social life of Kisawlee, its business, and its pleasures, let us glance at the place itself. The town lies in a valley on the river B— (the letter B must here be understood to represent an Indian name of six or seven syllables, which the inhabitants of Kisawlee are just learning to pronounce without stopping to take breath in the middle); the country round is said to be the most hilly in Upper Canada, some of the hills rising to the astounding altitude of 300 feet. It is summer-time. The river flows gently now, and the sound of the current is drowned by the dull booming and banging of drifting logs one against the other. They have floated two-hundred miles from the far back-woods, and all through the summer night and day come thundering and crashing down, till the sound gets as familiar to the ears of those living by the waterside as that of the river itself. On their arrival at the town they are caught, sawn up, and sent about their business.

All the country round is completely cleared, leaving only enough timber for fire-wood, and now looks dried up and parched; while the grasshoppers, almost as large as humming-birds, start up by dozens at every footstep, and fill

the air with their chirruping. The farms, and consequently the fields, are small; roughly built snake-fences obtrude their hideous forms on the sight everywhere, and neatly built frame and red-brick houses, surrounded by verandas, are dotted in every direction, generally inhabited, or it would be more correct to say part of them inhabited, by whilom Scotch or Irish labourers who have risen in wealth with the country, though seldom in intelligence. There is a vulgar saying in Canada concerning these gentry that they sell everything they possibly can off their farms; what they cannot sell they give to the pigs, and what the pigs will not eat they eat themselves. From this we must draw the conclusion that farming is not looked upon in Kisawlee as an elevating or ennobling pursuit. The road, however, is good and level, and as we draw near the town aspiring mansions rise by the roadside of red-brick, stone, or wood.

All Canadian towns are much alike. The approach to Kisawlee is by a long, straight, dusty road, lined on each side by rows of little painted frame houses, standing within wooden railings, separated only from each other by a few yards of burnt-up grass, or a feeble attempt at a flower bed, and fronted by a plunk side-wall raised high above the road, a trap for the unwary on dark nights.

Gradually the long, straight suburban road merges into a street—the street of the town—a ghastly array of hideous brick houses, every one of them crammed from cellar to garret with merchandise, the names of their owners painted in flaming characters on boards of all shapes and sizes à l'Américaine. Cross streets run in at intervals, up which are to be found the churches, with tin spires gleaming in the sun, hotels and taverns, banks, post office, and town-hall, fading away into private residences, the same little red and white villas, and so on, till we get to country-road once more, and wind about among the snake fences, brown fields, and grasshoppers.

Let us glance at the principal hotel.

The bar of course is full, for the Canadians drink in summer on account of the heat, and in winter to keep out the cold. We enter our name and place of residence in the book, as the custom is; the landlord reads it, and is at once all civility. He sees we are English, thinks of course we are green, and sniffs the spoils of war afar. Presently he lifts one finger and beckons with his head. This, I afterwards learn, is the Canadian fashion of asking you to drink, or, in their own parlance, “to have a horn.” If you are passing through as strangers, and more especially Englishmen, he will charge you \$3 a day. If a friend introduces you, winks one eye, and gives him a dig in the ribs or some other familiar sign, you will only be \$1 *per diem* the poorer for your sojourn in his establishment, and if you board there for six months you will get off far cheaper even than that. Such are the anomalies of the charges in Canadian and American hotels!

Of what does the upper-crust of society consist in Kisawlee? Let us try and define it. Four or five half-pay officers with their wives and families, the managers and clerks of three banks (bank clerks in Canada, by the way, hold a higher position in society than their *confrères* in the old country, from the fact of its being a profession worth entering from a pecuniary point of view, and consequently much sought after by the most influential families in the country for their sons), several lawyers, most of whom are in society, a judge, a parson or two, three or four doctors, and a miscellaneous bevy of people, many of them English, attracted by the cheapness of living. The rear is brought up by a phalanx of bachelors, a large proportion of them young Englishmen, some farming, and more who have made a hash of it, and quietly subsided into being pursers on lake steamboats or clerks in stores and lumber shanties. It is no uncommon thing in Kisawlee to find a clerk in a store with \$20 a month going everywhere and made much of in society, while his chief, who lives in a fine stone house, with an annual income of \$5,000, would knock in vain for

admission at houses where his poorly-paid clerk reigns supreme. Greatly to the credit of the Canadians generally, it may be said that, let a man be a gentleman, no occupation, so long as it be honest, will at all affect his place in society; while at the same time there are many men retaining their places there, and even courted as favourites, who in England would long ago have been consigned to inebriate asylums, or at all events care would have been taken that their faces should live only in the memory of their acquaintances.

There is probably neither a greater nor a less consumption of spirits in Kisawlee than throughout the rest of Canada; that, however, is not saying much. Rye-whisky is cheap, and fortunately rather mild; almost all liquors are retailed over the bar at five cents ($2\frac{1}{2}d.$) a drink, while the decanter each time is handed over, American fashion, to the discretion of the drinker. The temptation is too strong for about one-third of the male population; another third, we will say, steady themselves down to about half-a-dozen "horns" a day; while for courtesy we will suppose that the remainder take refuge in total abstinence, although I am afraid it is making rather a rash statement to say so.

Drink has long been the curse of the country, and always will be till they put a good heavy tax on spirits. As will be gathered from what I before said, storekeepers, with rare exceptions, do not go into society. Where the Kisawleens draw the line would be difficult to say; but that there is a line there is no doubt, and that there is a great deal of skirmishing about the borders of that line is also a well-established fact.

One of the great institutions of Kisawlee, dear to the hearts of the gentlemen and an unceasing thorn in the sides of the ladies, is the club—a ballot-club of about thirty members. It comprises a reading-room, where English and Canadian papers and magazines are taken (when I speak of magazines as connected with Canada, I should, I am afraid, have used the singular number, as I never heard that the *Canadian*

Monthly, edited by a distinguished English scholar, had a rival); a spacious billiard-room, where snug pools and handicaps take place in the long winter evenings; and a smoking-room, not to mention a dining-room, where not many years ago at any rate, a first-rate breakfast, cold lunch, and an excellent dinner, with beer and coffee thrown in, could be procured for the astonishingly low sum of \$3 or 12s. a week.

The heat of summer is greater far than in England, yet in that respect the Kisawleens may look down with pity on the sun-smitten inhabitants of New York and Philadelphia, and have a decided advantage over their greater neighbours at Toronto and Montreal. But it is not too hot for excursions of every kind, picnics, and cricket-matches. The latter sport partakes of a decidedly fierce character in Kisawlee. When two rival elevens meet it is needless to say that no very great amount of talent is displayed, but that is more than made up for in the hearty rivalry manifested by the contending sides, which is most refreshing after some of our more refined English matches, where every player is so much occupied with his own average that he has no time to think of anything else. There is nothing of that kind here; and when the two rival clubs of Kisawlee are pitted against each other, the peacefully-inclined spectator would be wise if he were to leave the ground about ten minutes before the conclusion of the game. A great effort is being made by Canadians of the lower orders (if I may apply the expression to individuals who receive as high salaries as their betters, wear a signet-ring on every other finger, and empty a whole pot of pomatum over their head every morning) to stifle cricket and hold up the Indian game of La Crosse as the national pastime, and placard it as such about the towns. This is surely a mild species of disloyalty! Of course the great obstacle to cricket in Canada is that it involves a whole day's absence from work, which in a busy country few people can spare.

The Canadian masses I believe to be at bottom thoroughly loyal; but when it comes to be a personal matter between

Englishman and Canadian, it is very evident to all who have sojourned in the country that, in certain ranks of life at all events, the latter does not invariably entertain towards the former the feelings that are supposed to animate brother towards brother.

Canoeing parties, camping parties up the back lakes, and picnics of all kinds follow each other in rapid succession. The Kisawleean picnics are conducted in the most sensible manner, and no one person ever feels the burden of them. The ladies take the food, which is perhaps a little better than they would have at home, while the gentlemen provide the needful in the way of liquids, which it is almost unnecessary to say is the never-failing rye-whisky, with a little sherry for the ladies. Champagne on such occasions is unheard of, and as it would probably be very bad if it were, it is on the whole well that it is not considered a necessity.

Scarcely anybody in Kisawlee is rich. If there are any millionaires they would be found among the ranks of the store-keepers. Three hundred pounds a year is looked upon as a comfortable income for a family man; and I believe I am right in saying that very few of the people one meets enjoy an income of more than 500*l.* a year, while a bachelor with an annual income of 100*l.* can live very comfortably and go everywhere.

The picnics from Kisawlee are always water picnics, especially when the heat of summer has given place to the dreamy, indescribable beauty of the "fall," with its glorious tints, so longed for by the Canadians and so wondered at by the foreigner, and every colour of the rainbow is reflected in the glassy waters of the thousand lakes within reach of which it is the happy lot of the citizens of Kisawlee to dwell. Then ledgers are tossed aside, clients are left to take care of themselves or fight out their own quarrels, and patients to die or recover as they best can; while each faithful swain launches his canoe, seizes his paddle, and with the object of his adoration reclining in the bow, spends the live-long day gliding beneath entwining branches of hemlock, beech

and maple, till the unwelcome evening falls upon them, till the frogs begin to sing a bellow from the swamps, the whip-poor-will to pipe his plaintive and monotonous song, and the long lines of ducks to trail across the purple sky. Then the head of the canoe is turned towards the open lake, and it speeds over the dancing waves and through the evening breeze to the distant island, guided thither by the gleam of white tents, the ruddy fire, and the sound of merry voices. Happy times those for the lovers of Kisawlee! No grim chaperones to look savage at them when they get back; while roast duck and muskallonge steak is no bad wind-up even to such a day. Dangerous affairs are these camping parties, and half the weddings in Kisawlee are the result of them, or perhaps I should say the engagements, for the old saying that "there is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip" holds very strong there.

Then there are the sportsmen, who scorn the beds of hemlock-brush and the cups and saucers, and would infinitely rather (bears as they are) see a rifle than a lady in the bow of their canoe. These grim spirits mean business, and they paddle past the white tents, and the newly-painted canoes drawn up on the shore, with an ill-concealed glance of pity and contempt. Their canoes are old and dingy-looking, no names in gilt letters adorn their sides; their tents and packs look as if they had been through many campaigns and had weathered many storms. But they glide on with eyes intent on the far-away back country, where no sound shall break the stillness but the crashing music of their hounds, the crack of their rifles, and the howling of the wolves at night.

But every pleasure has an end, and in due course of time ominous cold winds and dismal days and white-capped waves tell of approaching winter. Then tents are struck, and canoes packed, and the nymphs of Kisawlee, wrapped up in shawls, are paddled home over leaden coloured lakes and through windy narrows beneath showers of golden leaves, to bring life back into the deserted

town. Furs, sealskin caps and jackets, have scarcely been hunted up when down comes the Iron King, relentless, to reign for six long weary months.

A month of snow to most young people, at all events, would be highly enjoyable. It is scarcely enough to reduce the pleasure and novelty of sleighing to a mere means of transit, or to dull the ears to the merry tinkling of the bells; and perhaps it would hardly give them an overdose of skating, even though that pastime had to be carried on in a damp and unhealthy little rink. But six months, six long interminable months of white chaos, with nothing to relieve the eye but snow, deep snow! There are dances *ad nauseam* all through the winter, and their merry evenings have often been held up by Canadians as the result of, and peculiar to, their hard winters; but is it, I ask, necessary to the success of a ball that the thermometer should stand at thirty below zero, and that every guest on the way thither should have periodically to feel his nose and ears in order to satisfy himself that he still possesses those organs? Get a sensible Canadian in a corner towards the end of March, button-hole him, and he will sing you a different song. You will gather from him that, although he has never spent a winter away from his native land, he feels the cold more and more every year, and pines for something that his instincts tell him would be more natural and more agreeable. Unless you are a lumber-man—which Heaven forbid—exercise is next to an impossibility, and you consequently suffer, unless you can do without it, which few Englishmen can. Endeavour to walk along a country road, and even if you can manage to stagger on for a mile or two you will run the risk of being put into the county Lunatic Asylum. Riding of course is an impossibility, so there is nothing for it but to sit in a stove-heated room, or to rush through the freezing air, muffled up to the eyes, in a sleigh.

At this season of the year the farmers, being thrown out of work, throng the bar-rooms in great Newfoundland coats with hoods and red scarves round

their waists, and fur caps of vast extent upon their heads—a “hard-looking crowd,” to use their own expression. But a still “harder-looking crowd,” are the lumber-men, or shanty-men, who, turned adrift from the far backwoods, are let loose on the peaceful inhabitants of Kisawlee. They may indeed be reckoned among the evils of winter—English, Irish, Scotch, French, and Canadians, all roughened down to that state of existence which lives only to drink or curse.

The streets present, however, a very gay appearance, as do also the stores and hotels. An unceasing stream of sleighs of every description glides swiftly and noiselessly through the streets; the steam from the horses rises up between the red-brick houses, through the cold air, and the jangling of a thousand bells continues from morning till night.

But let us have one more glimpse of the more congenial summer weather, when man ceases to be a mummy and emerges into the daylight. We will not dwell too long on the mosquitoes and black flies, sand-flies, and deer-flies. They drive the scattered settlers to take refuge in their log-cabins during the whole month of June, and, in spite of green veils, reduce the faces of the unfortunate raftsmen to a bleeding and unrecognisable pulp. The mosquitoes last more or less throughout the entire summer, but they have their times and seasons and methods of attack, and one can be a little prepared for them. In the streets of a town they seldom appear at all, but let the unwary venture into a road before a shower of rain and I could safely warrant that he would come out quicker than he went in.

Long and loud is the rejoicing when the authorities of the 29th Military District announce that the annual volunteer camp will be held at Kisawlee, and when a thousand red-coats march from the railway station through the town, with bands playing and banners flying. The enthusiasm of the populace knows no bounds. Here they come! the gallant and sole defenders of the country, in the uniform of the British Line, with tin pannikins and canvas bags slung on

their backs. The 126th Choctaw battalion is in the van, marching four deep, not quite so steady as they hope to be in a fortnight's time, but the weather is warm, and the whisky at M—junction notoriously strong. By the time, however, that they have marched round the town six times, in the proud consciousness that the eyes of the Kisawlee fair are upon them, they steady down considerably. Next comes the 125th battalion from Caybolgin, 400 strong, noted for its famous band, which is at present blowing itself red in the face to the tune of "The British Grenadiers" in its endeavour to drown the plaintive strain of "The Girl I left behind me," which the band of the home battalion in its rear is playing lustily. Great is the cheering, waving of handkerchiefs from windows, whistling on fingers, and chaff, that greet the native warriors as they tramp past, waving the national banner—a beaver in the centre of a Union Jack—wrought for them by some of the fair hands in the windows above.

But the excitement reaches its zenith when steel helmets, waving plumes, and the flash of bare sabres are espied, and the two squadrons of carbineers in red and the Kisawlee hussars in a neat uniform of blue with white facings ride past. Some of the horses, probably straight from the plough, do not quite relish the proceedings, and some of the riders look as if they would uncommonly like to be rid of their sabres; but on the whole, for a non-riding country, they are, or will be, a very creditable lot. A general move takes place towards the selected camping-ground two or three miles from town, and before evening a fifty-acre field is covered with white tents, from beneath which, as night falls, issue as decided sounds of revelry as ever were heard in "Belgium's mighty capital." A fortnight of continued pleasure and excitement for the ladies, who every day drive out to see their brothers and lovers being transformed into warriors, drink lemonade in their tents, and admire the lace on their uniforms.

The road is choked up with vehicles. Old Scotch settlers, inveigled by their

wives and daughters into taking one day's holiday from their year of drudgery, come clattering along in farm-wagons. Shop-boys (or store-clerks, I suppose I should say) take their money's worth out of rickety buggies and broken-down screws, while pedestrians struggle along through the dust, mopping their heads with their handkerchiefs, and taking probably their only walk through the year to see "our Zack in a red coat." The last day, however, is the day of days. A stout gentleman in a cocked hat arrives from Toronto, of whom rumour whispers that he is a General, and driving into the field, mounts a spare horse in a majestic manner. Beneath the searching gaze of this Triton the infantry battalions rush furiously forward, and throwing themselves on their faces in skirmishing order open a terrific fire of blank cartridge on two inoffensive straw-stacks and an antiquated barn. Having expended all their ammunition on these harmless objects they retire as quickly as they advanced, when the entire cavalry force rides forward at a gallop, with drawn sabres, to cover their retreat. But as neither the barn nor the straw-stacks seem inclined to follow up their temporary advantage, they wheel into line and retire, preparatory to the closing scene—the march past—which I need hardly say is a more satisfactory performance than the one a fortnight previously through the streets of Kisawlee. It is by no means an unpicturesque sight. The hazy light of a Canadian autumn evening falling through the changing foliage on the lines of red coats, the bright helmets and the drawn sabres, the long lines of carriages, the bright colours of the ladies, the white tents behind and the broad river in front. But the general speaks: one may be quite certain beforehand what he is going to say—"that he feels it an honour to review such a fine body of men, and should an enemy invade their country he feels convinced that the troops now before him will give a good account of him." The music of the bands has ceased to play, and gives place to the music of the frogs in the swamps. The crowds melt away and

disappear, tents are struck, and in a short time the late busy scene is left to the farmer's cows and pigs who no doubt have a fine time of it.

Every one who has a ticket hurries home for the great and final event of all—the ball. The largest room in the town has been hired, and punctual to the hour 300 devotees of the dance pour in. Kisawlee exclusiveness is of no avail on this night; every grade of society is well represented. Lawyers, doctors, butchers, bakers, livery stable keepers and loafers. The judge's wife stands up in the same set with her dressmaker, and the parson's wife, if she is not careful, will run into the arms of her cook. Such tatters and such romping! Spurred heels fly in every direction, dresses rip and tear, an occasional thud rises above the din of battle, as some rural couple, unaccustomed to a waxed floor, go down. The band of the 126th blow as if every vein in their heads would burst and call loudly for whisky between each dance. Tall men in long black morning coats, red ties, and thick-soled boots, go through quadrilles with a double shuffle; while their partners in pea-green dresses, short ringlets and yellow head-dresses, hold out their skirts with thumb and finger, and go through the contortions of an Irish jig or a Highland reel.

But the red-coats and the dashing hussars carry all before them on this eventful night. It is the last night of their sway. To-morrow they will retire into private life and to a level with their civilian friends, who now hide their diminished heads in the card-room and drink claret-cup fiercely; and who rejoice in their secret hearts when next day the last squadron files out of Kisawlee and the last train full of shouting red-coats puffs out of the station.

Pages could be filled with the life of this stirring little town. I have said nothing of "surprise parties"—nothing of New-Year's Day, when the ladies sit

at home all day behind regiments of glasses and decanters, and the Kisawlee gentlemen rush furiously from house to house, entering the room by sixes and sevens, or sometimes by dozens, sitting down only to jump up again as if there was a live coal in the chair, and after having, according to strict rule and custom, tossed off a glass to the health of the house, disappear as quickly as they came, only to repeat their interesting performance at forty or fifty other houses.

I have made no mention of toboggoning, of snow-shoeing excursions, of riding-parties, of shooting-matches at a turkey's head;—but, on the other hand, I have said little of the very great chances of having the tip of your ear or your nose frozen off, or of its being absolutely impossible to sleep after sunrise in summer on account of the common house-flies. Nor have I spoken of the excessive dirt and bad attendance at the best hotels, nor of the difficulty and sometimes of the impossibility of getting servants. But the Kisawlee ladies, though not very strong in music, painting, or languages, can make an apple-pie or a bed with any one; necessity, if a hard, is a good master, as many a gently-nurtured Englishwoman has found out in places compared to which Kisawlee is a bed of roses.

Englishmen will penetrate into the most out-of-the-way nooks and corners of the earth, and their wives—who have been brought up in luxury such as no other nation dreams of—will go with them, and brave hardships, dangers, and troubles which would reduce an American, who has never trodden on a carpet, to a helpless and trembling heap of tears and groans. Truly we are an eccentric nation; but at all events we do not require a standing army of half a million to make us respected in regions and by men who have never heard of the Emperor of Germany, and to whom the very name of the Czar of all the Russias is a closed book.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE UNORGANIZED CLASSES.

THERE is no commoner mistake among philanthropists than the talk about the "working classes" as a distinct division of society, of which all, or the large majority of the members, are united together by common occupations, common interests, and common antipathies. It is indeed a mistake which has often been protested against, nowhere more powerfully and picturesquely than by Thomas Wright, the Journeyman Engineer, in his book *Our New Masters*. There he has shown the gulf which separates the skilled artisan from the class which is only just keeping its head above water, and which sometimes drifts into beggary and dishonesty from sheer want.

In fact the miserable people who plead for the charity of the District Visitor or the Clergyman, as well as the paupers who apply to the Relieving Officer, belong almost exclusively to the class of unskilled labourers. The great and essential difference between the skilled artisans and the unskilled labourers is that the former are organized, while the latter live by what has been well called "broken labour"—labour that is not guided by any fixed rules, nor producing any close union among those who do it. It is not the carpenter, the mason, or the engineer who at once needs alms when misfortune overtakes him; and this does not arise so much from his high rate of wages as from the fact that he belongs to an organization which will support him when he is sick or out of work, and help him to find employment when he needs it.

If we would check widespread poverty we must deal with its cause, for when a man has once fallen into poverty it is extremely difficult to raise him out of it without destroying his independence and energy. But if we can induce him to establish for himself

and his fellows an organization having for its object the formation of benefit societies, insurance societies, sick clubs, and labour registers, surely the first steps will be gained to raise him beyond the reach of poverty.

Now if the unskilled labourers are to acquire that independence which can only be gained by common action, they must apply for help and instruction to that class of the community which has already provided itself with an organization adapted to the requirements of manual labour. Nor is it only their previous experience in the matter of organization that gives the artisans a special right to speak with authority on the best way of dealing with the poorest classes; but also the opportunities which they have, which professional men and rich shopkeepers cannot have, of observing the circumstances of the very poor. In many cases the artisans have raised themselves out of the position of the unskilled labourers, and have gone through the poverty and struggles which that class endures. Moreover the artisans are often forced to live, from various causes, in those districts of London in which the poorest class is still struggling. For instance, the common notion about the east end of London is that it consists entirely of squalid courts filled with dirty and pauperized people. But the truth is that beyond these courts there are miles of little houses occupied by the families of respectable and independent workmen, who live entirely separate lives, holding themselves quite aloof from the occupants of the courts, and who are little heard of because they do not come for assistance to clergy or poor-law guardians. Thus the experience gained both by previous poverty, and present conditions of residence qualify the skilled artisans to help us in the work of organizing the hitherto unorganized

classes, and without such organization all efforts of mere benevolence will prove fruitless. No class has ever risen to independence without power of common action.

There is one body which might well take the lead in making an appeal to the artisans for assistance in this work of organization. Most people who have followed the history of recent thought and action with regard to the questions of the relations of the rich to the poor are aware of the existence and of most of the leading features of the Charity Organization Society. This Society is in the opinion of really thoughtful philanthropists, the most efficient centre for all efforts for the improvement of the condition of the poor. Those, however, who have seen most of the working of its District Committees are fully conscious that the Society in many respects is as yet far from having obtained that completeness of organization which is necessary for carrying out the work which it has set before itself.

This is notably the case even with the primary object of the Society:—the producing co-operation between all the Societies and persons in each district who have knowledge of the ways of the poor and are willing to use that knowledge for the benefit of the poor. One great source of information, at any rate, has been hitherto neglected, which might have assisted the Committees both in investigating the characters of the applicants for relief, in finding employment for them, and in estimating their fitness for employment—I mean the Trade Unions. So great is the still remaining prejudice against these bodies, even among the leaders of such a movement as that for Charity Organization, that I remember not long since inquiring at a committee meeting whether a particular applicant for relief belonged to a Trade Union, and being answered by a very active member of the Committee that he, the Committee man, hoped the applicant did *not* belong to a Trade Union, as it would only encourage him in idleness.

The best answer to this suspicion is

perhaps to be found in the following passage quoted from Dr. Brentano's *Arbeiter Gilden der Gegenwart* (p. 216)—“The first and most remarkable form of support (given by Trade Unions) is the allowance to members who are out of work. The rate of this allowance since 1852 has been ten shillings for fourteen weeks, and seven shillings for the ten following weeks, and six shillings for the ten weeks after that. . . . But the Union does not satisfy itself by any means with granting this small sum of money to preserve its unemployed members from starvation. The mere anxiety to prevent a too great drain on its resources compels it to make the effort to find employment again for those who are without it as soon as possible. Even before the Amalgamation (*i.e.*, before the complete formation of Trade Unions, when only local societies existed) the Society tried to bring in arrangements with this object. For one thing, for instance, there are at every branch books in which all members out of work must put down their names. In Manchester and Glasgow, on account of the great numbers of the members in those districts, there are special offices with their own officials. It is very common now for employers who need workmen merely to send to these offices for them. Where this is not the case they yet inform the working members in every workshop of every vacancy; so that a workman can at once be sent off there to ask for work. Even non-unionists are sometimes in this manner provided with employment by the Society; but of course only when no Unionist is out of work.”

It is obvious that such a scheme as this would assist greatly the operations of the Charity Organization Society, and each Society could help the other in some respects to enlarge its sphere of usefulness. If the Charity Organization Society on the one side could supply Trade Unionists with the information which it gains about employers needing workmen, the Trade Unions on the other hand might aid the Charity Or-

ganization Society in finding work, even in the case of non-unionists. It might, too, often be worth while to inquire whether an applicant for relief had ever belonged to a Trade Union; and if he had left it, what was his cause for leaving. On this point it is evident that Trade Unions might supply valuable information; and I do not know why such information should be looked on with more suspicion than that given by employers about servants who have left them.

If the suspicion, which I fear might be excited in the case of the Trade Union, lead the Committee from a sense of justice and consistency to scrutinize more closely in some cases the evidence of employers, much good might often be the result. For my own part, I confess, that I should like to see a closer bond formed between these two agencies than that which I have described. When the Charity Organization Society was first coming into existence an attempt was made to interest one of the leading Trade Unionists in its working. The attempt unfortunately failed, to a great extent apparently from the misunderstanding by some of the leading members of the Charity Organization Society of the position and still more of the effects of Trade Unions. These members fell into the mistakes to which I called attention above. They seemed to assume that the Trade Unionists would naturally come in many cases under the cognisance of the Charity Organization Society as applicants for relief; whereas, as the Trade Unionists of whom I speak endeavoured to point out, such men being regularly skilled workmen, and able to come to their Union for support in time of need, would never be likely to require the help of the Charity Organization Society.

But if, instead of being regarded as the friends and representatives of a certain number of possible paupers, the Trade Union secretaries were recognized as fellow-workers by the Society in encouraging habits of self-restraint and independence among workmen, much

might be done to induce those secretaries actually to join the District Committees, and take an active part in their work.

The spirit of self-reliance, and at the same time of common brotherly feeling, which must have been developed before a man could consent, first, to stint himself in order to subscribe to the union, and afterwards to consent, in many cases, to give up the immediate wages which he is earning for the chance that an increase may be gained by the whole body of his fellow-workmen, is just the quality that a society like that of which I am speaking must make it its final object to cultivate. And I am informed by a member of one of the most active and successful of the District Committees that the boast made by the Trade Unionist to whom I have alluded above, that trade unionists never come before the Charity Organization Society as applicants for relief, is, as far as the experience of that Committee goes, strictly borne out by the facts.

It is therefore—I cannot repeat it too often—as equals and fellow-workers that the Charity Organization Society Committees must make advances to the Trade Unions, if they can hope to secure their help. If any fears are prevalent among the members of those Committees of hostile intentions in the Trade Unions towards employers, what better method can they take to soften that hostility than by showing them that men to a large extent drawn from the employers, or those most apt to sympathize with them, are willing to recognize and work with the Trade Unionists for a common end? If there is any fear of the growth among workmen of theories opposed to sound economical principles, what better means can be found to prove the soundness or unsoundness of such theories than work for an object which must continually involve either their application or refutation?

From this it will be seen that the ordinary work of the Charity Organization Committees might afford opportunities for such common action between the present members of those Com-

mittees and Trade Unionists as would pave the way for that larger work which I have described above, namely, the organization of the still unorganized class of unskilled labourers. The Trade Unions have sprung up to a great extent in struggles with the employers. Some signs of the times seem to suggest that unskilled labourers might hereafter organize themselves in a spirit of opposition, or at any rate of rivalry to existing Trade Unions. What a glorious and Christian work it would be, if skilled workmen and employers could hasten the close of the present war of classes, and prevent a yet fiercer one in the future, by combining the power of organization shown by the skilled workmen, the insight into other sides of the question gained by the employer, the power of recognizing abstract principles developed in the professional classes, with the desire for the common good which is to be found in the best leaders of all these classes, in order to raise up into newer and healthier life a class whose wishes and aims are at present incapable of articulate expression.

Nor have the Trade Unionists shown themselves in all respects so selfish towards their less fortunate countrymen as they are sometimes suspected of being. Many people who commented on the recent cry for compulsory education seemed to suppose that the skilled artisans who took up that cry were absurd enough to ask Parliament to compel *them* to send their children to school. This grotesque idea was founded on the blunder mentioned at the beginning of this article.

The real desire of men like Mr. Applegarth, Mr. Lloyd Jones, and other leaders of the artisans, was that the class below them should be raised; that on *it* should be forced the education of which the artisans knew, in many cases, the benefit by experience. Nay, there was something even of the

class patronage, which they had learnt from noblemen and professional men, mixed with their attitude towards the unskilled labourers. The *free* schools, which they demanded for the poor they would in many cases have scorned for themselves.

But healthier signs have been shown by some artisans of a desire to secure justice to the unskilled labourers. In one of the last building strikes the artisans stipulated for a rise in the wages of the unskilled labourers. May not this be a starting-point for a better understanding between these two widely-separated and often antagonistic classes? And if, we repeat again, the members of the Charity Organization Committees object altogether to strikes, why should they not try to turn into a more useful channel any kindly feeling which may be growing up among the artisans towards the less fortunate workmen? For instance, there is one movement in which some of the leading members of the Charity Organization Society have taken great interest—the transforming, I mean, of hospitals dependent largely on the subscriptions of the rich into provident dispensaries, which those only would have a right to use in sickness who subscribed to them in health, and the subscriptions to which would be within the means of those who really needed such institutions. Now, support in sickness is given by many Trade Unions to their members, and therefore it is rather by the “broken” labourers that this movement is required.

But this is only a hint; to enter into details on the particular methods by which this organization is to be carried out, would be to claim that very knowledge which I have said can only really be obtained by consultation between men of different occupations and opinions.

C. E. MAURICE.

JAMES GRAHAM GOODENOUGH: COMMODORE.

THE sad ship hastened ; but as three bells struck,¹
 Its high recall the sailor's spirit heard,
 He smiled, and from our hands that would have held,
 He passed at once obedient to the word.

The sea soft leaping at his vessel's side,
 Its pulses beating boundless sympathy
 With his that sank ; its farewell in his ear—
 Where should a seaman die but on the sea ?

He failed of home, those dear last words that fall
 Before the immortal silence as we part ;
 But home came round his pillow, fondly drawn
 By strong compulsion of that faithful heart.

The spirit swift to plan, the manly will
 To follow on and do, the voice to lead
 In war or council ; we must mourn for these—
 They had been ready at his country's need.

But most for him, the man of childlike heart,
 Who rang so true to every test of good,
 Whose nature held a rare heroic fire,
 With the soft mood of gentle Collingwood.

It was not his to tread a glorious deck,
 To stay its thunders ere his spirit passed,
 And through the lifting murk of battle see
 The alien flag come slowly down the mast.

It was not his, the calm of ended toils,
 (Thus called at noon, ere half his task was done),
 The voice of children's children in the warmth,
 The ripening warmth of life's low evening sun.

¹ "Three bells" means half-past five in the afternoon, when he died.

But fate was kind. He died upon his post,
Holding the olive in his hand to draw
An outcast race, stubborn, unpurposed, blind,
To the fair brotherhood of light and law.

Not Saint¹ nor Sailor died in vain, who strove
This citadel of heathen hearts to reach;
Fresh hands shall raise the olive from the dust
Where they have left their bodies in the breach.

Nay, not in vain; but they shall have a joy
For every link they laid in the great plan,
That seeks to draw the scattered nations home,
And shape the perfect family of man.

JANE MORESBY.

¹ Bishop Patteson died at the Santa Cruz group.

ENGLISH FALCK LAWS.

Mr. HALLAM, writing on the constitutional relation between Church and State, says:—"England, indeed, has been obsequious beyond most other countries to the arrogance of her hierarchy." But he immediately proceeds to qualify this statement, by applying it especially to "the Anglo-Saxon period, when the nation was sunk in ignorance and effeminate superstition;" and elsewhere he says, when speaking of the resistance offered by princes to spiritual dominancy, that "the first who appeared openly against ecclesiastical tyranny was our Henry the Second."

The character of King Henry's opposition, and the precise points in dispute between him and the clergy, appear in the clauses of the Constitutions of Clarendon. These Constitutions, sworn to by the bishops and representative ecclesiastics, in 1164, "legally, with good faith, and without fraud or reserve," are as declaratory as anything can possibly be, of the subordination of the Church to the laws of the State. They are, except in the matter of education, as complete as the May laws of Dr. Falck, and they had the same object in view. Clerks accused of crime were to be tried by the king's judges; disputes concerning advowsons were to be decided in the civil courts; no clergyman of rank was to leave the kingdom without a royal license; no tenant *in capite* of the crown was to be excommunicated without the king's leave; appeals in spiritual causes were to lie in final case to the king; bishops were not to be elected without the king's consent, and being elected were to do homage; the sons of villeins were not to be admitted to the priesthood without the approval of the proprietary lord; ecclesiastical censures were to issue against rebels at the king's requirement, in order to assist in reducing them to obedience. Restraints were also put on the abuse of sanctuary,

and on a practice which had grown up of accroaching jurisdiction in contract and debt, by enforcing, with spiritual sanctions, promises made under oath.

That Alexander III. refused to ratify these Constitutions, that he released from their oaths all those who had sworn to observe them, and that Henry's work was marred and half spoiled by the overzeal of those who resented in too practical and brutal a fashion, the tergiversation of Becket—are matters of history. Something still was gained, however, and the clergy, fearful of arousing the spirit which had so nearly enthralled them, forbore to put forward obtrusively their claims to independence whilst Henry lived. But under King John these claims revived, and the conflict between Church and State breaking out in the matter of the election of an Archbishop of Canterbury without the concurrence of the king, and in the matter of taxes, now for the first time imposed on the English clergy by Pope Innocent III., brought the kingdom under an interdict and the king under a sentence of excommunication. Interdict and excommunication were "the mainspring of the machinery that the clergy set in motion, the lever by which they moved the world." But John withstood for several years the force of each; and but for the alliance which his general behaviour caused to spring up between the clergy and the barons, might have proved successful. That alliance, however, brought about Magna Charta, of which the first clause stipulates that "the Church of England shall be free, and shall have all her whole rights and liberties inviolable." In what these rights and liberties consisted the Charter does not say, but the absence of definition was as favourable to the future action of princes as it was doubtless intended to be favourable to ecclesiastical purposes. It is further

to be remarked that it is the Church of England, not the Church *in* England, to which freedom and liberties and inviolable rights are guaranteed. There is no hint of a foreign jurisdiction, even in spiritual matters, and in the absence of extrinsic evidence, there is nothing to show that the compact was anything but an understanding come to by the king with a powerful but local and subordinate institution. That this was the view taken by every one of the Plantagenet kings, even by those who wooed the support of the Churchmen in aid of their bad title to the crown, is apparent on close observation of the statute-book. Princes upon whose Catholicity and orthodoxy no breath of suspicion had ever passed, asserted in the strongest possible manner the dominancy of the State over the Church, and, backed by Parliamentary authority, gave effect to the claim. Catholic kings of England, members of its Church, and in communion with him who in all statutes down to Richard the Second is called "the Bishop of Rome," tied up their clergy in as strong State bands, and carried out a series of laws as subversive of ecclesiastical independence on the State, as those which the Protestant Emperor of Germany has found necessary in these days.

In support of this somewhat sweeping statement let the statute roll of the Plantagenet kings testify. Henry the Third, in the very confirmation which he gave to the Great Charter, declared that "if any from henceforth give his lands to any religious house, and thereupon be convict, the gift shall be utterly void, and the land shall accrue to the lord of the fee." Edward the First confirmed and extended this law to lands "where crosses be set" and forbade the holding of fairs in churchyards. He prohibited the transmission, even by Churchmen, of goods or money to their superiors out of the kingdom, under penalty of being "grievously punished according to the quality of the offence." But his strongest measures were those which required that clerks convicted of felony before the secular courts, but

handed over, by benefit of clergy, to the Bishop, should not be permitted to depart without condign punishment; and that sentence of excommunication should be pronounced twice a year against those who should break the Great Charter and the Charter of the Forest.

In 1315 the *Articuli Cleri* defined the cases in which the king's writ of prohibition to the ecclesiastical court should run. They also provided that the king's courts should have concurrent jurisdiction in cases belonging to and adjudicated in the spiritual courts:—"the king's courts shall discuss the same matter, as the party shall think expedient for himself." From one of these articles of the clergy it appears to have been a practice for the king to send an order for the assailing by a specified date of persons excommunicated. But though the practice was renounced at this time in its general application, the right was expressly reserved "where it is found that the king's liberty is prejudiced," and the articles wind up with a royal rebuke of the wording of the Churchmen's complaints, and declare that "such things as be thought necessary for the king and the Commonwealth, ought not to be said to be prejudicial to the liberty of the Church."

Edward the Third promised not to seize the lands and goods of the clergy "without a true and just cause, according to the law of the land,"—the law being over all; but he did not hesitate, in 1341, to execute an Archbishop of Canterbury for high treason; and he took the most rigorous measures for stopping the growth in his own kingdom of that priestly power which was making such rapid strides on the continent of Europe. In the twenty-fifth year of his reign a law was passed by which "he that purchaseth a provision in Rome for an abbey in England, shall be out of the king's protection, and any man may do with him as with the king's enemy." Another law awarded fine and imprisonment, without bail, to those who entered into possession of benefices on presentation by "the Bishop of Rome," who acted herein "as he was not of right by the

law of England." Another law gave the like punishment to those who received citations to Rome in causes pertaining to the king; and the Statute of Præmunire, passed in 1353, warned those who presumed to sue in a foreign realm matters "whereof the cognizance pertaineth to the king's court," that unless they made due submission within two months, they should "be put out of the king's protection, and their lands, goods and chattels forfeit to the king, and their bodies, wheresoever they may be found, shall be taken and imprisoned, and ransomed at the king's will."

Richard the Second was no less decided than his grandfather. Though his confirmations of the liberties of the Church were frequent, and though in the fifth year of his reign sheriffs were, for the first time directed to apprehend preachers of heresy, and to keep them in prison till they justify themselves, not the less did fresh laws of Præmunire issue, forbidding aliens to occupy benefices in this country, and forbidding the acceptance by an Englishman of any benefice from a foreigner. "He that will go out of the realm to provide a benefice within the realm, shall be out of the king's protection, and the benefice shall be void," said one law; whilst another (13 Rich. II., stat. 2. c. 3) declared that if anyone dared to "bring or send within the realm or the king's power, any summons, sentences or excommunications against any person of what condition that he be," on account of his putting in force the Statutes of Provisors, "he shall be taken, arrested, and put in prison, and forfeit all his lands and tenements, goods and chattels for ever, and incur the pain of life and of member."

Henry the Fourth, though anxious to secure the goodwill of the Church, and though he agreed to the infamous law by which heretics were ordered to be burned after sentence by the ecclesiastical courts, followed the example of his predecessors in his general policy towards the Church. He carried out to the fullest extent the principles embodied in the "Statutes of Provisors," and the nation

bore in mind and insisted on the observance of that practical, declaratory law of Richard the Second, which contains the most emphatic assertion to be found in the statute-book, of the supremacy of the crown of England and of the intention of the people to maintain that supremacy. This act (16 Rich. II. c. 5) recites the insidious ways in which the clergy were seeking to evade their obligation to the State, and to invade the domain of national law. But especially it declares the hostility of the "Bishop of Rome" towards the State, and seems to imply that but for his interference the English clergy and the English king would get on well enough together. "But now of late divers processes be made by the Bishop of Rome, and censures of excommunication: upon certain Bishops of England, because they have made execution of 'the king's commandments.'" This interference is declared to be "to the open disherison of the said crown, and destruction of our said lord the king, his law and all his realm." Notice is further taken of the intention of "the said Bishop of Rome" to translate English prelates "some out of the realm, and some from one bishopric into another, within the same realm, without the king's assent and knowledge . . . and so the crown of England, which hath been so free at all times, that it hath been in no earthly subjection, but immediately subject to God in all things touching the regality of the same crown and to none other, should be submitted to the Pope, and the laws and statutes of the realm by him defeated and avoided at his will, in perpetual destruction of the sovereignty of the king our lord, his crown, his regality, and of all his realm, which God defend."

The Commons declared their readiness to stand by the king in any steps he might think fit to take for remedying such a state of things; the temporal peers declared that the action and pretensions of the Pope were "clearly in derogation of the king's crown and of his regality;" and the spiritual peers, though they would neither deny nor

affirm "that the Bishop of Rome may not excommunicate bishops, nor that he may make translation of prelates, after the law of holy Church," admitted that in the particular cases referred to them for consideration the action of Rome was "against the king and his crown." They admitted, moreover, on the general question that they "will and ought to be with the king in these cases in lawfully maintaining of his crown, and in all other cases touching his crown and his regality, as they be bound by their *Ligeance*."

With such consensus of authority there was little difficulty in obtaining a law by which any one procuring, or even seeking, directly or indirectly, in the Court of Rome any "translations, processes, and sentences of excommunication, Bulls, instruments, or any other things whatsoever which touch the king, against him, his crown, and his regalty, or his realm," were to be out of the king's protection; their lands and chattels were to be confiscated, and their bodies to be attached and brought before the king and his council. Like penalties were attached to those who brought such documents into the kingdom, and to those who received them or acted on them there.

From this review of legislation under the Plantagenet kings—legislation which continued in unmodified force down to the time of "the stately lord who broke the bonds of Rome"—it will be seen not only that Falck laws were necessary under kings of undoubted orthodoxy, but that, being necessary, they were passed, and applied with vigour. Kings and people alike were Catholics if you please, but they were Englishmen first; and the machinery by which the national spirit and the national will operated, remains for an example. The only exemption or independence of the Church upon the State which was allowed to continue, consisted in the *privilegium clericale*, or benefit of clergy, whereby clerks and those who could by connivance of the law feign to be clerks, were allowed in criminal causes to claim a trial before the ordinary, and so escape

the punishment of death. But serious inroads had been made from time to time even upon this privilege. The right to be delivered to the episcopal court was curtailed by Edward the First, who insisted on security for adequate punishment by the bishop to whom the delinquent was delivered; and Henry the Seventh abolished the privilege altogether in several cases, including petty treason.

At the time of Henry the Eighth's accession it was thus unlawful for—

(a.) Any one to seek, procure, receive, or give effect to any order of the Court of Rome, which might be considered by the king and his council to be subversive of the royal authority.

(b.) Any ecclesiastic, or otherwise, to send money to his superiors beyond sea.

(c.) To seek benefices in Rome, or to accept them in England when given thence.

(d.) To do anything contrary to the dignity of the king's crown or regality; to oust the jurisdiction of his courts; to bring into the kingdom, or to use there, any Bulls, sentences of excommunication, or other ecclesiastical weapons directed against king or kingdom.

(e.) To give or take lands for the use of the Church.

This body of law, guarded as it was by sanctions extending even to punishment of death in some cases, was sufficient to keep the clergy in complete subordination to the State. Had it been obeyed in every particular, there would never have been the need for drastic measures at the Reformation; the law of the Six Articles would probably have never disgraced the statute-book; and the world would have heard little of laws "for retaining Her Majesty's subjects in due obedience." The weakness of individual rulers, or the political circumstances of the time, want of a good title to the crown, the distractions of civil war, were made occasions for the Church to seize again some of those privileges she had lost—privileges not the less sweet to the users that they

violated the law. The statutes of Mortmain remained in operation even in the darkest times; and the statutes of Provisors and Præmunire were enforced whenever the secular judges had the chance. But a prosecutor was often wanting, and the inactivity of the law gave rise to a sort of prescriptive right to disregard it. Money was sent systematically, under one pretence or another, to Rome, in defiance of Edward the First's law, and notwithstanding the declaration of Henry the Fourth that to do so was "horrible malveise and dampnable custume." But the main points of policy were always observed, and kings of England, so long as they remained in communion with Rome, were by law in these dominions supreme, though in matters of faith they left jurisdiction in the hands of their clergy.

With Henry the Eighth came a different state of things. The Church and State question was soon confused with one of orthodoxy and of heresy; new features, a new policy, and a new religious belief appeared, but the principle of subordination of Church to State received its fullest extension. Whether Englishmen were old or new Catholics, or whether they were protestants against the Roman system, there was one thing they were not, they were not subjects of the Pope, or of any one but the king of England. Lest there should be any doubt about it, the plainest declaration of the fact was put upon the statute-book. From the twenty-first year of Henry the Eighth till the end of his reign, declaratory, and in some cases repressive, laws were passed, asserting in the most positive manner the supremacy of the crown even in matters of faith, and in matters hitherto left throughout Christendom to the control of the clergy. That pluralities and the payment of first fruits to Rome should be prohibited was not surprising to men who had Plantagenet traditions; but that the king should pronounce upon what was to be believed as necessary to salvation was new to everybody. Yet nothing short of this was involved in

the law of the Six Articles, and in the laws passed in 1532 and 1533, not only forbidding under all the old terrors appeals in any case to Rome, but providing that final appeals should lie to the king in his chancery from the highest ecclesiastical court in the kingdom. For the trial of all spiritual questions it was declared that the "part of the said body politic, called the Spirituality, now being usually called the English Church," was sufficient of itself, "without the intermeddling of any exterior person or persons, to declare and determine all such doubts, and to administer all such offices and duties as to their rooms spiritual doth appertain." But in cases of difference of opinion amongst ecclesiastical judges, or "lack of justice at or in any the courts of the archbishops of this realm," it was provided that the king should decide through the medium of commissioners to be appointed *ad hoc* "by the king's highness," and that all appeals which custom had, contrary to law, allowed to go to Rome, should henceforth lie to the king as supreme.

Convocation acknowledged that it had no right to assemble save "only by the king's writ," and the 25 Hen. VIII. c. 19, forbade that assembly to make or publish canons without the royal assent. The same statute authorized the consecration by an archbishop of the king's nominee to a bishopric, and the consecration of an archbishop by two bishops of England in all cases of refusal by "the said Bishop of Rome, otherwise called the Pope," to induct or recognize the nominations. Payment of "censes, Peter-pence, procurations, fructs, suits for provisions . . . licenses, faculties, grants, relaxations, rehabilitations, abolitions, and other infinite sorts of Bulls, Breeves, and instruments of sundry natures, names, and kinds," was forbidden, not only because the exactions impoverished the people, but because they were, as taxes imposed by a foreign prince, "in great derogation of the Imperial Crown and authority royal, contrary to right and conscience."

The suppression of monasteries

was the most palpable act of royal supremacy committed by Henry the Eighth; and his "new-fangled treason" laws, expressly designed to curb the clergy, were most tyrannically executed; but the principle of all his actions was consistent with the claim ever made by English kings, viz., that they were in their dominions supreme, and backed by Acts of Parliament irresistible. In the 28 Henry the Eighth, c. 10, we find the first prescription of such tests as are to-day applied under the new laws to German ecclesiastics. The English test was, however, far more exacting, and was applied to every officer, ecclesiastical and lay. It required of such people an oath renouncing the Bishop of Rome and his authority, and a promise to resist that authority to the uttermost. Refusal to take the oath was made punishable as high treason; and "if any person shall extol the authority of the Bishop of Rome, he shall incur the penalty of Præmunire provided by Rich. II., c. 5."

Though Mary repealed the Falck laws of her father and her brother, she did so by virtue of the same prerogative, and by means of the same parliamentary machinery that they used. It is true that she employed her opportunity to introduce into England some unconstitutional principles, but the counterblasts to her father's policy consisted for the most part of simple repeals of acts positive in their hostility to Rome, repeals which left the common law, and much of the statute law of England with reference to Church and State, where it was in Henry the Seventh's time.

Elizabeth restored the *status quo* of Edward the Sixth, and re-enacting with extended powers some of the most stringent of her father's measures, commenced a course of repression of all churches, Catholic and Protestant alike, which served as model for penal law-makers ever afterwards. It is not the object on the present occasion to discuss the propriety or impropriety, justice or injustice, of the Elizabethan Falck laws, nor to consider whether

they were warranted by the political and religious circumstances of the time. The object is to show that there being, in the opinion of Elizabeth's statesmen, a necessity for the protection of such laws, such laws were passed, and continued until William the Third's Toleration Act relieved Protestant Dissenters, and Sir Robert Peel's Emancipation Act relieved Roman Catholics. It is also to be observed that the principle of royal headship in these laws was not only not new, but was the complement and logical extension of the principle acted on by the most Catholic kings of England. The sanctions by which the principle was guarded may have been severe, but it should be remembered that the times were critical in the highest degree to political and religious freedom in England, and that the active hostility of a corporation which boasts of its inability to die, was continued during the queen's lifetime, and in a less malignant form for several generations afterwards.

By what I have ventured to call the Elizabethan Falck laws, Englishmen were put in this position with regard to their religion and its exercise. They were subject to the law as it existed at the death of Henry the Seventh, to those statutes of Henry the Eighth and Edward the Sixth which declared and confirmed the law excluding all jurisdiction by foreigners, and to the following special restrictions, viz.:—every ecclesiastic, every judge, justice, lay officer, or other person "having your highness's fee or wages," every one taking a degree at the university, or being admitted to Holy Orders, was required to swear that he recognized the queen's supremacy "as well in all spiritual or ecclesiastical things or causes as temporal;" that he would bear true allegiance to the queen, and defend her against the interference of all and any foreign authority; whilst a third offence of maintaining the validity of any foreign authority was punishable with death as high treason.

Any "parson, vicar, or other whatsoever minister," using in public worship any other book than the Book of

Common Prayer authorized by 5 and 6 Ed. VI. c. 1, saving "the form of the litany altered and corrected, and two sentences only added in the delivery of the sacrament to the communicants," was to forfeit a year's income, and be imprisoned for six months. For a second offence he was to forfeit his benefice and be imprisoned for a year; for a third offence he was to be imprisoned for life. Any one "depraving" or despising the book, or compelling the minister to do differently to it, or interrupting him in his duty, was to forfeit one hundred marks for the first offence, four hundred for the second, and for the third to forfeit all goods and chattels, and be imprisoned for life.

The same statute provided that every subject of the queen "having no lawful or reasonable excuse to be absent," should attend church or chapel, or other place where Common Prayer is used, "upon every Sunday and other days ordained and used to be kept as holy days," and further that he should remain during the service, on pain of the censures of the Church, and of a fine of twelve pence to be levied by the churchwardens for the use of the poor.

The 8 Eliz. c. 1, removed all doubts as to the validity of the orders of the lately made bishops and archbishops. It asserted in the most positive manner that the queen, as supreme,¹ had created them by letters patent, and that there was to be no sort of doubt about the matter. Five years later, Paul the Fifth having issued the greater excommunication against the queen, it was enacted that any one affirming that the queen is a "heretic, schismatic, tyrant, infidel, or usurper," should suffer death as a traitor. The next

statute on the roll begins by asserting the freedom of the English crown, and how that certain folk try to "bring this realm and the imperial crown thereof (being in very deed of itself most free) into the thraldom and subjection of that foreign usurped and unlawful jurisdiction preeminence and authority claimed by the see of Rome." It recites further that Bulls have issued of which the effect is to disturb and alienate the allegiance of the ignorant, and orders the pains of high treason for all who, by colour of such Bulls, shall reconcile or absolve, be reconciled or absolved, and for those who shall procure from Rome any Bull or writing, or put it in use when procured. Persons bringing or using "Agnus Dei, crosses, pictures, beads, and such like superstitious things," said to have been hallowed specially by the Bishop of Rome, or by others through his authority, were to suffer the penalty of *Præmunire*.

In the twenty-third year of the queen, it was made high treason to convert or be converted to the Romish faith; a fine of two hundred marks, with a year's imprisonment, was the penalty for saying mass; a fine of a hundred marks and a year's imprisonment, the penalty for hearing it. All persons above the age of sixteen who did not attend the church where the Book of Common Prayer was used were fined 20*l.* a month, and any one keeping a schoolmaster who did not attend church according to statute was mulcted 10*l.* Laws passed a few years later enabled the queen to take all the goods and two-thirds of the lands of those who did not pay the 20*l.* fine for non-attendance, whilst a still later statute declared that persons obstinately refusing to come to church, and persuading others to impugn the queen's ecclesiastical authority, or going to assemblies or conventicles where service according to law was not used, should be imprisoned till they made submission and open declaration of conformity. Nonconformers were ordered to abjure the realm, and those who refused to abjure, or abjuring did

¹ It may not be amiss to reproduce here, as a very practical illustration of royal supremacy, the letter quoted by Hallam as written by the queen to Richard Cox, Bishop of Ely, when he objected to Lord Keeper Hatton building a house in his garden:—

"PROUD PRELATE,—You know what you were before I made you what you are. If you do not immediately comply with my request by God I will unfrock you.

"ELIZABETH."

not quit, or, having quitted, ventured to return without leave, were made guilty of capital felony.

This last thunderbolt was intended exclusively for the punishment of Protestant recusants, almost as hateful in the eyes of the queen and her bishops as the "Jesuits, seminary priests, and other such-like disobedient persons," for whose correction special rods were provided. Clause 12 of the Act provides "that no Popish recusant or *feme covert* shall be compelled or bound to abjure by virtue of this act."

But Roman Catholics had no cause to rejoice over the impositions laid upon Nonconformists of other creeds. In 1586, Elizabeth's statesmen, finding that emissaries from Rome were coming into the kingdom "not only to withdraw Her Highness's subjects from their due obedience to Her Majesty, but also to stir up and move sedition, rebellion, and open hostility within the same Her Highness's realms and dominions," applied a Falck law of their own make, and proportioned in their judgment to the necessities of the occasion. By it all Jesuits, seminary priests or other ecclesiastics acting under the authority of Rome, were ordered to depart the realm within forty days after the end of that session of Parliament, and were forbidden to return under penalty of high treason. It was made a capital felony to relieve or receive a Jesuit, or other priest or deacon commissioned by Rome, and an offence of Præmunire to send relief to any priest or other in a seminary. It was forbidden under penalty of 100*l.* to send a child beyond sea without the royal license; and it was made an offence punishable with fine and imprisonment during the queen's pleasure, for any one knowingly to conceal the presence or whereabouts of a Jesuit or priest. Eight years later, after the Duke of Norfolk, Parry, Babington, and Lopez had been executed under the foregoing laws, and plots and plans of assassination nevertheless abounded, or were thought to do so, it was ordered that no Popish recusants over sixteen years of

age should dwell elsewhere than where "they usually heretofore made their common abode," nor were they to go five miles from home at any time without a license signed by two justices. Offenders in either particular were to forfeit all their goods and chattels and the life interest in their land. Recusants were required to give their true names to the curate of their parish, and to the head magistrate of the district, who were to register them. Persons suspected of being Jesuits or priests, and refusing to answer the test questions put to them, were to be imprisoned till they did answer.

Such were the Falck laws of Queen Elizabeth. That they were harsh is manifest on the face of them. How far they were necessary it requires a most intimate knowledge of the social and political circumstances of the time to determine. But though the muster-roll of martyrs to these laws is not inconsiderable, there is reason to think that the laws themselves were to a large extent *in terrorem*. They did not introduce any new principle as between the sovereign and the Church; neither did they introduce anything new as between the Church of England and the Church of Rome. They carried out to its fullest extent the constitutional maxim of royal supremacy, and they bore with equal severity as general laws, upon Roman Churchmen and Protestant dissenters. But they did not shake the loyalty of either section. The swords and services of the English Romanists were placed heartily at the queen's disposal when the Armada threatened the kingdom; and Puritan Stubbs was typical of the English dissenter when he cried "God save the queen," as his right hand fell in Palace Yard under the chopper of the executioner.

The necessity for such laws—at least the necessity for possessing the powers they conferred—was felt by Elizabeth's statesmen, and their apologists point for justification to Babington's plot, to the conspiracy of Walpole and Squyer, to Tyrone's insurrection, and to that

general conspiracy of Rome against heresy which found expression in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, in the fury of Antwerp, in the murder of William the Silent, and in the Spanish Inquisition. How far there was justification for them is not the question here. The present object is to show what the laws were; that in so far as they ousted all foreign jurisdiction whatever, they introduced no new principle, and that being the expression of the will of the nation, they did not alienate the loyalty of any section of the nation that was loyal before. Most of those who were put to death during the queen's reign were so punished under the general treason statute of Edward the Third, and not by virtue of the special laws which have been here recited. Their effect was rather felt in the erection of invidious social distinctions, in the exclusion of non-members of the English Church from public employments, and in the domestic annoyances which spring from separation into an avowedly suspected class.

Though the loyalty of moderate Catholics was not shaken by these laws, one cannot be surprised at the uprising of zealots against them; and the gunpowder-plot of Guy Fawkes and his friends is intelligible when regarded as the twisting of the worm under the iron heel of the law. The wonder is that there was not a standing rebellion. It was the theory of many contemporary observers that there was such a rebellion, and that it was only kept from bursting into flame by the iron bands of Elizabeth's Falck laws.

One of the first Acts of James the First declared that the whole of the statutes of the late queen "against Jesuits, seminary priests, and other such-like priests, as also against all manner of recusants," should be put in execution, and added a provision that no one should go or send another to a seminary; that no woman or child under twenty-one years of age should go beyond sea without the king's license; and that no one should keep a school

or be a tutor in a Roman Catholic family under a penalty of two pounds a day, half of which was to go to a common informer. This was in 1604. In 1605, after "that more than barbarous and horrible attempt to have blown up with gunpowder the King, Queen, Prince, Lords, and Commons, in the House of Parliament assembled," two Acts were passed imposing the most terrible additional burdens upon the backs of English Romanists. To pierce through the outward conformity of those who went to the English Church to avoid the fine of 20*l.* a month for non-attendance, it was required of all such that they should receive "the blessed sacrament of the Lord's supper" at least once a year, under successive penalties of 20*l.*, 40*l.*, and 60*l.* Churchwardens and constables were ordered to present at Quarter Sessions the names of all Romish non-attenders at the English Church, and the names of their children and servants. The zeal of presentors was stimulated by a reward of forty shillings, out of the recusant's property, for every presentment. Recusants convicted were liable to a fine of 20*l.* a month, or the king was empowered to take instead two-thirds of the offender's lands, and to hold them to his own use and benefit till the offender should conform. A like power was conferred upon the king with respect to the 20*l.* a month fine for not receiving the sacrament, so that potentially the king could draw 40*l.* a month from each of his stanch Catholic subjects, or he could farm for his own profit two-thirds of their lands, and require payment of 20*l.* a month besides.

It was made competent for the bishop of the diocese, or for any two justices of the peace to administer an oath to whomsoever they would, noblemen and noblewomen excepted, swearing allegiance to the king, renouncing the authority of the Pope to act politically in this kingdom, and swearing that the oath-taker "abhorred, detested, and abjured as impious and heretical this damnable doctrine and position: That princes which be excommunicated or deprived by the

Pope may be deposed or murdered by their subjects or any other whatsoever." Refusers of this oath were made subject to Richard the Second's statute of Præmunire, whilst the pains of high treason were provided for all who should reconcile, or be reconciled, or persuade any to be reconciled, to the Church of Rome. A penalty of 10*l.* a month was imposed on any who retained a recusant in his service. By the 3 Jac. I. c. 5., promise was made to reward discoverers of priests and sayers of masses by giving them a third of the forfeiture, so it did not exceed 150*l.*; recusants were forbidden under penalty of 100*l.* to come unbidden into the presence of the king or heir apparent; they were ordered not to come within ten miles of London, under a like penalty, unless they were tradesmen and dwellers in London having no house elsewhere. Power to grant licenses to Papists, under 35 Eliz. c. 2, to go beyond five miles distance from their dwelling-places was revoked; recusants convicted were specially disabled from practising law or medicine, from serving the king's commission in army or navy, from serving any public office; and it was ordered that no recusant convict should be able to recover in any suit not relating to land if his opponent chose to enter a plea setting forth his recusancy. Marriage of "Popish recusants" by their own priests deprived the husband of any freehold in his wife's lands, and the wife to her right of dower; baptism of their children elsewhere than in an English church rendered the parents liable to a 100*l.* fine, and 20*l.* was the penalty of him who buried a "Popish recusant" not excommunicate, elsewhere than in "the church or churchyard, or not according to the ecclesiastical laws of this realm." "Any subject within this realm sending his child abroad for education to prevent their good education in England," was liable to a fine of 100*l.*, and the person sent was also put under heavy disabilities. Finally, it was forbidden to Popish recusants to serve the office of executor or administrator, or guardian to a ward; it was forbidden to

import, print, sell, or buy, any Roman Catholic books of religion under penalty of forty shillings for each book. Papists convict were to surrender all their armour, gunpowder, and munition, and were made liable to have their houses searched by the local authorities "for popish books and relics of popery," which were to be destroyed.

These were Falck laws with a vengeance, and had they been strictly carried out, would have made the kingdom too hot to hold a Roman Catholic. The worst feature about them was the power they gave and the inducement they furnished for the gratification of private malice through the medium of common informers. It is not uninteresting to throw into the form of an account the value of the forfeitures to which a Romanist, who was determined to disregard the law, might render himself liable in the course of a year.

1. Hearing mass	100 marks—	£67
2. Non-attendance at English church 20 <i>l.</i> a month		240
3. Sending a child for education to the Continent		100
4. Keeping a Roman Catholic tutor, 2 <i>l.</i> a-day		730
5. Refusing to take the sacrament ac- cording to the English rite		240
6. Fines to informers as to non-attend- ance at church—say three times		6
7. Retaining recusants in service, 10 <i>l.</i> a- month for each—say three		360
8. Coming to the King's Court (once)		100
9. Coming within ten miles of London (once)		100
10. Baptism of child elsewhere than in an English church		100
11. Burial of the dead elsewhere than in the churchyard		20
		£2,063

From this it will appear that a man might spend upwards of 2,000*l.* a year in fines, supposing an extreme case, and be subject, besides, to the penalties of high treason, and to the ruining effects of a Præmunire, for other offences which his conscience almost required him to commit.

For fifty years after these laws had been passed, little is to be found in the way of legislation upon matters of religion. No new penal laws were enacted; but during the interval the Protes-

tant Ultramontanes who had assisted at the passing of the above recited laws against Roman Catholics had done away with mitre and with crown, and being themselves vanquished by the death of their great leader, had fallen under the lash of religious persecution. Of the Falck laws of Charles the Second, most were directed against Protestant Dissenters. Others — 25 Car. II. c. 2, an Act for preventing dangers which may happen from Popish recusants, whereby oaths of allegiance and the taking of the Sacrament were required of every office-holder whatever, and the 30 Car. II. stat. 2., “disabling Papists from sitting in either House of Parliament”—were but re-enactments of former laws that had fallen into desuetude.

Of the Falck laws levelled against Protestant Dissenters, the Corporation Act required all magistrates and all office-holders in every municipality to take the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and to receive the sacrament once a year. It further required an express renunciation of “The Solemn League and Covenant,” and a declaration that “the same was in itself an unlawful oath, and imposed upon the subjects of this realm against the known laws and liberties of the kingdom.”

An Act, passed in 1661, provided transportation “to any of His Majesty’s plantations beyond the seas,” for “certain persons under the names of Quakers, and other names of Separation,” who refused to take statute or common oath, or who, to the number of five and upwards, assembled “at any one time in any one place, under pretence of joining in a religious worship.”

Charles’s Act of Uniformity (13 and 14 Car. II. c. 4) was substantially a re-enactment, with some alterations, of Elizabeth’s Act, and shows a greater dread of Solemn League and Covenant than of any amount of Papistry. The Suppression of Conventicles’ Acts, and the Act forbidding non-juring clergy to dwell in corporate towns, are other specimens of the spirit of penal religious laws of this period.

No fresh laws, but many breaches of the old laws, marked the short reign of James the Second; and by the time William the Third had become settled on the throne the national temper had recoiled from the application as against Protestants of those oppressive restrictions which had been imposed, at the same time that it clamoured for fresh safeguards against the Roman foe which had so nearly crept into the citadel. Hence came the Toleration Act, “exempting their Majesties’ Protestant subjects, dissenting from the Church of England, from the penalties of certain laws,” and the Acts for the relief of Irish Protestants and of the Irish Protestant Clergy. Hence, too, came the laws enacting afresh that no Papist or reputed Papist should dwell within ten miles of London, certain registered tradesmen and workmen excepted; that all Papists were to be disarmed; that benefices in the gift of Papists were to be forfeited and handed over to the universities; and the Act, passed in 1700, “for the further preventing the growth of Popery.” This last Act recited that “there has been of late a much greater resort unto this kingdom than formerly of Popish bishops, priests and Jesuits; and they do very openly and in insolent manner affront the laws, and daily endeavour to pervert His Majesty’s natural-born subjects, which has been occasioned by neglect of the due execution of the laws already in force.” It then went on to offer 100*l.* reward to whoever would prosecute to conviction bishop, priest, or Jesuit, for saying mass, or for exercising priestly functions; and provided perpetual imprisonment as the meed of any Romish ecclesiastic thus convicted.

By one section of the Act, Papists not taking the oaths of allegiance and supremacy, and not subscribing the declaration required by 30 Car. II., stat. 2, within six months after attaining eighteen years of age, were rendered incapable of inheriting or holding any lands. The next of kin, being a Protestant, was to hold the lands without impeachment of waste, and without

accounting for profits. Another clause made Papists incapable of buying land in any shape or under any pretence whatever; whilst another conferred upon the Protestant children of Papists a right to maintenance, according to their degree, out of their father's property.

The 12 Will. III. c. 2 incapacitated Papists from wearing the crown of England, and with this law the maximum point of coercion of churches by the State was reached. The Falck laws of William the Third were the "starkest" of all. No attempt is made here to justify or to oppugn them. They were deemed necessary at the time by those responsible for the State, and they contained no other principles than those to which Catholic Plantagenet kings had subscribed.

Queen Anne's statutes on the subject of religion were few. Protestant Dissenters were, in a half-hearted sort of way, still further relieved, and the execution of the existing law against "sundry Papists and other persons dissenting from the Church of England" was ordered to be more stringent. With George the First came new penal measures. The cause of the Pretender was identified with the Roman religion, and those professing it came in for fresh terrors. From the recital of 1 George I. c. 55, it would appear that the rigours of the existing laws had not been applied, and it is made matter of reproach to the "Papists" that, notwithstanding this fact, they had tried to put the Pretender on the throne. This law then required all Papists of twenty-one years of age to take the oath of abjuration,¹ the oath of allegiance, and the declaration enjoined by 30 Car. II. stat. 2, c. 1. Failing this, they were

¹ I, A. B., do swear that I do from my heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position, that Princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope, or any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever; and I do declare that no Foreign Prince, person, prelate, state or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm. So help me God.

to register their names and lands with the clerk of the peace; and failing this, too, any Protestant informing against them was to have two-thirds of the property and get a title from Chancery. The annual rents of Papists thus registered were 384,950*l.* The array of their names on the register was too great a temptation to be resisted. Not only were they required to pay double land-tax, but in the ninth year of the king those on the register were ordered to contribute 100,000*l.* towards the expenses of suppressing the rebellion, which was alleged to live upon the efforts of their co-religionists.

The descent from the altitude of rigour to which statesmen had screwed up the laws relating to religion, was not of the Avernian kind. Years elapsed before the necessities or supposed necessities of the State permitted the grant by statute of indulgences which yet in practice must have been to a large extent allowed. Oaths of supremacy, of allegiance, and of abjuration, Test Acts and Corporation Acts remained as stumbling-blocks in the way of Roman and Protestant dissenters alike, till far within living memory. Bit by bit, and painfully, were Acts of Toleration wrung from the unwilling hands of Parliament,² and from the sensitiveness of the king.

In 1779 Protestant Dissenters, being preachers or teachers, were entitled to the benefits of the Toleration Act by taking the oaths, subscribing the declaration against Popery and affirming their belief that the Scriptures contain the revealed word of God. Such men were, however, still disabled from the headship of a college or other endowed school. It was not till 1812 that Dissenting Protestant ministers and congregations were relieved from taking the oaths and declaration unless required to do so by a justice of the peace, nor

² The question of the repeal of the Test Acts was first brought before the House of Commons in 1787. It was rejected, and was annually brought forward again till 1792, when Fox, who had had the measure in charge for three years, was beaten by 142 to 68.

till 1813 that Unitarians were allowed the benefits of William the Third's Toleration Act. A few years earlier had seen the repeal of the severer restrictions upon Roman Catholics, on condition of taking the oaths prescribed by the relieving acts, and the allowance of assemblies for Roman Catholic worship on condition of registration of their churches at Quarter Sessions. But it was not till 1829 that Sir Robert Peel succeeded in bringing to a climax those efforts to repeal religious disabilities which had been made by Liberal statesmen from the beginning of the century. The Catholic Emancipation Act, which restored civil rights to Roman Catholic Englishmen, was a new point of departure in religious legislation. The conditions under which it was passed have recently been under warm discussion, and the uncompromising nature of the Ultramontane pretensions has revived the memory of that spirit with which framers of English Falck laws have had to deal from time to time. But it was not till 1846 that many old weapons of the State against the non-State churches were finally broken, though they had long since become so rusted with age as to be unusable. Till that date it was still possible to fine all those who did not attend the Established Church, to enforce the provisions of Elizabeth's Act of Supremacy, to forbid any Papist to enter the royal presence, and to compel the forfeiture of lands and chattels by all who converted or were converted to the Romish faith.

Times have changed, and men have changed with them, and the need appears to have passed away for the interference of the State with religious opinions. Unless religious opinions should become interwoven with political actions, it is probable that such interference will never again be imposed. But should the occasion arise here, as it has done in Germany, to arm the State with powers of self-pro-

tection against a politico-religious body, it is useful to know not only that the State can constitutionally at any moment guard itself by new laws, but that there are powers remaining under the old laws, whereby such protection may be obtained. Mr. Disraeli said on the 10th of June last, when questioned as to the non-exercise of the clause in the Emancipation Act which made it a misdemeanour for Jesuits to reside in this country, that no prosecution had ever taken place under that section. "At the same time," he added, "I beg it to be understood that the provisions of the Act are not looked upon by the Government as being obsolete; but, on the contrary, as reserving powers of law of which they will be prepared to avail themselves if necessary."¹

FRANCIS W. ROWSELL.

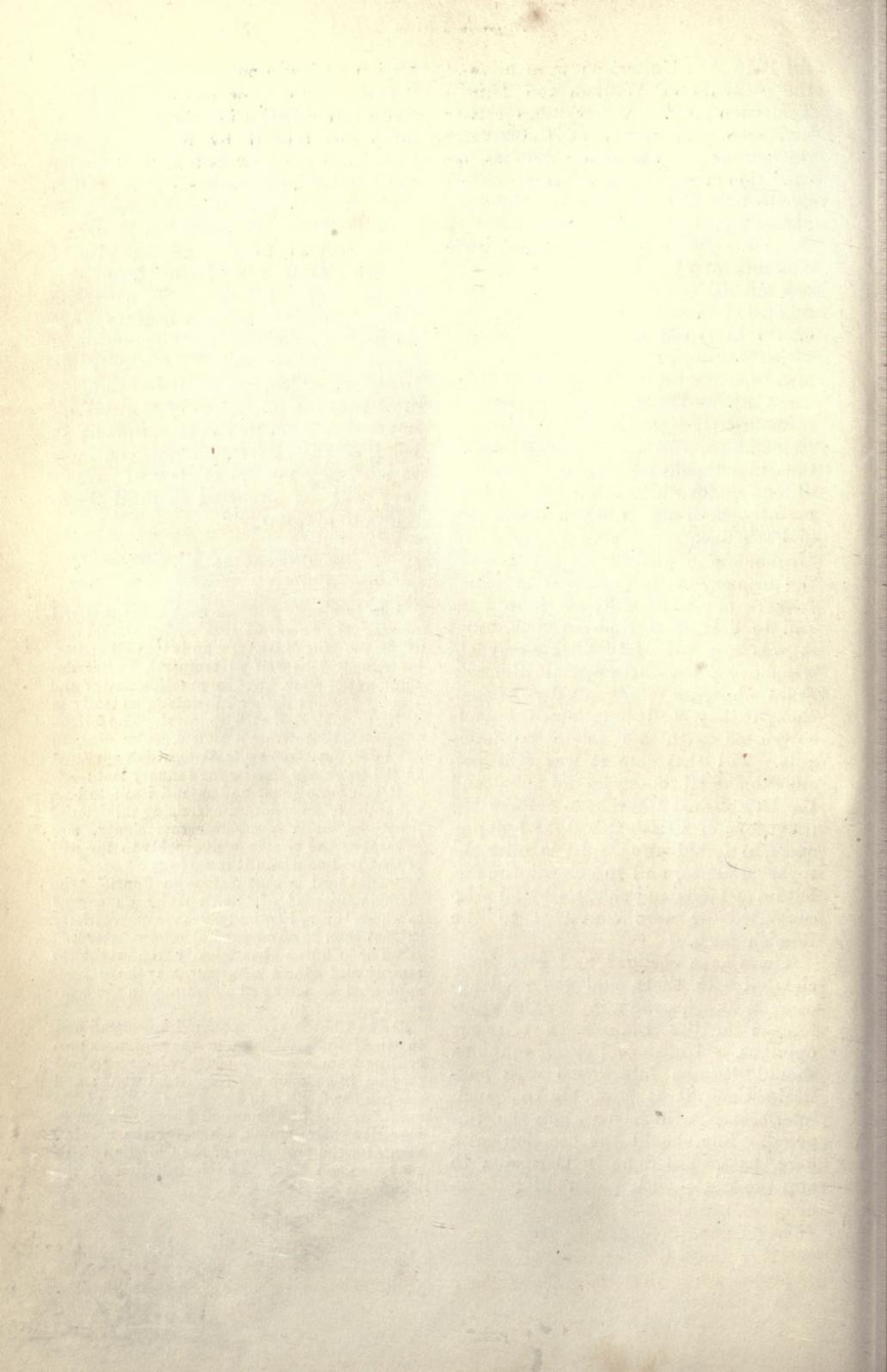
¹ It is clearly possible that these reserved powers may be called into action should any subject of Her Majesty, who is "in all causes, ecclesiastical as well as temporal, in her dominions supreme," put in practice any of the teaching which Father Liberatore, so lately as 1872, promulgated with approval. The following extracts are from a review, *inter alia*, of his book, *La Chiesa e lo Stato*, which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for January last:—

"The State must understand itself to be a subordinate sovereignty, exercising ministerial functions under a superior sovereignty, and governing the people conformably to the will of that lord to whom it is subject.

"That lord is that Sovereign Pontiff, 'the visible monarch' of 'God's realm on earth,' to whom 'every baptized person is more strictly subject than to any temporal ruler whatever.'

"The Church has clearly the right to remedy and cancel whatever may have been appointed wrongly and immorally in the temporal order of things.

"The Church is empowered to amend and to cancel the civil laws, or the sentences proceeding from a secular court, whenever these may be in collision with spiritual want; and she has the faculty to check the abuse of the executive and of the armed forces, or even to prescribe their employ, whenever the requirements for the protection of the Christian Faith may demand this. The jurisdiction of the Church is higher than the civil."



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MADCAP VIOLET.

CHAPTER I.

"YOU DEVIL!"

THERE was a great silence in the school-room. A young girl of sixteen or seventeen, tall and strikingly handsome in figure, with abundant masses of raven-black hair, dark eyes under darker eyelashes, and proud and well-cut lips, walked up to the schoolmistress's table. There was scarcely anything of malice or mischief visible in the bold carelessness of her face.

The schoolmistress looked up from some accounts she had been studying.

"Well, Miss North?" she said, with marked surprise.

"I have a question to ask, if you please, Miss Main," said the handsome young lady, with great coolness and deliberation (and all the school was now listening intently.) "I wish to ask what sort of society we are expected to meet when we go abroad, and whether foreigners are in the habit of using language which is not usually applied to ladies in this country. Half an hour ago, when we were having our German conversation with Dr. Siedl, he made use of a very odd phrase, and I believe it was addressed to me. He said 'You devil!' I only wish to ask, Miss Main, whether we must be prepared to hear such phrases in the conversation of foreigners."

The schoolmistress's thin, grey, careworn face grew red with mortification. Yet, what could she do? There was

nothing openly rebellious in the demeanour of this incorrigible girl—nothing, indeed, but a cool impertinence which was outwardly most respectful.

"You may return to your seat, Miss North," she said, rising. "I will inquire into this matter at once."

Miss Main, who was the proprietor as well as the head-mistress of the school, was greatly perturbed by this incident; and she was quite nervous and excited when she went into the room where the German master still sat, correcting some exercises. When he saw her enter, he rose at once; he guessed from her manner what had happened. The young man in the shabby clothes was even more excited than she was; and why? Because, two years before, he had left his home in the old-fashioned little fortress of Neisse, in Silesia, and he had bade good-bye then to a young girl whom he hoped to make his wife. England was a rich country. A few years of absence would put money in his pocket; and he would return with a good English pronunciation, which would be of value. So he came to England; but he did not find the streets paved with gold. It was after long waiting that he got his first appointment; and that appointment was the German mastership at Miss Main's school. At the present moment he believed he had forfeited this one chance.

He came forward to her; and she might have seen that there was some-

thing very like tears in his pale blue eyes.

"Yes, she has told you, and it is quite true," said he, throwing out his hands. "What can I say? But if you will forgive it, I will apologise to her—I was mad—I do not know how I have said such a thing to a young lady, but I will apologise to her, Meess Main——"

Miss Main had pulled herself together by this time.

"Really, I do not know what to do with her, Dr. Siedl," said she, in a sort of despairing way. "I have no doubt she irritated you beyond endurance; and although I am afraid you must apologise to her, I can quite understand how you were maddened by her. Sometimes, I do think she is a devil; that she has no human soul in her. She thinks of nothing but mischief from morning till night; and the worst of it is, that she leads the whole school into mischief, for all the girls appear to be fascinated by her and will do anything she asks. I don't understand it. You know how often I have threatened her with expulsion: she does not mind. Sometimes I think I must really get rid of her; for it is almost impossible to preserve the discipline of the school while she is in it."

The German master was so overjoyed to find his own position secured and his offence practically condoned that he grew generous.

"And she is so clever," said he.

"Clever?" repeated the schoolmistress. "During the whole of my twenty-five years' experience in schools, I have never seen a scholar to equal her. There is nothing she cannot do when she takes it into her head to do it. You saw how she ran up her marks in French and German last term—and almost at the end of the term—merely because she had a spite against Miss Wolf, and was determined she should not have the two prizes that she expected. And that is another part of the mischief she does. Whenever she takes a special liking to a girl, she does her exercises for her in the evening. It costs her no trouble; and then she has them ready to go with her in every

frolic. I am sure I don't know what to do with her."

The schoolmistress sighed.

"You see," she added, with a frank honesty, "it is naturally a great thing for a school like mine to have the daughter of Sir Acton North in it. Everybody has heard of him; then the girls go home and tell their mothers that a daughter of Lady North is at our school; then the mothers—you know what some people are—talk of that to their friends, and speak of Lady North as if they had known her all their lives. I do not know Lady North myself, but I am sure she is a wise woman not to have this girl in the same house with her."

After a few words more, Miss Main went back to the school-room; and we must do likewise to narrate all that befel in her absence. First of all it was the invidious duty of a small, fair-haired, gentle-eyed girl, called Amy Warrener, to take a slate and write down on it the names of any of her companions who spoke while Miss Main was out of the room, failing to do which she was deprived of her marks for the day. Now, on this occasion, a pretty considerable tumult arose, and the little girl, looking frightened, and pretty nearly ready to cry, did not know what to do.

"Yes, you mean, spiteful little thing!" cried a big, fat, rosy girl, called Georgina Wolf, "put down all our names, do! I've a good mind to box your ears!"

She menaced the little girl, but only for a brief second. With a rapid "Have you really?" another young lady—the tallest in the school—appeared on the scene; and Miss Wolf received a ringing slap on the side of her head, which made her jump back, shrieking. The school was awe-struck. Never had such a thing occurred before. But presently one girl laughed, then another; then there was a general titter over Miss Wolf's alarm and discomfiture; during which the tall young lady called out—

"Amy Warrener, put us all down, and me at the head; for we are going

to have a little amusement. Young ladies, shall I deliver a lecture to you on Old Calabar and our sewing-class? Young ladies, shall we have a little music?"

She had suddenly assumed the prim demeanour of Miss Main. With great gravity she walked over to the door, locked it, and put the key in her pocket. Then she went to her own desk, smuggled something into a light shawl, and proceeded to the mistress's table, behind which she took her stand.

"Young ladies," she said, pretending to look at them through an imaginary pair of eye-glasses, "you are aware that it is the shocking practice of the little boys and girls in many districts of Africa to go about without clothes; and you are aware of the Camberwell Society for helping the missionaries to take out a few garments to these poor little things. Now, my dears, it is a useful thing for a seminary like mine to gain a reputation for being charitable; and if we manage amongst ourselves to send from month to month parcels of beautifully-sewn garments, every one must get to know how well I teach you, my dears, to handle your needle. But then, my dears, you must not all expect to join in this good work. You all get the credit of being charitable; but some of you are not so smart with your needle as others; and so I think it better to have the sewing of these garments entrusted to one or two of you, who ought to feel proud of the distinction. Do you understand me, my dears? Now some of you, I have no doubt, would like to see what sort of young people wear the beautiful dresses which your pocket-money and your industry send out to Africa. I have here the little pink frock which you, Miss Morrison, finished yesterday; and if you will grant me a moment's patience—"

She took the pink frock from the table, and for a second or two stooped down behind the table-cover. When she rose, it appeared that she had smuggled a large black doll into the school; and now the black and curly head of the doll surmounted the pink

cotton garment with its white frills. There was a yell of laughter. She stuck the doll on the edge of the table; she put a writing-desk behind it to support it; she hit it on the side of the head when it did not sit straight. An indescribable tumult followed: all possible consequences were cast aside.

"Now, my dears, what hymn shall we sing to entertain the little stranger? Shall it be 'Away down south in Dixie'?"

The school had gone mad. With one accord the girls began to shout the familiar air to any sort of words, led by the tall young lady behind the table, who flourished a ruler in place of a *bâton*. She did not know the words herself; she simply led the chorus with any sort of phrases.

*"Oh it's Dixie's land that I was born in,
Early on a frosty morning,
In the land! In the land! In the land!
In the land!"*

"A little more spirit, my dears! A little louder, if you please!"

*"Oh I wish I was in Dixie, oh! oh!
In Dixie's land to take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie's land,
Oh! Oh!
Away down South in Dixie!"*

"That's better. Now *pianissimo*—the sadness of thinking about Dixie—you understand?"

They sang it softly; and she pretended to wipe the eyes of the negro doll in the pink dress.

"Now, *fortissimo*!" she cried, flourishing her *bâton*. "Going, going, for the last time. Take the word from me, my dears!"

*"Oh I wish I was in Dixie,
Oh! Oh!
In Dixie's land to take my stand,
And live and die in Dixie's land,
Oh! Oh!
Away down South in Dixie!"*

But the singing of this verse had been accompanied by certain strange noises.

"Open the door, Miss North, or I will break it open!" called the mistress from without, in awful tones.

"My dears, resume your tasks—instantly!" said Miss Violet North;

and with that she snatched the doll out of the pink costume, and hurriedly flung it into her private desk. Then she walked to the door alone.

The hubbub had instantly subsided. All eyes were bent upon the books before them; but all ears were listening for the dreadful interview between Violet North and the schoolmistress.

The tall young girl, having made quite sure that her companions were quiet and orderly, opened the door. The mistress marched in in a terrible rage—in such a rage that she could hardly speak.

“Miss North,” she cried, “what is the meaning of this disgraceful uproar?”

“Uproar, Miss Main?” said she, with innocent wonder. “The young ladies are very quiet.”

“What is the meaning of your having bolted this door—how dare you bolt the door?”

“Yes, I thought there was something the matter with the lock,” she answered, scanning the door critically. “But you ought not to be vexed by that. And now I will bid you good morning.”

Thus she saved herself from being expelled. She coolly walked into an adjacent room, put on her hat, took her small umbrella, and went out. As it was a pleasant morning, she thought she would go for a walk.

CHAPTER II.

CARPE DIEM.

THIS girl was as straight as a dart; and she knew how to suit her costume to her fine figure, her bright and clear complexion, and her magnificent black hair. She wore a tight-fitting, tight-sleeved dress of grey homespun, and a grey hat with a scarlet feather—this bold dash of red being the only bit of pronounced colour about her. There was no self-conscious trickery of ornament visible on her costume—indeed, there was no self-consciousness of any sort about the girl. She had a thoroughly pagan delight in the present moment. The past was nothing to her; she had no fear of the future; life was enjoy-

able enough from hour to hour, and she enjoyed it accordingly. She never paused to think how handsome she was, for she was tolerably indifferent as to what other people thought of her. She was well-satisfied with herself, and well satisfied with the world—especially when there was plenty of fun going about; her fine health gave her fine spirits; her bold, careless, self-satisfied nature took no heed of criticism or reproof, and caused her to laugh at the ordinary troubles of girl-life; not even this great fact that she had practically run away from school was sufficient to upset her superb equanimity.

Incessit regina. There was nothing of the gawky and shambling schoolgirl in her free, frank step, and her erect and graceful carriage. When she met either man or woman, she looked him or her straight in the face; then probably turned her eyes away indifferently to regard the flight of a rook, or the first blush of rose-colour on a red hawthorn. For, on leaving school, Miss North found herself in the higher reaches of Camberwell Grove, and in this richly-wooded district the glad new life of the spring was visible in the crisp, uncurled leaves of the chestnuts, and in the soft green of the mighty elms, and in the white and purple of the lilacs in the gardens of the quaint, old-fashioned houses. Never had any spring come to us so quickly as that one. All England had lain black and cold under the grip of a hard and tenacious winter; even the end of March found us with bitter east winds, icy roads, and leafless trees. Then all of a sudden came south winds and warm rains; and the wet, grey skies parted at times to give us a brilliant glimpse of blue. The work of transformation was magical in its swiftness. Far away in secret places the subtle fire of the earth upsprang in pale primroses, in sweet violets, and in the glossy and golden celandine that presaged the coming of buttercups into the meadows. The almond trees, even in suburban gardens, shone out with a sudden glow of pink and purple. The lilac bushes opened their green leaves to the warm rains. The chestnuts unclasped their

resinous buds. And then, with a great wild splendour of blue sky and warm sunlight, the bountiful, mild, welcome spring came fully upon us; and all the world was filled with the laden blossoms of fruit trees, and the blowing of sweet winds, and the singing of thrushes and blackbirds. To be abroad on such a morning was better than sitting over an Italian exercise in Miss Main's schoolroom.

"What sort of tree is that?" Miss Violet North asked of a little boy: a particular tree in one of the old-fashioned gardens had struck her fancy.

"Dunnow," said the boy, sulkily.

"Then why don't you know, you little fool, you!" she said indifferently passing on.

She crossed Grove Lane, and went along the summit of Champion Hill, under the shade of a magnificent row of chestnuts. Could leaves be greener, could the sweet air be sweeter, could the fair spring sunshine be more brilliant in the remotest of English valleys? Here were country-looking houses, with sloping gardens, and little fancy farms attached; here were bits of woodland, the remains of the primeval forest, allowed to grow up into a sort of wilderness; here were rooks flying about their nests, and thrushes busy on the warm green lawns, and blackbirds whirring from one laurel-bush to another. She walked along to the end of this thoroughfare until she came to a lane which led abruptly down hill, facing the south. Far away below her lay the green meadows of Dulwich; and beyond the trees, and looking pale and spectral in the glare of the heat, rose the towers of the Crystal Palace. That was enough. She had nothing particular to do. Walking was a delight to her on such a morning. Without any specific resolve she indolently set out for the Crystal Palace.

There was indolence in her purpose, but none in her gait. She walked smartly enough down the steep and semi-private thoroughfare which is called Green Lane; she crossed the pleasant meadows by the narrow path-way; she got out upon the Dulwich

road, and so continued her way to the Palace. But she was not to reach the goal of her journey without an adventure.

She was just passing the gateway leading up to a large house when a negro-page, very tall, very black, and wearing a bottle-green livery, with scarlet cuffs and collar, came out of the garden into the road, followed by a little terrier. The appearance of this lanky black boy amused her; and so, as a friendly mark of recognition, she drew her umbrella across the ground in front of the terrier just as she was passing, and said, "Pfst!" But this overture was instantly rejected by the terrier, which turned upon her with voluble rage, yelping, barking, coming nearer and nearer, and threatening to spring upon her. For a second she retreated in dismay; then, as she saw that the negro-boy was more frightened than herself, she became wildly angry.

"Why don't you take your dog away?" she cried, "you—you stick of black sealing-wax!"

In this moment of dire distress help came to her from an unexpected quarter. A young gentleman quickly crossed the road, approached the irate terrier from the rear, and gave the animal a sharp cut with his walking-stick. The rapidity of this flank movement completely took the terrier by surprise; with a yelp, more of alarm and astonishment than of pain, it fled into the garden and was seen no more.

Violet North looked up—and now her face was consciously red, for she had been ignominiously caught in a fright.

"I am sorry you should have been alarmed," said the young man; and he had a pleasant voice.

"Yes, the nasty little beast!" said she; and then recollecting that that was not the manner in which a stranger should be addressed, she said, "I thank you very much for driving the dog away—it was very kind of you."

"Oh, it was nothing," said he; "I am very glad I happened to be by."

For about the fifteenth part of a second he paused irresolutely; then he

quickly lifted his hat, said, "Good morning!" and passed on in front of her.

She looked after him. Had she ever seen so handsome, so beautiful a young man? Never!

Just at the present moment several of our English artists are very fond of painting a particular type of feminine beauty—a woman with a low and broad forehead, large, indolent, sleepy blue eyes, thin cheeks, short upper lip, full under lip, somewhat square jaw, and magnificent throat. It is a beautiful head enough—languid, unintellectual, semi-sensuous, but beautiful. Now this young man was as near as possible a masculine version of that indolent, beautiful, mystic-eyed woman whose face one meets in dusky corners of drawing-rooms, or in the full glare of exhibitions. He was no mere roseate youth, flabby-cheeked and curly-locked, such as a school-girl might try to paint in crude water-colours. His appearance was striking; there was something refined, special, characteristic about his features; and, moreover, he had not cropped his hair as our modern youths are wont to do—the short wavy locks of light brown nearly reached his shirt-collar. For the rest he was sparely built, perhaps about five feet eight, square-shouldered, light and active in figure. Was there any harm in a school-girl admitting to herself that he was a very good-looking young man?

Walking about the Crystal Palace by one's-self is not the most exciting of amusements. The place was very familiar to Miss North; and she had lost interest in the copper-coloured aborigines, and in the wonderful pillar of gold. But she had one little bit of enjoyment. She caught sight of a small boy, who, when nobody was looking, was trying to "job" one of the cockatoos with the end of a toy-whip. Well, also when nobody was looking, she took occasion to get behind this little boy, and then she gave him a gentle push, which was just sufficient to let the cockatoo, making a downward dip at his enemy's head, pull out a

goodly tuft of hair. There was a frightful squeal of alarm from the boy; but in a second she was round in some occult historical chamber, studying with becoming gravity the lessons taught us by the tombs of Kings.

Then she became very hungry, and she thought she would go and have some luncheon. When she entered the dining-room she was a little shy—not much; but she was speedily attended by a friendly old waiter, who quite put her at her ease. When he asked her what she would take, she was on the point of answering, "Cold beef, if you please," as she would have done at school, but she suddenly bethought herself that, being in a restaurant, she might have something better, and so she asked for the bill of fare, scanned it, and finally ordered an oyster *pâté* and a couple of lamb cutlets, with green peas and tomatoes.

"And what will you take to drink, miss?" said the old waiter.

"Some water, thank you," she said; but directly afterwards she added, "Wait a moment—I think I will take a glass of sherry, if you please."

So the waiter departed; and she turned to glance at her surroundings. The first thing she noticed, much to her surprise and mortification, was that she had inadvertently sat down at the table at which, on the opposite side and further along, the young man was having lunch to whom she had spoken in the morning. She was annoyed. What must he think of a young lady who went wandering about the country by herself, and coolly walked into restaurants to order cutlets and sherry? It was rather a strange circumstance that Miss North should be troubled by this conjecture; for she rarely, if ever, paid the least attention to what people might think of her; but on this occasion she began to wish she might have some opportunity of explaining her conduct.

The opportunity occurred. That friendly old waiter had apparently forgotten the order; anyhow, the girl sate there patiently, and nothing was brought to her. She wished to attract

the attention of the waiter, and made one or two attempts, but failed. Seeing the plight she was in, the young gentleman on the other side of the table made bold to address her, and said—

"I beg your pardon, but I fear they are not attending to you. Will you allow me to speak to one of the waiters?"

"I wish you would," she said, blushing a little bit.

The young man walked off and got hold of the manager, to whom he made his complaint. Then he came back; and Miss North was more anxious than ever to justify herself in his eyes. The notion was becoming quite desperate that he might go away thinking she knew so little of propriety as to be in the habit of frequenting restaurants all by herself.

"I am very much obliged to you—again," she said, with something of an embarrassed smile. "I believed they meant to punish me for going away from school."

"From school?" said he, doubtfully; and he drew his chair a little nearer.

"Yes," said she, resolved at any cost to put herself right in his opinion. "I ought to have been at school. I—I walked away—and one gets hungry, you know. I—I thought it was better to come in here."

"Oh yes, certainly," said he; "why not?"

"I have always been left a good deal to myself," said this anxious young lady, leading up to her *grand coup*. "My father is always away looking after railways, and I dislike my step-mother, so that I am never at home. Of course you have heard of my father's name—Sir Acton North?"

Now she was satisfied. He would know she was not some giddy maid-servant out for a holiday. She uttered the words clearly, so that there should be no mistake, and perhaps a trifle proudly; then she waited for him to withdraw his chair again and resume his luncheon. But he did nothing of the sort.

"Oh yes," said he, with a respectful

earnestness, "every one has heard of Sir Acton North. I am very pleased that—that I have been of any little service to you. I daresay, now, you have heard of my father, too—George Miller?"

"No, I haven't," she said, seriously, as though her ignorance of that distinguished name were a grave blot on her bringing up.

"Well, you know," said the handsome young man, "he is pretty well known as a merchant, but better known as a Protestant. He takes the chairs at meetings, and gives big subscriptions, and all that kind of thing. I believe the Pope can't sleep in his bed o' nights on account of him."

"I—I think I have heard of him," said Miss North, conscious that she ought to know something of so important a person.

At this point she was distinctly of opinion that the conversation should cease. Young ladies are not supposed to talk to young gentlemen to whom they have not been introduced, even although they may have heard of each other's parents as being distinguished people. But George Miller the younger seemed an affable, easily-pleased young man, who had a frank smile, and an obvious lack of stiffness and circumspection in his nature. They had brought her the oyster *pâté*; now came the cutlets.

"That was the mistake you made," said he, venturing to smile. "When you are in a hurry you should not order out-of-the-way things, or they are sure to keep you waiting."

"I never came into a restaurant by myself before," she said, with some asperity: would this foolish young man persist in the notion that she habitually ordered luncheon in such a fashion?

"What school was it you left, may I ask?" said he, with a friendly interest in his eyes.

"Oh!" she answered, with a return to her ordinary careless manner, "Miss Main's Seminary in Camberwell Grove. I knew she was going to expel me. We had had a little amusement when

she was out of the room—a little too much noise, in fact—and though she has often threatened to expel me, I saw by her face she meant mischief this time. So I left. What a pleasant morning it was for a walk !”

“Yes,” said he, looking rather puzzled ; “but—but—what are you going to do now ?”

“Now ? Oh, I don’t know ! There will be plenty of time for me to settle where I am going when I get back to town.”

“Are you going back to London all by yourself ?”

“I came here by myself : why not ?”

“Well,” said he, with some real anxiety, “it is rather an unusual thing for a young lady to be going about like that. I think you ought to—to go home —”

“My father is in Yorkshire ; I would rather not go to see my stepmother. We should have rather a warm evening of it, I imagine,” she added, frankly.

“Where, then — ?”

“Oh, I know where to go !” she said, indifferently. “There is a little girl at the school I am very fond of, and she is very fond of me ; and she and her mother live with her uncle in Camberwell Grove, not far from the school. They will take me in, I know ; they are very kind people. He is rather a strange man—Mr. Drummond—you never can tell whether he is serious or joking. And he says very queer things ; and sometimes he laughs prodigiously at jokes that nobody else can see to be jokes —”

“I should say he was mad.”

“Oh no ; he is not !” she said, abruptly. “You are quite mistaken. He is the very nicest gentleman I know.”

Did she fancy that he looked annoyed ? She hastily added, in a light way :

“He is an old man, you know—or at least middle-aged—over thirty, I should think.”

By this time she had finished her luncheon—the young man had neglected his altogether—and she asked the waiter

for her bill. She certainly had plenty of money in her purse ; she gave the old gentleman who had systematically not attended to her a shilling for himself.

“Would you allow me to see you into a carriage,” timidly suggested Mr. George Miller, “if you are going up by rail ?”

“Oh no !” she said, with a confident smile, “I can take care of myself.”

Which was true.

“Then,” said he, “Miss North, I am afraid I cannot claim you as an acquaintance—because—because our meeting has been rather—rather informal, as it were ; but would you allow me, supposing I were introduced to your father —”

“Oh, I should like you to know my father well enough,” said she, honestly.

“That was not what I meant exactly,” said he. “I meant that if I got to know your father, that would be a sort of equivalent—don’t you think ?—to a formal introduction to you.”

The girl very nearly burst out laughing.

“I think we are pretty well introduced already,” said she, “by means of a terrier-dog and a stupid waiter. Thank you very much for your kindness. Good afternoon.”

She was going away with her ordinary erect carriage and careless bearing, when he suddenly put out his hand to shake hands with her. She had risen by this time. Well, she could not be guilty of the discourtesy of a refusal ; and so she allowed him to shake hands with her.

“I hope this is not the last time we shall meet,” said he, with an earnestness which rather surprised her, and which she did not fail to remember when she got into the quiet corner of a railway carriage. Did he really wish to see her again ? Was there a chance of their meeting ? What would properly-conducted people say of her adventures of that morning ?

She did not care much. She got out at Denmark Hill Station, and placidly walked up to the house of Mr. James Drummond, which was situated near the top of Camberwell Grove.

CHAPTER III.

A SUBURBAN PHILOSOPHER.

THIS house was rather like a toy-cottage—a long, low, rambling place, with a verandah all round, ivy trained up the pillars, French windows, small peaked gables, some few trees and bushes in front, and a good garden behind. Miss North did not wait for an answer to her summons. She bethought herself that she would be sure to find Mr. Drummond, or his widowed sister, Mrs. Warrener, or his niece, Amy Warrener, in the garden; and so she made her way round the house by a side path. Here, indeed, she found Mr. Drummond. He was seated in the verandah, in a big reading chair; one leg was crossed over the other; he was smoking a long clay pipe; but, instead of improving his mind by reading, he was simply idling and dreaming—looking out on the bushes and the blossom-laden trees, over which a dusky red sky was now beginning to burn.

He jumped up from his seat when he saw her, and rather unwisely began to laugh. He was a tall, thin, somewhat ungainly man, with curiously irregular features, the expression of which seldom remained the same for a couple of seconds together. Yet there was something attractive about this strange face—about its keen, vivacious intelligence and its mobile tendency to laugh; and there was no doubt about the fine character of the eyes—full, clear, quick to apprehend, and yet soft and winning. Violet North had a great liking and regard for this friend of hers; but sometimes she stood a little in awe of him. She could not altogether follow his quick, playful humour; she was always suspecting sarcasm behind his drolleries; it was clear to her that, whatever was being talked about, he saw far more than she or anybody else saw, for he would suddenly burst into a prodigious roar of merriment over some point or other wholly invisible to her or to his sister. The man, indeed, had all the childish fun of a man of genius; and a man of genius he undoubtedly was, though he had never done anything to

show to the world, nor was likely to do anything. Early in life he had been cursed by a fatal inheritance of somewhere about 600*l.* a year. He was incurably indolent—that is to say, his brain was on the hop, skip, and jump from morning till night, performing all manner of intellectual feats for his own private amusement; but as for any settled work, or settled habits, he would have nothing of either. He was a very unworldly person—careless of the ordinary aims of the life around him; but he had elaborated a vast amount of theories to justify his indolence. He belonged to a good family; he never called on his rich or distinguished relatives. At college he was celebrated as a brilliant and ready debater; and as a capricious, whimsical, but altogether delightful conversationalist; he was fairly studious, and obviously clear-headed; yet no one ever left a University with less of glory surrounding him. He had a large number of friends, and they all loved him; but they knew his faults. He had no more notion of time than a bird or a butterfly; he was scarcely ever known to catch the train for which he set out; but then what ill-temper on the part of a companion could withstand the perfectly happy fashion in which he would proceed to show that a railway-station was an excellent place for reflection? Then he had a bewildering love of paradox—especially puzzling to a certain ingenuous young lady who sometimes sat and mutely listened to his monologues. Then he was very unfair in argument; he would patiently lead his opponent on in the hope that at last this unprincipled debater was about to be driven into a corner—when lo! there was some sort of twitch about the odd face, a glimmer of humour in the fine eyes, and with some preposterous joke he was off, like a squirrel up a tree, leaving his antagonist discomfited below.

He led his sister a hard life of it. The pale, little, fair-haired woman had a great faith in her brother; she believed him to be the best and the cleverest man that ever lived; and no one with less good-nature than herself could

have listened patiently to the whimsical extravagances of this incorrigible talker. For the worst about him was that he made remarks at random—suggested by the book he was reading, or by some passing circumstance—and then, when his puzzled interlocutor was trying to comprehend him, he was off to something else, quite unconscious that he had left the other a continent or a century behind him. Sometimes, indeed, he made a wild effort to show that this or that abrupt observation was *à-propos* to something—which it never was.

“Do you know,” he would say to his patient sister, “I fancy I see something in Fawcett of a sort of political Shelley.”

A moment's silence.

“Yes, James,” his sister would say, seriously, “but in what way?”

Another moment's silence.

“Oh, about Fawcett? Well, I was thinking, do you know, that if the House of Commons were to introduce a Bill securing universal suffrage, this little terrier here would die of despair and disgust. That is the one weak point about dogs—you can't convey to them any impression of moral grandeur. It is all fine clothes with them, and gentlemanly appearance—the virtues hidden beneath a shabby costume are unknown to them. Frosty, here, would wag her tail and welcome the biggest swindler that ever brought out sham companies; but she would be suspicious of the honest workman; and she would snap at the calves of the most deserving of beggars. Sarah, you really must cease that habit of yours of indiscriminate almsgiving—fancy the impostors you must be encouraging——”

His sister opened her eyes in mild protest.

“Why, it was only yesterday you gave that old Frenchman half-a-crown——”

“Well,” said he uncomfortably, “well—you see—I thought that—that even if he was shamming, he looked such an unfortunate poor devil—but that is only a single case. There is a systematic outrage on your part, Sarah, of the common principles of prudence——”

“You do it far more than I do,” she said, with a quiet laugh; and so she went her way, only she had got no information as to how Mr. Fawcett resembled a political Shelley.

Only one word needs to be added at present to this hasty and imperfect description of a bright and sparkling human individuality, the thousand facets of which could never be seen at once and from the same stand-point. There was no jealousy in the man's nature of men who were more successful in the world than himself. He had a sort of profession—that is to say, he occasionally wrote articles for this or that learned review. But he was far too capricious and uncertain to be entrusted with any sustained and continuous work; and, indeed, even with incidental work, he frequently vexed the soul of the most indulgent of editors. No one could guess what view of a particular book or question he might not take at a moment's notice. Of course, if it had not been for that fatal 600*l.* a year, he might have been put in harness, and accomplished some substantial work. Even if he had had any extravagant tastes, something in that way might have been done; but the little household lived very economically (except as regards charity and the continual giving of presents to friends), its chief and important expense being the cost of a long and happy holiday in the autumn. There was no jealousy, as I have said, in Drummond's nature over the success of more practical men; no grudging, no detraction, no spite. The fire of his life burnt too keenly and joyously to have any smoke about it.

“Mind you,” he would say—always to his consentient audience of one. “It is a serious thing for a man to endeavour to become famous. He cannot tell until he tries—and tries for years—whether there is anything in him; and then look at the awful risk of failure and life-long disappointment. You see, when once you enter the race for fame or for great riches, you can't very well give in. You're bound in honour not to give in. The presence of rivals all round you—and what is stronger still,

the envious cavilling of the disappointed people, and the lecturing you get from the feebler Jabberwocks of criticism—all that kind of thing must, I should fancy, drive a man on in spite of himself. But don't you think it is wiser for people who are not thrust into the race by some unusual consciousness of power to avoid it altogether and live a quieter and more peaceable life?"

Sarah did think so; she was always sure that her brother was right, even when he flatly contradicted himself, and he generally did that half-a-dozen times in the day.

"Well, Miss Violet," he said to the young lady who had suddenly presented herself before him, "I hear you have rather distinguished yourself to-day."

"Yes," she said, with an embarrassed laugh, "I believe I have done it this time."

"And what do you mean to do now?"

"I don't know."

"And don't care, perhaps?"

"Not much."

He shrugged his shoulders. But at this moment his sister came through the small drawing-room into the verandah; and there was far more concern visible on her face. Mr. Drummond seemed to have but a speculative interest in this curious human phenomenon; but his sister had a vivid affection for the girl who had befriended her daughter at school and become her sworn ally and champion. Both of them, it is true, were considerably attracted towards Miss North. To him there was something singularly fascinating in her fine, unconscious enjoyment of the mere fact of living, in her audacious frankness, and even in the shrewd, clear notions about things that had got into her schoolgirl brain. In many respects this girl was more a woman of the world than her gentle friend and timid adviser, Mrs. Warrener. As for Mrs. Warrener, she had almost grown to love this bold, frank, sincere, plain-spoken companion of her daughter; but she derived no amusement, as her brother did, from the girl's wild ways and love of fun, which occasionally made her

rather anxious. To her it was not always a laughing matter.

"Oh, Violet," she said, "what have you been about this time? What can we do for you?"

"Well, not very much, I am afraid," was the rueful answer.

Apparently Miss Violet was rather ashamed of her exploit; and yet there was a curious, half-concealed, comic expression about the face of the penitent which did not betoken any great self-abasement.

"Shall I take you home?" said James Drummond, "and get your parents to come over and intercede for you?"

"No," she said, "that would be no use; my father is in Yorkshire."

"But Lady North——?"

"I should like to see my stepmother go out of her way the length of a yard on my account! She never did like me; but she has hated me worse than ever since Euston Square."

"Euston Square——?"

"Yes," continued the girl, "don't you know that I am a sort of equivalent for Euston Square?"

"This is becoming serious," said Mr. Drummond, "if you are about to amuse us with conundrums we had better all sit down. Here is a chair for you. Sarah, sit down. And so you were saying that you were an equivalent, Miss Violet?"

"Yes," she observed, coolly folding her hands on her knees. "It is not a very long story. You know my stepmother was never a very fashionable person. Her father—well, her father built rows of cheap villas in the suburbs, on speculation; and he lived in Highbury; and he told you the price of the wines at dinner—you know the kind of man. But when she married my father"—there was always a touch of pride in the way Miss North said "my father"—"she had a great notion of getting from Highbury to Park Lane, or Palace Gardens, or Lancaster Gate, or some such place, and having a big house and trying to get into society. Well, you see, that would not suit my father at all. He almost lives on railways; he is not once a week in London; and he knows Euston Square a good

deal better than Belgravia. So he proposed to my stepmother that if she would consent to have a house in Euston Square, for his convenience, he would study her convenience and comfort, by allowing me to remain permanently at a boarding-school! Do you see? I can tell you I rejoiced when I heard of that bargain; for the house that my stepmother and I were in was a good deal too small for both of us. Yet I don't think she had always the best of it."

This admission was made so modestly, simply, and unconsciously that Mr. Drummond burst into a roar of laughter, while his sister looked a trifle shocked.

"What did you do to her?" said he.

"Oh, women can always find ways of annoying each other, when they wish it," she answered, coolly.

"Well," said Mr. Drummond, "we must see what can be done. Let us have a turn in the garden, and talk over this pretty situation of affairs."

They descended the few steps. Mrs. Warrener linked the girl's arm in hers, and took her quietly along the narrow garden path. James Drummond walking beside them on the lawn. There was a strange contrast between the two women—the one tall, straight and lithe as a willow wand, proud-lipped, frank, happy, and courageous of face, with all the light of youth and strength shining in her eyes; the other tender, small, and wistful, with sometimes an anxious and apprehensive contraction of the brows. By the side of these two the philosopher walked—a long and lanky person, stooping somewhat, talking a good deal of nonsense to tease his companions, ready to explode at a moment's notice into a great burst of hearty and genuine laughter, and ready at the same time to tender any sacrifice, however great, that this girl could claim of him, or his sister suggest. For the rest, it was a beautiful evening in this still and secluded suburban garden. The last flush of rose-red was dying out of the sky, over the great masses of blossom on the fruit-trees. There was a cooler feeling in the air; and the sweet odour of the lilac-bushes

seemed to become still more prevailing and sweet.

"Don't look on me as an encumbrance," said Miss North, frankly. "I only came to you for a bit of advice. I shall pull through somehow."

"We shall never look upon you as an encumbrance, dear," said Mrs. Warrener, in her kindly way. "You know you can always come and stay with us, if the worst comes to the worst."

"I think that would be the worst coming to the best," said the girl, demurely.

"My notion," said Mr. Drummond, trying to catch at a butterfly that was obviously getting home in a hurry—"is that you ought to give Miss Main a night to cool down her wrath; and then in the morning I will go round and intercede for you. I suppose you are prepared to apologize to her."

"Oh yes," Miss North said, but not with the air of a conscious sinner.

"Miss Main, I fancy, now," continued the philosopher, "is the sort of woman who would be easily pacified. So far as I have seen her, there is little pretence about her, and no vanity. It is only very vain people, you will find, who are easily mortified and implacable in their resentment. The vain man is continually turning his eyes inwards and addressing himself thus—'Sir, I most humbly beg your pardon for having brought discomfiture and ridicule on so august and important a personage as yourself.' He is always worshipping that little idol within him; and if anybody throws a pellet of mud at it, he will never forgive the insult. A vain man——"

"But about Miss Main, James?" said his sister. She had never any scruple about interrupting him, if any business was on hand; for she knew that, failing the interruption, he would go wandering off all over the world.

"Oh yes—Miss Main. Well, Miss Main, I say, does not appear to be a morbidly vain person, likely to be implacable. I think the best thing you can do is to stay with us to-night, and to-morrow morning I will go round to Miss Main, and try to pacify her——"

"I hope you won't laugh at her, James," his sister suggested.

"My dear woman, I am the most diplomatic person in the world—as, for example: we are going in presently to dinner. Dinner without a fire in the grate is an abomination. Now, if I were to suggest to you to have a log of wood put on—a regular blazer, for the night is becoming chill—something to cheer us and attract the eyes, just as you always see the eyes of infants attracted by flames? And where is Amy?" he added, suddenly.

"I have no doubt," said Miss North, with humility, "that Amy is being kept out of the way, so that she shan't meet a wicked person like me."

"Indeed, no," said Mrs. Warrener; though sometimes she certainly did not consider Miss Violet's conduct a good example for her daughter. "Amy is at her lessons; she is coming in to dinner to-night."

"Oh, do let me go and help her!" said the visitor. "And I promise to tell her how bad I have been, and how I am never going to do so any more."

So, for the time, the little party was broken up; but it met again in a short time, in a quaint little room that was cheerfully lit, round a bright table, and in view of a big log that was blazing in the fireplace. The banquet was not a gorgeous one—the little household had the simplest tastes—but it was flavoured throughout by a friendly kindness, a good humour, a sly merriment that was altogether delightful. Then, after the frugal meal was over, they drew their chairs into a semi-circle before the fire—Mr. Drummond being enthroned in his especial reading-chair, and having his pipe brought him by his niece. Violet North was pretty familiar with those quiet, bright, talkative evenings in this little home; and though at times she was a little perplexed by the paradoxes of the chief controversialist, she was not so much of a school-girl as not to perceive the fine, clear intellectual fire that played about his idle talk like summer lightning, while all unconsciously to herself she was drinking in something of the charm of the

great unworldliness of this little household which promised to be of especial benefit to a girl of her nature. She did not always understand him; but she was always delighted with him. If the quaint humour of some suggestion was rather too recondite for her, she could at least recognize the reflection of it in his face, and its curious irregular lines. Sir Acton North was not aware that his daughter was attending two schools; and this one the more important of the two. Here she saw nothing but gentleness and tender helpfulness; here she heard nothing but generous criticism, and humorous excuses for human faults, and laughter with no sting in it; here she was taught nothing but toleration, and the sinking of self, and the beauty of all good and true things. Then she did not know she was being taught any more than her teachers knew they were teaching her; for one of them spoke to her only by way of her own example, which was that of all sweetness and charity, and the other was so little of a lecturer that he shocked his own pupil by his whimsical extravagances and incorrigible laughter. If, as Miss Main was convinced, this girl had no soul, she could not have come to a better place to get some sort of substitute.

Next morning James Drummond went round and saw Miss Main. That patient, hard-working, and hardly-trying little woman confessed frankly that she herself would be quite willing to have Miss North come back; but she feared the effect on her other pupils of condoning so great an offence. However, Mr. Drummond talked her over; and an arrangement having been come to about the public apology Miss North was to make, he went back home.

Miss North had just come in, breathless. She had run half a mile down hill, to the shops of Camberwell, and half a mile back since he had gone out: she would not tell him why.

Well, she went round to the seminary in due course; and in the midst of an awful silence she walked up the middle of the floor to Miss Main's table.

"Miss Main, I have to beg your pardon for my conduct of yesterday,

and I apologize to the whole school; and I hope never to behave so badly again."

"You may go to your seat, Miss North," said the schoolmistress, who was a nervous little woman, and glad to get it over.

Miss North, with great calmness of feature, but with a suggestion of a latent laugh in her fine dark eyes, walked sedately and properly to her seat, and opened her desk. With the lid well up, she deposited inside a curious little collection of oddities she had taken from her pocket—including a number of little paper pellets, a small tin goblet, and a wooden monkey at the end of a stick.

The pellets were crackers which she could jerk with her finger and thumb to any part of the room, and which exploded on falling.

The toy goblet had a bit of string attached, and was intended for the cat's tail.

The wooden monkey was an effigy to be suddenly presented to the school whenever Miss Main's back was turned.

These had been the object of Miss Violet's sudden race down to Camberwell and back; so it was sufficiently clear that that young lady's remorse over her evil deeds was not of a very serious or probably lasting character.

CHAPTER IV.

FLUTTERINGS NEAR THE FLAME.

A SECRET rumour ran through the school that Violet North had not only got a sweetheart, but was also engaged in the composition of a novel. For once rumour was right; and there is now no longer any reason for suppressing the following pages, which will give an idea of the scope and style of Miss North's story. The original is written in a clear, bold hand, and the lines are wide apart—so wide apart, indeed, that the observant reader can, if he chooses, easily read between them.

"It was a beautiful morning in May, and the golden sunshine was flooding the emerald meadows of D——, an ancient and picturesque village about two miles nearer London than the

C—— P——. Little do the inhabitants of that great city, who lend themselves to the glittering follies of fashion, little do they reckon of the verdant beauties and the pure air which are to be had almost within the four-mile radius. It was on such a morning that our two lovers met, far away from the haunts of men, and living for each other alone. In the distance was a highway leading up to that noble institution, the C—— P——; and carriages rolled along it; and at the front of the stately mansions high-born dames vaulted upon their prancing barbs and caracoled away towards the horizon.¹ Our lovers paid no heed to such pomps and vanities; they were removed above earthly things by the sweet companionship of congenial souls; they lived in an atmosphere of their own, and breathed a delight which the callous votaries of fashion could neither understand nor share.

"Virginia Northbrook was the name of the one. Some would have called her rather good-looking; but it is not of that we mean to boast. We would rather speak of the lofty poetry of her soul, and of her desire to be just and honourable, and to live a noble life. Alas! how many of us can fulfil our wishes in that respect? The snares and temptations of life beset us on every side and dog our footsteps; but enough of this moralising, gentle reader, we must get on with our story.

"She was the daughter of a baronet, not a man of high lineage, but one on whom the eyes of the world were fixed. He had accelerated the industries of his native land in opening up stupendous commercial highways, and from all parts of the globe his advice was sought. Alas! he was frequently away from home; and as his second wife

¹ This sentence, or the latter half of it, may recall a passage in a famous novel which was published two or three years ago; and I hasten to say that Miss North had really never read that work. The brilliant and distinguished author of the novel in question has so frequently been accused of plagiarism which was almost certainly unconscious, that I am sure he will sympathize with this young aspirant, and acquit her of any intentional theft.

was a wretched and mean-spirited creature, Virginia Northbrook may be considered to have been really an orphan.

“The other of our two lovers was called Gilbert Mount-Dundas. Neither was he of high lineage; but a grand nobility of nature was stamped on his forehead. His father had attained to great fame through his labours in the cause of benevolence and charity; but it is not necessary to import him into our story. Gilbert Mount-Dundas was yet young; but his mind was fired by great ambitions, and what more necessary to encourage these than the loving counsel and worship of a woman? Ah, woman, woman, if you could understand how we men are indebted to you when you cheer us onward in the hard struggle of life! A ministering angel thou, truly, as the poet writes. If thou couldst perceive the value which we place on thy assistance, then thou wouldst never be capricious, coy, and hard to please. *Mais revenons à nos moutons.*”

“It would be a difficult, nay, an invidious task, to describe the manner in which our two lovers became acquainted with each other. Suffice it to say that, although the world might look coldly on certain informalities, their own souls informed them that they had no cause to blush for their mutual acquaintance, an acquaintance which had ripened into knowledge, esteem, and love! Not for these two, indeed, was the ordinary commonplace history of a courtship and marriage; which, as the gentle reader knows, is an introduction at a dinner-table, a lot of foolish conversation always under the eyes of friends, an engagement with everybody’s knowledge and consent (*including the lawyer’s*), and a marriage to be advertised in the newspapers! No, no!—there is still some romance in this cold and heartless world; and, whatever harsh critics may say, we, for one, have no intention of blaming Gilbert Mount-Dundas and Virginia Northbrook simply because, forsooth! the whole host of their friends did not happen to be present. And yet—for who knows into whose hands these pages may not fall?—we must guard against

a misconception. We are not of those who scorn the ceremonies of our social life—far from it; and we would not be understood as recommending to the youth of both sexes a lofty contempt for the proper *convenances*. *Tout au contraire*. In our opinion a young lady cannot be too particular as to the acquaintances she makes; and in fact the way some girls will giggle and look down when young gentlemen pass them in the street is shocking, and perfectly disgusting. They ought to remember they are not servant-maids on their *Sunday out*. A school-mistress is not doing her duty who does not check such unladylike conduct at once; and it is all nonsense for her to pretend that she does not see it. I know very well she sees it; but she is nervous, and afraid to interfere, lest the girls should simply deny it, and so place her at a disadvantage. We will recur to this subject at a future time.

“It was, alas! but to say farewell that Virginia Northbrook and Gilbert Mount-Dundas had met. Such was the hard fate of two who had known the sweet companionship of love for a period far too short; but destiny marches along with an unpitied stride, and we poor mortals are hurried along in the current. Tears stood in the maiden’s eyes, and she would fain have fallen on her knees, and besought him to remain; but he was of firmer mettle, and endeavoured to be cheerful, so that he might lessen the agony of their farewell.

“‘Oh, my Gilbert!’ she exclaimed, ‘when shall I see you once more? Your path is clouded over with dangers; and, scan as I may the future, I see no prospect of your return. Do you know that beautiful song which says—

‘Shall we walk no more in the wind and the
rain,
Till the sea gives up her dead?’

“He was deeply affected; but he endeavoured to conceal his grief with a smile.

“‘What!’ said he, in a humorous manner, “when we meet I hope it

won't be in wind and rain. We have had enough of both this spring.'

"She regarded him with surprise; for she saw not the worm that was corroding his heart under this mask of levity. And here it might be well to remark on the danger that is ever attendant on those who are ashamed of their emotions, and cloak them in a garb of indifference or mockery. Alas! what sad mistakes arise from this cause. The present writer is free to confess that he is acquainted with a gentleman who runs a great risk of being misunderstood by a hollow world through this inveterate habit. We believe that no truer-hearted gentleman exists than J—— D——, although he is not what a foolish school-girl would call an Adonis; but how often he perplexes his best friends by the frivolous manner in which he says the very opposite of the thing which he really intends. It is very annoying not to know when a person is serious. If you make a mistake, and treat as serious what is meant to be a joke, you look foolish, which is not gratifying even to the most Stoical-minded; whereas, on the other hand, you may treat as a joke something that is really serious, and offend the feelings of persons whom you love. No, youthful reader, if I may be bold enough to assume that such will scan these pages, candour and straightforward speech ought to be your motto. *Magna est veritas*, said the wise Roman.

"How sadly now shone the sun on the beautiful meadows of D——, and on the lordly spires of the C—— P——, as our two lovers turned to take a last adieu. He was going away into the world, to conquer fame and fortune for both; she was about to be left behind, to nurse an aching heart.

"'Take this sixpence; I have bored a hole in it,' observed Virginia.

"He clasped the coin to his breast and smothered it with a thousand kisses.

"'My beloved Virginia!' he cried, 'I will never part with it. It will remind me of you in distant lands, under the flaming skies of Africa, in the mighty swamps of America, and on

the arid plains of Asia. Our friendship has been a brief one; but ah! how sweet! Once more, farewell, Virginia! Be true to your vow!'

"He tore himself away; and the wretched girl was left alone. We must pursue her further adventures in our next chapter."

Here, then, for the present, end our quotations from Miss North's MS. work of fiction; it is necessary to get back to the real facts of the case. To begin with, the relations between Violet North and the young gentleman whom she met on the Dulwich Road were much less intimate, tender, and romantic than those which existed between the lofty souls of Virginia Northbrook and Gilbert Mount-Dundas. Miss Main's young ladies were not allowed to go wandering about the country unattended by any escort, however brightly the sun might be shining on the emerald meadows, and on the towers of the C—— P——. Those of them who were boarders as well as pupils were marched out in pairs, with Miss Main and Miss North at their head; and no one who saw them would have imagined for a moment that the tall and handsome young lady was only a school-girl. When they were allowed to go and see their friends, their friends had to send someone for them. But to this rule there was one exception, which seemed innocent and trifling enough. Miss Main knew of the intimacy between Violet North and the mother and uncle of little Amy Warrener; and she very warmly approved of it, for it promised to exercise a good influence over this incorrigible girl. Then Mr. Drummond's house was only about a dozen doors off; and when Miss Violet chose to go round and visit her friends in the afternoon, as she frequently did, was it necessary that they should be at the trouble of sending for her for such a short distance? Mr. Drummond himself invariably accompanied her back to the school, and on those evenings Miss Main found that she had less trouble with this dreadful pupil of hers.

So it came about that George Miller on one or two occasions had the good fortune to run against Miss North when she was actually walking out alone. On the first occasion she was just going into James Drummond's house, and she had turned round after knocking at the door. For a second the young man stopped, embarrassed as to what he should do; while she, looking rather amused, graciously and coolly bowed to him. He took off his hat; and, at this moment, as the door was opened, his doubt was resolved, for, with a frank smile to him, she disappeared.

On the next occasion, he caught her a few yards farther down the Grove, and made bold to address her. He said rather timidly—

“Won't you recognize our acquaintance, Miss North?”

“I do,” she said, with her colour a bit heightened. “I bow to you when I see you. Isn't that enough?”

“If you were as anxious as I am to continue our acquaintance—” said he.

“I am not at all anxious,” she said, with something very like a wilful toss of the head, “not at all anxious to continue it like this, anyway. You must get to know my friends if you wish to know me.”

She was for moving on: but somehow he seemed to intercept her, and there was a great submission and entreaty in his downcast face.

“But how can I, Miss North? I have tried. How can I get an introduction to them?”

“How do I know?” she said, rather brusquely; and then she bade him a curt “Good afternoon,” and passed on.

Her heart smote her for a moment. Was it right to treat a faithful lover so? But then she was not herself very sensitive to injury; she did not suppose she had mortally wounded him; and she speedily was rejoicing over the thought that the most faithful of lovers ought to be put to the proof. If he was worth anything, he would bear wrong; he would overcome obstacles, he would do anything to please the imperial will of his beloved mistress. If he was

only an ordinary young man he had better go away.

Mr. George Miller was only an ordinary young man; but he did not go away. He had not been suddenly inspired by any romantic attachment for the young lady whom he had met in the Dulwich Road; but he had been greatly struck by her good looks; he was rather anxious to know something more about her; and then—for he was but twenty-two—there was even a spice of adventure in the whole affair. She did not know how patiently and persistently he had strolled all about the neighbourhood in order to catch an occasional glimpse of her; and how many afternoons he had paced up and down beneath those large elms near the head of Camberwell Grove before he found out the hour when she generally paid her visit to Mr. Drummond's small household. It was some occupation for him; and he had none other at present; for his father was then looking out for some business a share in which he could purchase and present to his son in order to induce him to do something. Mr. George Miller was not averse to that proposal. He had grown tired of idling, riding, walking, and playing billiards all day, and going out in the evening to dull dinners at the houses of a particular clique of rich commercial people living about Sydenham Hill. It would be better, he thought, to go into the city like everybody else; and have a comfortable private room in the office, with cigars and sherry in it. Then he would have himself put up at one of the city clubs; and have a good place for luncheon and an afternoon game of pool; and make the acquaintance of a lot of blithe companions. He knew a good many city men already; they seemed to have an abundance of spirits and a good deal of time on their hands—from 1.30 onwards till it was time to catch the train and get home to dinner.

Meanwhile this little adventure with a remarkably pretty girl piqued his curiosity about her; and he was aware that, if he did succeed in making her acquaintance, the friendship of the daughter of so distinguished a man as

Sir Acton North was worth having. He did not go much further than that in his speculations. He did not, as some imaginative youths would have done, plan out a romantic marriage. He had met, in an informal and curious way, a singularly handsome girl, whom he could not fail to admire; and there were just those little obstacles in the way of gaining her friendship that made him all the more desirous to secure it. It does not often occur to a somewhat matter-of-fact young man of twenty-two, who has good looks, good health, and ample provision of money, that he should sit down and anxiously construct the horoscope of his own future. To-day is a fine day in spring, and the life-blood of youth runs merrily in the veins: to-morrow is with the gods.

Yet, to be taunted and snubbed by a school-girl? He was rather angry when he left her on this second occasion. She was, he thought, just a little too independent in manner and blunt of speech. He did not at all look at their relations from her point of view; if she had told him that he ought to be her knight-errant and prove himself worthy by great sacrifices he would scarcely have understood what she meant. Indeed, a consciousness began to dawn on him that the young lady was a school-girl only in name; and that there was a more definite character about her than is generally to be discovered in a young miss who is busy with her Italian verbs. George Miller was in a bad humour all that evening; and on going to bed that night he vowed he would straightway set off for Wales next morning, and Miss Violet North might go hang for aught he cared.

In the morning, however, that wild resolution—although, indeed there was more prudence in it than he suspected—was abandoned; and he somewhat listlessly went into town, to see if he could hunt up somebody who knew Sir Acton North personally. His inquiries had to be conducted very cautiously; and there was something of interest in the search. Eventually, too, that day he failed; and so, as he had to get back to Sydenham to dress for an early

dinner, he thought he would go out to Denmark Hill station, and walk across. He might get another glance of Violet North; and it was possible she might be in a better temper.

Well, he was going up Grove Lane when, turning the corner, he suddenly found himself in presence of Miss North and another lady. He felt suddenly guilty; he checked his first involuntary impulse to take off his hat; and he endeavoured to pass them without any visible recognition.

But that was not Violet North's way.

"Oh, Mr. Miller," she said, aloud, "how do you do?"

He paused in time to prevent Mrs. Warrener observing his effort at escape; and he took off his hat, and rather nervously shook hands with her.

"Let me introduce you," said the young lady, boldly, "to Mrs. Warrener. Mr. Miller—Mrs. Warrener."

He received a very pleasant greeting from the little fair-haired woman, who liked the look of the young man.

"What a beautiful afternoon it is!" said he, hastily. "And how fine those fruit-trees look now. We deserve some good weather after such a winter. Do you—do you live up here, Mrs. Warrener?"

"Oh yes. You know the cottage with the thatched roof near the top of the Grove?" she said: she began to think that this young man was really handsome.

"Of course—every one about here knows it. What a charming place; and the garden you must have behind! Well, don't let me hinder you; it is a beautiful evening for a walk. Good-day, Miss North."

He ventured to shake hands with her; he bowed to Mrs. Warrener, and then he turned away—scarcely knowing what he had said or done.

"A friend of your father's, I suppose?" said Mrs. Warrener to Miss Violet, as they passed on.

"N—no, not exactly," said the girl, looking down.

"Oh, I dare say some friends of yours know him."

"N—no, not exactly that, either."

Then she suddenly lifted her eyes, and said, frankly—

“Mrs. Warrener, I suppose you'll think me a most wicked creature; but—but it is better you should know; and I never saw that young man till the day I left school over that disturbance, you remember—and he knows no one I know—and I was never introduced to him by anybody.”

Each sentence had been uttered with increasing desperation.

“Oh, Violet,” her friend said, “how could you be so thoughtless—and worse than thoughtless? You have been concealing your acquaintance with this young man even from your best friends—I—I don't know what to say about it——”

“You may say about it anything you please—except that,” said the girl, indignantly. “I deserve everything you can say about me—only don't say I concealed anything from you. There was nothing to conceal. I have only spoken a few words with him; and the last time I saw him I told him if he wanted our acquaintance to continue he must get to know either my father or some of my friends. There was nothing to conceal. I should be ashamed to conceal——”

At this point it seemed to occur to her that a self-convicted prisoner ought not to lecture the judge to whom he is appealing for a merciful judgment.

“Well, Mrs. Warrener,” she said, in a humbler way, “I hope you won't think I tried to conceal anything of importance from you. I thought it would be all cleared up and made right when he got properly introduced. And just now, when he did not wish to compromise me, and would have passed without a word, I thought I would just tell you how matters stood, and so I stopped him. Was there any concealment in that?”

“But how did you meet him—where did you meet him?” said Mrs. Warrener, still too much astonished to be either angry or forgiving.

“I saw him on the road to the Crystal Palace,” said Miss North. “I was attacked by a ferocious dog—such

a ferocious dog, Mrs. Warrener! You've no idea how he flew at me! and Mr. Miller came and beat him and drove him away.”

“Then you know his name?”

“Oh yes!” said Miss North, quite brightly. “I am sure you must have heard of Mr. George Miller, the great merchant and philanthropist, who builds churches, and gives large sums of money to charities?”

“I have heard of him,” Mrs. Warrener admitted.

“Then that is his son!” said Violet, triumphantly.

“But, you know, Violet, Mr. George Miller's philanthropy is no reason why you should have formed the acquaintanceship of his son in this manner. When did you see him next?”

“At the Crystal Palace,” said Violet, and the burden of her confessions seemed growing lighter. “I was very hungry. I had to go and get something to eat at the restaurant. I couldn't do anything else, could I? Well, the waiters weren't attending to me; and Mr. Miller was there; and he helped me to get something to eat. Was there any harm in that?”

Mrs. Warrener was not going to answer offhand; but as she felt that she almost stood in the light of a parent towards the girl, she was determined to know exactly how matters stood.

“Has he written to you, or have you written to him?”

“Certainly not!”

“He knows your name, and who you are?”

“Yes.”

So far the affair was all clear and open enough; and yet Mrs. Warrener, who was not as nimble a reasoner as her brother, was puzzled. There was something wrong, but she did not know what. By this time they had got back to the house.

“Violet, just come in for a minute. James will take you down to the school by-and-by.”

“Oh, Mrs. Warrener,” said the girl, with sudden alarm, “I very much wish you not to say anything about all this to Mr. Drummond!”

"Why not?"

"I would much rather you said nothing!"

"Well, I cannot promise that, Violet, but I will not speak of it to him just yet."

They entered the parlour, which was empty, and Violet sat down on a chair looking less bold and defiant than usual, while her friend, puzzled and perturbed, was evidently trying to find out what she should do.

"What I can't understand is this, Violet," she said, hitting by accident on the kernel of the whole matter. "What object was there in his or your wishing to continue an acquaintance so oddly began? That is what I can't understand. Men often are of assistance in such trifles to ladies whom they don't know; but they do not seek to become friends on the strength of it. Why does he wish to know you, and why should you tell him to go and get some proper introduction to you?"

"I did not tell him anything of the kind," said Miss Violet, respectfully but very proudly. "I told him that if he wished to speak to me in the future he must go and get some proper introduction. But do you think I asked him to come and see me? Certainly not. What is it to me?"

She was obviously much hurt.

"Then why should you continue this—this—clandestine acquaintance, Violet?" Mrs. Warrener asked, timidly.

"There is no such thing as a clandestine acquaintance," the girl said, warmly. "But if Mr. Miller wishes to add another person to the circle of his acquaintance, am I to forbid him? Is there any harm in that? Don't you sometimes see people whom you would like to know? And then, if he could not at the time get anyone to introduce him to me in the usual way, his getting to know you was quite as good; and now, if you choose to do so, you can take away all the clandestine look from our acquaintance. You have seen him. You could ask him to call on you."

Mrs. Warrener seemed to shrink in dismay from this bold proposal. But before she could answer Violet North

had hastily, and with some confusion, corrected herself.

"Of course," she said, quickly, "I don't wish you to ask him to call on you, not at all. But when you speak of our clandestine acquaintance, here is an easy way of making it not clandestine."

"No, Violet," her friend said, with unusual firmness, "I cannot do that. I could not assume such a responsibility. Before making such an acquaintance in this extremely singular way you ought to ask your mamma."

"Havn't got any," said Miss North, with a toss of her head.

"Or some one qualified to give their sanction."

"I don't know anyone so well as I know you," said the girl; and then she said, "but do you think I am begging of you to patronize that young man? I hope not. Mrs. Warrener, I think I had better go down now."

At this moment James Drummond made his appearance, an old brown wideawake on his head.

"Ah, well, Miss Violet; no more singing at Dixie's Land, eh? You have never been in Dixie's Land, I suppose. But were you ever in the Highlands? Have you ever seen the mountains and lochs of the West Highlands?"

"I have heard of them," Miss North said, coldly. She was very far from being pleased at the moment.

"Now do sit down for a moment till I open out this plan before you. That is better. Well, I think we shall take no less than two months' holiday this autumn, August and September, and I have my eye on a small but highly romantic cottage in the Highlands, connected with which is some little shooting and fishing; plenty of fishing, indeed, for there are a great many fish in the sea up there. Now, Miss Violet, do you think you could persuade your father and Miss Main to let you come with us part of the time? It must be very wretched for you spending your holidays every year at school."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Drummond," said Miss Violet, with great dignity. "It is very kind of you; you

are always kind ; but if my friends are not fit to be introduced into your house, then neither am I."

He stared in astonishment, and then he looked at his sister, whose pale and gentle face flushed up. Miss Violet set calm and proud; she had been goaded into this declaration.

"What do you mean?" said he.

"Oh, James," cried his sister, "I thought Violet did not wish you to know; but now I will tell you, and I am sure you will say I am right. It is no disrespect I have for the young man. I liked his appearance very much—but——"

"What young man?"

Then the story had to be told; and if Miss North had been in a better temper she would have acknowledged that it was told with great fairness, gentleness, and consideration. James Drummond put his hands in his pockets and stretched out his long legs.

"Well, Violet," said he, in his quiet and kindly way, "I can understand how you should feel hurt, if you suppose for a moment that my sister thinks you wish us to ask that young man here for your sake. But you are quite wrong if you assume that to be the case. We know your pride and self-respect too much for that. On the other hand, might not this Mr. Miller consider it rather curious if we asked him to come here to meet you? You see——"

"I don't wish anything of the kind," she said hastily. "Do you think I wish to meet him? What I wish is this—that you should not talk of clandestine acquaintanceship when I offer to introduce him to you, and when you can get to know him if you please."

He was too good-natured to meet the girl's impatience with a retort. He only said, in the same gentle fashion—

"Well, I think you have tumbled by accident into a very awkward position, Violet, if I must speak the truth, and I would strongly advise you to have nothing further to do with Mr. Miller, however amiable the young man may be, unless you should meet him at the house of one of your friends."

"I go to so many friends' houses!"

"How can you expect to go? You are at school: your whole attention should be taken up with your lessons."

"I thought even school-girls were allowed to have friends. And you know I am kept at school only to be out of the way."

She rose once more; the discussion was obviously profitless.

"I don't think I need trouble you to come down with me, Mr. Drummond," said she, with much lofty courtesy of manner.

"I am going with you, whether you consider it a trouble or not," said he, laughing.

She somewhat distantly bade Mrs. Warrener good-bye; and that fair-haired little woman was grieved that the girl should go away with harsh thoughts of her in her heart. As for Mr. Drummond, when he got outside, he was determined to charm away her disappointment, and began talking lightly and cheerfully to her, though she paid but little heed.

"Yes," said he, "you always disgust people by giving them good advice; but you wouldn't have us give you bad advice, Violet? Now you will be a reasonable young lady; and by to-morrow morning you will see that we have acted all round in a highly decorous and proper fashion, and if you try to gain Miss Main's good-conduct prize this session I will ask her to put you down a hundred marks on account of certain circumstances that have come to my knowledge, though I can't reveal them. That is settled; is it not now? So your father has come back to London: I see he was in a deputation at the Home Office yesterday. How tired he must be of railways; or does he languish when he has to stop in town three days running? Do you know I once heard of a boatman at Brighton—one of those short and stout men who pass their lives in leaning over the railings of the parade—and somebody went and died and left him a public-house in the Clapham Road. You would think that was a great advance in life? I tell you he became the most miserable

of men. He got no rest; he moved about uneasily; and at last, when the place was killing him, he happened to put up a wooden railing in front of the public-house just where the horses used to come and drink at the trough, and quite by accident he found it was a capital place to put his elbows on and lean over. I declare to you he hadn't lounged on that railing twenty minutes when all the old satisfaction with life returned to his face; and any day you'll see him lounging there now, looking at the horses drinking. That shows you what custom does, doesn't it?"

Of course, there was no such thing—no such boatman or public-house in the Clapham Road; but it was a peculiarity of this talker that when once he had imagined an anecdote he himself almost took it to be true. He did not mean to deceive his listener. If this thing had not happened, how did he know of it? The creations of his fancy took the place of actual experiences; his sister never could tell whether he had really seen certain things during his morning's walk, or only imagined them, and stuck them in his memory all the same.

It was a fine, quiet evening up here among the green foliage of the spring. It was a grey twilight, with a scent of the lilacs in the cool air; and the mighty chestnut trees, the spiked blossoms of which looked pale in the fading light, seemed to be holding these up as spectral lamps to light the coming dusk. It was a still, calm, peaceable evening; but even the unobservant Mr. Drummond could remark that his companion was not at all attuned to this gentle serenity. Her moody silence was ominous.

"You will come round and see us to-morrow afternoon?" said he.

"I am not sure," she said, with her hand on the open door.

"Now be a sensible girl, Violet, and

believe me that we have given you good advice. Don't forget what I said to you; and come up to-morrow evening to show me that we are all still good friends."

So Mr. Drummond walked away up the hill again, whistling absently; one hand in his trouser's pocket; his hat rather on the back of his head; and an unusual gravity of thoughtfulness in his face. Miss Violet, on the other hand, went indoors, and up to her own room. She was the only boarder in the place who had a room all to herself; but on this Sir Acton North had insisted.

She threw open the window, and sate down: far below her they had lit a street lamp, and there was a curious light shining on the lower branches of the chestnuts. The sound of one or two people walking in the distance seemed to increase the stillness of the night; and one would not have been surprised to find the first faint glimmer of a star in the darkening heavens.

Peace enough without; but a fierce fire of wrath within.

"They have done it now," she was saying to herself. "Yes, they have done it. I gave them the chance, and wished to be as proper in my conduct as anybody could be; but now they have driven me to something very different. I don't want to see him—I dare say I shall hate him when I see him; but I *will* see him—and I will meet him whenever he likes; and I will write letters to him till two in the morning; and if he wishes me to marry him, I *will* marry him just at once, and offhand, whatever comes of it. And that is what they have done!"

So the wild winds of folly and anger and unreason blow us this way and that—that the gods may have their sport of us!

To be continued.

A CHAPTER OF CANADIAN HISTORY.

CANADA—by the words of the warm-hearted and eloquent Irish noble, who, under the Sovereign, is its constitutional ruler—is the happiest and most fortunate of countries. Any one, in England or the United States, who read the speech lately made by Earl Dufferin at a dinner given in his honour by the Canada Club, London, must have felt a thrill of surprise at the glowing picture of the young, buoyant, and vigorous New Dominion, so ardent and devoted in its attachment to the mother country, so possessed by an ineradicable conviction of the superiority of her political institutions, so animated by a noble spirit of independence, and of determination to build up a nationality worthy of that parent state, so splendidly endowed with a magnificent and boundless territory, rich in natural resources, and made richer by the industry, skill, and enterprise of her sons by nativity and adoption, so free from embarrassments contracted in the past, and so little troubled in the present by party strifes, or by the divisions growing out of differences of race and religion. The reader would probably put down his paper with a feeling of respect for the speaker, and might say to himself, that the Governor-General had certainly made a splendid speech for the occasion, and had drawn a very flattering picture of the condition of Canada; but, if he had at all an intimate knowledge of its past and present history, he might think that the noble earl had spoken out of the enthusiasm of an imaginative nature, and soared above the region of hard fact.

The New Dominion dates from 1867, in which year Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were united in a Confederation under the name of Canada. The chief cause that brought about that union was the proved impossibility of the two Canadas living

peacefully together under one government, on account of their being harassed by strifes and jealousies growing out of differences of race and religion. Since confederation, Canada has encountered difficulties which may be traced to similar troubles, and at the present time the stability of the union is almost shaken, and New Brunswick is embarrassed in carrying out its free-non-sectarian school law—a matter entirely within its jurisdiction—and the influence and authority of the Queen and Imperial Parliament are being invoked to induce its government and legislature to yield to the demands of a minority of the people of that province, all on account of a difficulty originating in an embarrassment contracted in the past. The people of that minority are, in a great part, French by extraction, being descendants of the earliest settlers, and Catholics in religion. With the Irish, by birth and descent, and of the same faith, they form about one-third of the whole population of the province, and, together with the French Canadians and Catholic Irish in the other provinces, constitute the minority in the whole Dominion, numbering about a million and a half in a total population of four millions. This minority, as a whole, works together on all questions, especially on those affecting its religious interests.

The embarrassment by which the Dominion has been harassed during the last four years arose from the opposition of the minority of New Brunswick to the Common School Act passed by the Legislature of that province in 1871. This chapter in the history of the new Dominion merits a brief review, both from the importance of the contest to Canada and her imperial mother, and from its affording an additional lesson on the danger that threatens confede-

rations generally from the usurpation of power by the federal authority. For a better understanding of the contest, and in order to show the controlling influence that the French, Canadian, and Catholic element has exercised on the politics of Canada in the past, it will be necessary to give a brief history of the provinces confederated as far as it bears on the present question.

The religious idea was prominent in the minds of Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada (including Acadie), and of Samuel de Champlain, its founder. Besides the glory of holding vast dominions, the great incentive that caused the French crown to maintain a hold upon provinces whose material resources it always undervalued, and whose government was a constant tax upon its treasury, was the glorious field that they were supposed to afford for proselytism and the spread of the Roman Catholic Faith. That faith gained no computable increase by expansion among the native tribes, for the red man withered away in the presence of the white; but it took root in the soil. In their early desperate struggles, the French settlers in Canada were sustained by the spiritual zeal, and, to some extent, by the means of the Jesuits. For a considerable time—a period of strange enthusiastic pietism—Canada was in the hands of the Fathers, and governors and their councils gave their influence to support the rigid rule of the Church. Obedience to the mandates of priests, strict observance of the rules of the Church, were the sentiment and practice of the colony, especially of Canada, and impressed a character on the French Canadians, who were noted for their simplicity and their piety, and, it may be said, for their superstition and ignorance. Opposition to ecclesiastical rule arose in time. Governors-General, like the old Count Frontenac, brooked with impatience the exalted pretensions of the priests “of the black robe” to domination over the State, and a great dissoluteness of manners broke out amongst the “runners of the woods,” the wild and roving fur-traders; but

the paramount authority of the Church over the settled part of the colony, over the agricultural *habitants*, was never much weakened. The city of Quebec, founded by Champlain in 1608, was then, and has since been, the centre of Romish ecclesiastical authority, and on the great province that now bears the name of Quebec, there still rests the impress that the Jesuit fathers gave the infant mind of the colony.

Canada was pre-eminently a Catholic province, not only under the French *régime*, but after its conquest by the British in 1760. By the treaty of Paris (February 10th, 1763), the French in Canada were left to the fullest freedom of worship in the Roman Catholic religion, and to the continued use of their own peculiar code of laws relating to marriage, and to the determining the conditions of the possession, acquisition, and alienation of property, as well as of their own language in all public proceedings. It was thought by some observers of the condition and the spirit of the priesthood and the people at that time, that the opportunity was lost to make Canada, that was British by conquest and possession, British also in religion and constitution. There never was a time when Rome was less feared, less in a position or temper of mind to put forward pretensions, or entertain hopes of subjecting the world to her sway, when she met more opposition to her claims of spiritual sovereignty over Catholic countries, (notably in Germany, where she was less jealous in maintaining her hold on the members of her fold) than in the second half of the eighteenth century, a time ever historically memorable for the Seven Years' War that left Protestant England and Prussia the greatest powers in Europe, for the outbreak of the American war, and the outburst of the French revolution. The policy of the British crown towards Canada might unreservedly be called generous, if it were not open to the charge of indifference, and of having been followed without any prevision of what Canada might become in the hands of a British people. It was British energy that

infused a spirit of independence and of enterprise into Canada, and the French Canadians profited by the influence of their example; but for a long period the British, few in numbers compared with the French Canadians, were discouraged by the crown policy, and hampered by the foreign laws and customs of the province.

Immediately after the conquest, a royal proclamation was issued, promising the introduction of British law and representative institutions into Canada; but, to the intense dissatisfaction of the British settlers, that promise was not fulfilled. The disaffection in the English colonies, from Maine to Georgia, was then ripening into active rebellion. As an intimidation to the spirit of liberty, Canada, with immensely extended boundaries, was erected into the province of Quebec, with an absolute government, and with the Roman Catholic faith recognised as the religion of the State.

The result of the revolutionary war—the declaration of the independence of the United States—was the great era in the history of the western Continent. The republic, having achieved its liberty, commenced its wonderful career of growth, expansion, and material prosperity. Founded on the equality of man as to his political rights—by the letter of its constitution and the spirit of its people opposed to the connection of Church and State—allowing perfect freedom to individuals and sects to worship God according to their spiritual insight and the dictates of their conscience—rejecting the claim of any sect to peculiar favour, and especially opposed to the claims of the Church of Rome—that republic was, both in its political constitution and ecclesiastical polity, the diametrical opposite of Canada, where a few British officials, in the spirit of a privileged class, ruled the country with a high hand, and the Catholic hierarchy held spiritual sway over the mass of the inhabitants. But the American revolution had great influence on the future of Canada, for it led to the foundation by

the Loyalists in 1784 of the British province of New Brunswick, detached from Nova Scotia (whose combined territory formed the ancient Acadie), and, a few years later, of that of Upper Canada. From that time the British element made itself more strongly felt, and an impetus was given to commercial and industrial progress.

In 1792, Upper and Lower Canada were divided under separate governments (a division that was strongly opposed by many as tending to keep alive the distinctions of race, and to arouse commercial jealousies); and, for half a century afterwards, the latter continued to be the leading province, and to be distinguishably French, although all the highest political positions were held by British officials, and though its commerce was mainly in the hands of British merchants. During this period occurred the struggle for what was called "Responsible Government," which resulted in the breaking down of the small irresponsible oligarchies by an amendment of the constitution, by which the governments of the provinces could only hold their position so long as they commanded the confidence of a majority of representatives in the lower branches of their legislature. The contest was very much embittered in Lower Canada by the enmities of race, but not specially by the difference of religions, as religious interests were not then at stake. Of the loyalty of the Catholic priesthood, there was no question. It had stood the test of the stormy times of the American rebellion, the French revolution, and the war of 1812, and the priests had good reason to be convinced that their religion, language, and laws (guaranteed by the Treaty of Paris), were safer under the union-jack than they would be, without guarantee, under the "stars and stripes." In the political contest, therefore, the priests were found generally on the side of the constituted authorities, using their influence to restrain the deluded French *habitants* from rushing into rebellion under their disloyal leaders.

As a final step to compose the political strife, and to pacify the commercial jealousy of Upper Canada, the two provinces were, in 1841, united under one government that recognized the principle of responsibility, and with one Legislature in which each had an equal representation. But it was not until 1849 that responsible government was really established and frankly accepted by all parties.

After union, the Canadas made great progress in matters of internal reform. Among the first measures passed was a Common School Act for the United Provinces. The difference between the character, sentiments, and views of British Upper Canada and French Lower Canada was displayed especially on the subject of education. The majority of the Upper Provinces was in favour of free non-sectarian schools, under governmental and municipal control; the majority of the Lower Province, or at least the hierarchy that controlled that majority, contended for sectarian schools, under ecclesiastical supervision. In the Upper Province there was a Catholic minority, and in the Lower a Protestant minority, about equal in point of numbers, and entertaining the same views on the common school question as the majorities of their own race and religion. There was continual battle and legislation over the school question for years. The endeavour to unite the provinces educationally, as they were politically, was frustrated by the influence brought to bear by the hierarchy on the French Canadian and Catholic representatives, who, though in a minority, were, owing to party divisions among the British and Protestant representatives, enabled, to throw their support on the side of the party in power, and thus exercise a control on legislation. As a concession to their "conscientious convictions," the Catholics were permitted to establish separate schools in Upper Canada, while the Protestants in Lower Canada were allowed to maintain dissentient schools. The minorities were thus seemingly on an educational par; but in effect they were

not. There was a liberal air in the free non-sectarian system of Upper Canada, and Catholic parents who happened to be of French extraction, and to live in districts where they were unable to maintain separate schools, might really send their children to the public schools without scruple; and felt safe, when paying taxes for their support, that they were not contributing to a system of teaching that interfered either with their religion or their nationality. But the British minority of Lower Canada lived in a close atmosphere, among a people alien in feeling, language, and habits, in the presence of a school system under the rule of the clergy of a dominant Church, and which they felt was not calculated to foster a healthy British national spirit. They were called upon to support schools of which they could not approve, and in all educational matters felt the pressure of the prevailing ecclesiastical rule.

By the end of the first decade of the union, Upper Canada had outstripped Lower. In the first-named province, where impatience at French-Canadian influence was strongly felt, a movement was commenced for representation according to population. The French Canadians, fearful that their power would be weakened, and their peculiar institutions endangered, if the British Protestant element became predominant, defended their position in the Legislature with great tenacity. The sectional strife produced such bitter feeling, and such frequent ministerial crises, as to make government almost impossible. At length, in 1864, the leading men of all parties stopped to consider seriously the position. A proposal was made to substitute a federal, instead of a legislative, union; but, favourable circumstances occurring, a scheme to confederate all the British North American Provinces was proposed, and the "Quebec Scheme"—so called from the city where the provincial delegates met—was drawn up in the October of that year. Many in the British and Protestant provinces of Upper Canada (now Ontario), Nova

Scotia, and New Brunswick, would have preferred a legislative union, but Lower Canada (now Quebec) stood in the way. Her leaders would have nothing but a federal union which should give to the local Legislature, where the French and Catholic element would be all predominant, the guardianship of her peculiar institutions. In a legislative union the trouble under which the Dominion now labours could hardly have occurred; yet it is Lower Canada, which was so jealous of her own rights and independence, that fomented it. The Quebec Scheme was modified in some particulars, but it formed the ground-work of the "British North American Act" passed by the Imperial Parliament in 1867, which is now the constitution of the confederated provinces. Certain specified powers were entrusted to the "general" and "local" legislatures. To the latter bodies, for instance, was especially reserved, by the 93rd Clause, the exclusive right to make laws relating to education, with a general reservation that nothing in such laws should prejudicially affect the right that any class of persons might have by law in the provinces at the time of union with respect to denominational schools. Further, during the time that confederation was being discussed, the British minority of Lower Canada, who had vainly pleaded for a quarter of a century for the establishment of public non-sectarian schools, urged that it should not take place unless they were guaranteed rights with respect to such schools. As under confederation Upper Canada would have independent power to make laws relating to education, and might revoke its separate school system, ecclesiastical influence was brought to bear to prevent such action, and to fix in perpetuity the separate and dissentient schools in the two provinces; and certain special exceptions were accordingly appended to the Clause already mentioned, enacting that the rights possessed by the Roman Catholic minority of Upper Canada at the time of the union, with respect to separate schools, should be extended to the minorities of Quebec,

and giving the minorities remedy from any Act of the Provincial Legislatures affecting those rights.

A confederation of all the British North American Provinces had, at several crises in the history of the Canadas, been put forth as a means not only of promoting their general prosperity, but of increasing the power of the British Protestant element, and lessening French Canadian Catholic influence, and of getting rid of the embarrassments caused by sectional jealousies. Confederation, it was hoped, would give the provinces united something like a national status. Events, however, have occurred since 1871, which appear to show that Confederation has not answered the expectations of its most sanguine supporters. The influence of the hierarchy of Lower Canada over the Legislature of the United Canadas on all matters affecting religion and education has been felt as directly in the Parliament of the Dominion; and many of the representatives of British Ontario find themselves now fettered in their action by engagements contracted through that influence in the past, and are committed to pursue an unconstitutional course.

In the eighty years since its foundation in 1784, New Brunswick had shown itself to be the most peaceful and loyal of all the provinces. It had been agitated, indeed, by a political contest similar to that which had convulsed the Canadas, but without evincing either a rancorous or rebellious spirit, and its politics had been little embittered by sectarian strife or "religious" animosities. Its Legislature had always given much attention to the subject of education, and had liberally provided means to promote it, but with only partial good results. In conjunction with legislative aid—direct taxation on the property of the country (so levied and apportioned as best to call forth the liberality of the people of the parishes to supplement the amount so raised) had long been advocated as the efficient motive power that would infuse life and vigour into

the common school system, and as the most just way to support it; and before 1867 the other British provinces had adopted the principle. A few years after confederation the Local Government of New Brunswick grappled with a question which their predecessors had always been very chary of touching. In 1871 a Common Schools Act was passed, repealing all then existing School Acts, making assessment compulsory, and enacting that all schools to be entitled to legislative aid under its provisions must be non-sectarian. The Act did not interfere with the right of any class of persons of any denomination to maintain, outside the common school system, schools in which distinctive religious doctrines might be taught; nor could it take away the right of the Legislature to grant public money in aid of their support. But its immediate effect was to deprive the schools, seminaries, and academies of the Episcopal, Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, and Baptist bodies of the legislative grants which they had enjoyed before its passing. The clergy and laity of the Catholic minority felt aggrieved. They claimed; that under the Parish School Act (which had been repealed) they possessed the privilege of maintaining schools of a denominational character, to which legislative aid was granted, and that their rights were protected by the exceptions of the 93rd clause of the British North American Act, 1867. As the Common School Act was not to come into operation until January 1st, 1872, and as the constitution gave the Governor-General authority to disallow Acts of the Local Legislatures within a year after their passing, they immediately petitioned the Privy Council of Canada to advise the Governor-General to exercise his prerogative.

Sir John A. Macdonald, Minister of Justice, replied to the petitions, reporting that the Legislature of New Brunswick had acted entirely within its jurisdiction in passing the Common Schools Act, 1871; that it had sole power to redress any grievance under it,

and to give or withhold public moneys in support of schools; that no separate or dissentient schools, coming under the protecting clauses of the British North American Act, were sanctioned by any law of the Legislature of New Brunswick; and that, therefore, the Governor-General had no right to intervene, and the Act must go into operation.

This opinion, putting so strong a bar against the pretensions of the minority, and coming from so high a constitutional authority as Sir John A. Macdonald, who could not be accused of hostility to the Catholics, as he had always advocated separate schools, was of great weight, and entitled to be received with deference.

To introduce so embarrassing a question as this School Act into a body like the House of Commons of Canada was the surest way of awakening sectional strifes and "religious animosities" to compose which confederation had been entered upon, and of making the people of New Brunswick regret that they had given up their constitutional independence for embarrassments of which they had so little experience in the past. But this was the course that the minority was determined to pursue, counting on the sympathy of their co-religionists throughout the Dominion, and on the support of many of the representatives of British Ontario.

The Dominion Parliament met in April, 1872, before the expiration of the year within which the school law (which had been in operation in New Brunswick for five months) might be disallowed. Mr. Costigan, Representative of Victoria County, New Brunswick, a mixed constituency in which the French Catholic element is predominant, attacked the law on the grounds set forth in the minority petitions, and called on the Governor-General to disallow it. The right course for the Government, that was bound by the opinion of the Minister of Justice, and of all upholders of the constitution, would have been to vote the question out by a direct resolution,

expressing the opinion that the Parliament of Canada had no right to interfere. What they did was to oppose the disallowance motion. If they were not disposed for thorough action, the leaders of the minority, at any rate, were prepared to go all lengths. M. Chaveau, Representative of Quebec County, assuming that the framers of the British North American Act must have intended to protect such rights as were claimed by the minority of New Brunswick, moved a resolution for an address praying the Queen to cause an Act to be passed amending the British North American Act in the sense which the House believed to have been intended at the time of its passing, by providing that each religious denomination in the Province should continue to possess all such rights, advantages, and privileges, with regard to its schools, as it had enjoyed at the time of the passing of the Act.

On learning the purport of the Chaveau resolution, the Government of New Brunswick very promptly transmitted, on the 29th of May, by telegraph, to the Privy Council of Canada, a very earnest and forcible protest against this attempt to overthrow the school legislation, and to destroy the powers and independence of the Provincial Legislatures. Desirous of preserving the union, the Government declared that they could not refrain from drawing the attention of the Government and Parliament of Canada to the alarming character and consequences of that resolution.

"Those consequences far outweigh the importance of the particular subject involved. The assumption by the Government and Parliament of Canada, of the right to seek the imposition of further limitations of the powers of the Provincial Legislatures is subversive of the federal character of the union, tending to the destruction of the powers and independence of the Provincial Legislatures, and to the centralization of all power in the Parliament of Canada. The people of New Brunswick cannot and will not so surrender their rights of

self-government within the limits of the constitution, and will regard the passage of such resolution as an infringement of the constitution by those whose duty and interest should lead them to uphold the rights of the Provinces, while maintaining the powers of the General Government. The executive council in committee, therefore, hasten to warn the Government and Parliament of Canada of the danger involved in the passage of such resolution, which if passed, whatever its effect upon the cause of Imperial legislation, must stand as a precedent of innovation of provincial rights fruitful of evil; and in the name of the people of New Brunswick, and invoking the protection of the constitution, the executive council in committee protest against the passage of such resolution, and emphatically assert the right of the Legislature of New Brunswick to legislate upon all questions affecting the education of the country, free from interference by the Parliament of Canada."

On the evening of the same day the Chaveau resolution was voted down in the Parliament of Canada, 126 nays, 134 yeas. But a resolution, moved by Mr. Colby (Quebec), was afterwards carried, 117 yeas, 42 nays, expressing regret that the school law of New Brunswick was unsatisfactory to a portion of the inhabitants, and a hope that it might be so modified during the next session of the Legislature as to remove any just ground of discontent, and a rider was appended, on the motion of Hon. Alexander MacKenzie (Lambton, Ontario), referring the case to the Law Officers of the Crown, and if possible, to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, England, for their opinion, in order to ascertain whether it came within the terms of the exceptions to the 93rd clause of the British North America Act.

During the autumn and winter of 1872 Earl Dufferin, Governor-General, transmitted to Earl Kimberley, Colonial Secretary, documents on the School-law case, and the arguments of the Government of New Brunswick, and of the counsel of the Catholic Bishop of St. John, New Brunswick, thereon. These

were severally submitted to the Law Officers of the Crown, whose opinion substantially sustained the position taken at the first by Sir John A. Macdonald. Early in the spring of 1873, this opinion was corroborated by the judgment of the Supreme Court, New Brunswick, in the case of parties who contested the legality of an assessment on the ground that it included a sum for the support of schools levied under authority of the Common Schools Act, which they held was unconstitutional. Thus by the highest legal authorities the constitutional right of the Legislature of New Brunswick to pass the School-law was amply vindicated; still the supreme tribunal had not given judgment, for the Privy Council intimated that it could not then take cognizance of the case, though it might, at some future time, be brought before the Judicial Committee on appeal from Canadian courts of Justice. There was no danger of an opportunity not occurring.

It may be here remarked that the School-law, where it received anything like fair play, had been proved to be a most beneficial measure. Within a short period after the commencement of its working, the number of pupils attending school had largely increased, many fine new school-houses, fitted with all educational requirements, had been constructed, and generally through the untiring energy of the central administration, a vigour not before known had been infused throughout the common school system. Owing partly to local jealousies, partly to dislike to the law itself, and partly to opposition raised in some quarters to the legality of the school-assessment, the Board of Education and the chief superintendent had many difficulties in inducing the people of some of the districts to work it out in good faith. During the session of the Local Legislature that terminated early in April 1873, laws were passed legalising assessments that had been entered, and providing a remedy in cases where they should again be contested in the courts; also a law amending the School Act so as to increase the

power of the central control vested in the Board of Education over the trustees and districts, and to determine more precisely the time and mode of levying, collecting, and apportioning the county funds and district assessments.

During the summer and autumn of 1872, a general election had taken place in the Dominion, and the contest between the two political parties, the Conservatives and the Liberals, or Grits, had been very bitter in Ontario and Quebec. The extraordinary steps taken by the leaders of the government to carry it were afterwards brought to light, and raised the notorious "Pacific Scandal" which cost it power, place, and prestige. At the polls, especially in Quebec, the New Brunswick School-law was made a test question, and the result of the election there was to increase and concentrate the hostility of French and Catholic representatives against it. Two months after the meeting of the first session of the new Parliament, a determined, though indirect attack was made on the School-law, and a resolution was thrown on the House, which, after reciting the arguments of the opponents of the law, and the action taken in 1872, set forth that the parties aggrieved should have an opportunity of bringing the matter judicially before the Privy Council, and that in the meantime it was the duty of the government to advise the Governor-General to disallow the acts (already mentioned) just passed by the Legislature of New Brunswick.

On this occasion, Sir John A. Macdonald, sympathizing with the minority, made a forcible defence of the constitution. When a matter—he argued in effect—which was within the sole competence of a Provincial Legislature was brought up in Parliament, the only question with the House should be that it was one with which it had no right to interfere. The very discussion of it was an injury to the Federal constitution and an insult to the Provincial Legislatures. If Parliament could override local legislation on the school question, if it presumed to decide that local laws could not be passed, amended, or modified to meet the wants of the people,

it might interfere with every other matter left to the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislatures. The powers of these bodies in the constitution might as well be written on a slate, and be wiped out at pleasure with a wet sponge, if Parliament could reduce their acts to a nullity; if it could centralize all authority in itself, all confidence would be destroyed, and the Federal system of government be broken down; the union itself would come to an end if the Provincial Legislatures had no assurance that in legislating on subjects within their jurisdiction they were legislating in reality; if they found that they had only a sham power, and their acts no force unless by the will of Parliament. The resolution that had been moved was not only in violation of the Federal constitution, but it counselled an unwarrantable invasion on the royal prerogative. By the British North America Act the Queen might within two years, exercise the prerogative of disallowing any act of the Federal Parliament, and the Governor-General, who was now the only direct representative of the sovereign, might within one year disallow bills of the Local Legislatures. If the House passed the resolution it would be in effect dictating to the Governor-General that he should not wait until the year were expired, but disallow the bills in question at once. Even if the resolution was carried it would be a dead letter. As the bills had been passed by a sufficient majority of the Legislature of New Brunswick acting entirely within its jurisdiction, and as there had been no appeal by the people against their acts, they did not come under the conditions that warranted the exercise of the prerogative.

The resolution was carried by the majority of 35 votes—yeas, 98, nays, 63—Hon. Alexander M'Kenzie and Hon. E. Blake (South Bruce, Ontario), the leading members of the present administration, voting with the majority. Before the close of the session, the Premier being questioned as to the action taken on it, informed the House that the Governor-General felt it, in this case, to

be his duty to apply to the Home Government for further instructions; but he assured the House that the government would undertake to have the question of the School-law brought under the consideration of the Privy Council of England.

It was surely a fortunate thing for the new Dominion that in this matter the ultimate authority is in the hands of the Imperial Parliament; for if Canada had been an independent country, if the Governor-General had been an officer elected by the people, and if the Parliament had insisted on having its wishes carried out, the break-up of the union or the outburst of a revolution could hardly have been prevented. The mover of the resolution threatened the Government with a vote of want of confidence, but he was constrained or persuaded to allow that matter to drop. A French member afterwards twitted him by saying that it was much to be regretted that after having had victory in his hands he did not know how to profit by it. If the Frenchman only meant that the vote would have been carried, it is possibly true. The Government, however, was soon enough put on its trial; and for the remainder of the year the whole Dominion was agitated by the developments of the Pacific Scandal, by the resignation of the Macdonald and the formation of the M'Kenzie administrations, and by another general election—and during the excitement the constitutional contest over the New Brunswick School-law was almost forgotten.

The Catholic minority had some grounds for hoping that their position would be stronger under the M'Kenzie administration, as the leaders of that administration had, when in opposition, given it active encouragement. But the possession and responsibility of power have generally a restraining effect. During the session of the new parliament that met March 1874, the School-law question was raised, but there was no contest over it. Five thousand dollars were voted to defray the expenses of appeal in England; to aid, in fact,

the Catholic Bishop of St. John, New Brunswick, to contest the constitutionality of the School Act—a pretty practical proof, at least, of sympathy!

The contest over the School-law has a religious as well as a political aspect. It is matter of fact that it has been synchronous with the great conflict in the German Empire between the State and the Papacy, which has had a disturbing effect on the political action of countries like Canada, where the population is mixed Catholic and Protestant; and, as its world-wide significance became more and more apparent, it has been watched, both in America and in Europe, with keen and keener interest. In Canada, the ecclesiastical authorities whose local central seat is the ancient Quebec, the city of Champlain and the Jesuit Fathers, are animated by the spirit that has gone forth from Ultramontane Rome, and their zeal, since the promulgation of the Syllabus and the Vatican decrees, has been increased in denouncing mixed and common schools as dangerous to faith and morals, in upholding the necessity of ecclesiastical authority, government, and interference in education, and in insisting upon the removal of all restrictions upon religious instruction that may enter into the course of daily secular education.

In New Brunswick, while the continued onslaughts of the Parliament of Canada on the independence of the Local Legislature were calculated to inflame the majority of the people, the attitude assumed by the hierarchy of the Dominion towards the School-law tended to cause a feeling of repulsion to anything like Ultramontane dictation, a feeling which was strengthened by the very violent spirit in which the chief Catholic organ advocated the claims of the minority and reviled the Government who introduced the School-law, the Legislature who carried it, and the people who supported both. In the summer of 1874 the people of New Brunswick had an opportunity to express their feelings and sentiments on the question. A general election for the Local Legislature took place in June. The result was

remarkable, and plainly showed the determination of the majority to uphold the law and the Government administering it. Not an opponent of the government or the law was returned, even from large counties, where the opposition to both had been strong. Out of forty-one representatives only five were elected in the interests of the minority, and of the whole number a large proportion were new men.

While New Brunswick was still under the excitement of the election contest, the final steps to test the constitutionality of the School Act were taken. The action of the Federal Parliament in giving money to aid the advisers of the minority to argue their case by appeal, threw on the Local Legislature the necessity of voting means to defray the charges of defence. The Hon. George E. King, Attorney-General, and leader of the Government, who had taken the foremost part in framing and carrying through the School-law, proceeded to London in the interest of the province. On the 17th of July the question was argued before the Judicial Lords of the Privy Council—the Right Honourables Sir J. W. Colville, Lord Justice Mellish, Lord Justice James, Sir Montague Smith, and Sir Robert P. Collier—in the case of an appeal from an adverse judgment of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick by a ratepayer of Portland, St. John, who objected to the assessment for school purposes made on the town, on the ground that the School Act, under authority of which it had been ordered, was void. The counsel of the appellant was kept strictly to the short point at issue, whether the general exception to the 93rd Clause of the British North American Act protecting any rights or privileges with respect to denominational schools which any class of persons might have had by law in the province applied to schools—conducted under the Parish School Act of 1858, which was repealed by the Act of 1871. The arguments advanced by the counsel of the appellant (who was, as it were, the stalking-horse of the minority) were deemed so conclusive

against his case, that the counsel of the New Brunswick Government was not called on to argue in defence. Their Lordships ruled that there was nothing in the ground taken on which to found a claim with respect to denominational schools, nor anything unconstitutional in the School Act, and dismissed the appeal with costs. The minority was thus driven from its last refuge.

Some circumstances tended to raise a rather bad state of feeling in New Brunswick. Individuals of the minority refused to pay the school taxes, and the authorities—principally in the city of St. John—were placed under the disagreeable necessity of compelling them, by causing some of their effects to be seized and publicly sold. A most unfortunate incident occurred during the last winter. The people of Gloucester—the majority of whom are French, and for the greater part under the rule of priests thoroughly imbued with Ultramontane ideas—have all along been bitterly opposed to the School-law. They are, moreover, represented in the Dominion Parliament by one of its most violent and able opponents, who is now Speaker of the House of Commons, and the editor of a paper in the Catholic interest, which, circulating freely in the country, tends to excite a feeling of active hostility. Some ratepayers of the district of Caraquet met in the school-house to vote money for school purposes. A party of Frenchmen from the surrounding country broke up the meeting in a violent manner, and took possession of the building. They afterwards behaved themselves riotously in the settlement, compelling certain persons to sign a document pledging themselves not to vote for assessment; they breathed out fire and slaughter generally against prominent supporters of the law, and besieged a member of the local government in his house, drawing off quickly, however, when they found that they were threatened with a hot reception. A party of militia from the neighbouring county of Northumberland was brought by the sheriff to quell the riot. On forcing a way into the house where some

of the rioters were lodged, one of the militia men was shot dead, and a Frenchman shared the same fate. The ring-leaders were captured and imprisoned, and are now awaiting trial.

The leaders of the minority were now debarred from again demanding a judicial hearing. The door of appeal was closed against their case. They no longer had an excuse for entertaining the delusion that they had constitutional ground on which to found a claim for educational rights and privileges; since, in consent, the Minister of Justice, the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, the law officers had pronounced against them. Still, from the altar and the press their spiritual and political advisers decreed that, being denied constitutional redress, they must resort to agitation. The Catholic minority of the Dominion was, in spirit and in mind, the same minority that had from 1841 to 1867 exercised, especially on educational matters, a controlling influence on the Legislature of the United Canadas; and it had little cause to think that that influence was weakened in the Parliament of the Confederation, or that its combined votes were not as necessary for the support of a Ministry, or that its opposition was not as much to be feared as formerly. The leaders would still continue to press its demands on Parliament, and hope to weary or worry it into acquiescence, and they could look above and beyond to the Parliament of Great Britain. Some of the more reckless and impulsive of the minority even hinted that physical force might be necessary to enforce the granting of their claims, and dark intimations were not wanting that the Catholics of the Dominion would receive sympathy and succour from their co-religionists over the line. Such threats might not have been seriously made, certainly they were seriously listened to.

When Parliament met this year (1875), the intense interest displayed in its proceedings by all orders of the clergy of the minority, when the School-law question was again brought up, was very noticeable. Men in the

clerical garb crowded the lobbies, and they could not have been more anxious and more in earnest had their solicitude reached to the spiritual welfare of the legislators instead of to their votes. It was a visible proof that the clergy as a body were determined to act on the policy indicated by one of their then most pronounced supporters, that the minority would besiege every government and every Parliament until "justice" was meted out to it. "Justice," in their view, now, meant that the minority of New Brunswick should have, by law, similar rights to those possessed by the minorities in Ontario and Quebec, and that the British North America Act should be amended by the Imperial Parliament to bring about that result. A political party loses its memory when its passions are aroused and its immediate interests are concerned. The great constitutional conflict, the result of which bestowed on the people of the provinces, through their representatives in the Legislatures, the right of self-government, free from the interference of the Imperial Parliament in their local concerns, had been to a great extent excited by that interference; and now, the minority, which certainly had profited as much by the "boon" of responsible government as the majority, were eager to invite that interference, which, if forced upon it, would arouse the wildest indignation. The Imperial Government had encouraged confederation with the view of placing the provinces in a more independent position, and getting rid more completely of the necessity of interfering in their local matters; the course taken since confederation by the Imperial Government has shown an unwillingness to interfere in local matters, or questions affecting the rights of the provinces guarded by the constitution, and it is extremely unlikely that they will ever be induced to propose to the Imperial Parliament to amend the Act of the constitution, especially in provisions essential to the independence of the Local Legislatures, without the consent of the provinces interested.

The Dominion Government was placed in rather an embarrassing position; its leading members had, when in opposition, encouraged the minority in pressing their demands; but now, instead of being the heads of an assaulting party, they were in the place of defenders of the constitution. They could now see clearly the danger of allowing attacks to be made upon it; and though their sympathy for the minority might be patriotic and not political, they could not as guardians of the union join in any action that would endanger it. If they could not vanquish the difficulty openly, they could go round it. They could openly oppose any attempt to encroach upon the powers of the Local Legislatures, and still give the minority sympathy and support. They might induce members to pledge themselves not to vote for any resolution that incited Imperial Legislation, by recommending a course of action, that without any seeming violence, might bring about the result desired. Notice of a resolution was given by the Hon. Edward Blake (the foremost man of the liberal party, and all through the contest a strong supporter of the minority demands) regretting that the hope expressed by Parliament in 1872 had not been realised, and moving for an address to the Queen, praying that Her Majesty would be graciously pleased to use Her influence with the Legislature of New Brunswick, to procure such a modification of the School Act as would remove any just grounds of discontent.

The Premier, the Hon. Alexander M'Kenzie, in his place in Parliament, invited the House to consent to the proposition that, Imperial legislation encroaching on any of the powers reserved to the Provinces would violate their constitution, and that to incite it would endanger their right of self-government, and the House did by a large majority consent, and did also by a similar large majority agree to the further proposition that the Blake resolution, which was proposed by the Hon. J. E. Cauchon (Quebec centre) should be added thereto, and that both should

be embodied in an address to the Queen.

The course taken had the effect of raising a sort of misunderstanding amongst the representatives of the minority. One of the leaders of the Irish Roman Catholic party, who had made himself specially prominent in declaiming that the minority would besiege every government and every parliament until justice was meted out to it, voted with the large majority, declaring that he did so with the knowledge and consent of the Catholic Bishop of St. John's, New Brunswick. The statement was denied by the extremists, who opposed the royal address, praying for the exercise of Her Majesty's influence, as a step, which would in its issue lead to no practical or satisfactory result, and merely postponed the difficulty which would return next year upon Parliament with more perplexing force than ever.

By inviting the Royal influence, the Dominion Government, no doubt, hope that such a pressure will be brought to bear on the Legislature of New Brunswick as to induce it to yield the demands made by the minority, and thus relieve them from their embarrassment.

So the question stands for the present awaiting Imperial action on the Royal Address. The Government of New Brunswick, backed by an overwhelming majority in the Legislature, has not receded from the position taken in the protest of the 29th of May, 1872; it rests on constitutional ground. Though on that ground the Government has been supported, it has received little sympathy from the political leaders and representatives of the Dominion at large. The Parliament of Canada is seemingly governed by the traditions of the past; that it is still under the influence of the minority that has done so much to shape the course of history in the past, a significant action has shown. During

the last session the Government carried through Parliament a measure erecting the North-West Territory into a separate Government, with the responsibility of settling the primary institutions—(not of one province only but of the several provinces that may in the future be carved out of that vast region)—under which, as the Hon. Edward Blake observed, "we hope to see hundreds of thousands—and the more sanguine among us millions—of men and families settled and flourishing." A special provision was inserted in the clause of the constitution relating to education determining in perpetuity that the minorities, Catholic and Protestant, shall have the right to establish separate schools, and this was done with the avowed intention of letting people, who might emigrate thither, know what they might expect, and with special reference to the trouble in New Brunswick. But the same section of the British North America Act, which grants to the Legislature of New Brunswick the exclusive right to make laws in reference to education, grants in no less degree like powers to the Legislatures of all future provinces throughout the Dominion. This action of the Parliament of Canada is obviously *ultra vires*, since it seeks to abridge powers conferred by the Imperial Parliament.

From this sketch of a trouble which has, during the term of Earl Dufferin's rule, arisen in Canada, it may be inferred that "the epoch" has not been so halcyonian as the glowing description drawn by His Excellency would lead one to imagine; but it is to be hoped that the position of affairs is still not of such gravity as to be beyond the political wisdom, experience, and ability which, we are assured, have grown with the growth of wealth and happiness within the New Dominion.

Sept. 1875.

ITALIAN ART AND LITERATURE BEFORE GIOTTO AND DANTE.

In this country there are some who still remember Edoardo Fusco, who between the years 1854 and 1859 taught Italian and modern Greek in London and at Eton. He inspired interest even on a first acquaintance; and the interest could not but grow, as one came to know him better, into singular confidence and esteem. He was born at Trani, in Apulia, in the year 1824. He took an ardent part in the revolutionary movement which in 1848 broke out in the kingdom of Naples; when it failed he took refuge at Corfu, and after passing four or five years at Corfu, Athens, and Constantinople, acquainting himself thoroughly with the state of Turkey, and making himself known by several publications, he came to London in 1854, when the Crimean war broke out, and remained in this country until the war of Italian Independence in 1859. Then he returned to Italy, and from the time that peace was established, laboured unceasingly in the cause of what he thought the great want for Italy—education. He became inspector-in-chief of the schools, both primary and secondary, in all the provinces of the old kingdom of Naples; he was charged with the delicate and difficult task of re-organizing the clerical schools when they were opened anew after having been closed by the Government; he edited the *Progresso Educativo*, and at the time of his death, in December, 1873, he had the chair of Anthropology and Pedagogy in the university of Naples. I saw much of him while I was visiting Italian schools for the Schools Inquiry Commission in 1865. He had a strong liking for England and English life, a strong sense of what was faulty in Italian life and habits. There was much in his work

at Naples to harass and try him, much elsewhere to invite and tempt him away. But in that southern Italy, such a fairy-land to the foreign idler, so full of harsh cares and toils to the serious patriot, was his post; and there he laboured, and died there.

The following lecture is the first of a short course given by him in English, at Queen's College, in London. The course is interesting by its subject. The human spirit finds animation and enlargement in having these *weltgeschichtliche Massen*, as Goethe calls them, presented to it—these broad masses of the world's main history. Fusco's treatment of his great subject is clear and instructive, although his point of view is, naturally, too Italian. An Italian is always apt to count literary and artistic achievement as all in all in a nation's life; to concentrate his thoughts upon this, which has been Italy's glory, and to forget what has been her curse—a relaxed moral fibre. To Dante's definition of civilization—*civilization is the development of the human faculties*—we may oppose Goethe's: *civilization is a higher conception of political and military relations, with skill to bear oneself in the world, and to strike in when necessary*. Neither definition quite satisfies; but Goethe's is at least as true as Dante's. Perhaps a man of the north would do well to keep before his mind Dante's, and an Italian Goethe's. Fusco, however, if in writing the history of European development he took too little note of Italy's deficiencies in the *virtus verusque labor* of practical life, was in his own practical life nobly free from those deficiencies, and indeed made it the work of that life to cure them in his nation.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

I.

A. D. 1000—1300.

IN undertaking to give a rapid sketch of the state of Art and Literature in Italy at a period preceding the time of Giotto and Dante, I feel I am attempting to elucidate a difficult and obscure passage in the history of the Italian mind. It is not that ample materials have not been gathered on the subject by many learned and industrious men, but the variety of elements which have concurred to form this extraordinary age seems to have been so large as to make it difficult to find a link connecting them synthetically so as to exhibit them clearly as a whole. I do not pretend, however, to exhaust so vast a subject in the limits of my lectures. They are only parts of larger studies, and, whatever may be their present state of incompleteness, I shall be glad if I succeed in conveying to the mind of my hearers some idea of the influence this period has had on the history of the human mind in the modern world. A period when literature is not the result of a public desire for books and novelties; a period when art is not a trade; a period when whatever emanates from the mind is but the spontaneous expression of the new civilization rising among a people who possessed the whole inheritance of ancient traditions, cannot fail to offer a wide field for speculation to a thinking and observing mind. To the large stock of knowledge transmitted from antiquity, we have the addition of an immense amount of new ideas; we have facts of a magnitude which has no parallel in history; we have in this period, which has been called the dark ages—as much, I think, for the little that is known of them, as for the revolution which they confusedly and mysteriously worked in the whole aspect of the world—we have, I said, the fall of Paganism, the rise of Christianity, the birth of Islamism, and their successive struggles with each other; we have the extension of civilization to new people; the

extinction of old languages; the creation of new ones; the introduction of new institutions; in short the formation of a new era with the ferment, the transformation of the old world into the new, and it is no wonder that the human mind undergoes radical and extraordinary changes.

We will follow these changes; we will try to discover in this wreck of one civilization the plank which leads to the other; we will endeavour to point out the landmarks which the intellect has left amid the ruins of centuries in monuments of art and literature, which are its most prominent and loftiest expression, till we finally come out to the broad daylight of modern civilization.

But before treating of civilization in its intellectual, as well as historical, value, let us understand fully the meaning which this word conveys when referred to ancient time.

What is "civilization?" Does it represent an idea known to the ancients?

The word itself has no equivalent, that I know of, in ancient languages. The Greeks had "atticism" to indicate a social refinement brought to the highest point. The Romans had "urbanitas" to express individual as well as social accomplishments; but these meanings are evidently far more limited among them than that of "civilization" is among us. The Greeks expressed the negative idea by the word "barbarism," which they lent to the Romans. They could see what civilization was not, but they could not see clearly what it was. The idea of civilization begins with Christianity. It transpires first in St. Paul and the early Fathers, and especially in St. Augustin, but with them it is still confused. We find it clearly expressed in the middle ages, in the ages most actively working for its realization; and it is Dante who first uses the word and defines its meaning, saying, *Civilization is the development of the human faculties.* Observe, Dante says, civilization is a development which points immediately to the idea of progress. Progress, an idea entirely and

exclusively Christian, an idea which was not and could not be Pagan for the simple reason that the Pagan world had the consciousness of its decline, and of the perishable elements of its edifice. Fatalism was its belief as it was of every religion except the Christian. Fatalism is openly professed in the sacred books of the Indians; fatalism is continually expressed in the Koran; fatalism also was the belief of Greek and Roman polytheism, and always associated with the idea of decline and degeneration. Hence we see the poet Hesiod amusing the Greeks with the description of the four ages of mankind, the last of which would see justice depart, leaving to mortals only burning grief and irreparable evils. Fatalism, then, is the negation of civilization; hence civilization was an idea unknown to the ancients.

But we must not say that because the ancient world had not the notion of progress, we could have begun a new period of civilization without the aid of all it has left us. We do not agree in the opinion of those philosophers who think that there are periods of greatness and of humiliation, of civilization and of barbarism, which it is the lot of all nations to go through alternately. We cannot see why Providence should give greatness to a people to-day and humiliate that people to-morrow that their greatness may pass to other nations. We cannot imagine that, without imagining that God punishes with tremendous reprobation whatever is great, noble and elevating in this world; we cannot imagine that, without imagining that humanity, like Sisyphus, is condemned to carry the work of civilization with great efforts, by slow labour, through difficult trials, up to the steep summit of a lofty mountain, that it may again fall down into the abyss of degeneration and barbarism, that other nations with renewed energy may again begin the same work, predestined to the same end.

Reason, as well as history, is against this opinion, and history shows that a new period of civilization has never

entirely dispensed with the elements of the preceding period, so that to explain the progress of mankind at a certain time we must not forget the contributions of the preceding ages.

In Italy, then, how many periods of civilization have accumulated heaps of ruins, and left vestiges of splendour, which like so many strata, show the work of successive peoples, and testify their greatness, their power, and their transformation! If, looking at the map of Europe, you want to know what place, what extension, Italy occupies, you will undoubtedly be struck by its smallness. It is geographically small, it is but a little fraction of the whole, and yet it fills so great a part in the history of mankind that the memory of her name and influence shall live as long as man.

Four important periods of civilization have grown and flourished on the Italian soil at no great distance from each other, and each springing from the other in a countless succession of generations, like new leaves upon an ever fruitful and growing branch.

How do we recognise these four periods? From their art and literature. How could we otherwise recognise them? Art and literature are the two landmarks by which we can assign to nations their place in the history of human intellect. Nations may have been great, people may have been powerful, kingdoms may have been splendid and rich for a time, even for a long time, but if they have left no artistic or literary monuments of their greatness, their power, their splendour, and their wealth, if they have set no original addition, no marked impress of their own in the paths of art and literature, they pass away, they are forgotten, history takes no note of them, as they have failed in the noblest achievements of man—the achievements of genius and of intellect. By art and literature we construe the history of the human mind in its progress from one part of the world to another, from one period to another.

Now as these four periods of the

intellectual history of Italy are clear, distinct, and known to all, it suffices briefly to recall them to your memory.

We have the Etruscan civilization, of which every day brings forth new vestiges and monuments attesting its originality and perfection; we have the Italo-Greek civilization, which, arising from the intercourse of the Southern Italians with the Greeks, acquired power and stability sufficient to create an artistic and literary period so important in ancient history as to have given the name of *Magna Grecia* to a part which was originally only a Greek colony; we have the Roman civilization, which originated in the contact of the rude Roman soldier with the refinement of the Etruscans in the north, and the accomplishments of the Italo-Greeks in the south; and last, not least, the Italian civilization, the first-born child of Christianity in the west of Europe, which has communicated its main influences, tendencies, characteristics, institutions, and tastes to the modern world.

It is, then, at least thirty centuries that civilization has never left the soil of Italy; it is thirty centuries since the fine arts and literature have lived now a luxuriant, now a humble life, but still they always have lived on that narrow tongue of land projecting into the sea, like a ship ready to sail to the south, east, west or north, wherever her genius, her fate, her power of expansion, leads her.

There is a link connecting these four periods. The Etruscans were flourishing at the north of Rome when the Italo-Greek spread philosophy, art, and literature in the south. The Etruscans and Italo-Greeks are stifled, and disappear under the all-absorbing power of Rome, and the Romans gather the artistic and literary traditions of both. When Rome herself disappears, and releases the people of the peninsula from the nightmare of her oppression, the modern Italians rise to keep up the sacred fire of learning and of the arts by associating them with Christianity, the new reviving power of modern life.

It is of the beginning of this era, that is to say, of the intermediate state between the Roman and the Christian period, which prepared the new Italian revival, that I intend now to give a rapid sketch. I shall briefly pass over the earliest part, merely to show the continuity of the literary and artistic traditions, their transformation in passing from Paganism to Christianity, the changes they undergo through many and divers influences, until by various ways we come to the times of Giotto and Dante as by so many rivers, which all run to the same sea.

Paganism and Christianity! What a revolution in the history of mankind these two words suggest? Minds of great power have long meditated upon their influence on society and civilization. Gibbon, your celebrated historian, had visited Rome as a youth. One day, while walking alone on the Capitol, his mind filled with enthusiasm and associations of the great grandeur of Rome, he suddenly heard the chanting of sacred songs, and turning, saw a long procession of Franciscan monks leaving the Basilica of Ara Cœli, slowly treading with their wooden sandals the marble pavement of that vestibulum, the scene of so many triumphs—so often traversed by the conquerors of nations. Indignation seized the mind of the severe Briton, who, comparing the puerilities of the new religion with the achievements of an unparalleled greatness, saw in Paganism the power and glory of ancient Rome, in Christianity the cause of its decline, and conceived at once the design of avenging antiquity for the outrage which Christianity, he said, had inflicted upon it, by writing the history of the decline and fall of the Roman Empire.

Does modern criticism see things in the same light? Certainly not. Paganism had accomplished great things; had dictated great philosophy, had inspired arts, had created literature, had sat upon the altars and upon the thrones, had passed from land to land with the fleets of the Tyrrhenians, the Tyrians, and the Phœnicians; had led the conquering

legions of Cyrus, of Alexander and Cæsar; had raised the Pyramids, the Acropolis, the Parthenon, the Amphitheatre, and the Forum; had looked splendid in the Olympian games, majestic and commanding on the Capitol; but had not descended into the hearts of men, had not raised the whole human race to a higher level, had not pronounced the word *humanity*, in spite of the philosophy of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, which did not go beyond the thresholds of their schools. We look in vain to antiquity for the elevation of the masses by the noble and lofty idea which makes Christianity the only religion under which peoples and nations prosper and progress; we seek in vain its sublime teachings among the great of the earth as a check to their oppressions; we look in vain for it among the multitudes as a comfort in their sufferings; we find this raising of man's mind to a merciful, loving, forgiving divinity only among Christians, and we take the aspiration it suggests as the characteristics of Christian art and Christian literature.

Now, where shall we find the link connecting these two periods, or rather the line marking their separation? It is in Italy. It is on the ruins of the ancient civilization that the modern raises its fabric; it is in the arts and literature of Pagan Rome that the arts and literature of Christian Italy have their roots, and it is from Italy that the seeds were first scattered to all other Christian nations.

To construe this passage of the intellectual history of Italy, we must descend to subterranean Rome. The new Italian people, the new Italian civilization, the new Italian art, the new Italian literature, begin in the catacombs of Rome. *There* is the origin of all that afterwards became great. It is *there* that the new people, the poor, the weak, children and women, the aged and the suffering, all whom the Roman patrician and the ancient historians despised in their pride as *vulgus* and *plebs*, are assembled. It is there that the stranger, the oppressed, the persecuted, the converts, the threatened victims of the circus or the tor-

tures of the emperors, found a shelter and a home. There is a whole cycle of art and poetry in these catacombs. It is not poetry as yet perfect in form, precise in language, elegant in style; but there is in everything an effort to convey a sentiment under an image, to show the ideal in the reality, to give a symbol to architecture, to painting, to sculpture, and to the inscriptions.

The way in which these innumerable galleries have been cut under the old *campagna Romana*, these intricate and confusing passages, diverging in every direction—the work of terror and necessity, and yet eloquent in their mysterious teachings, enjoining separation from the world, and the world's pleasure, speaking of hope in an immortal life, which alone could make such an abode endurable. From this mystery, from this ideality, arose the architecture of the new religion.

The paintings which cover these walls often show the inexperience of the artist and the ignorance of the people; sometimes the traditions of antiquity reveal themselves in the images; yet through that ignorance, through those traditions you perceive the new idea, the new faith, destined to animate and transform art; faith is in the face, in the look, in the attitude of those figures, which with eyes upturned and hands pointing to heaven are types of the new Christians, and no other than the Christian. You recognize the novelty of the Christian painting at every step by the intensity of feeling, by the inspiration which animates these rude figures, and which determines their arrangement, and suggests their forms. No picture of distress, despair, or desolation is there, where desolation must have assumed its most fearful aspects. In those dark vaults you may see now the Good Shepherd gently bearing the young lamb in his arms, showing his protection to the weak and innocent; now four compartments in which are drawn subjects from the Old and New Testaments, surrounded by garlands of flowers and fruit; now it is Noah in his ark; now Moses striking the rock, or Job on the dung-hill, or the

miracle of Cana, the multiplication of loaves, or Lazarus rising from the tomb. More frequently it is Daniel in the lions' den, a symbol of martyrdom by wild beasts; or Jonas ejected by the whale, a symbol of martyrdom by water; or the three children in the furnace, a symbol of martyrdom by fire. These scenes of triumphant martyrdom were evidently painted to give courage and consolation. But no traces of contemporary persecutions, no representations of Christian slaughters do we find; nor scenes of bloodshed to awake hatred and revenge, while images of pardon, love, and hope are predominant. This is Christian painting in the catacombs. This is Christian symbolism.

We pass to sculpture. The resting-place of their dear ones would not be left without a trace of affection and of regret. Sculpture begins with hieroglyphics, with figures void of proportion or grace, of no importance except from the idea they represent. Thus a leaf expressed the fragility of life; a boat with a sail the rapidity of life; the dove bearing a branch the approach of a better life. Here the easel, unable to represent the secret idea of the artist, called in the assistance of language. Every word in the inscriptions betrays want of knowledge; everything proves that it was the poor, the ignorant classes of the people, which the new religion was about to regenerate. Latin inscriptions in Greek letters, faults of language, errors of construction, incorrect orthography, all reveal the mother, the slave father, *furtively* cutting the expressions of their grief and of their hopes in the stone, before which they fall on their knees and weep and groan. "Here is Florentius, happy little lamb of God," says one. "You fell too early, Constance, miracle of beauty and goodness," said another, and so on. This was early Christian art and poetry.

But from those miserable dens, which the persecutors perhaps heard of with contempt, a new civilization was about to arise. Rome was mined by a subterranean city, and that city had mined the foundation of the Roman power.

When its fall is inevitable, when all is lost, or seems lost, then the sacred asylums of the early Christians open beneath the feet of Pagan Rome, and save the arts and establish a poetry, which in the Basilicas of St. Paul and Santa Maria Maggiore, in a thousand monuments erected from the fourth to the thirteenth century illustrates the harmony between Art and Faith.

Christianity now abandons the dark subterranean caves which had witnessed such great and unknown heroism, and re-echoed so many groans and sobs of anguish, and sits upon the throne. The eloquent, inspired, uneducated orator, who had been the obscure comforter in desolation, preaches now in the Pagan temple the word of the true God, enters the splendid house of the Roman senator to inculcate and expound the gospel, mixes freely with the people to remind all of their equality before God, goes into the hut of the poor to console and comfort, speaks abroad his high religious teaching until it pervades the school, the family, the state, the whole human family. By this noble enthusiasm everything is renewed and transformed. The science of Aristotle and Plato revives in the early fathers. The eloquence of Cicero and of the Gracchi adorns the homilies of St. Augustine and St. Jerome. The poetry of Virgil and Horace is renewed in the poems of Prudentius, the singer of the catacombs, in the hymns of St. Ambrose, and in numerous popular poets. The Pagan superstitions themselves give place to legends of miracles, tales of martyrdom, and histories of a supernatural kind.

And yet, though Paganism is decrepit and vanquished, Christianity young and victorious, the classical traditions of the first are too strong to be quite forgotten in the life of the second. The adherence to ancient types is sometimes obstinate in the representation of holy images. At Ravenna, for instance, the river Jordan is represented on the baptismal font under the figure of the river-god, crowned with sea-weeds, after the fashion of the Pagans, leaning on

the urn, whence run the waters in which the Redeemer is in the act of immersing. The same imitation is seen in Venice, where the four Evangelists have at their sides the four rivers of the Terrestrial Paradise, of which they are symbols. Charlemagne complains in the Carolingian books of this profanation; but he could not even in his time cause these Pagan figures to be abandoned in Christian subjects. Painting and sculpture, however, are secondary arts, and only accessories to architecture at the time. Architecture is actually the most important branch of art. It is then to architecture that we must look for the principal changes.

The house of Pagan divinities could not be the house of the true God. The Pagan temple did not answer to the character of the new religion as a place of worship. Pagan art was external; as became the worship of gods who had all the passions of humanity. Christianity was a spiritual religion, and its art, therefore, must be spiritual; it must express human aspirations to an invisible world, and make stones and colours harmonize with the spirituality of its teachings and aspirations. How was it possible to make architectural forms realize the lofty ideal of the new religion?

The first churches seem to be the germination, so to say, of the catacombs. It seems as if those secret places of worship had emerged from underground to spread themselves over the earth. The chapel, the sepulchre, the baptismal font have the same shape as in the catacombs. Whether square, round, or polygonal, they are almost always covered with a vault. The baptistery of St. Giovanni Laterano at Rome, the sepulchre of St. Constance, erected by Constantine to the memory of his sister, the cathedral of Brescia, and other sacred buildings of the time are circular. In the East the cupola prevails. The Church of the Holy Apostles, erected by Constantine, consisted of a cupola raised over the centre of a Greek cross. In the Church of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, the cupola enlarges and extends

over the arms of the cross; hence the origin of the Byzantine style.

Then the Roman basilica, which was the ancient palace of justice, was turned into a place of Christian worship. The basilica was a large and spacious building divided into three compartments, a large nave in the centre, and two lateral aisles, with a vestibule separating the building from the street. The three compartments have three doors symbolic of the Trinity. The marble chair of the bishop at the end of the nave facing the principal entrance replaces the judge's seat; the choir encircles it. The aisles are set apart, the one for the men, the other for the women; while the nave is devoted to the catechumens and a portion of the penitent. This is the Roman basilica. The Byzantine cupola passes from the east to the west, and is added to the Roman basilica in the north of Italy; whence that style called Lombard, because of the people which occupied those provinces; but which is indeed founded on the style of the Roman basilica.

The basilica was destined soon to collect within its walls all the spiritual and intellectual life of the people. The idea of life redeemed by baptism, the idea of death associated with eternity, became part of religion; hence the baptistery and the graveyard are placed by the side of the cathedral. The church becomes also the principal school. Even the stones of the pavement and walls are made to teach the Bible, for mosaics fulfil this purpose. If people are too ignorant to read and understand the Bible, mosaics are made to represent histories from the Old and New Testaments, that they may speak to and move the heart and the imagination. All the scenes, representations, and symbolic signs of the early Christians in the catacombs are preserved by an interrupted tradition and adorn now the hemicycle of the sanctuary, now the walls, and sometimes even the façade, all in mosaics. Painting sometimes and sometimes inscriptions come also in aid of mosaics, and so on the walls of St. Mark, in Venice, there is a poem of 250

lines. The churches of Rome and Ravenna, and also those of Milan, Capua, and Palermo, of a later period, exhibit the same features, by which the temple of God is converted, in times of barbarism and ignorance, into a compendium of theology and sacred history for the people. Art is transformed, while it acquires that spirituality which it would not receive but by Christianity.

That spirituality, however, is only comparative. The figurative arts are still very imperfect; the outline is sharp and stiff; the eyes staring and fixed; the types are all conventionally shaped on a certain form; but they mark the efforts of the artists striving to represent an ideality which only time and the progress of general learning could bring to perfection. Instead of taste and perfection there is great richness. No less than 453 pounds weight of gold were employed by Pope Leo III. in the eighth century for the pavement of the Confessional of St. Peter's, and 1,573 pounds of silver for a balustrade to the entrance of the sanctuary. The same Pope was the first to use stained glass, and with this he adorned the basilica of the Lateran.

Let us hasten, meanwhile, to other elements of intellectual life, modifying the native Latin element. We have seen this element only as affected by the new religion. We have seen this religion in the silence of the catacombs sowing the seeds of new arts and new literature among a different class of people from the ancient. We have seen the new religion, after triumphing over all obstacles, meeting the art and literature of Paganism and assimilating new food. We have hinted at the struggles which followed between the old and the new life. But with all we have not yet explained other facts, more or less considerable, of the utmost historical importance in a literary and artistic point of view.

Poets delight in describing the moment when the savage people of the Scandinavian tribes appeared at the top of the Alps, looking down first with astonishment, then with eagerness on the beau-

tiful plains of Italy, of the like of which they had never dreamt. But we will not expatiate on a point so widely known. That the barbarians were the scourge of Italy nobody can deny, not even the Germans, who believe themselves their descendants. Civilization, monuments, statues, books, all is destroyed. The languages of Europe in this, as in many other cases, have preserved the trace of the fact. For the Vandals, one of those races living on the shores of the Baltic, have identified their name with the destruction of monuments; so that Vandalism and Vandalic are now used in all European languages to designate acts hostile to art and literature.

There is, however, something providential in the fate of Italy, and all great thinkers have recognised it as such. The barbarians invading a country of high intellectual and artistic cultivation, absorb some particles of Latin civilization, are converted to Christianity, and returning to their land bring with them notions they had not before, and relate the wonders of the Italian cities, which become subjects of bards' songs in the Scandinavian mountains.

They return to establish themselves in that land of promise, and are there absorbed in the focus of Roman life, strong even in its decay. They become masters of the country, but as kings, officer, or emperors they are compelled to adopt Latin, the language of their subjects, if they wish to reign. So the northern invaders, whom Germans pretend to have caused the regeneration of Italy, were on the contrary morally and intellectually conquered by the nation they had materially subjected. Generations of Huns, Vandals, Goths, Visigoths, Ostrogoths, Franks, Lombards and Greeks successively pass, like floods, over the Italian soil, but none succeed in establishing a firm footing in the country, none can alter its language or its name, as it happened in Gaul, in Brittain, and in Iberia.

It would be absurd, however, to assert that centuries of foreign invasion bring no stock of new ideas to the invaded

country. Our inquiry, therefore, now is: What part have the invaders in the intellectual history of Italy?

The invaders either preserved, in some parts, the arts and learning they found in the country, or added some new elements in art and literature to the existing ones. In the first aspect the Goths and Charlemagne deserve more consideration.

The Gothic kings were more accessible to the ideas and refinements of civilized life. Theodoric, the greatest of them, did his best to reconcile the proud Romans to the sway of barbarians. He protected schools, honoured the learned, and erected some monuments; but he laboured principally for the preservation of existing institutions, by which he endeavoured to gratify the tastes of the Latin race in order to make them yield more willingly to his authority. The Goths conceived a bold idea, worthy of record in the intellectual history of Italy, and that was that they attempted to impose their language on the Italians, just as the Austrians have done in our days, and with the same marked failure. They feared the glorious recollections of Rome; they were jealous of a greatness which spoke every moment to the imagination of the whole people; wherefore Boethius, the last of the Roman senators, a philosopher and a poet, a man in whom the learning and taste of the Augustan age were still alive, fell by their hands, a victim for his attachment to the traditions of Imperial Rome.

Then came the Lombards, a fierce and warlike race, whose passage over the Italian soil has left more lasting vestiges than any other, from having given their name to an Italian province. The Lombards were not, and could not be patrons of art and literature at first; but when by their long dominion in the country they were absorbed in the life of Italy, they also paid a tribute to the refinement they had not succeeded in entirely effacing, and the School of Pavia, their capital, flourished for some time.

Then Charlemagne entered Italy, as a

liberator with the Franks. This celebrated warrior is considered a restorer of the literature and studies of Italy. It is as creditable to Charlemagne to have satisfied the desire of the Italians for public schools, as it is creditable to the Italians to have wished for them.

The literary education of the Frank captain was, however, Italian. From his earliest age he had been surrounded by Italian scholars who had inspired him with literary tastes. Peter of Pisa had been his tutor. This Peter of Pisa was the founder of those French *Schools*, in which the scholastic philosophy was originated, and which in after times reflected so much honour upon Charlemagne and the French nation. Among the other leaders who aided Charlemagne in educating the French in literature and converting the Germans to Christianity were Paul Diaconus, George of Venice, and Theophilus, who were Italian, and the celebrated Alwin, a Saxon, who had been educated in Italy, and whom Charlemagne met for the first time at Parma.

Whilst this northern influence of Goths, Lombards and Franks is principally felt in the arts and studies of the northern provinces of Italy, except Venice, in the south it is the Eastern world which more immediately comes in contact with it. During this period the Eastern influence in Italy is two-fold. First it is in Greek, or more properly Byzantine; secondly Mussulman, or rather Arabic.

Under the nominal protection of the Eastern Empire the Republics of Southern Italy enjoyed considerable liberty and independence, and Amalfi, Naples, Bari, &c. progressed civilly and commercially. Venice also, free and independent, never subjected to foreign invasion, Queen of the Adriatic, unfolded the flag of the winged lion in the Eastern seas. Hence we see the Byzantine style prevailing in the architecture of St. Mark. And not only that, but the employment of Byzantine artists by the Lombards and Franks, and afterwards by the Normans, is sufficiently proved to account for their great and continued

influence on the Italian arts, to the days of Cimabue, and others.

But the chief controversy has been what amount of influence may be attributed to the Arabians in the cultivation of the arts and the learning of the Italians.

No people of the world have suffered more imputation of being hostile to art and literature than the converts to Islamism. The famous dilemma of the Caliph Omar for a pretext for heating the four thousand public baths of Alexandria for six months with that celebrated library, was often repeated against the Mussulmans, especially during the first period of their warlike religious fanaticism. But though Omar did wrong, it is very little known that a Christian emperor did worse. For Leo the Isaurian, Emperor of Constantinople, not only caused another celebrated library of the East to be burnt, but ordered that the librarian and the readers should also perish with the books, and this *auto-da-fé* took place in the eighth century!

Be it, however, as it may, there is a period in which the Arabians were at the height of their intellectual cultivation, that is from the eighth to the tenth century, which is not the brightest in the history of the west. Their connection with Italy is double; through Syria they have an influence on the Provençal, and through the Provençal on the Italians; through Sicily, which they conquered in the ninth century and held till the eleventh, their influence on the Italians is even more direct and certain. Spain, Provence and Sicily are in fact the three countries in which the literature of the new era appears first, and it may be that in these three countries the field was first opened by Arabian influence. We know that the Arabic language had become very general in Sicily, and even to the time of Frederick II., that is to say, the twelfth century, there were coins struck with Arabic mottoes, while Arabic inscriptions could still be seen on the shops. There were besides literary men in Italy who earned a livelihood by translating Arabic

works, or Arabian translations of Greek works into Latin, and two among them acquired a certain celebrity; they are Gherardo of Cremona and Plato of Tivoli. It is besides established beyond doubt by modern critics that the Arabians availed themselves of their geographical position to appropriate the inventions of the Chinese, the erudition of the Indians, the learning of the Greeks, and the philosophy of the Egyptians. Hence it was through them that Flavio Gioja introduced into Italy the mariner's compass, already known among the Chinese; and Fibonani the Arabic numerals; it was through them that the discoveries of gunpowder and writing-paper were brought to Europe, and through them that some of the Greek classics were first transmitted.

We thus close this sketch of the foreign influences upon the Italian mind, a sketch which was necessary to explain much of the period we have undertaken to review.

But here a natural question arises? How far was the Latin element, that is to say, the Latin or Italian, affected by these influences? That the Italians were givers of civilization to their countless invaders, and not receivers, is a fact none can doubt. The various provinces of Italy had been at first reluctantly annexed to Rome; but had afterwards become partakers of her greatness and glory. The traditions of this greatness was after many centuries of decline strong not only among the enlightened, but also among the people. The German historian, Otho of Freyingen, in describing the entrance of the Emperor Frederick I. into Lombardy, bears witness to the tenacity of the recollections of Rome among the Italians. When the Germans entered Italy, he says, they expected to find in the Lombards natural allies, because they had heard of the Germanic origin of that people. But it was not so; and they were surprised to find "a race subdued by the mildness of the climate, and the fertility of the land, heirs of Roman refinement and sagacity, preservers of the elegance of the Latin tongue, and of the costumes

and wisdom of the Romans, from whom they had adopted their art of government and the organization of their cities." These are the words of a non-Italian historian.

Intellectually then the Italians had not submitted to the influence of a civilization higher than that which they possessed. There was in fact no higher civilization in the world than the Latin. There had been no higher civilization in the world before the Roman, except the Greek. It was the result of Greek and Italian mind united, which had created the greatness of Rome, and which made its vitality felt in politics, in literature, in art, in society, long after the twilight of its splendour had vanished in a long series of dark centuries. The Scandinavian, Teutonic, Scythian, Slavonian tribes would have lived for many centuries a nomadic, wandering, savage life, if they had not invaded Italy, where they learnt the arts of civilization.

But if the foreigners were barbarians, when compared with the Italians, if they had to learn all the elements of art and literature from the latter; still, it is evident that by the conflict of customs, manners, institutions and tongues; by the influence of their northern and eastern imaginations; by their more wild but stronger and more primitive nature, by their peculiar chevaleresque institutions and supernatural mythology, new blood is infused into the Italian race which powerfully increases the intellectual wealth of the nation. It is as a flood, which whilst bringing devastation and destruction on a rich, fruitful, and beautiful country, leaves, however, after its passage, additional fertility to the soil, having brought from afar new seeds of other regions, which afterwards grow and become indigenous.

By the foundation of these and other seeds we will see arising the new literature, and the new arts of Italy. But in order to bring down this general sketch to the tenth century of the Christian era, we must mention an event which had a singular and powerful influence on the Italian mind, as well as on

the revival of art and literature in Europe.

This was the belief spread by ill-inspired prophets, supported by some ill-interpreted passage from the Gospel, confirmed by the authority of some early Italian sectarians, that in the year one thousand the world was to end.

Ridiculous as such a prophecy may appear to the majority of the people in our days, it was not so in those ages. The corruption of morals, the abuse of brute force, the violation of all rights, the ignorance and superstition of the people, and, more than all, a famine which lasted many years—of the effects of which chronicles have left us most heart-rending descriptions—made men dejected, and disposed their minds to believe that God was going to punish their sins and to put an end to the human race. The imagination of the people was inflamed. The coldest minds could not escape the epidemic of feverish excitement at the idea that in the fulness of their health and of life, at a fixed day and hour, they were going to find themselves in presence of their Creator and of Eternity.

This excitement, which prevailed for at least fifty years before the dreaded day, had its influence on art, literature, and society in several ways.

In the first place, religious life being considered as more fit to bring men to God, people rush to the monasteries and convents, and places of worship in such numbers that new churches, cathedrals, and convents have to be built. And as money given in alms, or in the erection of sacred buildings, or in the dotation of convents is so much dedicated to God for the good of their souls, so no money is spared to make them splendid. Hence a great impulse is given to ecclesiastical architecture. The number of churches and cathedrals erected in and out of Italy during the half century preceding the year 1000, and the half immediately following it is really wonderful. In France, in Germany, in England the same movement is going on, and the same revival of church architecture. The cathedrals of

Cologne, Mayence, Winchester, Worms, Chartres, Gloucester, and Westminster, all belong to this period.

In the second place the clergy and the monks, whose revenue had swelled to an enormous amount through the donations of many believers, employed painting, and especially mosaics, to impress more sensibly on the people the image of the eternal world, with representations now of glory and joy in Paradise, now of sufferings and torments in hell, now of expiation and penance in purgatory, and now of the terrible last judgment before which all were in a short time to appear. Miraculous revelations of the other world, visions and legends, fill the popular literature of the time, and form one of its principal features, and we shall see how these legendary traditions are adopted by painters and poets, and how they gave to Italy Giotto and the *Divina Commedia*.

The third consequence of this excitement is, that, having raised the religious enthusiasm of this people to the utmost, it became possible to tax them to some advantage; as popes, kings, and monks did by preaching the Crusade against the most formidable foe of Christianity, the Mussulman. To fight against the infidel, to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, is to prepare for a better world. Thus the western sinners rush to the East, as the best and shortest road to Paradise.

When, after that terrible night of the 31st of December, of the year 1000, people wondered that they were still standing on their feet, and saw the sun still shining on the face of the earth, and on the buildings they had erected, confidence revived, churches and cathedrals were still built to thank God for the miracle of having spared the world from destruction; but there is commerce also, there is trade, industry, activity, the feeling of a new life, the resurrection of military valour, and the rise of new and powerful cities, precursors of a new era which is rapidly approaching. Italy begins a new era, but this era is no longer Etruscan, Greek, or Roman;

it is no longer limited to one province, it is general, it is totally and exclusively Italian.

Italy, however, this new Italy, has not yet a language. No wonder. There was a time, says a great writer, when nearly all the nations of Europe had no language of their own. When the strong unity of the Roman empire broke down, the countries which had been its provinces lost the language of their conquerors and formed their own dialects. These dialects, however, bear the mark of the tie which once bound their people to the victorious chariot of the metropolis of the world. Provençal, French, Catalan, Castilian, Portuguese, Walachian, and Italian are all romance or neo-Latin languages, which still preserve, though in different degrees, their affinity with Latin. Their principal difference depends on the modification they undergo in the mixture of Latin with their primitive languages, or the languages of their new masters. This causes a period of transformation, when these languages are no longer Latin, and still not French, Spanish, or Italian; then they are like the burning sheet of paper described by Dante,

“Which is not black, and yet is white no more.”

This is the period when writers work unconsciously to their formation.

The Italian writers are the last among the neo-Latin nations to cultivate the Italian language, for the reason that Latin is, for some time and to a great degree, still the language of the country. The languages of Spain, France, Provence, &c., are formed by the mixture of Latin with the native dialects of their countries; but the native language of Italy had long before become Latin itself.

Italian is but Latin popularized, it is the *vulgar* language, as it was called, the language of the people. Latin and Italian literature co-existed for several centuries, the one as the noble, the other as the popular literature. All the questioning then about the origin of the Italian, which has puzzled foreign and native writers, is a mere waste of time.

Italian is contemporary with Latin as far as it is only a corrupted Latin. The corruption of Latin can be traced to the time of Tacitus and Seneca, that is to say, to the first century of the Christian era, when the barbarians had not yet invaded Italy. The translation of the Bible made at that time for the people, and revised afterwards by St. Jerome in the time of the Empire, and always, for the multitude, is the most important proof of this corruption. There we find the use of articles and prepositions, or signs of the cases for the first time. There we find Italian idioms, which are still the same. This corruption was, of course, continued and accelerated by foreign invasions, by the absence of a national literature, by centuries of popular ignorance and want of political existence, and by loose grammar; causes which even in our day would all lead to the same result.

We see then by this review of the principal features of the long and laborious intellectual revolution which took place in Italy between the Roman decline and the Italian revival, that the first and most important fact which transforms civilization, is the intro-

duction of Christianity into Rome, the great centre of the ancient Pagan world.

A second and also important event is that of foreign invasions, which more or less contribute to quicken a revival of art, science, and literature, and the influence of which originates in the courts, whence they spread to the nation.

A third and equally important fact is that of the political, artistic and literary traditions of Rome, which are still retained by the bulk of the nation, and like a smouldering fire, only wait the opportunity to break out; and they do in fact revive in the Italian Republics, and create the most splendid period of Italian history, which is also the golden era of Italian literature and art.

These three facts, influencing in different degrees, Italian art and literature before Giotto, and Dante, bring us naturally to the division of the three following Lectures, to which the present is but an introduction. That is to say, art, and literature in relation—

1st, To Religious Life;

2nd, To Court Life;

3rd, To National Life.

EDOARDO FUSCO.

To be continued.

GAMES AT CARDS PLAYED BY MACHINERY.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,—I am much flattered by your request that I would send you another Card Article for your Christmas Number; but I fear I have almost exhausted the range of the subject. I have written on games of cards which may be played by a room-full of people (January, 1870); on games for four players (December 1861, January 1863); on games for three players (January 1873); on games for two players (December 1861); and last January you did me the honour to insert an article on games at cards for a single player. It would seem difficult to go on to games not played at all; but there is something like an approach to them in an invention lately put before the world, namely, games at cards *played by machinery*. I need hardly say I allude to the wonderful automaton, exhibited by Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. This ingenious mechanical figure at present plays whist, and plays it well; but it would play picquet, cribbage, écarté, or almost any ordinary card game with equal facility and success. In default of a better subject I propose to give your Christmas readers some account of this singular novelty.

The proprietors of the figure are something more than mere exhibitors of the art of *legerdemain*, for they have for some years past attracted interest by novel and startling contrivances which have involved ingenious applications of physical science, and which, if their explanation had become generally known, would have secured a more honourable appreciation than the blind admiration of the wondering crowd.

Some time ago, acting on a hint given them by a friend, these gentlemen conceived the idea of making an auto-

maton figure which should, without any apparent human agency, perform feats exhibiting intelligence and volition; they spent two years in the manufacture, and the result was the production of "Psycho," who has been now before the public for about twelve months, attracting crowds of visitors, and exciting great wonder and curiosity.

Psycho is a figure a little less than adult size, who sits cross-legged in Oriental fashion, on an oblong box, resembling one of the hand organs carried about the streets. The dimensions of the box are, judging by the eye, about twenty-two inches long by eighteen inches wide, and fifteen inches high, and from the top of the box to the crown of the figure's head may be between two and three feet.

The box, with the figure on it, is entirely detached, and is carried about by Mr. Maskelyne and an assistant. When in action it is placed on the top of a strong hollow cylinder of transparent glass, about ten inches diameter and eighteen inches high. This cylinder rests on a loose wooden platform about four feet square, which again is supported at a distance of about nine inches clear above the floor of the stage by four short legs, one at each corner.

When Psycho performs his intelligent feats, both his arms move, in a way to be hereafter described, and he also shakes his head; but as this shake has not the tremendous significance of Lord Burleigh's, we may ignore it in our present description.

Before commencing the performance, the foundation platform is lifted up, turned about, and exhibited to the audience, before being placed in position. The glass cylinder is then handed round to the spectators, who may satisfy themselves it is nothing but

what it professes to be, and has no concealed contrivance about it. It is then placed upright on the platform, and Psycho and his box are put loosely upon its upper end. Mr. Maskelyne invites upon the stage any of the spectators who may wish to examine the apparatus more closely. Several parts of the figure are uncovered and exposed, and doors are opened at the end of the box, a long stick being passed completely through, to show that nothing of any large size can be concealed within. At the same time, persons are requested to walk completely round the figure and to pass their hands over his head, to satisfy themselves that there is no wire or other means of communication between the figure and the sides or ceiling of the room; while the transparency of the glass cylinder, and the detached position of the platform above the floor, forbid the supposition of any mechanical connection in a downward direction. Altogether the perfect isolation of the figure is guaranteed by the most unquestionable evidence.

The performance begins by Mr. Maskelyne declaring Psycho's ability to perform arithmetical calculations. Two numbers are chosen by the audience, Psycho is requested to multiply them together, and he then by a motion of his left hand causes to appear successively on a small tablet the several digits of the product. Other arithmetical operations, such as dividing, squaring, and cubing, are performed in a similar way. I asked him on one occasion for the cube of 12, and the figures 1, 7, 2, 8, were immediately shown.

Then comes the great feature of the evening, the hand at *whist*. A table is prepared on the stage, three persons from the audience are invited to play, and Psycho makes the fourth. After cutting for partners, the deal takes place, and Psycho's cards are taken up by Mr. Maskelyne, and placed upright, one by one, in a frame forming the arc of a circle in front of the figure; the faces of the cards being turned towards him and away from the other players. When

it is Psycho's turn to play, his right hand passes with a horizontal circular motion over the frame till it arrives at the right card; he then takes this card between his thumb and fingers, and by a new vertical movement of the hand and arm, he extracts it from its place, lifts it high in the air, and exposes it to the view of the audience; after which, the arm descending again, the card is taken away from the fingers by Mr. Maskelyne, and thrown on the table to be gathered into the trick.

The play of one whist-hand suffices to exhibit the skill of the automaton; and he concludes his performance by a few tricks of conjuring—such as extracting a certain card from the pack when placed in a box—striking on a hand-bell to answer questions and to indicate drawn cards, and so on.

We may confine attention to the whist-play, and it will be well at once to dissipate any notions about confederacy, packed cards, and so on. There is conclusive evidence that the play is perfectly *bona fide*. Any person may join in it, the process is precisely of the usual character, and it is certain that Psycho's hand is played under the same circumstances as that of any player at a club or at a domestic fireside. He is said to play very well, and to understand perfectly what I have called in my little book "The Modern Scientific Game." I may give an example of a hand, offering some interest, which I saw played about a month ago. I will call the three human players A, B, and C, B being Psycho's partner. B had the deal, turning up the 7 of clubs, and the cards dealt were:—

A'S HAND.

Clubs . .	Ace, Nine, Two.
Hearts . .	Ace, Knave.
Spades . .	Queen, Ten, Four, Three.
Diamonds .	Ace, King, Ten, Eight.

{ B'S HAND.

Clubs . .	Seven, Six, Five, Four.
Hearts . .	Ten, Four.
Spades . .	Knave, Six, Five, Two.]
Diamonds .	Nine, Five, Three.

C'S HAND.

Clubs . . . Ten.
 Hearts . . . Eight, Six, Three, Two.
 Spades . . . Ace, King, Nine, Eight, Seven.
 Diamonds . . . Queen, Seven, Six.

PSYCHO'S HAND.

Clubs . . . King, Queen, Knave, Eight, Three.
 Hearts . . . King, Queen, Nine, Seven, Five.
 Diamonds. Knave, Four, Two.

The play was as follows; the winner of each trick being marked by an asterisk—

TRICK.	PLAY.
I. . .	C . . . Ace of Spades. *Psycho . . . Three of Clubs. A . . . Three of Spades. B . . . Two of Spades.
II. . .	Psycho . . . King of Hearts. *A . . . Ace of Hearts. B . . . Four of Hearts. C . . . Two of Hearts.
III. . .	*A . . . King of Diamonds. B . . . Three of Diamonds. C . . . Six of Diamonds. Psycho . . . Two of Diamonds.
IV. . .	*A . . . Ace of Diamonds. B . . . Five of Diamonds. C . . . Seven of Diamonds. Psycho . . . Four of Diamonds.
V. . .	A . . . Eight of Diamonds. B . . . Nine of Diamonds. *C . . . Queen of Diamonds. Psycho . . . Knave of Diamonds.
VI. . .	C . . . Ten of Clubs. Psycho . . . Knave of Clubs. *A . . . Ace of Clubs. B . . . Four of Clubs.
VII. . .	A . . . Nine of Clubs. B . . . Five of Clubs. C . . . Three of Hearts. *Psycho . . . Queen of Clubs.
VIII. . .	*Psycho . . . King of Clubs. A . . . Two of Clubs. B . . . Six of Clubs. C . . . Seven of Spades.
IX. . .	*Psycho . . . Queen of Hearts. A . . . Knave of Hearts. B . . . Ten of Hearts. C . . . Six of Hearts.
X. . .	Psycho . . . Nine of Hearts. A . . . Ten of Diamonds. *B . . . Seven of Clubs. C . . . Eight of Hearts.
XI. . .	B . . . Five of Spades. C . . . King of Spades. *Psycho . . . Eight of Clubs. A . . . Four of Spades.
XII. . .	*Psycho . . . Seven of Hearts.
XIII. . .	*Psycho . . . Five of Hearts.

—the result being that Psycho and his partner score two by cards and two by honours.

Psycho's play was evidently dictated by judgment and principle. Having been forced to trump the first trick, he abstained from leading trumps till he had done something towards clearing his long heart suit, and he was afterwards favoured by his opponent A., who fell into the very common blunder of leading trumps when weak, for the insufficient reason of his suit being ruffed; his lead of clubs at Trick VI. was just what Psycho wanted, and the latter accordingly followed it up till his opponents were disarmed. His partner afterwards did his best to thwart him in Trick X. by trumping his best heart, and so stopping his suit, but Psycho was fortunately able to regain the lead, and so to bring in his remaining long cards.

There can, I repeat, be no doubt whatever of the genuineness of the play; and I confess that to me, standing beside this little wooden doll, apparently isolated from any human agency, and seeing it not only imitate human motions, but exert human intelligence and skill, the effect seemed weird and uncanny; and I could hardly wonder at the Spiritualists, who seriously conjecture that Psycho may be one of the manifestations comprised in their own Psychological creed.

However, we may dismiss such fanciful notions, and may take it for granted that the automaton is actuated by purely mundane forces, and we come now to the question, How is it done? Mr. Maskelyne throws down the gauntlet to the world, challenging them to discover his secret if they can, and I confess it is a very pretty scientific and mechanical problem. It will be worth while to review the various modes by which the solution may be possible, and to consider which of them is the most likely to be the correct one.

The most obvious suggestion is that a human being may be concealed inside the figure. This, as the exhibitor reminds his audience, was the explanation of the celebrated automaton chess-

player, produced by De Kempelen many years ago. In this case there is very little room indeed, but it is said a small child would suffice to obey signals conveyed to him from outside. For my part, after looking at the figure as opened, I have no hesitation in accepting Mr. Maskelyne's assurance that there is not available space even for this; and, moreover, it appears to me that the character of the motions is such as to reveal clearly to a mechanically-educated eye that they are produced by mechanism, and not by direct muscular action.

The idea of transmission of motion by wires or connections, either for mechanical action or for the conduction of electricity, is negatived by the opportunity for thorough inspection all round the figure, above, at the sides, and underneath; and failing this, suggestions have been made of forces which will act at a distance. Magnetism, for example, will influence a needle a good way off; as is instanced every day by the aberration of ships' compasses, owing to masses of iron in the hull or interior of the vessel. Heat also will radiate to long distances, as is shown in the well-known experiment of lighting a match by heat caused to converge upon it from a hot body on the other side of the room. It might, perhaps, be possible to produce some mechanical effects on the figure in either of these ways; but when it was attempted to work out in detail either of these suggestions, I fear the difficulties of accounting for the motions actually produced would be very great, if not insurmountable.

There remains another possible solution which appears to me very much simpler, easier, and more satisfactory. Whether it is the correct one or not, I will not venture to say, for the proprietors naturally disguise or conceal with much care all the weak points which would lead to detection. I will endeavour, however, to show that this plan is consistent with all the facts and appearances, so far as they are visible to the outside observer; that it

is easy of construction and working, and that it will account for everything that is done.

On this view, the secret is that, although there is no *visible* mechanical communication between the automaton and any human agency, there is such a communication in an *invisible* form, namely in the form of a *column of air*, extending from the lower part of the box, through the glass cylinder, and certain openings below it, to some place either below the stage or behind the scenes. It is well known, according to the laws of pneumatics, that if we have a closed space, filled with an elastic fluid, and an alteration of the density of the fluid be effected at any one point, that alteration will be quickly distributed over the whole contents. And, since the pressure varies with the density, if by any artificial means we exercise a compressing or exhausting action at one end of a column of air, that action is immediately transferred to the other end of the column in the shape of an increase or diminution of pressure, which is capable of producing mechanical action. Hence, supposing a column of air to extend from the figure to some place behind the scenes, the air in the column may be operated on at that place at any given moment, and the effect of such operation will be at once to communicate the power of motion to some part of the figure.

It is curious how the invisibility of the atmosphere around us deadens our appreciation of the fact that air is really a material substance, endowed with physical and mechanical properties as positive as those of water or mercury. We see, every day, follies committed in pneumatic arrangements which are incomprehensible except on the supposition that the authors of them have treated air as a sort of transcendental ether, without any real entity, or any of the commonplace qualities of ponderable matter. The usual arrangements for what is called, by an amiable courtesy, "ventilation," are generally striking examples of this. Take, as a most notorious instance, those of our

chief metropolitan concert hall. The builders have been at great trouble and expense to make copious provisions for the air to *get out*, but they have unduckily forgotten to make any corresponding provisions for other air to *get in* to supply its place. Consequently, on the ancient principle that "nature abhors a vacuum," the "ventilation" of course refuses to work, and the atmosphere, during a well-attended evening concert, is like the Black Hole of Calcutta, until the lower doors are opened, when the fierce natural effort of the air to rush in and remedy the blunder of the designers gives all the people around bronchitis and rheumatism. A certain ventilation doctor has lately acquired fame by simply having common sense enough to perceive, what architects in general do not perceive, that air requires be treated on the same laws as matter in general. I must apologize for this digression, but it illustrates the singular illusions which may attend the mechanical action of an invisible fluid, and may serve to explain how, if this be Psycho's secret, it may have so long escaped detection by general observers.

The idea of transmitting power to a distance by means of air is by no means new. It was first suggested by the celebrated Denys Papin, the person who has, in my opinion, a good claim to the title of the first inventor of the steam-engine. In 1688 he described¹ an apparatus in which a partial vacuum produced in a long tube by air-pumps fixed at one end, caused the motion of pistons placed at the other end. One of our most eminent writers on mechanics, speaking of this scheme about half a century ago, says:—"It is rather surprising that so simple and advantageous a method of exerting power at a distance from the first mover, should have remained neglected and unnoticed so long." The principle has, however, been more attended to of late; it formed the basis of the well-known atmospheric railway, which made such a sensation from 1840 to 1848; and those who are acquainted with modern tele-

graph engineering, know that there are miles of air-tubes now laid along the streets of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna, to effect motion by pneumatic power. While writing this article, I have received a prospectus of a "Pneumatic Despatch System of Domestic Telegraphs," for the purpose of sending messages in this way from the dining-room to the kitchen, or from the drawing-room to the stables. One of the most striking and elegant applications of the system is at Schaffhausen, where a large amount of power obtained from the river Rhine is caused to be utilized in the city, some mile or two away, by the medium of air-tubes.

If, therefore, Messrs. Maskelyne and Cook adopt this system, they are in good company. It remains to explain how it is, or at least might be, applied.

The glass cylinder is ground smooth on its two ends, and if these ends are applied against the surface of some soft material, they will, when the weight comes upon them, form joints at the top and bottom sufficiently air-tight for the object in view. To indicate how the air passage is continued further downwards is not so easy, seeing that it must pass through the movable platform on which the glass stands. I confess that this part of the contrivance is concealed with consummate skill; but I think there is a possible way out of the difficulty.

If the upper surface of the platform were of uncovered wood, in which no opening was visible, one would hardly see how the thing could be done; but this is not so. The boarding is covered with soft baize, and there is no reason why the part within the cylinder may not have holes covered by the baize, through the pores of which the air would pass freely. From these holes a small channel may exist through the body of the wood, passing either down one of the legs or out at the back, and so continued by a pipe to the operator. When the platform is turned about and shown to the audience, the communicating hole may be concealed, and the connection may be made when the

¹ Acta Eruditorum, Leipsic, 1690.

platform is in place, either from below or behind. Supposing this done, the necessary air column is established between the operator behind the scenes and the bottom of Psycho's box, and we have next to consider how this is to be utilized.

The air may be operated on in two ways, both in common use; one called the *plenum* action, by compressing the air; the other the *vacuum* action, by exhausting or expanding it. These actions may be effected by several mechanical modes:—if a large difference of pressure is required the most prompt way is to have at hand two reservoirs, one of compressed, the other of expanded air, and to open communications with them by cocks, which would instantly induce the corresponding action in the tube. But probably for the present purpose the alteration of pressure need only be slight, and might be effected, either way, by a simple bellows or analogous contrivance. Or possibly a simpler mode still, the action of the breath, in alternative blowing and sucking, might be made available.¹ A clever mechanic, like Mr. Maskelyne would have no difficulty in designing a simple contrivance, easily under the hand of the operator, by which the air in the tube could be either compressed or expanded at pleasure, and regulated with the greatest nicety.

We have then only to suppose two pistons, or diaphragms, or other equivalent apparatus, within the figure box, connected with the interior of the glass cylinder and properly adjusted, and the whole is in order. On applying the *plenum* impulse behind the stage one of the pistons in the figure would be caused to move; on applying the *vacuum* impulse the other piston would be caused to move, and thus the hidden operator would command two separate influences at pleasure.

And, going a step further, we shall see that these two distinct influences are exactly what are required to effect

Psycho's whist playing. He does two things, and only two; one consists of a horizontal movement of the arm to choose the card, the other consists of a vertical movement of the arm to raise the card in the air.

The horizontal action is arranged with peculiar ingenuity. There is a clock-work motion, which if acting freely would cause the figure's hand to travel backwards and forwards over the 13 cards; this action can be *checked* at any given point, probably by the action of a break, or a detent stopping the fly vane, as in a musical-box. If we suppose this check to be worked, say by the *plenum* piston, the operator has only to exert his plenum action and lift off the check, when the hand will slowly move by the clock-work influence, and when it arrives at the proper card the stopping of the influence will put the check in action again and stop the further progress.

The operator then changes to the *vacuum* action, setting in motion the vacuum piston within the figure, and it is clear that by proper machinery this may be made to raise Psycho's arm, which is the second thing to be done. By delicate manipulation the arm may be made at will to rise, to fall, or to stand still in any position, effects which Mr. Maskelyne exhibits with very proper pride.

Thus the whole problem of the whist-playing may be accounted for. Whether the real player is Mr. Maskelyne, who remains on the stage and signals to his assistant behind, or whether it is the operator himself, who has some means of knowing the cards, I do not pretend to say, but this is of little consequence; the only important thing is to discover how the will and intention of the operator can be made to work the figure. I have, of course, only indicated the salient points of the hypothesis, omitting the details, which an expert mechanic like Mr. Maskelyne would easily apply.

The arithmetical trick is explained in a similar way, namely, by a dual movement; the digital figures are caused to revolve by clock-work, which is stopped by the plenum check when the right

¹ A tolerably strong man may produce, with his breath, a pressure of about 2 lbs. to the square inch, or an exhaustion of about $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.

figure comes to the right place; and then the vacuum movement causes the motion of the figure's left arm, which exhibits the digit to the audience. The transfer of the pneumatic actions from the whist-playing to the arithmetical machinery, and *vice versa*, may be easily managed.

The conjuring tricks involve no motions beyond what have been described.

If the foregoing explanation be the true one, then I heartily endorse the statement Mr. Maskelyne publicly makes, that "if the secret should be discovered, it will not detract from the merit of the construction." So far from it, I say he becomes, by the discovery, entitled to a much more worthy and discriminating praise for the skill and knowledge he has shown, and I do not think it likely that the publication will be likely to diminish his more substantial reward. If, on the other hand, my suggestion does not apply, then he has a store of ingenuity yet unappreciated, and I must take the merit to myself of inventing, *de novo*, another card-playing automaton, competent to do all that Psycho does, and under the same conditions, so far as they are at present visible.

There is another very pretty and ingenious feature in the exhibition, which I should like to mention, that is the *animated tambourine*. An assistant brings out, during the performance, a little loose table, with a round top about a foot in diameter, and sets it down in the middle of the room among the audience. He then places on it a tambourine, also perfectly loose, and obviously without

any connection either with the table or elsewhere. It is further quite clear that there is no pin or other moving part projecting above the table. Yet no sooner is the instrument placed on the table than it becomes endowed with animation and intelligence. It answers by shakes when spoken to, and it applauds vigorously when anything clever is done. The secret of this is, I presume, that there are two electric magnets concealed on two opposite sides of the table, and connected by wires to some distant place where they can be thrown rapidly in and out of circuit in the usual way; these magnets attract pieces of soft iron in the tambourine, which is formed slightly convex on its under side; and the rapid alternation of the two magnetic actions, gives the shaking effect observed. In setting the loose table in its place, the wires are no doubt thrown into connection by dipping into little cups of mercury. This clever device hardly receives the attention it deserves, for it ought to appear a most astounding wonder to those who do not know its scientific rationale.

It would be well, I think, if Messrs. Maskelyne and Cooke would give up the "spiritualistic" nonsense, which at present occupies so much of their evening. It means nothing; the darkness is objectionable on many grounds, and it does not do justice to the talents which they might exhibit more favourably in other ways.

I am, dear Mr. Editor,
Yours faithfully,

W P.

THE CURATE IN CHARGE.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CURATE LEAVES BRENTBURN.

CICELY went to her room that night in a very nervous and disturbed condition. It was her last night, too, in the house in which she had been born; but she had no leisure to think of that, or to indulge in any natural sentiments on the subject. She was very much alarmed about her father, whose looks were so strange, but did not know what to do. That he should take her for her mother was perhaps not wonderful at such a moment of agitation; but it frightened her more than words can say. What could she do? It was night, and there was no one in the house with her but Betsy, who had for hours been buried in deepest slumbers; and even had she been able to send for the doctor, what advance would that have made?—for he was not ill, only strange, and it was so natural that he should be strange;—and the good steady-going country doctor, acquainted with honest practical, fevers and rheumatism, what help could he bring to a mind diseased? Cicely had changed her room in her new office of nurse, and now occupied a small inner chamber communicating with that of the two children. She was sitting there pondering and thinking when she heard her father come up stairs. Then he appeared suddenly bending over the children's little cots. He had a candle in his hand, and stooping feebly, kissed the little boys. He was talking to himself all the time; but she could not make out what he said, except, as he stood looking at the children, "Poor things, poor things! God bless you." Cicely did not show herself, anxiously as she watched, and he went out again and on to his own room. He was going to bed quietly, and after all it might turn out to be nothing; perhaps he had been

dozing when he called her Hester, and was scarcely awake. After this she intended to go to bed herself; for she was sadly worn out with her long day's work and many cares, and fell dead asleep, as youth unaccustomed to watching ever will do in the face of all trouble. The house was perfectly still so long as she was awake; not a sound disturbed the quiet except the breathing of Harry and Charley, and the tap of the jessamine branches against her windows. There was one last blossom at the end of a branch, late and long after its neighbours, which shed some of its peculiar sweetness through the open window. The relief was so great to hear her father come up stairs, and to know that he was safe in his room, that her previous fright seemed folly. She said her prayers, poor child! in her loneliness, giving tearful thanks for this blessing, and fell asleep without time to think of any bothers or sorrow of her own. Thus sometimes, perhaps, those who have other people to carry on their shoulders avoid occasionally the sharp sting of personal feeling—at least, of all the sentiments which are of a secondary kind.

The morning was less warm and bright than usual, with a true autumnal haze over the trees. This soothed Cicely when she looked out. She was very early, for there were still various last things to do. She had finished her own individual concerns, and locked her box ready for removal, before it was time to call the children, who slept later and more quietly than usual by another happy dispensation of providence. Cicely heard the auctioneer arrive, and the sound of chatter and laughter with which Betsy received the men, with whom already she had made acquaintance. Why not? Shall everybody be sad because we are in trouble, Cicely asked herself? and she leant out of

the window which overlooked the garden, and took a deep draught of the dewy freshness of the morning before she proceeded to wake the children and begin the day's work. Her eyes, poor child! were as dewy as the morning; but she did not give herself time to cry, or waste her strength by such an indulgence. A knock at her door disturbed her, and she shut the window hastily, and shaking off those stray drops from her eyelashes, went to see what Betsy wanted so early. Betsy stood outside, looking pale and excited.

"The men says, please, Miss, will you come down stairs?" said Betsy, making an effort at a curtsy, which was so very unusual that Cicely was half amused.

"What do they want? I have to dress the children, Betsy. Could not you do instead?"

"If you please, Miss, I'll dress the children. Do go—go, please, Miss Cicely! I'm too frightened. O Miss, your poor papa!"

"Papa?" Cicely gave the girl one frightened beseeching look, and then flew down stairs, her feet scarcely touching the steps. Why was he up so early? Why was he vexing himself with those men, and their preparations, making himself miserable about nothing, when there were so many real troubles to bear? The men were standing in a little knot by the study door, which was half open. "What do you want with me? What is it?"

They were confused; one of them put forward another to speak to her, and there was a little rustling, and shuffling and changing of position, which permitted her to see, as she thought, Mr. St. John sitting, facing the door, in his usual chair. "Ah! it is papa who has come down, I see—thank you for not wishing to disturb him. I will tell him," said Cicely, passing through the midst of them with swift light youthful steps.

"Don't let her go! Stop her, for God's sake!" cried one of the men, in subdued confused tones. She heard them, for she remembered them afterwards; but at that moment the words conveyed

no meaning to her. She went in as any child would go up to any father. The chair was pushed away from the writing-table, facing towards the door, as if he had been expecting some one. What surprised Cicely more than the aspect of his countenance, in which at the first glance she saw no particular difference was that he had upon his knees, folded neatly, a woman's cloak and hat—her mother's cloak and hat—which had remained in his room by his particular desire ever since Hester died.

"Papa, what are you doing with these?" she said.

There was no reply. "Papa, are you asleep?" cried Cicely. She was getting very much frightened, her heart beating against her breast. For the moment some impulse of terror drove her back upon the men at the door. "He has gone to sleep," she said, hurriedly; "he was tired, very much tired last night."

"We have sent for the doctor, Miss," said one of the men.

"Papa, papa!" said Cicely. She had gone back to him paying no attention to them; and then she gave a low cry, and threw herself on her knees by his side, gazing up into his face, trembling. "What is the matter?" said the girl, speaking low; "what is it, papa? Where were you going with that hat and cloak? Speak to me; don't sit there and doze. We are to go away—to go away—don't you remember—to-day?"

Some one else came in just then, though she did not hear. It was the doctor, who came and took her by the arm to raise her. "Run away, my dear; run up stairs till I see what is to be done," he said. "Somebody take her away."

Cicely rose up quickly. "I cannot awake him," she said. "Doctor, I am so glad you have come, though he would not let me send yesterday. I think he must be in a faint."

"Go away, go away, my dear."

It neither occurred to the poor girl to obey him nor to think what he meant. She stood by breathless while he looked at the motionless figure in the chair, and

took into his own the grey cold hand which hung helpless by Mr. St. John's side. Cicely did not look at her father, but at the doctor, to know what it was; and round the door the group of men gazed too awestricken, with Betsy, whom curiosity and the attraction of terror had brought down stairs, and one or two labourers from the village passing to their morning's work, who had come in, drawn by the strange fascination of *what had happened*, and staring too.

"Hours ago," said the doctor to himself, shaking his head; "he is quite cold; who saw him last?"

"O doctor, do something!" cried Cicely, clasping her hands; "don't lose time; don't let him be like this; do something—oh, do something, doctor! Don't you know that we are going to-day?"

He turned round upon her very gently, and the group at the door moved with a rustling movement of sympathy. Betsy fell a crying loudly, and some of the men put their hands to their eyes. The doctor took Cicely by the arm, and turned her away with gentle force.

"My dear, you must come with me. I want to speak to you in the next room."

"But papa?" she cried.

"My poor child," said the compassionate doctor, "we can do nothing for him now."

Cicely stood quite still for a moment, then the hot blood flushed into her face, followed by sudden paleness. She drew herself out of the kind doctor's hold, and went back and knelt down again by her father's side. Do nothing more for him—while still he sat there, just as he always did, in his own chair?

"Papa, what is it?" she said, trembling, while they all stood round. Suddenly the roughest of all the men, one of the labourers, broke forth into loud sobs.

"Don't you, Miss—don't, for the love of God!" cried the man.

She could not hear it. All this came fresh to her word for word a little later, but just then she heard nothing. She took the hand the doctor had taken, and

put her warm cheek and her young lips to it.

"He is cold because he has been sleeping in his chair," she cried, appealing to them. "Nothing else—what could it be else? and we are going away to-day?"

The doctor grasped at her arm, almost hurting her. "Come," he said, "Cicely, this is not like you. We must carry him to bed. Come with me to another room. I want to ask you how he was last night."

This argument subdued her, and she went meekly out of the room, trying to think that her father was to be carried to his bed, and that all might still be well. Trying to think so; though a chill had fallen upon her, and she knew, in spite of herself.

The men shut the door reverently as the doctor took her away, leaving him there whom no one dared to touch, while they stood outside talking in whispers. Mr. St. John, still and cold, kept possession of the place. He had gone last night, when Cicely saw him, to fetch those relics of his Hester, which he had kept for so many years in his room; but, in his feeble state, had been so long searching before he could find them, that sleep had overtaken Cicely, and she had not heard him stumbling downstairs again with his candle. Heaven knows what fancy it was that had sent him to seek his wife's cloak and hat; his mind had got confused altogether with trouble and weakness, and the shock of uproar; and then he had sat down again with a smile, with her familiar garments ready for her, to wait through the night till Hester came. What hour or moment it was no one could tell; but Hester, or some other angel, had come for him according to his expectation, and left nothing but the case and husk of him sitting, as he had sat waiting for her, with her cloak upon his knees.

"I am going to telegraph for her sister," said the doctor, coming out with red eyes after all was done that could be done, both for the living and the dead. "Of course you will send and stop the

people from coming; there can be no sale to-day."

"Of course," said the auctioneer. "The young lady wouldn't believe it, my man tells me. I must get them off at once, or they'll get drinking. They're all upset like a parcel of women—what with finding him, and what with seeing the young lady. Poor thing! and, so far as I can learn, very badly left?"

"Left!" cried the doctor; there was derision in the very word. "They are not *left* at all; they have not a penny in the world. Poor St. John, we must not say a word now against him, and there is not much to say. He got on with everybody. He did his duty by rich and poor. There was never a better clergyman; always ready when you called him, early or late; more ready for nothing," the doctor added remorsefully, "than I am for my best paying patients. We might have done more to smooth his way for him perhaps, but he never could take care of money or do anything to help himself; and now they'll have to pay for it, these two poor girls."

Thus the Curate's record was made. The news went through the parish like the wind, in all its details; dozens of people were stopped in the village going to the sale, and a little comforted for their disappointment by the exciting story. Some of the people thought it was poor Miss Brown, the *other* Mrs. St. John, whom he was looking for. Some felt it a strange heathenish sort of thing of him a clergyman, that he should be thinking at that last moment of anything but the golden city with the gates of pearl; and thought there was a dreadful materialism in the cloak and hat. But most people felt a thrill of real emotion, and the moment he was dead, mourned Mr. St. John truly, declaring that Brentburn would never see the like of him again. Mrs. Ascott cried so that she got a very bad headache, and was obliged to go and lie down. But she sent her maid to ask if they could do anything, and even postponed a dinner-party which was to have been that evening, which was a very gratifying token of respect. Mrs. Joel, who was

perhaps at the other extremity of the social scale, cried too, but had no headache, and went off at once to the Rectory to make herself useful, pulling all the blinds down, which Betsy had neglected, and telling all the callers that poor Miss Cicely was as well as could be expected, though "it have given her a dreadful shock." The trunks stood all ready packed and corded, with Mr. St. John's name upon them. But he had no need of them, though he had kept his word and left Brentburn on the appointed day. After a while people began to think that perhaps it was the best thing that could have happened—best for him certainly—he could never have borne the rooting up, they said—he could never have borne Liverpool, so noisy and quarrelsome. "Why, it would have killed him in a fortnight, such a place," said Mr. Ascott, who had not, however, lent a hand in any way to help him in his struggle against fate.

Mab, it is needless to say, came down at once with Aunt Jane, utterly crushed and helpless with sorrow. Poor Cicely, who was only beginning to realize what it was, and to make sure that her father absolutely was dead, and beyond the reach of all bringing back, had to rouse herself, and take her sister into her arms and console her. Mab sobbed quietly when she was in her sister's arms, feeling a sense of strong protection in them.

"I have still you, Cicely," she said, clinging to her.

"But Cicely has no one," said Aunt Jane, kissing the pale girl with that compassionate insight which age sometimes brings even to those who do not possess it by nature. "But it is best for you to have them all to look after, if you could but see it, my poor child!"

"I do see it," said Cicely—and then she had to disentangle herself from Mab's clinging, and to go out of the room where they had shut themselves up, to see somebody about the "arrangements," though indeed everybody was very kind and spared her as much as they could.

After the first shock was over it may

well be supposed what consultations there were within the darkened rooms. The funeral did not take place till the following Tuesday, as English custom demands, and the days were very slow and terrible to the two girls, hedged round by all the prejudices of decorum, who could do nothing but dwell with their grief in the gloomy house which crushed their young spirits with its veiled windows and changeless dimness. That, and far more, they were ready to do for their father and the love they bore him; but to feel life arrested and stopped short by that shadow of death is hard upon the young. Miss Maydew, whose grief naturally was of a much lighter description than that of the girls, and with whom decorum was stronger than grief, kept them up stairs in their rooms, and treated them as invalids, which was the right thing to do in the circumstances. Only at dusk would she let them go even into the garden, to get the breath of air which nature demanded. She knew all the proper ceremonies which ought to be observed when there was "a death in the house," and was not quite sure even now how far it was right to let them discuss what they were going to do. To make up for this, she carried to them the scraps of parish gossip which she gleaned from Mrs. Joel and from Betsy in the kitchen. There had, it appeared, been a double tragedy in the parish. A few days after the death of the Curate, the village schoolmistress, a young widow with several babies had "dropped down" and died of heart disease in the midst of the frightened children. "It is a terrible warning to the parish," said Miss Maydew, "two such events in one week. But your dear papa, everybody knows, was ready to go, and I hope Mrs. Jones was so too. They tell me she was a good woman."

"And what is to become of the children?" said Cicely, thinking of her own burden.

"Oh, my dear, the children will be provided for; they always are somehow. There are so many institutions for orphans, and people are very good if you

know how to get at them. No doubt somebody will take them up. I don't doubt Mr. Ascott has votes for the British Orphans' or St. Ann's Society, or some of these. Speaking of that, my dears, I have been thinking that we ought to try for something of the same kind ourselves. Cicely, hear first what I have got to say before you speak. It is no disgrace. How are Mab and you to maintain these two little boys? Of course you shall have all that I can give you, but I have so little; and if girls can maintain themselves, it is all they are likely to do. There is a society, I am sure, for the orphans of clergymen—"

"Aunt Jane! Papa's sons shall never be charity boys—never! if I should work my fingers to the bone, as people say."

"Your fingers to the bone—what good would that do? Listen to me, girls. Both of you can make a fair enough living for yourselves. You will easily get a good governess's place, Cicely; for, though you are not very accomplished, you are so thorough—and Mab, perhaps, if she succeeds, may do still better. But consider what that is: fifty pounds a year at the outside; and at first you could not look for that; and you are always expected to dress well and look nice, and Mab would have all sorts of expenses for her materials and models and so forth. The cheapest good school for boys I ever heard of was forty pounds without clothes, and at present they are too young for school. It is a woman's work to look after two little things like that. What can you do with them? If you stay and take care of them, you will all three starve. It would be far better to get them into some asylum where they would be well looked after; and then," said Aunt Jane, insinuatingly, "if you got on very well, or if anything fortunate happened, you could take them back, don't you see, whenever you liked."

Mab, moved by this, turned her eyes to Cicely for her cue; for there was a great deal of reason in what Aunt Jane said.

"Don't say anything more about it, please," said Cicely. "We must not say too much, for I may break down, or

anyone may break down ; but they shall not go upon charity if I can help it. Oh, charity is very good, I know ; we may be glad of it, all of us, if we get sick or can't find anything to do ; but I must try first—I must try !”

“O Cicely, this is pride, the same sort of pride that prevented your poor papa from asking for anything——”

“Hush, Aunt Jane ! Whatever he did was right ; but I am not like papa. I don't mind asking so long as it is for work. I have an idea now. Poor Mrs. Jones ! I am very, very sorry for her, leaving her children desolate. But someone will have to come in her place. Why should it not be me ? There is a little house quite comfortable and pleasant where I could have the children ; and I think the parish would not refuse me, if it was only for papa's sake.”

“Cicely ! my dear child, of what are you thinking ?” said Miss Maydew, in dismay. “A parish schoolmistress ! you are dreaming. All this has been too much for you. My dear, my dear, you must never think of such a thing again !”

“O Cicely, it is not a place for a lady, surely,” cried Mab.

“Look here,” said Cicely, the colour mounting to her face. “I'd take in washing if it was necessary, and if I knew how. A lady ! there's nothing about ladies that I know of in the Bible. Whatever a woman can do I'm ready to try, and I don't care, not the worth of a pin, whether it's a place for a lady or not. O Aunt Jane, I beg your pardon. I know how good you are—but charity ! I can't bear the thought of charity. I must try my own way.”

“Cicely, listen to me,” cried Aunt Jane, with tears. “I held back, for the children are not my flesh and blood as you are. Perhaps it was mean of me to hold back. O Cicely, I wanted to save what I had for you ; but, my dear, if it comes to that, better, far better, that you should bring them to London. I don't say I'm fond of children,” said Miss Maydew ; “it's so long since I had anything to do with them. I don't say but what they'd worry me sometimes ;

but bring them, Cicely, and we'll do what we can to get on, and when you find a situation, I'll—I'll—try——”

Her voice sank into quivering hesitation, a sob interrupted her. She was ready to do almost all they wanted of her, but this was hard ; still, sooner than sacrifice her niece's gentility, the standing of the family—Cicely had good sense enough to perceive that enough had been said. She kissed her aunt heartily with tender thanks, but she did not accept her offer or say anything further about her own plans. For the moment nothing could be done, whatever the decision might be.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE RECTOR'S BEGINNING.

MR. MILDMAY came to Brentburn the Saturday after the Curate's death. The Ascotts invited him to their house, and he went there feeling more like a culprit than an innocent man has any right to do. He fairly broke down in the pulpit next day, in the little address he made to the people. “God knows,” he said to them, “that I would give everything I have in the world to bring back to you the familiar voice which you have heard here so long, and which had the teachings of a long experience to give you, teachings more precious than anything a new beginner can say. When I think that but for my appointment this tragedy might not have happened, my heart sinks within me ; and yet I am blameless, though all who loved him have a right to blame me.” His voice quivered, his eyes filled with tears, and all the Brentburn folks, who were not struck dumb with wonder, wept. But many of them were struck dumb with wonder, and Mr. Ascott, who was his host, and felt responsible for him, did more than wonder. He interfered energetically when the service was over. “Mildmay,” he said, solemnly, “mark my words, this will never do. You are no more to blame for poor St. John's death than I am or any one, and nobody has a right to blame you. Good

heavens, if you had never heard of the poor fellow, don't you think it would have happened all the same? You did a great deal more than anyone else would have done—is that why you think it is your fault?"

Mildmay did not make any reply to this remonstrance. Perhaps after he had said it, he felt, as so many impulsive men are apt to do, a hot nervous shame for having said it, and betraying his feelings; but he would not discuss the question with the Ascotts, who had no self-reproach in the matter, no idea that anyone could have helped it. They discussed the question now, the first shock being over, and a comfortable Sunday put between them and the event, with great calm.

"He was just the sort of man that would not even have his life insured," said Mr. Ascott. "What those poor girls are to do I do not know. Go out for governesses, I suppose, poor things! the common expedient; but then there are those babies. There ought to be an Act of Parliament against second families. I never had any patience with that marriage; and Miss Brown, I suppose, had no friends that could take them up?"

"None that I know of," his wife replied. "It is a dreadful burden for those girls. It will hamper them in their situations, if they get situations, and keep them from marrying—"

"They are pretty girls," said Mr. Ascott. "I don't see why they shouldn't marry."

"That is all very well, Henry," she replied; "but what man, in his senses, would marry a girl with a couple of children dependent on her?"

"A ready-made family," he said, with a laugh.

This was on the Sunday evening after dinner. It was dusk, and they could not see their guest's face, who took no part in the conversation. To hear such a discussion as this, touching the spoiling of a girl's marriage, is quite a commonplace matter, which the greater part of the world would think it foolishly fastidious to object to, and probably Mr.

Mildmay had heard such talk upon other occasions quite unmoved; but it is astonishing the difference it makes when you know the girl thus discussed, and have, let us say "a respect" for her. He felt the blood come hot to his face; he dared not say anything, lest he should say too much. Was it mere poverty that exposed those forlorn young creatures, whose case surely was sad enough to put all laughter out of court, to such comment? Mrs. Ascott thought it quite possible that Mr. Mildmay, fresh from Oxford, might consider female society frivolous, and was reserving himself for loftier conversation with her husband, and that this was the reason of his silence—so she went away smiling, rustling her silken skirts, to the drawing-room, in the humility which becomes the weaker vessel, not feeling herself equal to that loftier strain, to make the gentlemen's tea.

Her husband, however, came up stairs after her by himself. Mildmay had gone out for a stroll, he said, and seemed to prefer being alone; he was afraid, after all, he was a morose sort of fellow, with very little "go" in him. As for the new Rector, he was very glad to get out into the stillness of the dewy common after the hot room and the fumes of Mr. Ascott's excellent port, which he disliked, being altogether a man of the new school. He skirted the common under the soft light of some stars, and the incipient radiance of the moon, which had not yet risen, but showed that she was rising. He went even as far as the back of the Rector's, and that little path which the Curate's feet had worn, which he followed reverently to the grey cross upon Hester's grave. Here a flood of peaceful and friendly thoughts came over the young man, bringing the tears to his eyes. He had only known Mr. St. John for about twenty-four hours, yet how much this short acquaintance had affected him! He seemed to be thinking of a dear old friend when he remembered the few moments he had stood here, six weeks before, listening to the Curate's simple talk. "The lights in the girls' win-

doors ;"—there they were, the only lights in the dark house, a glimmer through the half-closed shutters. Then he thought of the old man, bewildered with death and death's weakness, sitting with his wife's cloak and hat ready, waiting for her to come who had been waiting all these years under the sod for him to come. "I shall go to her, but she will not come to me," said the new Rector to himself, letting a tear fall upon the cross where the Curate's hand had rested so tenderly. His heart was full of that swelling sensation of sympathetic sorrow which is both sweet and painful. And *she* was, they all said, so like her mother. Would anyone, he wondered, think of *her* sometimes as Mr. St. John had done of his Hester? Or would nobody, in his senses, marry a girl burdened with two babies dependent on her? When those words came back to his mind, his cheeks reddened, his pace quickened in a sudden flush of anger. And it was a woman who had said it—a woman whose heart, it might have been thought, would have bled for the orphans, not much more than children any of them, who were thus left in the world to struggle for themselves.

It was Mildmay who took all the trouble about the funeral, and read the service himself, with a voice full of emotion. The people had scarcely known before how much they felt the loss of Mr. St. John. If the new parson was thus affected, how much more ought they to be! Everybody wept in the churchyard, and Mr. Mildmay laid that day the foundation of a popularity far beyond that which any clergyman of Brentburn, within the memory of man, had enjoyed before. "He was so feelin' hearted," the poor people said; they shed tears for the old Curate who was gone, but they became suddenly enthusiasts for the new Rector. The one was past, and had got a beautiful funeral, carriages coming from all parts of the county; and what could man desire more? The other was the present, cheerful and full of promise. A thrill of friendliness ran through every

corner of the parish. The tragedy which preceded his arrival, strangely enough, made the most favourable preface possible to the commencement of the new reign.

"Do you think I might call upon Miss St. John?" Mildmay asked, the second day after the funeral. "I would not intrude upon her for the world; but they will be going away, I suppose—and if you think I might venture——"

He addressed Mrs. Ascott, but her husband replied. "Venture? to be sure you may venture," said that cheerful person. "Of course you must want to ascertain when they go and all that. Come, I'll go with you myself if you have any scruples. I should like to see Cicely, poor thing! to tell her if I can be of any use—We are not much in the governing line; but you, Adelaide, with all your fine friends——"

"Tell her I should have gone to her before now, but that my nerves have been upset with all that has happened," said Mrs. Ascott. "Of course I have written and told her how much I feel for her; but say *everything* for me, Henry. I will make an effort to go to-morrow, though I know that to enter that house will unhinge me quite. If she is able to talk of business, tell her to refer anyone to me. Of course we shall do everything we possibly can."

"Of course; yes, yes, I'll say *everything*," said her husband; but on the way, when Mildmay reluctantly followed him, feeling his purpose defeated, Mr. Ascott gave forth his individual sentiments. "Cicely St. John will never answer as a governess," he said; "she is far too independent, and proud—very proud. So was her father before her. He prided himself, I believe, on never having asked for anything. God bless us! a nice sort of world this would be if nobody asked for anything. That girl spoke to me once about the living as if it were *my* business to do something in respect to what she thought her father's rights! Ridiculous! but women are very absurd in their notions. She was always what is

called a high-spirited girl; the very worst recommendation I think that any girl can have."

Mildmay made no reply; he was not disposed to criticise Cicely, or to discuss her with Mr. Ascott. The Rectory was all open again, the shutters put back, the blinds drawn up. In the faded old drawing-room, where the gentlemen were put by Betsy to wait for Miss St. John, everything looked as usual, except a scrap of paper here and there marked Lot—. This had been done by the auctioneer, before Mr. St. John's death. Some of these papers Betsy, much outraged by the sight of them, had furtively rubbed off with her duster, but some remained. Mr. Mildmay had something of Betsy's feeling. He, too, when Mr. Ascott was not looking, tore off the label from the big old chiffonnier which Mab had called a tomb, and threw it behind the ornaments in the grate—a foolish sort of demonstration, no doubt, of being on the side of the forlorn family against fate, but yet comprehensible. He did not venture upon any such freaks when Cicely came in, in the extreme blackness of her mourning. She was very pale, keeping the tears out of her eyes with a great effort, and strung to the highest tension of self-control. She met Mr. Ascott with composure; but when she turned to Mildmay, broke down for the moment. "Thanks!" she said, with a momentary pressure of his hand, and an attempt at a smile in the eyes which filled at sight of him, and it took her a moment to recover herself before she could say any more.

"Mrs. Ascott charged me with a great many messages," said that lady's husband. "I am sure you know, Cicely, nobody has felt for you more; but she is very sensitive—that you know too—and I am obliged to interpose my authority to keep her from agitating herself. She talks of coming to-morrow. When do you go?"

"On Saturday," said Cicely having just recovered the power of speech, which, to tell the truth, Mildmay did not quite feel himself to have done.

"On Saturday—so soon! and you are going——"

"With my aunt, Miss Maydew," said Cicely, "to London for a time—as short a time as possible—till I get something to do."

"Ah—h!" said Mr. Ascott, shaking his head. "You know how sincerely sorry we all are; and, my dear Cicely, you will excuse an old friend asking, is there no little provision—nothing to fall back upon—for the poor little children, at least?"

"Mr. Ascott," said Cicely, turning full towards him, her eyes very clear, her nostrils dilating a little—for emotion can dry the eyes as well as dim them, even of a girl—"You know what papa had almost as well as he did himself. He could not coin money; and how do you think he could have saved it off what he had? There is enough to pay every penny he ever owed, which is all I care for."

"And you have nothing—absolutely nothing?"

"We have our heads and our hands," said Cicely; the emergency even gave her strength to smile. She faced the two prosperous men before her, neither of whom had ever known what it was to want anything or everything that money could buy, her small head erect, her eyes shining, a smile upon her lip—not for worlds would she have permitted them to see that her heart failed her at sight of the struggle upon which she was about to enter;—"and fortunately we have the use of them," she said, involuntarily raising the two small hands, looking all the smaller and whiter for the blackness that surrounded them, which lay on her lap.

"Miss St. John," said Mildmay, starting up, "I dare not call myself an old friend. I have no right to be present when you have to answer such questions. If I may come another time——"

To look at his sympathetic face took away Cicely's courage. "Don't make me cry, please; don't be sorry for me!" she cried, under her breath, holding out her hands to him in a kind of mute appeal.

Then recovering herself, "I would rather you stayed, Mr. Mildmay. I am not ashamed of it, and I want to ask something from you, now that you are both here. I do not know who has the appointment; but you must be powerful. Mr. Ascott, I hear that Mrs. Jones, the schoolmistress, is dead—too."

"Yes, poor thing! very suddenly—even more suddenly than your poor father. And so much younger, and an excellent creature. It has been a sad week for Brentburn. She was buried yesterday," said Mr. Ascott, shaking his head.

"And there must be some one to replace her directly, for the holidays are over. I am not very accomplished," said Cicely, a flush coming over her face; "but for the rudiments and the solid part, which is all that is wanted in a parish school, I am good enough. It is difficult asking for one's self, or talking of one's self, but if I could get the place——"

"Cicely St. John!" cried Mr. Ascott, almost roughly in his amazement; "you are going out of your senses—the appointment to the parish school?"

"I know what you think," said Cicely, looking up with a smile; but she was nervous with anxiety, and clasped and unclasped her hands, feeling that her fate hung upon what they might decide. "You think, like Aunt Jane, that it is coming down in the world, that it is not a place for a lady. Very well, I don't mind; don't call me a lady, call me a young woman—a person even, if you like. What does it matter? and what difference does it make after all?" she cried. "No girl who works for her living is anything but looked down upon. I should be free of all that, for the poor people know me, and they would be kind to me, and the rich people would take no notice. And I should have a place of my own, a home to put the children in. The Miss Blandys, I am sure, would recommend me, Mr. Mildmay, and they know what I can do."

"This is mere madness!" cried Mr. Ascott paling a little in his ruddy com-

plexion. Mildmay made a rush at the window as she spoke, feeling the situation intolerable. When she appealed to him thus by name, he turned round suddenly, his heart so swelling within him that he scarcely knew what he was doing. It was not for him to object or to remonstrate as the other could do. He went up to her, scarcely seeing her, and grasped for a moment her nervous interlaced hands. "Miss St. John," he cried, in a broken voice, "whatever you want that I can get you, you shall have—that, if it must be so, or anything else," and so rushed out of the room and out of the house, passing Mab in the hall without seeing her. His excitement was so great that he rushed straight on, into the heart of the pine-woods a mile off, before he came to himself. Well! this, then, was the life he had been wondering over from his safe retirement. He found it not in anything great or visible to the eye of the world, not in anything he could put himself into, or share the advantages of. He, well off, rich indeed, strong, with a man's power of work, and so many kinds of highly-paid, highly-esteemed work open to him, must stand aside and look on, and see this slight girl, nineteen years old, with not a tittle of his education or his strength, and not two-thirds of his years, put herself into harness, and take up the lowly work which would sink her in social estimation, and, with all superficial persons, take away from her her rank as gentlewoman. The situation, so far as Cicely St. John was concerned, was not remarkable one way or another, except in so much as she had chosen to be village schoolmistress instead of governess in a private family. But to Mildmay it was as a revelation. He could do nothing except get her the place, as he had promised to do. He could not say, Take part of my income; I have more than I know what to do with, though that was true enough. He could do nothing for her, absolutely nothing. She must bear her burden as she could upon her young shrinking shoulders; nay, not shrinking—when he remembered Cicely's

look, he felt something come into his throat. People had stood at the stake so, he supposed, head erect, eyes smiling, a beautiful disdain of the world they thus defied and confronted in their shining countenances. But again he stopped himself; Cicely was not defiant, not contemptuous, took upon her no rôle of martyr. If she smiled, it was at the folly of those who supposed she would break down, or give in, or fail of courage for her work; but nothing more. She was, on the contrary, nervous about his consent and Ascott's to give her the work she wanted, and hesitated about her own powers and the recommendation of the Miss Blandys; and no one—not he, at least, though he had more than he wanted—could do anything! If Cicely had been a lad of nineteen, instead of a girl, something might have been possible, but nothing was possible now.

The reader will perceive that the arbitrary and fictitious way of cutting this knot, that *tour de force* which is always to be thought of in every young woman's story, the very melodramatic begging of the question, still, and perennially possible, nay probable, in human affairs, had not occurred to Mildmay. He had felt furious indeed at the discussion of Cicely's chances or non-chances of marriage between the Ascotts; but, so far as he was himself concerned, he had not thought of this easy way. For why? he was not in love with Cicely. His sympathy was with her in every possible way, he entered into her grief with an almost tenderness of pity, and her courage stirred him with that thrill of fellow-feeling which those have who could do the same; though he felt that nothing he could do could ever be the same as what she, at her age, so boldly undertook. Mildmay felt that she could, if she pleased, command him to anything, that, out of mere admiration for her bravery, her strength, her weakness, and youngness and dauntless spirit, he could have refused her nothing, could have dared even the impossible to help her in any of her schemes. But he was not in love with Cicely; or, at least, he had no notion of anything of the kind.

It was well, however, that he did not think of it; the sudden "good marriage," which is the one remaining way in which a god out of the machinery can change wrong into right at any moment in the modern world, and make all sunshine that was darkness, comes dreadfully in the way of heroic story; and how such a possibility, not pushed back into obscure regions of hazard, but visibly happening before their eyes every day, should not demoralize young women altogether, it is difficult to say. That Cicely's brave undertaking ought to come to some great result in itself, that she ought to be able to make her way nobly, as her purpose was, working with her hands for the children that were not hers, bringing them up to be men, having that success in her work which is the most pleasant of all recompenses, and vindicating her sacrifice and self-devotion in the sight of all who had scoffed and doubted—this, no doubt, would be the highest and best, the most heroic and epical development of a story. To change all her circumstances at a stroke, making her noble intention unnecessary, and resolving this tremendous work of hers into a gentle domestic necessity, with the "hey presto!" of the commonplace magician, by means of a marriage, is simply a contemptible expedient. But, alas! it is one which there can be no doubt is much preferred by most people to the more legitimate conclusion; and, what is more, the accidental way is, perhaps, on the whole, the most likely one, since marriages occur every day which are perfectly improbable and out of character, mere *tours de force*, despicable as expedients, showing the poorest invention, a disgrace to any romancist or dramatist, if they were not absolute matters of fact and true. (Pardon the parenthesis, gentle reader. Mr. Mildmay was not in love with Cicely, and it never occurred to him that it might be possible to settle matters in this ordinary and expeditious way.)

Mr. Ascott remained behind when Mildmay went away, and with the complacency of a dull man apologised for

his young friend's abrupt departure. "He is so shocked about all this, you must excuse his abruptness. It is not that he is without feeling—quite the reverse, I assure you, Cicely. He has felt it all—your poor father's death, and all that has happened. You should have heard him in church on Sunday. He feels for you all very much."

Cicely, still trembling from the sudden touch on her hands, the agitated sound of Mildmay's voice, the sense of sympathy and comprehension which his looks conveyed, took this apology very quietly. She was even conscious of the humour in it. And this digression being over, "her old friend" returned seriously to the question. He repeated, but with much less force, all that Miss Maydew had said. He warned her that she would lose "caste," that, however much her friends might wish to be kind to her, and to treat her exactly as her father's daughter ought to be treated, that she would find all that sort of thing very difficult. "As a governess, of course you would always be known as a lady, and when you met with old friends it would be a mutual pleasure; but the village schoolmistress!" said Mr. Ascott; "I really don't like to mention it to Adelaide, I don't know what she would say."

"She would understand me when she took all into consideration," said Cicely. "I could be then at home, independent, with the little boys."

"Ah, independent, Cicely!" he cried; "now you show the cloven hoof—that is the charm. Independent! What woman can ever be independent? That is your pride; it is just what I expected. An independent woman, Cicely, is an anomaly; men detest the very name of it; and you, who are young, and on your promotion—"

"I must be content with women then," said Cicely, colouring high with something of her old impetuosity; "they will understand me. But, Mr. Ascott, at least, even if you disapprove of me, don't go against me, for I cannot bring up the children in any other way."

"You could put them out to nurse."

"Where?" cried Cicely; "and who would take care of them for the money I could give? They are too young for school; and I have no money for that either. If there is any other way, I cannot see it; do not go against me at least."

This he promised after a while, very doubtfully, and by and by went home to talk it over with his wife, who was as indignant as he could have wished. "What an embarrassment it will be!" she cried. "Henry, I tell you beforehand, I will not ask her here. I cannot in justice to ourselves ask her here if she is the schoolmistress. She thinks, of course, we will make no difference, but treat her always like Mr. St. John's daughter. It is quite out of the question. I must let her know at once that Cicely St. John is one thing and the parish schoolmistress another. Think of the troubles that might rise out of it. A pretty thing it would be if some young man in our house was to form an attachment to the schoolmistress! Fancy! She can do it if she likes; but, Henry, I warn you, I shall not ask her here."

"That's exactly what I say," said Mr. Ascott. "I can't think even how she could like to stay on here among people who have known her in a different position; unless—" he concluded with a low whistle of derision and surprise.

"Please don't be vulgar, Henry—unless what?"

"Unless—she's after Mildmay; and I should not wonder—he's as soft as wax, and as yielding. If a girl like Cicely chooses to tell him to marry her, he'd do it. That's what she's after, as sure as fate."

CHAPTER XX.

THE PARISH SCHOOLMISTRESS.

I WILL not follow all the intermediate steps, and tell how the Curate's family left their home, and went to London; or how Miss Maydew made the most conscientious effort to accustom herself to the little boys, and to contemplate

the possibility of taking the oversight of them. They were not noisy, it is true; but that very fact alarmed Aunt Jane, who declared that, had they been "natural children," always tumbling about, and making the walls ring, she could have understood them. Perhaps, had they been noisy, she would have felt at once the superiority of "quiet children." As it was, the two little tiny, puny old men appalled the old lady, who watched them with fascinated eyes, and a visionary terror, which grew stronger every day. Sometimes she would jump up in a passion and flee to her own room to take breath, when the thought of having them to take care of came suddenly upon her. And thus it came about that her opposition to Cicely's scheme gradually softened. It was a bitter pill to her. To think of a Miss St. John, Hester's child, dropping into the low degree of a parish schoolmistress, went to her very heart; but what was to be done? How could she oppose a thing Cicely had set her heart upon? Cicely was not one to make up a scheme without some reason in it; and you might as well (Miss Maydew said to herself) try to move St. Paul's, when the girl had once made up her mind. I do not think Cicely was so obstinate as this; but it was a comfort to Miss Maydew to think so. And after everybody had got over their surprise at the idea, Miss St. John was duly installed as the schoolmistress at Brentburn. The few little bits of furniture which had belonged to them in the Rectory—the children's little beds, the old faded carpets, &c.—helped to furnish the schoolmistress's little house. Cicely took back the little Annie whom she had sent away from the Rectory for interfering with her own authority, but whose devotion to the children was invaluable now, and no later than October settled down to this curious new life. It was a very strange life. The schoolmistress's house was a new little square house of four rooms, with no beauty to recommend it, but with little garden plots in front of it, and a large space behind where the

children could play. The little kitchen, the little parlour, the two little bedrooms were all as homely as could be. Cicely had the old schoolroom piano, upon which her mother had taught her the notes, and which Miss Brown had shed tears over on that unfortunate day when Mr. St. John proposed to marry her rather than let her go back to the Governesses' Institute—and she had a few books. These were all that represented to her the more beautiful side of life; but at nineteen, fortunately, life itself is still beautiful enough to make up for many deprivations, and she had a great deal to do. As for her work, she said, it was quite as pleasant to teach the parish children as to teach the little ladies at Miss Blandy's; and the "parents" did not look down upon her, which was something gained.

And it was some time before Cicely awoke to the evident fact that, if the parents did not look down upon her, her old acquaintances were much embarrassed to know how to behave to her. Mrs. Ascott had gone to see her at once on her arrival, and had been very kind, and had hoped they would see a great deal of her. On two or three occasions after she sent an invitation to tea in the evening, adding always, "We shall be quite alone." "Why should they be always quite alone?" the girl said to herself; and then she tried to think it was out of consideration for her mourning. But it soon became visible enough what Mrs. Ascott meant, and what all the other people meant. Even as the Curate's daughter Cicely had but been a girl whom they were kind to; now she was the parish schoolmistress—"a very superior young person, quite above her position," but belonging even by courtesy to the higher side no more. She was not made to feel this brutally. It was all quite gently, quite prettily done; but by the time spring came, brightening the face of the country, Cicely was fully aware of the change in her position, and had accepted it as best she could. She was still, eight months after her father's death—so faithful is friendship in some cases—asked to tea,

when they were quite alone at the Heath; but otherwise, by that time, most people had ceased to take any notice of her. She dropped out of sight except at church, where she was only to be seen in her plain black dress in her corner among the children; and though the ladies and gentlemen shook hands with her still, when she came in their way, no one went out of his or her way to speak to the schoolmistress. It would be vain to say that there was no mortification involved in this change. Cicely felt it in every fibre of her sensitive frame, by moments; but fortunately her temperament was elastic, and she possessed all the delicate strength which is supposed to distinguish "blood." She was strong, and light as a daisy, jumping up under the very foot that crushed her. This kind of nature makes its possessor survive and surmount many things that are death to the less elastic; it saves from destruction, but it does not save from pain.

As for Mr. Mildmay, it was soon made very apparent to him that, for him at his age to show much favour or friendship to the schoolmistress at hers was entirely out of the question. He had to visit the school, of course, in the way of his duty, but to visit Cicely was impossible. People even remarked upon the curious frequency with which he passed the school. Wherever he was going in the parish (they said), his road seemed to turn that way, which, of course, was highly absurd, as every reasonable person must see. There was a side window by which the curious passer-by could see the interior of the school as he passed, and it was true that the new Rector was interested in that peep. There were the homely children in their forms, at their desks, or working in the afternoon at their homely needlework: among them, somewhere, sometimes conning little lessons with portentous gravity, the two little boys in their black frocks, and the young schoolmistress seated at her table; sometimes (the spy thought) with a flush of weariness upon her face. The

little house was quite empty during school-hours; for Annie was a scholar too, and aspiring to be pupil-teacher some day, and now as reverent of Miss St. John as she had once been critical. Mildmay went on his way after that peep with a great many thoughts in his heart. It became a kind of necessity to him to pass that way, to see her at her work. Did she like it, he wondered? How different it was from his own! how different the position—the estimation of the two in the world's eye! He who could go and come as he liked, who honoured the parish by condescending to become its clergyman, and to whom a great many little negligences would have been forgiven, had he liked, in consequence of his scholarship, and his reputation, and his connections. "We can't expect a man like Mildmay, fresh from a University life, to go pottering about among the sick like poor old St. John," Mr. Ascott would say. "That is all very well, but a clergyman here and there who takes a high position for the Church in society is more important still." And most people agreed with him; and Roger Mildmay went about his parish with his head in the clouds, still wondering where life was—that life which would string the nerves and swell the veins, and put into man the soul of a hero. He passed the schoolroom window as often as he could, in order to see it afar off—that life which seemed to him the greatest of all things; but he had not yet found it himself. He did all he could, as well as he knew how, to be a worthy parish priest. He was very kind to everybody; he went to see the sick, and tried to say what he could to them to soothe and console them. What could he say? When he saw a man of his own age growing into a gaunt great skeleton with consumption, with a wistful wife looking on, and poor little helpless children, what could the young Rector say? His heart would swell with a great pang of pity, and he would read the prayers with a faltering voice, and, going away wretched, would lavish wine and soup, and every-

thing he could think of, upon the invalid ; but what could he *say* to him, he whose very health and wealth and strength and well-being seemed an insult to the dying? The dying did not think so, but Mildmay did, whose very soul was wrong by such sights. Then, for lighter matters, the Churchwardens and the parish business sickened him with their fussy foolishness about trifles ; and the careful doling out of shillings from the parish charities would have made him furious, had he not known that his anger was more foolish still. For his own part, he lavished his money about, giving it to everybody who told him a pitiful story, in a reckless way, which, if persevered in, would ruin the parish. And when anyone went to him for advice, he had to bite his lip in order not to say the words which were on the very tip of his tongue longing to be said, and which were, "Go to Cicely St. John at the school and ask. It is she who is living, not me. I am a ghost like all the rest of you." This was the leading sentiment in the young man's mind.

As for Cicely, she had not the slightest notion that anyone thought of her so, or thought of her at all, and sometimes as the excitement of the beginning died away she felt her life a weary business enough. No society but little Harry, who always wanted his tea, and Charley, with his thumb in his mouth ; and those long hours with the crowd of little girls around her, who were not amusing to have all day long as they used to be for an hour now and then, when the clergyman's daughter went in among them, received by the schoolmistress curtsying, and with smiles and bobs by the children, and carrying a pleasant excitement with her. How Mab and she had laughed many a day over the funny answers and funnier questions ; but they were not funny now. When Mab came down, now and then from Saturday to Monday, with all her eager communications about her work, Cicely remembered that she too was a girl, and they were happy enough ; but in the long dull level of the days after Mab had gone she used to think to herself that she must be a

widow without knowing it, left after all the bloom of life was over with her children to work for. "But even that would be better," Cicely said to herself ; "for then, at least, I should be silly about the children, and think them angels, and adore them." Even that consolation did not exist for her. Mab was working very hard, and there had dawned upon her a glorious prospect, not yet come to anything, but which might mean the height of good fortune. Do not let the reader think less well of Mab because this was not the highest branch of art which she was contemplating. It was not that she hoped at eighteen and a half to send some great picture to the Academy, which should be hung on the line, and at once take the world by storm. What she thought of was the homelier path of illustrations. "If, perhaps, one was to take a little trouble, and try to find out what the book means, and how the author saw a scene," Mab said ; "they don't do that in the illustrations one sees : the author says one thing, the artist quite another—that, I suppose, is because the artist is a great person and does not mind. But I am nobody. I should try to make out what the reading meant, and follow that." This was her hope, and whether she succeeds or not, and though she called a book "the reading," those who write will be grateful to the young artist for this thought. "Remember I am the brother and you are the sister," cried Mab. It was on the way to the station on a Sunday evening—for both of the girls had to begin work early next morning—that this was said. "And as soon as I make money enough you are to come and keep my house." Cicely kissed her, and went through the usual process of looking for a woman who was going all the way to London in one of the carriages. This was not very like the brother theory, but Mab was docile as a child. And then the elder sister walked home through the spring darkness with her heart full, wondering if that reunion would ever be.

Mr. Mildmay had been out that evening at dinner at the Ascotts, where he

very often went on Sunday. The school was not at all in the way between the Heath and the Rectory, yet Cicely met him on her way back. It was a May evening, soft and sweet, with the bloom of the hawthorn on all the hedges, and Cicely was walking along slowly, glad to prolong as much as possible that little oasis in her existence which Mab's visit made. She was surprised to hear the Rector's voice so close to her. They walked on together for a few steps without finding anything very particular to say. Then each forestalled the other in a question.

"I hope you are liking Brentburn?" said Cicely.

And Mr. Mildmay, in the same breath, said :

"Miss St. John, I hope you do not regret coming to the school?"

Cicely, who had the most composure, was the first to reply. She laughed softly at the double question.

"It suits me better than anything else would," she said. "I did not pretend to take it as a matter of choice. It does best in my circumstances; but you, Mr. Mildmay?"

"I want so much to know about you," he said, hurriedly. "I have not made so much progress myself as I hoped I should; but you? I keep thinking of you all the time. Don't think me in pertinent. Are you happy in it? Do you feel the satisfaction of living, as it seems to me you must?"

"Happy?" said Cicely, with a low faint laugh. Then tears came into her eyes. She looked at him wistfully, wondering. He so well off, she so poor and restricted. By what strange wonder was it that he put such a question to her? "Do you think I have much cause to be happy?" she said; then added hastily, "I don't complain, I am not *unhappy*—we get on very well."

"Miss St. John," he said, "I have spoken to you about myself before now. I came here out of a sort of artificial vegetation, or at least, so I felt it, with the idea of getting some hold upon life—true life. I don't speak of the misery that attended my coming here, for that,

I suppose, was nobody's fault, as people say; and now I have settled down again. I have furnished my house, made what is called a home for myself, though an empty one; and, lo, once more I find myself as I was at Oxford, looking at life from the outside, spying upon other people's lives, going to gaze at it enviously, as I do at you through the end window—"

"Mr. Mildmay!" Cicely felt her cheeks grow hot, and was glad it was dark so that no one could see. "I am a poor example," she said, with a smile. "I think if you called it vegetation with me you would be much more nearly right than when you used that word about your life at Oxford, which must have been full of everything impossible to me. Mine is vegetation; the same things to be done at the same hours every day; the poor little round of spelling and counting, never getting beyond the rudiments. Nobody above the age of twelve, or I might say of four, so much as to talk to. I feel I am living to-night," she added, in a more lively tone, "because Mab has been with me since yesterday. But otherwise—indeed you have made a very strange mistake."

"It is you who are mistaken," said the young Rector, warmly. "The rest of us are ghosts; what are we all doing? The good people up there," and he pointed towards the Heath, "myself, almost everybody I know? living for ourselves—living to get what we like for ourselves, to make ourselves comfortable—to improve ourselves, let us say, which is the best perhaps, yet despicable like all the rest. Self love, self-comfort, self-importance, self-culture, all of them one more miserable, more petty than the other—even self-culture, which in my time I have considered divine."

"And it is, I suppose, isn't it?" said Cicely. "It is what in our humble feminine way is called improving the mind. I have always heard that was one of the best things in existence."

"Do you practise it?" he asked, almost sharply.

"Mr. Mildmay, you must not be hard upon me—how can I? Yes, I should like to be able to pass an examination and

get a—what is it called?—*diplôme* the French say. With that one's chances are so much better," said Cicely, with a sigh; "but I have so little time."

How the young man's heart swelled in the darkness!

"Self-culture," he said, with a half laugh, "must be disinterested, I fear, to be worthy the name. It must have no motive but the advancement of your mind for your own sake. It is the culture of you for you, not for what you may do with it. It is a state, not a profession."

"That is harder upon us still," said Cicely. "Alas! I shall never be rich enough nor have time enough to be disinterested. Good-night, Mr. Mildmay; that is the way to the Rectory."

"Are you tired of me so soon?"

"Tired of you?" said Cicely, startled; "oh, no! It is very pleasant to talk a little; but that is your way."

"I should like to go with you to your door, please," he said; "this is such an unusual chance. Miss St. John, poor John Wyborn is dying; he has four children and a poor little wife, and he is just my age."

There was a break in the Rector's voice that made Cicely turn her face towards him and silently hold out her hand.

"What am I to say to them?" he cried; "preach patience to them? tell them it is for the best? I who am not worthy the poor bread I eat, who live for myself, in luxury, while he—ay, and you—"

"Tell them," said Cicely, the tears dropping from her eyes, "that God sees all—that comforts them the most; that He will take care of the little ones somehow and bring them friends. Oh, Mr. Mildmay, it is not for me to preach to you; I know what you mean; but they, poor souls, don't go thinking and questioning as we do—and that comforts them the most. Besides," said Cicely, simply, "it is true; look at me—you spoke of me. See how my way has been made plain for me. I did not know what I should do, and now I can manage very well, live, and bring up the children; and after all these are the great things, and not pleasure," she added, with a soft little sigh.

"The children!" he said. "There is something terrible at your age to hear you speak so. Why should you be thus burdened—why?"

"Mr. Mildmay," said Cicely, proudly, "one does not choose one's own burdens. But now that I have got mine I mean to bear it, and I do not wish to be pitied. I am able for all I have to do——"

"Cicely!" he cried out, suddenly interrupting her, bending low, so that for the moment she thought he was on his knees, "put it on my shoulders! See, they are ready; make me somebody in life, not a mere spectator. What! are you not impatient to see me standing by looking on while you are working? I am impatient, and wretched, and solitary, and contemptible. Put your burden on me, and see if I will not bear it! Don't leave me a ghost any more!"

"Mr. Mildmay!" cried Cicely, in dismay. She did not even understand what he meant in the confusion of the moment. She gave him no answer, standing at her own door, alarmed and bewildered; but only entreated him to leave her, not knowing what to think. "Please go, please go; I must not ask you to come in," said Cicely. "Oh, I know what you mean is kind, whatever it is; but please, Mr. Mildmay, go! Good-night!"

"Good-night!" he said. "I will go since you bid me; but I will come back to-morrow for my answer. Give me a chance for life."

"What does he mean by life?" Cicely said to herself, as, trembling and amazed, she went back into her bare little parlour, which always looked doubly bare after Mab had gone. Annie had heard her coming, and had lighted the two candles on the table; but though it was still cold, there was no fire in the cheerless little fireplace. The dark walls, which a large cheerful lamp could scarcely have lit, small as the room was, stood like night round her little table, with those two small sparks of light. A glass of milk and a piece of bread stood ready on a little tray, and Annie had been waiting with some impatience

her young mistress's return in order to get to bed. The little boys were asleep long ago, and there was not a sound in the tiny house as Cicely sat down to think, except the sound of Annie overhead, which did not last long. Life! Was this life, or was he making a bad joke at her expense? What did he mean? It would be impossible to deny that Cicely's heart beat faster and faster as it became clearer and clearer to her what he did mean; but to talk of life! Was this life—this mean, still, solitary place, which nobody shared, which neither love nor fellowship brightened? for even the children, though she devoted her life to them, made no warm response to Cicely's devotion. She sat till far into the night thinking, wondering, musing, dreaming, her heart beating, her head buzzing with the multitude of questions that crowded upon her. Life! It was he who was holding open to her the gates of life; the only life she knew, but more attractive than she had ever known it. Cicely was as much bewildered by the manner of his appeal as by its object. Could he—love her? Was that the plain English of it? Or was there any other motive that could make him desirous of taking her burden upon his shoulders? Could she, if a man did love her, suffer him to take such a weight on his shoulders? And then—she did not love him. Cicely said this to herself faltering. "No, she had never thought of loving him. She had felt that he understood her. She had felt that he was kind when many had not been kind. There had been between them rapid communications of sentiment, impulses flashing from heart to heart, which so often accompany very close relations. But all that is not being in love," Cicely said to herself. Nothing could have taken her more utterly by surprise; but the surprise had been given, the shock received. Its first overpowering sensation was over, and now she had to look forward to the serious moment when this most serious thing must be settled, and her reply given.

Cicely did not sleep much that night.

She did not know very well what she was doing next morning, but went through her work in a dazed condition, fortunately knowing it well enough to go on mechanically, and preserving her composure more because she was partially stupefied than for any other reason. Mr. Mildmay was seen on the road by the last of the little scholars going away, who made him little bows of curtsies, and of whom he asked where Miss St. John was?

"Teacher's in the schoolroom," said one unpleasant little girl.

"Please, sir," said another, with more grace or genius, "Miss Cicely ain't come out yet. She's a-settling of the things for to-morrow."

Upon this young woman the Rector bestowed a sixpence and a smile. And then he went into the schoolroom, the place she had decided to receive him in. The windows were all open, the desks and forms in disorder, the place as mean and bare as could be, with the maps and bright-coloured pictures of animal history on the unplastered walls. Cicely stood by her own table, which was covered with little piles of plain needlework, her hand resting upon the table, her heart beating loud. What was she to say to him? The truth somehow, such as it really was; but how?

But Mr. Mildmay had first a great deal to say. He gave her the history of his life since August, and the share she had in it. He thought now, and said, that from the very first day of his arrival in Brentburn, when she looked at him like an enemy, what he was doing now had come into his mind; and on this subject he was eloquent, as a man has a right to be once in his life, if no more. He had so much to say, that he forgot the open public place in which he was telling his love-tale, and scarcely remarked the little response she made. But when it came to her turn to reply, Cicely found herself no less impassioned, though in a different way.

"Mr. Mildmay," she said, "there is no equality between us. How can you, such a man as you, speak like this to a girl such as I am? Don't you see what

you are doing—holding open to me the gates of Paradise ; offering me back all I have lost ; inviting me to peace out of trouble, to rest out of toil, to ease and comfort, and the respect of the world.”

“Cicely !” he said ; he was discouraged by her tone. He saw in it his own fancy thrown back to him, and for the first time perceived how fantastic that was. “You do not mean,” he said, faltering, “that to work hard as you are doing, and give up all the pleasure of existence, is necessary to your—your—satisfaction in your life ?”

“I don’t mean that,” she said, simply ; “but when you offer to take up my burden, and to give me all your comforts, don’t you see that one thing—one great thing—is implied to make it possible ? Mr. Mildmay, I am not—in love with you,” she added, in a low tone, looking up at him, the colour flaming over her face.

He winced, as if he had received a blow ; then recovering himself, smiled. “I think I have enough for two,” he said, gazing at her, as pale as she was red.

“But don’t you see, don’t you see,” cried Cicely passionately, “if it was you, who are giving everything, that was not in love, it would be simple ; but I who am to accept everything, who am to put burdens on you, weigh you down with others beside myself, how can I take it all without loving you ? You see—you see it is impossible !”

“Do you love anyone else ?” he asked, too much moved for grace of speech, taking the hand she held up to demonstrate this impossibility. She looked at him again, her colour wavering, her eyes filling, her lips quivering.

“Unless it is you—nobody !” she said.

THE END.

'Tis Christmas Day !
 To one another
 I hear men say,
 Alas ! my brother !
 Its winds blow bitter,
 Our Christmas suns
 No longer glitter
 As former ones :
 If this be so
 Then let us borrow
 From long ago
 Surcease of sorrow ;
 Let dead Yules lend
 Their bright reflections,
 Let fond friends blend
 Their recollections ;
 Let love revive
 Life’s ashen embers,
 For love is life
 Since love remembers.

THE LITERATURE OF HOLLAND DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

II.

AMONG the friends of Bilderdijk was a student of the name of Van der Palm. The friendship was neither very lasting nor very deep, for it would have been impossible to find two temperaments more utterly unlike. Our readers are acquainted with the character of Bilderdijk, let me introduce them to Van der Palm; for if the former was the greatest of Dutch poets, the latter was destined to be chief amongst the prosaists of Holland.

Van der Palm was one of those moderate men who are never very great, but who are always safe men. A calm, gentle nature, not given to excess of any kind, knowing nought of indigestion, either physical or moral, yielding, practical, knowing how to turn everything to account, and never betrayed into anything rash by zeal or enthusiasm,—he was a type of what may be called a comfortable man. But the Bilderdijks cannot bear them; the placidity of the Van der Palms ruffles them: the unbroken evenness appears to them, to say the least, wearisome, and the much-boasted moderation, so far from being a sign of strength, is to them a symptom of weakness.

Moderate men generally manage to make the best of both worlds. The lives of Van der Palm and of Bilderdijk were as unlike as their characters. Van der Palm, who never contradicted any one, was voted an agreeable man; Van der Palm, whose flight was like that of the swallow, while Bilderdijk soared to the skies like the eagle, was looked upon as a man full of learning. Van der Palm, who was always calm, because he was not a man of strong feelings, either one way or the other, was in the eyes of the people the embodiment of love. Men flocked around him to do him

honour, and to show him how much they respected and admired him. For in doing so they really worshipped themselves. The majority, being essentially mediocre, fears and hates that which is above their level, and delights to worship mediocrity under the name of greatness.¹

Van der Palm was born in the year 1763 at Rotterdam, where he was educated during the first part of his life. Thence he passed to Leyden, to become the pupil, and afterwards the friend of the famous Orientalist, Schultens. He had resolved to enter the ministry, and his success as a preacher was marked from the beginning. The few verses which he published during his academical career are not remarkable either for beauty of form or originality of conception. But his *Commentary on Ecclesiastes*, though evidently a youthful production, was full of promise, and received no small commendation from competent authorities.

The moment he left the university he was appointed to a cure of souls at a short distance from Utrecht. His ministerial career, however, lasted only three years. We next find him at the University of Leyden again, as the successor of his former master. In the days of the French dominion, which he bore with his usual equanimity, he resigned his professorship to accept the post of Inspector of National Education, which the Government had offered to him. After a few years he once more returned to the university, where he occupied in succession the professorships of *belles lettres* and of Eastern languages. The restoration of the House of Orange he hailed with all the enthusiasm he was capable of; and after a long life of usefulness, he died in the year 1841.

¹ To be popular three things are required: shallowness, eccentricity, and audacity.

His literary activity during those years was perfectly astonishing, and his fame had kept pace with it. As a preacher he had no rival in the opinion of the people. His style was simple, clear, and picturesque; the subject of his discourses was generally a moral or practical theme. About these sermons there is nothing very striking; there are no passionate outbursts or thrilling passages; there is nothing to startle you, or to keep you an unwilling captive; but, on the other hand, there is a quiet beauty about them which heals and soothes, and makes one forget the weariness of the day. A people like the Dutch could not but admire them.

In addition to his sermons, he published several other works. The most celebrated of his non-theological writings is his *Monument of the Restoration of Holland*. The style of Van der Palm here reveals itself in its undeniable excellency and its characteristic defects. The historical portraits are the productions of a highly polished man of taste. But one is inclined to wish for somewhat less finish; the perfection of the style is almost wearisome—nay, at times irritating. It may be faultless according to the rules of the schools, but the heart rebels, and demands something higher.

His exegetical works are, as a matter of course, those which command the greatest interest. He spent seven years on a translation of the Bible. He also published *Commentaries on Isaiah*, and on *The Proverbs of Solomon*, and a *Bible for Children*. The latter work was intended to supply a want which must be evident to every one who has considered the matter. The publication of Van der Palm, however, did not exactly meet the case; it is decidedly above the comprehension of children, and he himself was conscious that it was open to criticism of that kind. His classical work is his *Commentary on the Proverbs of Solomon*. The collection of the scattered fragments of Jewish wisdom, in which the wise King of Israel had probably a part, was the favourite study of the Dutch pro-

fessor. He delighted to dig into that mine of practical wisdom, and to bring to the surface things new and old. He began his commentary as a young man, and he returned to it in the evening of his life. If I have at all succeeded in picturing Van der Palm, it requires no explanation to understand the fascination which a book like the Proverbs must have exercised on him. There he found life in its varied aspects as it presented itself to the master-minds of a great nation, a calm and subtle analysis of human thought and action, a kind and gentle Mentor ready to guide the perplexed heart through the labyrinth of life. That Shemitic book, so human, so practical, so moral, contained the religion of Van der Palm—it was his Gospel.

But we must now call attention to the greatest follower and friend of Bilderdijk, Isaac da Costa. Bilderdijk has had no greater and more faithful disciple than this young Jew, who traced his descent to one of the noble families of the Spanish Peninsula, driven by a cruel edict in the fifteenth century from hearth and home. And he has shared his master's fate. Treated with scorn by many of his contemporaries, now laughed at, then violently attacked, then again completely ignored, he did not receive the tribute which must sooner or later fall to greatness, till after his death.

The turning-point of his life was the moment at which he came into contact with Bilderdijk. A poem written by the young Jew came under his notice; he recognised in it at once the ring of the true poet, and invited its author to his house. Da Costa was in an unsettled state of mind; the firm grasp of Bilderdijk's hand seemed to impart the strength after which he vainly sought. Too much of a Jew to be a philosopher, he was too much of a Greek to be an unreasoning, unquestioning believer. In Bilderdijk he found a man like one of the prophets of his nation, conscious of a divine illumination, which admits of no doubt or uncertainty, a character

full of firmness, a life of great unity, governed by a few fundamental thoughts carried into practice with untiring energy and indomitable courage; a man, oriental in his absolutism, and yet European in his subjectivity—is it strange that Da Costa should have felt irresistibly drawn to him, and that in embracing his religion he should also have adopted his theology? The fiery young Jew is to draw the chariot of an ultra-Conservatism, lashed by the whip of a high Calvinism.

For a long time the influence of Bilderdijk was paramount with him. The zeal of the neophyte found an outlet in a pamphlet which, wherever it became known, acted like a firebrand. In the few pages of *Bezwaren tegen den geest der eeu*n (objections to the spirit of the age) Da Costa declared war à l'outrance against modern society. The world seemed to him to have gone over to Satan; the doctrines, institutions, and practices of society were to be denounced as being of the evil one. The sovereign remedy was to be looked for in the advent of a theocracy, and in the declaration of the infallibility of the Calvinistic theology.

For several years the poet, who had already shown his genius in masterly translations and in minor original poems, was buried in the theologian. But after years of silence he suddenly emerged from his obscurity to astonish the world with a poem, entitled: *Vyfen twintig jaren* (five-and-twenty years.) It was the first great poem in which he showed his originality, the curious combination of a mind tinged with western ideas and a heart completely Oriental.

The poem owes its title to the fact that five-and-twenty years had passed away since, on the plains of the Southern Netherlands, the great battle had been fought which secured the liberties of Europe. After the reminiscence of Waterloo, and a bold parallel between Napoleon and Luther, the poet rapidly surveys the events of the last five-and-twenty years. The prospect is decidedly gloomy, and as the poems hastens to a

close, the darkness deepens, till unexpectedly the stately Alexandrine gives way to a wild lyrical outburst: "The Lord will come in the clouds of heaven to put an end to the night."

This poem created a great sensation, and was followed by others of a similar kind, such as, 1648 and 1848, or *The Chaos and the Light*. Poems of an exclusively religious character, such as, *God with us, Hagar, David, Elizabeth*, flowed in rapid succession from his fertile pen. Besides these, he contributed a host of minor poems, called forth by domestic and social events, some of which are characterized by great felicity and beauty. But in all his poems, whether political or religious, from his first great production down to the last, *The Battle of Nieuwpoort*, he remained faithful to the key-note which he had struck in the beginning. Like a deep pedal-note the religious tone makes itself heard throughout. In the eyes of Da Costa there is but one great conflict—the struggle between infidelity and revolution on the one hand, and conservatism and orthodox Christianity on the other hand. Before it every other warfare seems insignificant, nay, rather, everything else is included in it. The question which underlies all others is that of sin and guilt. The solution for all is to be found in Christ and His redemption.

Bilderdijk and his poetry were, as we have seen, intensely unlike the ordinary type of Holland. Hence he was unpopular. Da Costa was even more so. The restless little man, with the high intellectual forehead, and dark eyes, burning like coals of fire, was always a stranger amidst the children of Japhet; his impassioned oratory, his wild flights, his lofty ascents and startling descents, his grouping of ideas, his modes of expression—reminded you not of the marshes of Holland, but of the hills of Syria. And his poetry was not more Dutch than his person. He said on one occasion of Lamartine—"Thou hast made an Eastern psalm resound on Western shores." Unconsciously he described the character of his own poetry.

The psalmists and the prophets of Israel were his models. Like them he excelled in lyrical poetry. As a lyrical poet he has had no rival in Holland. He took the harp from the willows and "sang the Lord's song" in a strange land. The refrain was never varied—"Peace in the name of the Lord; war against the ungodly." But within the narrow circle in which he moved he was great.

He tried hard to be a Dutchman. He merely succeeded in writing poems in the Dutch language. Place him and his poetry next to that of Tollens, the third and last of the great poets of Holland during the present century, and the truth of this assertion will become evident.

In all Holland there is not a more popular or more beloved name than that of Tollens. Inferior in everything to Bilderdijk and Da Costa, he has obtained a power which they never had, which probably they will never have. For Tollens is a typical Dutchman; he is the poet of the honest, good-natured Mynheer, who deems himself in the seventh paradise, as he smokes his pipe and sips his coffee; he is the expression of the neat housewife who seems never to have done with her cleaning, and who is in despair when there is a spot on the tablecloth, or a wrinkle on the muslin curtains. The poetry of Tollens reflects the character and the life of the people. It may seem to you somewhat dull and uninteresting; it may savour to you of the spirit of the Flemish painter, who spent twenty years in painting a broom; but it is faithful to the reality. Those Dutch pictures of domestic life are indeed tame, but—here is the compensation—how innocent they are!

There is nothing remarkable about the life of Tollens. He was born at Rotterdam, and sent to a middle-class school, where he received a commercial education. He managed to combine devotion to business with devotion to poetry. The great political events through which his country passed gave him no trouble, except the composition

of a few poems. After having made enough money, he retired to a small country-house, where he died as peaceably as he had lived.

His poetry fills twelve volumes. At first it attracted little or no attention. But he was fortunate enough to obtain a prize for a lyrical poem on *Egmond and Hoorn*, and this success encouraged him to write other poems of a similar kind. His popularity, however, is said to date from a few lines, published under the title of *To a Fallen Girl*. It is a sensible production, replete with sound advice, and it stamped Tollens at once as the coming man. He had written some mild poetry before; he had also presented the public with translations from the French; but henceforth he resolved to strike another key-note. He attempted to become a Dutch Claudius.

Amongst his many poems there is a large number of romances. The subject is generally taken from the period of the struggle between Spain and the Netherlands. These romances are written in a pleasant style, and it may be said in their favour that many a one who does not care to read a history of his country in prose, will do so when it is written in rhyme. Here the youth of Holland may sip at the pure fount of patriotism, unmixed with any party politics.

But the two most ambitious poems of Tollens are the *Wien Nêerlandsch bloed* and the *Wintering of the Hollanders on Nova Zembla*. The former one has been raised to the dignity of the national anthem. It is a poem of some merit, but its chief characteristic is the neutral tint which it wears throughout. Take from the first line of the first verse the word "Dutch," and the poem becomes at once so vague and general that there is not a single human being who could not make use of it. *The Wintering on Nova Zembla*, the account of the expedition undertaken by Heemskerk, in order to find a way through the north to the east, is undoubtedly the best of Tollens's poems. Its descriptions are vivid and varied;

its expressions of sentiment often pathetic and full of beauty.

The domestic poetry of Tollens, however, is the great source of his popularity. Here the delighted Dutchman finds the deification of common-sense, and a shrewd, practical vein running through the whole. Daily life and its routine have unquestionably as much right to a poet as the "things in heaven and earth which are dreamt of in our philosophy." But it requires the hand of a master to raise them from the region of the commonplace to the sphere of poetry. Tollens was a faithful copyist of Nature; but we wish to see Nature not as she stands forth in naked reality, but as reflected in the soul of the artist. Our poet, with all his talents, failed in this attempt, and hence, instead of being sublime, he is often ridiculous.

Let us give as a specimen a few stanzas from the poem *On My Child's first Tooth* :—

"Rejoice, rejoice my lyre, bestir thyself ; mother says the tooth is cut ; let the walls resound ! First, God gave breath and life to the child ; and now He gives it a tooth.

"Keep it, my child, and use it well ; keep it clean for your own good, and to show your gratitude to God. If your teeth and your soul are clean you will feel no gnawing pain.

"Grow and flourish, become a great and good man ; gain in strength and courage, so so as to bear manfully fate with its ills ; if any one treats thee dishonourably, show thy teeth, my boy."

What mother would not welcome such a poem, especially the second verse ?

But Holland had at the same time a prose poet, whose novels and romances far surpassed the literary productions of so-called poets. Jacob van Lennep, who died in 1868, was born at the beginning of the century. His father was a distinguished professor at the Athenæum of Amsterdam, and his family belonged to that upper-middle class, which is more tenacious than any other in Holland, of traditionary principles and practices. As proud and exclusive as any aristocracy, living in the recollection of a past, in which it played a great part, it amalgamates

slowly and very reluctantly with our modern democratic civilization.

The works by which Van Lennep established his fame were his *Dutch Legends* and his *Historical Novels*. It would be interesting to draw a parallel between the Dutch writer and his great prototype Walter Scott. Van Lennep wrote under the influence of the great Scotsman ; nay, it would be more correct to say that he took him as his model and followed him closely. In many respects he became as great as his master. There is a great charm of freshness about Van Lennep's descriptions ; there is a pleasant absence of the artificial in his style, which flows on with the grace and ease of a majestic river. His portraits are life-like, and the frame in which they are inclosed, though of sufficient beauty to show them to advantage, does not throw them into the background through excess of ornament. He seems to take delight in his creations, and he paints them up to a certain point with great carefulness. The characters, of which he generally introduces a large number in his novels, are drawn with a bold hand, but no detail, however trifling, escapes him. Then suddenly one would think that he gets weary of his work. He throws the brush down with ill-concealed impatience and finishes his picture, with a few rapid strokes, often ill-advised and never very happy.

The series of historical novels—*Our Forefathers*—takes us back to the days before Christ, when the brave Batavians concluded an alliance with Julius Cæsar. There is ample scope for the imagination in the description of those semi-barbaric times ; in the account of that tribe of warriors, endowed with their natural virtues and vices, and strangers as yet to the splendid sins of a great civilization ; in the picture of their daring struggles and dearly-bought victories. It is a matter of intense difficulty to recall that past, to make it emerge from the mythical twilight in which it is veiled, and to clothe it once more with an air of reality. Van Lennep, as need scarcely be remarked,

is not always successful; the atmosphere in which his personages and characters move is tinged to no small extent with modern notions and ideas. But, as his series progresses and he descends along the stream of history to more modern times, his sins in that respect are less obvious and the excellences, which we have pointed out, become more apparent.

The two novels of Van Lennep which we look upon as his best are: *The Rose of Decama* and *Ferdinand Huyck*. The story of the Frisian maiden is charming; that of *Ferdinand Huyck* is a *chef d'œuvre*. We are no longer in the days of the earls of Holland, the days of brave knights and fair women, of wine and love and poetry; we are transplanted to the times of the grave burghers and staid matrons, to the atmosphere of beer, sombre Calvinism, and prose. The story itself is interesting. It tells of the adventures of an honest young Dutchman, who gets accidentally mixed up in affairs of a questionable character, and being unwilling to betray the confidence placed in him, almost falls a victim to the ambiguous position thus unfortunately thrust upon him. But the chief merit of the novel lies in isolated scenes and in the delineation of character. Such types are surely unique. No city in the world, except old-fashioned Amsterdam, could ever boast of a man like the father of Ferdinand Huyck, the worthy magistrate, with his quaint learning and imperceptible gravity; nowhere, except in some remote part of the country of *Old Mortality*, could we find a woman like Aunt Letje, who drags her Calvinistic theology into every-day life, and is a stranger to every dialect, save that of Canaan; in no other country could there be a woman like the stout, good-natured, worldly Van Bempden. Yet they were once real, living persons, and we can still trace their resemblance in the burghers of to-day.

The last work of Van Lennep, which he wrote at the end of his life, created a tremendous sensation. *Klaasje Zevenster* is the story of a foundling, who is taken care of alternately by seven students. The cruel machinations of a jealous

woman are the cause of her troubles. Without her knowledge she is brought to a house of ill-fame, and when, after a long illness, she emerges from her hated abode, as pure, of course, as when she entered, she is like a lily broken to pieces by the boisterous wind. Deaf to the solicitations of her friends and of her lover, who is convinced of her innocence, she resolves to spend the remainder of her days in loneliness and silence.

The realism of the book throughout was intense, the events so graphically described, and the scenes on which it dwelt with almost painful minuteness, professed to be a representation of what was going on in the midst of Dutch society A.D. 1866. Is it strange that Dutch society was exceedingly shocked, and that the mothers of Holland were indignant? Who of us likes to be roused from a pleasant dream, who of us is grateful to the prophet for his message: "There is no peace, saith my God"? And thus Van Lennep's literary career drew to a close amidst shouts of condemnation.

It still remains to call attention to some of the stars of second magnitude, which have illuminated the period under review with a more or less brilliant light. Leaving out of sight the men, whose names, though they once enjoyed a certain reputation, are now well-nigh forgotten, we come at once to the son-in-law of Van der Palm, the famous preacher of Utrecht—Nicolaas Beets. He is known as the author of a humorous book, which, under the title of *Camera Obscura*, contains amusing sketches of Dutch society. But his claim to recognition is above all founded on his poetical works. His first great poems were written during what may be called the Byronic period of his life. They are characterised by fierce gloom, morbid views of life, and sentimental sadness. But the spirit which breathed in *Iose* and *Guy the Fleming* soon gave way to healthier influences. Was it the country air of Heemstede, a pretty village not far from Haarlem, which drove away the feverish spirit? Or

was it the experience of life which taught him to fix his eye on reality, and to find the ideal in the midst of life, instead of in some imaginary realm? Beets himself attributed his poetical conversion to the study of Vondel. Enough for us that in his *Korenbloem* (Corn-flowers) and in the volumes afterwards published we hear the voice of nature. Or to speak more accurately, nature as seen by an unclouded eye, listened to by a reverent heart, and received and felt by a simple manly heart, meets us on every page, in the charming garb of a fascinating diction.

Besides Beets there is only one other name which deserves to be specially mentioned; it is that of the poet Jan Pieter Heye. His *Poems for Children* are among the best of the kind. Child-like without being childish, entering fully into the feelings of a child, and replete with sound lessons, delivered not in a pulpit style but in a tone of kindly earnest, they merit all the attention which they attracted at the time of their publication.

The prose writers of celebrity are more numerous. Amongst historical and political writers Kemper, Thorbecke, Groen van Prinsterer, and Bosscha have obtained positions of undoubted eminence. Kemper played a great part in the liberation of his country, and his political writings are marked by a high moral tone. Bosscha, a Conservative politician, made himself specially known by his *Biography of King William II.*, a book which contains the fullest account of the political history of that memorable reign. Thorbecke, several times Prime Minister, and one of the chief promoters of the revised constitution, is the author of *Historical Sketches* and of several volumes of parliamentary speeches. Looked at from a literary point of view, his speeches are models of conciseness and clearness. His great antagonist, Groen van Prinsterer, who has spent the greater part of his life in combating the political and religious, or according to him, non-religious, views of his former friend, stands, in our opinion, foremost amongst this class of writers. His

History of the Fatherland, and specially his *Archives de la Maison d'Orange Nassau*, are valuable contributions to Dutch history, and would have been more so but for the fact that his views are largely influenced by a set of narrow theological dogmas. A historian who starts from a dogma has ceased to be one. Heer Groen, following the tradition of the Bilderdijk school, lives in the belief that the Dutch are the "chosen nation," and that the affairs of Holland are particularly interesting to the Divinity. In all his parliamentary speeches and numberless pamphlets, bearing either on political questions or on ecclesiastical subjects, he has set forth and defended his theory, which consists in a mixture of religion and politics, in our eyes as fatal to the one as to the other. His style is singularly terse and bristles with epigrams. His sentences seem steadily to advance with military precision till they have struck down the adversary by the force of logic or of satire.¹

The rank of original novelists is very small. Translations of the best French and English novels are everywhere to be met with. But the native writers—on account of the love for everything foreign, by which the educated classes were long animated—found little or no encouragement. The Dutch ladies, who, until recent times, knew every language but their own, and who, even now, can scarcely say five words without introducing three of foreign origin, had no taste for the national literature. A few writers, however, made their mark. We have already noticed *Hildebrand's Camera Obscura*, a humorous description of Dutch life, written by Beets, in days when he was still "young and gay." A hearty reception was also accorded to the *Betwische Novellen* of Cremer. The quaint life of the peasantry, the sturdy farmers and their blooming wives and

¹ Want of space compels me to omit the names of some scientific writers of more or less repute—Cobet, Kuenen, and others. I regret this omission the less, because their names belong after all more to science than to literature.

daughters with their old-fashioned notions and customs, and their pretty and curious costumes, now, alas, fast becoming a thing of the past, found in him a painter full of humour and pathos.

But far above all other Dutch novelists stands Madame Bosboom Toussaint, the wife of a well-known painter. Her long literary career opened with a volume of *Verspreide Verhalen* (scattered stories) which were remarkable, as disclosing a vigorous individuality. Her claim to recognition rests on the series of historical novels which she subsequently published. *The Duke of Devonshire* and *The English at Rome* are founded on incidents of foreign history. The subject of the former is an episode in the life of Mary Tudor, whilst the scene of the latter is laid at Rome in the days of Sixtus V. A great step in advance was made by the gifted authoress in her *House of Lauernesse*. We are inclined to think that none of her later literary productions equalled this her first book, in which she planted herself on the shores of her native land.

The Holland of the sixteenth century in its politico-religious and in its social crisis, rose at her command from the slumber of historical tradition to the vigour and fulness of wakeful life. Endowed with a great power of imagination and thoroughly enthusiastic about the great past of the Dutch republic, whose history she had studied down to the very minutest details, she gave the fruit of her researches to the public in a style at once quaint and vigorous. Her descriptions are somewhat wearisome, her characters are often vague, and the want of action makes itself frequently felt. But the charm of her stories lies in the subtlety of her analysis, the skill with which she lays bare the hidden springs of action, and the delicacy of her touch. After this, it is easy to forgive her for being more than a good story-teller!

In conclusion, one feels inclined to ask whether Holland has ever had a great national poet? In answer to our question a Dutchman would point to

Vondel, Cats, and Bilderdijk. Vondel and Bilderdijk are probably entitled to a high rank amongst poets; but, without entering into any classification, the fact remains that they were never national poets. With few exceptions, such as Vondel's *Gysbrecht van Amstel*, and some of Bilderdijk's minor poems, their poetry was never popular in any sense of the word. Their readers are *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. They are admired, but unknown and unloved. For they soared far above their countrymen in regions whither the many could not and cared not to follow them. They placed themselves generally in heaven, and, if ever they made their descent, it was but to pause for a transient moment in mid-air, and then swiftly to return to serener heights. Cats, on the other hand, is very popular; he was a typical Dutchman. This shrewd, practical, prosy, cautious citizen, given up to the idolatry of common-sense—*voilà la Hollande*. The muse of Vondel and Bilderdijk, in one word, stands with wings outspread; the muse of Cats crawls on all-fours. But has the excellent Cats a right to the name of "poet?" We doubt it.

The truly great poet is he, who boldly stands forward in the midst of reality, with the gospel of the everlasting ideal in his hand. Listening to and interpreting the many voices of universal life, he proclaims to the world that the ideal is real, and to be looked for, not in some distant heaven of which we are totally ignorant, but in the midst of the world in which we live. His own great mission is to make the reality more ideal, and therefore to render the ideal more real.

Has Holland ever had such a poet? At any rate she has none such at present. In eager expectation her muse sits before an empty cradle, and the torch of criticism held up above her by a friendly sister, brings out the more vividly her dreariness and desolation. But the gods, ever more merciful than we have a right to expect, may give her some day what they have hitherto withheld from her.

MONTENEGRO.

I REMEMBER, twenty or twenty-one years ago, when the madness of the Russian war was at its height, how an English paper gave out, in a boastful tone, that Russia had no ally but "the marauding Bishop of Montenegro." This kind of talk aptly represented the kind of feeling which Englishmen had then brought themselves to entertain towards a state which, small as it is, may claim to share with Poland, Hungary, and Venice, the glorious name of

"Europe's bulwark 'gainst the Ottomite."

This kind of talk represented also the amount of knowledge which Englishmen then had of the state of South-Eastern Europe, an amount of knowledge which most of us sturdily refused to increase. It had become a kind of point of honour not to know anything about the quarter of the world in which we had so strangely taken it into our heads to appear as belligerents. We had gone mad with the most amazing of passions, the love of Turks; and we thought it a matter of duty to see everything, past and present, through the spectacles of our beloved. That a Christian state should have presumed to preserve its independence against Mahometan invaders seemed, in the frenzy of the moment, a high crime and misdemeanour. It became a piece of patriotism to hurl some bad name or other at such daring offenders. "Marauding" is an ugly name certainly, though perhaps it might be only human nature for one who is beset by marauders to maraud a little back again in self-defence. Then to talk about a "marauding Bishop" seemed a hit of the first order. Of all people in the world, Bishops ought not to be marauders; how great must be the iniquity of the people who not only go marauding, but go marauding under

the leadership of a Bishop. English Bishops perhaps felt thankful that they were not as this unbishoplike Montenegrin. They would not go marauding even against a Russian; it was enough to stay at home, and preach and pray against him with the full cursing power of an Irish saint. The picture of the marauding Bishop, the one ally of Russia, was indeed a climax of art in its own way. The only thing to be said against it was that it was all art, and answered to nothing to be found in nature. When the Russian war broke out, Montenegro was no longer governed by a Bishop. It might have been questioned whether the marauding part of the picture could be justified at all; it was quite certain that the picture of the "marauding Bishop" was purely imaginary. But to patriotic Englishmen of that day such a trifling inaccuracy did not matter. We should have thought it strange if a Russian paper had spoken of England as governed by a Protector, or even by a King, marauding or otherwise. But about Montenegro or any other part of Eastern Christendom, it was safe for any man to say anything that he chose, provided only it took the form of abuse. We should have thought it an insult to ourselves and our illustrious confederates, if any one had said that England and France had no allies except the "marauding Mufti at Constantinople." In one sense the epithet would have been less applicable. No one can charge the Sultans of the present day with marauding, or doing anything else, in their own persons. But surely, at least when we are not at war with Russia, the efforts of the Turk to subdue an independent Christian state might be thought to come nearer to marauding than the efforts of the Christian state to maintain its freedom. But, as the

Grand Turk is in some sort a sacred person, not a mere Sultan or Padishah, but the Caliph of the Prophet on earth, it would surely have been less inaccurate to give him a religious description of some kind than it was to bestow the title of Bishop on a potentate so purely secular as the Prince of Montenegro was in 1854.

I am tempted to ask whether most of us really know much more about these matters now. I have myself been asked, since the present war began, whether the Prince of Montenegro was a Christian, and whether the Montenegrins were on the side of the Turks or on that of the patriots. Certainly no great increase of knowledge or right feeling on such matters can come from the last book about that part of the world which chance has thrown in my way. This calls itself "Over the Borders of Christendom and Esলামiah," by James Creagh. The writer describes himself as "author of A Scamper to Sebastopol and Jerusalem in 1867;" and he professes to have been in Montenegro in the summer of 1875. We know pretty well what to look for from people who write "Scampers" to Sebastopol or any other place. If they are simply flippant, ignorant, and conceited, there is no special ground for complaint; they simply do after their kind. But the present Scamperer is something more; he is coarse, vulgar, and libellous. He professes to have been in Montenegro; but all that he can do is to give hard names to everything that he saw there. "Marauding Bishop" would be a very small flower of speech in his vocabulary. He thinks it clever to call the whole people of Montenegro "peasants," as if "peasant" were a name of reproach. We hear of "an old peasant dignified with the name of Archbishop;" we are told that "an armed peasant who, in his natural state, might be considered a very respectable person, is made extremely ridiculous when called the Minister of War, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs," &c., &c. These armed peasants happen to be cultivated gentlemen, speaking most of the languages of

Europe in a way that might shame most of their English visitors. One of them, it seems, at least a Montenegrin gentleman of some kind, paid the Scamperer a visit which he allows to have been "friendly." This friendliness perhaps a little surprised a man who was so ignorant of the customs of hospitable Montenegro that, when he saw a visitor coming, he behaved in a way which is best told in his own words:—

"Thinking suddenly of stories which I had heard about the daring and ferocity of these lawless Highlanders, I quietly, and without removing it from my pocket, cocked my pistol, and aiming at my visitor as well as I could, prepared to shoot him through the lining of my coat-tail in the event of his giving any evidence of hostility."

After this, it is perhaps not very wonderful that the Scamperer found out that, though no evidence of hostility was shown, yet the Montenegrin gentleman "did not like him." It is perhaps on the ground of this very natural dislike that the Scamperer goes on to sneer at the Montenegrin officers for having, like their Prince, the good sense to keep to the national dress; and perhaps the feeling of having misjudged and slandered a race may have led Mr. James Creagh to write a sentence of such atrocious libel as this:—

"Except in the richness of their costumes or of their arms, a stranger discovers no difference in the appearance of separate classes. The former and the latter are equally coarse; that dignified and proper deportment so often found among people not altogether civilized is rarely seen in Montenegro; and their evil countenances, or low and cunning aspects, made me little anxious for their society."

Who the "former" and the "latter" may be the Scamperer does not explain; so I do not feel clear whether those inhabitants of Montenegro whom I and my companions came across came under the head of "former" or "latter." It is merely a guess that the Prince and his chief officers may come under the head of "former." But, whether former or latter, the whole picture is a base slander. Yet it is perhaps nothing

more than the ingrained habit of a man who, while he cannot help seeing and recording the efforts which the present Prince is making for the improvement of his country, while he really has nothing to say of him except what is to his honour, still thinks it decent to speak of him through page after page as "His Ferocity."

But enough of such trash as this. It is just possible that the libellous vulgarity of the book may pass for "liveliness" in quarters where, perhaps Lady Strangford, certainly Sir Gardner Wilkinson, would be voted "dry." Still the general feeling of decent Englishmen is disgusted by mere brutal coarseness. Those who can be set against Montenegro and its Prince by such a book as "Over the Borders of Christendom and Eslamiah," must be already so far gone in the way of bad taste and bad feeling that it can hardly be worth while to waste many words upon them. For others, who are simply led away by the cry of the moment, the present may not be a bad time for calling attention to one of the most interesting corners of the earth. Since the Turk so happily left off paying his debts, that strange love of Turks which was in full force twenty years ago seems to have somewhat abated. It may therefore not be so offensive now as it was then to dwell on the fact that, in one mountainous corner, among surrounding lands which have been brought under the yoke of the Infidel, one small people have, through long ages of battle, at once stuck to their faith and kept their freedom with their own swords. Did we hear or read of such a people in any other age, or in any other part of the world, their name would have passed into a proverb. We do not give the name of marauders to the men who fought at Marathon, or to the men who fought at Morgarten. But the whole life of the people of Montenegro was, for long years and centuries, simply one prolonged fight of Marathon or of Morgarten. It was one long unbroken struggle against the assaults of the most cruel and faithless of enemies, against

the common foe of the religion and civilization of Europe. But simply because the strife which they waged was waged in the noblest of all causes, while the names of men who have done the like in other lands have passed into household words, the men who have kept on the strife for faith and freedom on the heights of Cernagora have been doomed, half to obscurity and half to slander. They are rebels; they are marauders; they cut off the heads of their enemies; and, blacker crime than all, they are pensioners of Russia. The word "rebel" is a convenient one. It is easily applied by an invader who is also a conqueror to those who withstand his invasion; in this case it is somewhat more daringly applied to those who have withstood an invader who has not proved to be a conqueror. The Montenegrins have been marauders, if that is the right name for men who, while their own land is unceasingly attacked by a barbarian enemy, have sometimes made reprisals upon the land of the barbarian. Nor is it very wonderful or very blameworthy, if warfare between Montenegrins and Turks has not always been carried on with the same delicacy and courtesy which may be observed by the commanders of Western armies. It is one thing when men fighting for their hearths and altars and all that man holds most dear carry on an endless warfare with a foe who never knew what faith or mercy meant. It is another thing when paid and professional soldiers, who have no personal quarrel, who have hardly any national quarrel, against those with whom they are set to fight, march forth to settle some paltry point of honour, or to decide some intricate question of genealogy. It is true that, five-and-twenty years back, the heads of foreign enemies were set up on the tower of Cetinje. It may be as well to remember that, not much more than a hundred years back, the heads of domestic rebels were set up on Temple-Bar. It is hard to touch pitch, and not to be defiled; men who through so many generations have had to deal with the Turk may be pardoned

if, in some of their doings, they have become a little Turkish themselves. And as for being the pensioners of Russia, where is the crime? One-and-twenty years ago we chose to make an enemy of a people who had done us no wrong. Ever since that time it has been thought a point of patriotism to see some frightful danger to the human race in every act of that people and of all other people who can be suspected of any friendly dealings with them. The Russian bugbear is one purely of our own setting up. But, since it has been set up, to call any man or any nation a friend of Russia has been much the same as giving a dog a bad name and hanging him. I heartily wish that the Montenegrins were not pensioners of Russia. That is, I wish that they were strong enough to dispense with the help of Russia, or of any other power. But, standing as they have so long done, a handful of men defending their freedom against a vast empire, forsaken and despised by every other power, it is not likely that they should cast back the sympathy, or even the money, of the one great power, a power of their own race and creed, which has looked on them with an eye of friendship. We too have had our ancient ally; we have more than once thought it our duty, and made it our business, to support Portugal against Spain and against France. The relation between Portugal and England most likely seemed then in the eyes of Frenchmen and Spaniards as wicked a thing as the relations between Russia and Montenegro seem in the eyes of Turks and of Turk-loving Englishmen. It is only in human nature, and it is not a bad part of human nature, that people who are left to themselves to wage the most deadly of struggles should feel some attachment to the only friends whom they can find. If we had made ourselves the friends, and not the enemies, of the Christian nations of South-Eastern Europe, they might now look to England instead of to Russia. As it is, as we have chosen to throw in our lot with their oppressors, it is not wonderful if they look instead

to the one power which professes to be their friend.

Granting then that Montenegro has a feeling towards Russia which is very different from ours, the fact is not wonderful, neither is it blameworthy. But it is the existence of Montenegro which, above all things, gives the best hope that something better may be in store for the subject nations of South-Eastern Europe than simply to be transferred from one despotism to another. Doubtless there is a difference between a despotism which at least does justice between man and man and a despotism whose rule is one of pure brigandage. Doubtless there is a difference, in the eyes of those nations if not in ours, between a despot alien in blood and faith and a despot who would be hailed by all as a brother in the faith, by most as a brother in blood and speech. But the existence of Montenegro may perhaps show us a more excellent way than either. In the little state on the Black Mountain we see what the Eastern Christian can do. We see that he is able to defend its freedom for ages by his own right hand; and we see that, under rulers of his own blood, he is capable of making advances in civilization and good order with a speed and thoroughness which strike the beholder with wonder. If we read of Montenegro, as described by Sir Gardner Wilkinson twenty-seven years ago, and then go and look at Montenegro now, we shall at once see that there is no part of the world in which improvement of every kind has gone on with swifter steps than in this exposed out-post of Christendom. At the time of Sir Gardner Wilkinson's visit, the word "marauders" might perhaps not have been wholly out of place. No reasonable person would blame them for marauding back again, when their whole national life was resistance to a marauding expedition which had gone on ever since the Turk found his way into the Slavonic lands. But the fact of the marauding cannot be denied, any more than it can be denied that in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's time the tower of Cetinje was entwined with a garland of Turkish

skulls. Few things are more interesting, few more creditable in different degrees to all concerned, than the attempt of Sir Gardner Wilkinson to put a stop to this practice, and his correspondence on the subject with the reigning Vladika and with the neighbouring Turkish governor. It shows, just like the history of Kallikratidas enlarged on by Mr. Grote, how hard a thing it is, when two people have long been engaged in internecine warfare, and in the savage habits which such warfare engenders, for either side to take the first step in the direction of more humane practices. At any rate the practice is stopped now. There are no longer any heads on the half-ruined tower. The practice of exposing the heads came to an end under the late Prince, and in truth, since Montenegro has held a more assured position, since her freedom was secured at Grahovo in 1858, there has been little or no room for the petty border warfare by which the heads were once supplied. But in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's day there was a far worse charge brought against the Montenegrins than anything they could possibly do to their Turkish enemies. They were then charged with playing the marauder on the other side, with coming down to commit various kinds of robberies in the neighbouring town of Cattaro within the friendly territory of Austria. Such a thing is now unheard of. Robbery of every kind is utterly come to an end; there is no part of the world where property is safer, or where the traveller may go with less risk of danger, than within the bounds of Montenegro. Here then is a simple fact in the teeth of the gainsayer. Here is a portion of Eastern Christendom, a Slavonic and Orthodox state, which has made advances which thirty years ago would have seemed hopeless. No doubt Montenegro has stood in a special position and has enjoyed special advantages. But surely, when one branch of a race, when one community professing a creed, has done for itself what Montenegro has done, we cannot surely wholly despair of their brethren of the

same race and creed who are as yet less fortunate.

There surely can hardly be, in any quarter of the world, a land of higher interest than this small spot of earth which has so long maintained its faith and freedom against the most fearful odds—this home of a handful of men who have for ages withstood all the assaults of a mighty empire, and who have shown that, under wise training, they are no less ready to make advances in the arts of peace than to wield their weapons in the holiest and most righteous of causes. We hear much from various parts of the world about universal education, about universal military service. Montenegro is the paradise of both doctrines. There were times when it was doubted whether a man who could both fight and read was most properly called "*miles litteratus*" or "*clericus militaris*." In Montenegro every man is, or soon will be, at once clerk and soldier. That every man in Montenegro can fight their enemies have learned in countless battles; and, as the older generation dies out and the new generation comes up, every man and woman in Montenegro will be also able to read and write. In many eyes it must be an ideal land where military service is absolutely universal, where primary education is also absolutely universal—I may add where the ownership of land is universal also. In Montenegro, as in *præ-historic* Greece, every man goes armed; every man, dressed in the picturesque costume of his tribe, carries his pistol and yataghan in his girdle. But if he can wield pistol and yataghan, he can also turn either to his spade or to his pen. Here, and perhaps here only, in the modern world, we can see the very model of a warrior tribe, a nation of a quarter of a million, who have known how to maintain their independence with their own right hands, and who at the same time are making rapid strides to a higher place among civilized nations than some of the great powers of the world. They have of course been enabled to do what they have done by the nature of their

country. It is because Montenegro is Montenegro that Montenegro has remained free. Their mountains have been to them what other mountains have been to Uri, Schwyz, and Unterwalden, what dykes and sluices have been to the no less stout-hearted men of Holland and Zealand. The men doubtless could have done but little without the land, but the land could have done still less without the men. Away from their mountain fortress, the handful of men who have preserved the freedom of Montenegro must have sunk into the common mass of Turkish subjects. But without these men of stout heart and strong arm who so long have guarded it, the heights which watch round Cetinje might have fenced in nothing better than the prison-house or the hunting ground of a barbarian conqueror.

Among all the many moments of a Dalmatian coasting voyage which at once kindle the fancy and elevate the heart, there is hardly any which comes home to us with a more living power than when we first come in sight of the mountain rampart of the unconquered land. We enter the Gulf of Cattaro, the lovely *Bocche*, with their smooth waters, with their fertile shores fringing the bases of the bleak mountains which rise above them. It is hard to believe that we are on the waters of the Hadriatic; we seem rather to be sailing on some Swiss lake, where every landing-place awakes some memory of the old days when freedom had yet to be striven for. And around these shores too still dwell the memories of ancient commonwealths; but they are commonwealths which suggest only the darker side of the history of the Alpine Confederation. The winged lion marks the rule of a Serene Republic; but it is a Republic whose rule was that of oligarchy within her own lagunes, and of despotism among the shores and islands of Dalmatia. Even Ragusa, deeply as we honour her long defence of her independence, deeply as we feel for her overthrow at the base caprice of an upstart tyrant, was still, after all, a commonwealth of the few and not of

the many. And one result of the long rivalry between the two maritime oligarchies still casts a dark shade over one corner of that loveliest of inland seas. The jealousy of Venice and Ragusa could not endure that the land of one commonwealth should march upon the land of the other. And so, to keep the dominions of two Christian cities away from each other, at two points on the Dalmatian shore, the common enemy of Christendom was allowed to extend his wasting occupation down to the water's edge. The commonwealths are gone; but, even on the shores of the *Bocche*, a small strip of Turkish territory is still allowed to interrupt the continuity of Christian rule along the shores of the Dalmatian kingdom. Here at Suturina, as at the other end of the old Ragusan lands at Klek, the Apostolic King still endures to have one part of his dominions cut off from another by the intrusion of a strip of land which is still, in name at least, under the yoke of the Turk. Yet, as I write, the men who are waging the strife for right against their tyrants may, by some gallant deed done in a holy cause, have made that dark corner of the lovely shore as glorious in future ages as Marathon or Morgarten. We pass on along the windings of the gulf, and at last, almost in its inmost recess, we come to the little city whose name it bears. Cattaro nestles on its narrow ledge of inhabitable land between the smooth sea and the rugged mountains. The peaks soar above us; the walls of the city seem to climb up their steep sides, till they reach the castle of Cattaro, perched like an eagle's-nest, among the rocks. Higher still we see the zig-zag road, the ladder of Cattaro, rising on and on, step by step, till it seems to lose itself in the tops of the rocks and the clefts of the ragged rocks. That is the road to the land which nature and man have combined to keep as a holy ground, the abiding fortress of right against wrong, of freedom against bondage, of Europe against Asia, of Christendom against Islam. It leads to the home of men whose history has been one long struggle

against the eternal enemy, whose whole life has been one continued fight of Thermopylæ or of Sempach, waged, not for hours or days, but for generations and for centuries. That steep and winding path is as yet the one way which leads from the haven of Cattaro to Montenegro, the smallest of European principalities, and to Cetinje, the smallest of European capitals. There, as we look up at the mountain rampart of that unconquered race, we learn, if anywhere, to cast away that shallow philosophy which measures objects, not by their moral greatness but by their physical bigness, the philosophy which keeps on its parrot-like sneer at petty states, though it sometimes finds that the moral strength of a petty state can outweigh the brute force of tyrannies of a hundred times its physical size. There, among those rocks, are a few square miles on the map, a few thousand souls in the census-book, who count alongside of kingdoms and empires as one of the elements in European politics. At the present hour, when right and wrong so nearly balance one another in the scales, we ask what course will be taken by those who sway the destinies of the vast lands, the endless millions, of the Russian and Austrian monarchies. But we ask, too, as a question of hardly less importance, what course will be taken by the chief of a state whose whole population would be outnumbered by any one of half-a-dozen cities and boroughs in Great Britain. It may be that, even amid the scientific perfection of modern warfare, men have not been so wholly turned into machines, but that twenty thousand born warriors, every man trained, not only to wield his weapon, but to know why he wields it—every man of whom goes forth with a heart like that of Godfrey's Crusaders or of Cromwell's Ironsides—may even now count for more in the day of battle than many times their number, dragged to the field, fighting they know not wherefore, in obedience to no higher call than that of professional routine or so-called professional honour.

But I must not be so far led away by the thoughts which rise at the mere

mention—how much more then at the actual sight? of this little land of heroes as to forget to give some short sketch of the land itself and its people, and of the circumstances, past and present, which have given the land and its people a place, and so important and distinctive a place, among the existing states of Europe.

The land which its own people called Cernagora, but which is better known by the Venetian translation of its name,¹ was an outlying fragment of the great Servian kingdom, ruled by a prince who seems to have been the man of the Servian king. The history of Servia, till its revival in the nineteenth century, may be said to begin and end in the fourteenth. For a moment, under Stephen Dushan, who not unreasonably, took the Imperial title, the greater part of what is now European Turkey formed part of the Servian dominions. It might not be too much to say that, at this moment, the strength and fame and greatness of the New Rome proved her own destruction and the destruction of Eastern Christendom. As it was with the Russian in the ninth century, as it was with the Bulgarian at the end of the tenth, so it was with the Servian in the middle of the fourteenth. At each of those times, things looked as if a Slavonic power—for the Bulgarians may practically count as a Slavonic power—was about to be enthroned in the seat of the Eastern Cæsars, to play, after so many ages, nearly the same part which the Frank had played in the elder Rome. Servia was a nation without a capital; the Byzantine Empire had become a capital without a nation. Had the two been joined together, had a Servian dynasty taken the place of the Palaiologoi, Eastern Christendom might, at the moment when the Turk first threatened Europe, have presented such a front to him as might have checked his further progress for ever. Mahomet the Conqueror himself could

¹ I noticed that in Dalmatia the name was more commonly sounded after the manner of book Italian, *Montenero*. In the Slavonic name the *c* should have the sound of *ts*.

hardly have overthrown a power which united the national strength of Serbia and the traditional majesty of Constantinople. But that traditional majesty could not so far stoop as to let the New Rome become Servian. As then Constantinople could not become Servian, as Serbia could not become Byzantine, Serbia and Constantinople had both to become Turkish. The nation and the city together might have withstood the invader. Neither the nation without the city, nor the city without the nation, could withstand him. Both were swallowed up, and the nation was swallowed up before the city. Before the end of the century which had beheld the momentary greatness of Serbia, the Turk held Serbia as part of his own dominion, and hemmed in Constantinople, as the Servian had done only a few years before. But, while kingdom and empire fell, the little vassal state among the mountains still held out. The barbarian ruled alike at Belgrade and at Constantinople; but Cernagora, under a dynasty which represented the Servian kings by the spindle-side, maintained its own independence against all attacks, and sent forth warriors to fight side by side with Skanderbeg. From that day to this the mountain land has been ceaselessly attacked. Its frontiers have sometimes been cut short; its capital has shifted its place; the Turks have affected to deem the land conquered, to include it within the bounds of a Turkish province, and to speak of its defenders as rebels. The Turks have more than once made their way to Cetinje and laid the capital of the little state in ruins. Once, early in the last century, the reigning Vladika had to flee to Cattaro, while the country was for a moment occupied by the invaders. But such occupations have always been only momentary. After every reverse the national spirit has risen again, and the Montenegrin, sometimes single-handed, sometimes the ally of Venice or Russia, has been able to hold his own and to show himself a dangerous enemy to the invaders whom

his whole life has been spent in withstanding. Montenegro, in short, while its name was hardly known in Western Europe, while its territory was left unmarked in many Western maps, was still keeping on the old warfare of Constantine and Huniades. And, while Greece and Bulgaria and Serbia and Bosnia had fallen under the yoke, Cernagora still maintained her independence against the attacks of every invader from Bajazet the Thunderbolt to Abd-ul-aziz. Such is, in short, the external history of Montenegro. In its internal history the strangest fact is that a warlike tribe, which had to fight almost daily for its national existence, should have chosen a form of government in which the chief power, civil and military, was placed in the hands of a priest. In the beginning of the sixteenth century the then Prince George withdrew to Venice, having, with the consent of his subjects, transferred the supreme power to the Bishop and his successors. Hence came the line of Vladikas of Montenegro; hence the reality of a fighting Bishop; hence too the confused tradition of a marauding Bishop, which outlived the day when Montenegro again passed under the rule of a lay prince.

Of the details of this long warfare, many examples will be found in the work of Sir Gardner Wilkinson. His readers have every opportunity of learning the ceaseless and stubborn nature of the struggle and the character of the enemy with whom Montenegro had to deal, the incurable cruelty and treachery which have been in every age the characteristics of the Ottoman. The Turk proposes conditions of peace; he seizes the commissioners who are sent to arrange terms; he then enters and lays waste the land of those whose suspicions he has thus lulled to sleep, and pursues and murders women and children even on neutral ground. The Christian, on the other hand, carries off his hundred and fifty-seven prisoners, whose hardest fate is that, by a grim pleasantry worthy of William the Great, they are presently exchanged for an equal number of pigs.

The whole story is one long record of victories won at the most frightful odds, of battles in which the episcopal princes seem ever to have been foremost. Such in the great fight of 1791, when the Vladika Peter, without Venetian or Russian help, overthrew the invaders in a battle of three days and three nights, and bore off the head of the Pasha of Albania to adorn the tower of Cetinje. This valiant Bishop is now a canonized saint; and, as Saint Carlo Borromeo may still be seen—though lifeless, yet in the flesh—beneath the altar at Milan, so Saint Peter Petrovich may still be seen in the like case in the humbler monastery church of Cetinje. These warlike prelates, who knew equally well how to wield the musket and the pastoral staff, formed a strange kind of pontifical dynasty. For some generations, the bishoprick, and therewith the civil and military command, became as nearly hereditary as an Orthodox bishoprick can be. That is to say, on a vacancy in the see—the use of ecclesiastical words seems almost grotesque in such a case—the next of the Petrovich family who was canonically eligible was chosen and consecrated Bishop, and as such, assumed the command of the armies of Montenegro. A prince-bishop in Montenegro had somewhat different duties from his brethren either at Mainz or at Durham. The last of this singular episcopal succession, the Vladika Peter the Second, nephew and successor of the canonized conqueror of the Pasha, stands out in his description and his portrait in the pages of Sir Gardner Wilkinson. Since his death, the temporal and spiritual powers have been separated, and Montenegro has been ruled by two lay Princes of the old episcopal family. As the last Vladika figures in the work of Sir Gardner Wilkinson, his two lay successors will be met face to face by the readers of Mr. J. M. Neale and of Lady Strangford. And I myself, who have never found my way to the court of any other sovereign, set it down as not the smallest privilege of a journey to the land of Spalato and Ragusa, to have seen and spoken with the present

vigorous ruler of this little nation of heroes, in his own home at Cetinje.

A question naturally arises out of the history of this small state, namely, what is to be its position, whenever the day comes of which we trust that this year has shown us the dawning, the day when the brutal rule of the Turk will cease for ever in all Slavonic and in all Christian lands? In mapping out afresh the provinces which form the present seat of war, there is at least one comfort, that any change must be for the better. Make those lands Austrian, Servian, or Montenegrin, in any case they will be better off than if they remained Turkish. In any readjustment of this kind, the enlargement of the Montenegrin principality naturally presents itself as one obvious means of providing for their future. The people of Herzegovina and the people of Montenegro are absolutely the same people. There is no difference between them, except that the accidents of their history have given freedom to one branch of the nation and denied it to another. Between the free and the enslaved parts of the nation there still are the very closest ties. Montenegrins and Herzegovines have fought side by side in every struggle. At this moment, as Montenegro is the natural shelter of the homeless refugee, so the people of the enslaved districts still look to the Montenegrins as their natural brethren and to the Prince of Montenegro as their natural chief. Montenegrins, both in its past history and in its present bearing, a truer representative of the old days of Slavonic independence than the larger principality of Servia. Again, when a Montenegrin looks down from his hills upon the *Bocche* beneath them, it must be very like a feeling of imprisonment when he thinks that not an inch of his own land reaches down to the edge of those waters. He must feel cut off from his natural communication with the rest of the world; he must feel debarred from a means of improvement and enrichment which nature seems to have placed actually in his grasp. There was a short time when Montenegro had a sea-board. Towards the

end of the great war, when we did not disdain either Russians or Montenegrins as allies against the common enemy, Cattaro was actually for a little while a Montenegrin possession, and the Vladika ruled on the coast as well as on the mountains. Cattaro is the least Italian, the most Slavonic, of the cities of the Dalmatian coast. It is the natural haven of the little principality above it. There is said to be at this moment a movement for the annexation of Bosnia to Austria. Bosnia, with its large Mahometan minority, would probably fare better as a member of the great cosmopolitan monarchy than if it were joined to either of the Orthodox principalities. In such a case, while Herzegovina would welcome annexation to Montenegro as the crown of its hopes, Austria might surely give up Cattaro to be the Trieste or Fiume of the enlarged state. On the other hand, a serious question presents itself whether an enlarged Montenegro would remain Montenegro, whether the problem of civilizing a small independent tribe without destroying its distinctive character could be so successfully carried on with a territory so greatly enlarged, above all, if it possessed a maritime city, however small. A prince who possessed Cattaro would hardly go on reigning at Cetinje; a prince who possessed all Herzegovina might rule as well and justly as a prince of Montenegro only; but he could hardly continue to be the same personal shepherd of his people which he can be in his present narrower range. Here is a hard question, one where there certainly are weighty arguments on both sides. I do not take upon myself to decide between them.

But, leaving the question what Montenegro may become, let us see what the land has been, and what it is. The progress which Montenegro has made since the visit of Sir Gardner Wilkinson is wonderful. That the Montenegrins, in their long struggle with a barbarous enemy, should have themselves picked up some of the habits of barbarians, is doubtless abstractedly blameworthy, but it is

certainly not wonderful. The Vladika Peter had already done much to civilize his people; his lay successor Daniel and the present Prince Nicolas have done yet more. The government of the principality is now what may be called a popular autocracy. The will of the Prince has the force of law, but then the will of the Prince is also the will of the people. I confess that I was somewhat disappointed in finding that there was nothing in Montenegro answering to the old Teutonic assemblies of the whole people which still survive in the old democratic cantons of Switzerland. I had pictured to myself the possibility of seeing in Montenegro such gatherings as Tacitus described of old, such as I have myself seen in Uri and in Appenzell. In Montenegro indeed our thoughts might wander back to lands of yet earlier fame. We have drawn near enough to the old Macedonian land to think of those armed assemblies of the Macedonian people before whom Alexander appeared as an accuser, and did not always carry the verdict of the assembly with him. In Montenegro there is certainly less than one would have looked for of the outward forms of popular freedom. The Prince has his senate; but it is a senate of officials of his own choosing. He consults representatives of each district of his principality; but they too are representatives of his own summoning. The sound of all this is, I freely confess, disappointing. Still, in a land of such small extent, where the ruler knows, and is known by, all his people, where every man is at once a soldier and a landowner, full practical freedom may very well go on with forms which would come near to tyranny in a larger kingdom, where the king is necessarily out of sight of the mass of his subjects, and above all, where he has a special military class at his command. Sismondi remarks with great wisdom that, when every count and baron acted as an independent prince, and claimed the right of private war, among the endless evils of such a state of things, there was

one countervailing good. The lord could not venture greatly to oppress the men whom he expected to follow him to battle. When days of greater peace and order came, the hand of the lord who was no longer a captain came down far more heavily on subjects who were no longer his soldiers. The Prince of Montenegro is the chief of an armed nation; and, among an armed nation, the Prince may, without damage to real freedom, wield an amount of formal power which among an unarmed people would be simple tyranny. A wise and popular Prince, though he himself chooses his own advisers, may choose men who are as truly representatives of the nation as if they had been chosen by ballot and universal suffrage. The representative of each district is not delegated by the district, but summoned by the Prince; but, if it appears that a representative has lost the confidence of his district, the Prince presently supplies his place by another. Such a kind of government as this can indeed only work well under a wise and popular Prince, and among a people at once small and armed. Given these conditions, it certainly seems to answer. It has been made a matter of complaint by the idolators of Turkish oppression that Montenegrin volunteers have joined the ranks of the insurgents in Herzegovina. Small blame indeed to them who have ever kept their freedom for going to help men of their own blood and speech and faith who are striving to be as they are. Small blame to them for thus requiring the help which volunteers from Herzegovina gave to Montenegro when her sons gave the barbarian his last lesson at Grahovo. Small blame to them, if the letter of treaties and the conveniences of diplomacy seem to them as dust in the balance beside the bidings of eternal right. But it marks the power which the Prince has over his people that he can keep a single man with his weapons idle at such a moment. The wonder is, not that some Montenegrin volunteers have joined the insurgent ranks, but rather that a single man in Montenegro

can keep himself an inactive spectator of what we may hope is the beginning of the last act of the long defensive crusade of five hundred years.

Of this land, so deeply interesting, alike from its past, its present, and its future, I have myself seen only a small part. A mountain district is always large in proportion to its population; small as Cernagora looks on the map, it takes several days to cross it in the only fashion in which it is as yet to be crossed. I have only made the journey from Cattaro to Cetinje, and Cetinje is almost in a corner of the land of which it is the capital. Among the other improvements which are going on, a carriage road is making from Cattaro to Cetinje. When that road is made, I hope to see Cetinje again. As it is, the journey is a little frightful to those who are not members of the Alpine Club. The zig-zag road out of Cattaro gradually changes into a rough mountain-path, which however the hardy horses of the country go up and down, seemingly without any special effort or fatigue. The no less hardy men seem to take the six hours' scramble as an easy morning's walk. The rugged up and down path is however relieved here and there by more level oases and even by pieces of the unfinished carriage road. One question is sure to present itself to the traveller. How does a land of limestone rocks, which therefore has an appearance of whiteness rather than blackness, come by the name of the Black Mountain? The name has been given to the land from the part of it which lies beyond Cetinje, the part which I did not see, but which I am told is largely covered with deep forests. The name thus answers to that of Black Korkyra or Curzoa, the isle which stands out in such a marked way, with its thick covering of wood, among the usually bleak and bare hills of the Dalmatian coasts and islands. The road leads through more than one large basin among the rocks, in one of which, a mountain plain fenced in by a rampart of hills, stands Cetinje itself. But

before we reach the capital, we have opportunities of seeing something, if only in a passing glimpse, of the life of Montenegro. Among those mountains nature has been chary of fertile spots, but such as there are have been clearly made the most of. We pass by the large village of Nilgush, by a few scattered houses, by an occasional simple church, not, as in the neighbouring land, with the minarets of mosques overtopping it. We feel the contrast between the land which has preserved its faith by its sword, and the land where the church stands only by payment of tribute to an infidel conqueror. Here and there we meet men in the picturesque costume of the land, men among the best formed and most vigorous of mankind. Each man has his weapons in his girdle, but they are weapons which none but the barbarian enemy has any need to dread. At different points of the journey, splendid views open in various directions. At one point we may look back on the *Bocche*, on the slip of land which parts them from the main sea, on the Hadriatic itself, carrying our thoughts on to the opposite Italian shore. At another point, as we look forwards, the Albanian land bursts on our sight; the lake of Skodra lies beneath us, fenced in on its further side by loftier and wilder peaks than are to be seen in the range which fences in the Dalmatian shore. The eye of thought passes on beyond them to the land of Pyrrhos and of Skanderbeg, to Souli and her heroes, to the further lake where the name of Hellas was first heard among the sacred oaks of Zeus. The last descent, the most rugged of all, brings us into the road which leads straight to the village capital. The libellous jester whom I spoke of at the beginning of this article tells us that he burst out laughing at the humble look of Cetinje. To a vulgar mind it may perhaps be matter for mockery that so small a collection of houses should form the capital of an independent state. Others may perhaps rather look with admiration on the people which has done so great things with such small means, and on the Prince

who, familiar with the cultivation of Western Europe, looks with an honest pride on his own simple people and his own lowly capital.

It must certainly be allowed that the capital of Montenegro has no claim to rank among the great cities of the earth. Its general look, consisting mainly, as it does, of one wide street, rather reminded me of some of those small towns or large villages which lie on the old road from Oxford to London. Not expecting to find a new Babylon or Palmyra in one of the oases of the Black Mountain, I saw nothing that looked specially mean or squalid or tumble-down. I certainly know of municipal and parliamentary boroughs in more parts than one of the British Islands, which certainly would have to hold down their heads in a comparison with the Montenegrin capital. I was struck with the good sense of the Prince who, reigning over a simple people of his own blood, is satisfied with a palace which does not even pretend to the privacy of a squire's mansion, but simply stands as the great house of an open village. This is the new palace; the old palace, in which strangers are lodged, the work of the last Vladika, is a different building. The Vladika, at once bishop and general, built a house which would serve better either for a monastery or for a barrack than for anything which in the West, would be understood by a palace, or even a private house. But there is nothing to be said against the quarters in it. Cetinje supplies everything but the tub, and a wise traveller carries that with him. Not far from the old palace, on the slope of a high peaked hill, stands the monastery, with its small church, containing the body of the sainted Peter. The arrangements of the monastery are puzzling to one familiar only with the monasteries of the West; but two ranges of arches, one over the other, stand out conspicuously. It might be dangerous to guess at their date; to judge from a new church on the other side of the town, architectural style would seem to have hardly changed in these

parts for seven or eight hundred years. Above the monastery stands the tower where Turks' heads are no longer to be seen. But the signs of the growing civilization of Montenegro are chiefly gathered in another part of the town, at the end of the one main street. There is the future hotel; there is the post-office—Montenegro was a member of the Postal Union some months before France—and there is one institution to which the Prince sends his visitors with a special pride. This is the model girls' school, where those who are curious in "time-tables," and take a mysterious pleasure in drawing them up, may have the privilege of studying them in the Slavonic tongue.

Those who may still fancy that the Prince of Montenegro is a marauding Bishop, or a marauding anything, those who think it funny to call him "His Ferocity," may be surprised to hear that the thing in his dominions to which he calls the special attention of strangers should be nothing either ecclesiastical or military, but a school according to the most advanced pattern. But this is only in character with all that is going on in Montenegro. The land stands ready for war; but the main difference between the Montenegro of to-day and the Montenegro of past times is the steady advance in peaceful civilization. In this particular department of female education, Cetinje is a missionary centre. Girls come up from the shores of the *Bocche* for the better instruction which is to be had on the Black Mountain. But at this moment Montenegro stands forth in a nobler character than all. It is the land where the homeless fugitive from the seat of war finds shelter and welcome, shelter and welcome the cost of which is taxing the people of the hospitable little state to a degree which their scanty means can hardly bear. And, as theirs is a hospitality which is given without stint, so it is a hospitality which is given without distinction of race or creed. While the barbarous Turk drives the women and children of Christian villages before him with fire and sword,

the women and children of his own race, when the hour of retaliation comes on their homes, find shelter and help in the Christian land. On those mountains all are alike welcome, both the Christian flying from the sword of oppression, and the Turk flying from the sword of vengeance. I have before me the official statement that, in October last, twenty thousand Christian fugitives were sheltered in Montenegro, quartered in the houses of the inhabitants, and receiving help both public and private. But the same statement adds the fact that, at the same moment, three Turks of distinction appeared before the Prince of Montenegro to return thanks for the shelter that had been given to their families also. Fifty-two Turkish women and children were then refugees on Montenegrin ground, and it was unanimously agreed that exactly the same help should be given to them that was given to Christians in the like case.

Thus have the men of the Black Mountain done of their poverty, and to all Europe and to all Christendom the voice may go forth to go and do likewise. I can let no opportunity pass of setting forth to all who have hearts to feel the claims of the helpless fugitives who, in numbers which are reckoned by many thousands, have sought shelter within the Austrian and Montenegrin borders from the horrors of a desolating war. To many I hope it will be an additional claim on behalf of the homeless women and children who have fled from Herzegovina, that their husbands and fathers and brothers are pouring out their blood in the highest and holiest of causes, the cause of right, the cause of freedom, the cause of Christendom. But even with those whose minds are so strangely blinded as to take the side of the oppressor, surely these victims cannot plead in vain. The integrity and independence of the Ottoman Empire is hardly threatened by giving food and shelter to the homeless and starving multitudes who are pressing over every point of the friendly frontier. To the

men of Montenegro their neighbours, their brethren, are nearer, and naturally dearer, than they can be to us. But, on the other hand, they have to give of their poverty, while we can give of our abundance. The claims on English bounty at home and abroad are indeed many; but surely there is none that ought to speak more strongly to our hearts than this. During the great war between Germany and France, English bounty did much for the sufferers of both nations. But the present war, infinitely smaller as is its scale with regard to the numbers actually engaged, is a war which carries with it infinitely more of suffering within its range. The one was a war between two civilized nations, carried on under the restraint of those rules which humanity imposes on the armies of civilized nations. It was a war waged for a great and righteous object; but it was not a war of life and death on either side, except to the actual combatants. But this is a war of life and death for all, a war between barbarians and men whom the yoke of the barbarian has done something to crush down to his own level. Help was then asked for the sick and wounded soldier, for the farmer who had lost the hope of his next crop, here and there for men whose homes had been destroyed by some exceptional operation of war. But here the exception is the rule; the sick or wounded soldier is doubtless to be

found also; but he is hardly to be seen amid the thousands of helpless sufferers who have fled from the edge of the sword, but who have never drawn it themselves. We read in our own ancient chronicles of the harrying of Northumberland, and how men bowed themselves for need in the evil day. Men then sold themselves into bondage for a morsel of bread; now those who have fled from the house of bondage crave for a morsel of bread to keep them alive in their cities of refuge. While we read the tale of their misery, we read, at the same moment, of the vast sums which are lavished, year by year and day by day, on the follies and vices of the despot from whose yoke they are flying. The contrast between the barbarous luxury of the Sultan and the sufferings of his victims who are perishing of cold and hunger must strike every one who sees the two pictures side by side. To the despot himself such a contrast would be meaningless; to us it should not be so. The cry of the refugees is one which ought to go to the hearts of all Christendom and of all the world. But it ought specially to go to the hearts of those who have helped to prop up the fabric of wrong of which these helpless sufferers are the guiltless victims, and who may now see before their eyes the true nature of the yoke which they have helped to press upon the necks of unwilling nations.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

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CHAPTER V.

SUBTERRANEAN FIRES.

A SUDDEN change came over the tone and style of Violet North's novel. It had opened in a gentle and idyllic mood, dealing with the aspirations of noble souls and the pathos of lovers' partings; it was now filled with gloom, revenge, and detestation of the world. The following brief extract may suffice to show the artist's second manner—and has other significance as well :

“When we bade farewell to Virginia Northbrook in a previous chapter she had been up to that moment supported by the companionship of one of the noblest of men ; but now, when she turned away, with the wild tears glittering in her eyes, she felt, alas ! what a bitter mockery the world was, and her young and ardent nature was shocked and wounded by the cruel selfishness of her fellow-creatures. All around her was gloom. No longer did the cheerful sun light up the emerald meadows of D—. Nature sympathised with her stricken heart ; even the birds were silent, and stood respectfully aside to see this wretched girl pass. The landscape wore a sable garb, and the happy insects that flew about seemed to be crushed with the dread of an impending storm.

“For why should the truth be concealed ? That cruel parting which we have described was wholly unnecessary ;

it was the result of malice and selfishness on the part of those who ought to have known better ; they had determined to separate our two lovers ; and their cunning wiles had succeeded. Alas ! when will the heartless worldling learn that there is something nobler and higher than the love of mammon and the hypocritical gloss which they call, forsooth ! respectability ? Why should not two young hearts fulfil their destiny ? Why should they be torn asunder and cast bleeding into an abyss of misery, where hope is extinguished, and the soul left a prey to the most horrible horrors ?

“But the present writer must guard himself against being misunderstood in describing Virginia Northbrook's desolate condition. She was alone, and the cold world was against her ; but did she succumb ? No ! Her spirit was of firmer mettle. It was a singular point in the character of our heroine that whereas, with kindness, she was as docile as a lamb—and *most grateful* to those who were kind to her—cruelty drove her into desperation. When she parted from Gilbert and took her way home to C—G—her soul was more dauntless than ever.

“Do they think they have conquered me ?” she cried aloud, while a wild smile broke over her features. ‘No ; they will learn that within this outward semblance of a girl there is the daring of a woman !’

"Poor misguided creature, she was deceiving herself. She was no longer a woman—but a fiend! Despair and cruelty had driven her to this. Was it not sad to see this innocent brow plotting deadly schemes of revenge on those who had parted her from her lover, in deference to the idle prejudices of an indifferent world?"

"Yes, reader; you will judge as to whether she was or was not justified; and, oh! I appeal to you to be merciful, and take into consideration what you were at her age. We will reserve for another chapter a description of the plot which Virginia invented, together with the manner in which she carried it out."

At this point of her imaginary life, there occurred a considerable hiatus; for her real life became more full of immediate and pressing interest. Violet North dispossessed Virginia Northbrook. The details of the plot mentioned above must be put in, therefore, by another and less romantic hand.

First of all, this proud, wilful, impetuous and mischief-loving girl suddenly showed herself very meek, obedient, attentive to her school duties, and most clearly respectful and courteous to the chief mistress. Miss Main was at first puzzled and suspicious; then she was overjoyed.

"Perhaps," she said to the German master, "it is only to spite Miss Wolf that she means to take the Good Conduct prize, as she took the French and German last term; but if she makes up her mind to it, she will do it."

Then all the girls understood that Violet North meant to have the Good Conduct prize; and they, too, knew she must have it if she seriously meant to gain it.

Two or three days after this abrupt reformation, Miss Main said to the girl, in a kindly way,

"Miss North, why don't you go up to Mrs. Warren's, as you used to do? Amy has not told me they were from home."

"No, Miss Main," said the girl, with great respect, "they are at home. But—but when I go up there, it seems a

pity I should have to trouble Mr. Drummond to come back again with me. It is such a short distance: he must think me very timid or foolish."

"Oh, I am sure," said the unsuspecting schoolmistress, "that need not bother you. The distance is very short indeed. You might easily run down here by yourself."

"Oh, thank you," said Miss North, very calmly. "That is very kind of you, Miss Main; for one does not like to be a trouble to one's friends."

There was less of calm respectfulness—there was, on the contrary, a proud and defiant determination—on her face when she went up stairs to her own room. There she sat down and wrote out three copies of the following mysterious announcement:

"Violet.—Is G. M. ever about Champion Hill at five p.m.? V. would like to apologise for rudeness."

She must have contemplated beforehand sending these advertisements; for she was already supplied with postage-stamps for the purpose.

It was on the third day after this that Miss North met Mr. George Miller; and their place of meeting was the Champion Hill mentioned above.

"How odd you should have seen the advertisement!" said she, frankly going forward to him. There was no sort of embarrassment in her manner.

"What advertisement?" said he, amazed.

"Oh," she said, quickly altering her tone, "it was nothing—a mere trifle. I thought I had been rather rude to you; and I wished to apologise. So I put a line in the papers. Now I have apologised to you—"

"Yes?" said he, rather puzzled.

"Well, there's no more to be said,—is there?" she remarked, with some impatience.

"Do you mean that you wish to bid me good-bye?" said he, rather stiffly: he considered that this young lady's manner of treating him was just a trifle too dictatorial.

"Oh, I don't care," she said, indifferently. "What were you coming about

here for, if you did not see the advertisement?"

"I thought I might see you."

She smiled demurely.

"At the head of the school?"

"Any way. Even that would be better than nothing," said he; for she was very pretty, and he lost his head for the moment.

"Well," she said, with a burst of good-nature, "since I'm not at the head of the school, I will walk down with you to the foot of Green Lane. I suppose you are going home?"

"Y—yes," said he, doubtfully. "I wanted to tell you something, if there was an opportunity."

"Pleasant or not? If not, don't let us have it, please; I have enough of worry."

"You—worry?" said he, with a laugh. "You talk as if you were a woman of thirty. And, indeed, I think all this farce of keeping you a schoolgirl ought to be burst up. It is quite ridiculous. You ought to be at home, or in some one's house, where you would meet people and be allowed to make friends—instead of slipping out like this, and probably getting us both into trouble—"

"I know," she said shortly. "What was it you were going to tell me?"

"I have found out a man I know in the City who knows Mr. Drummond," said he, "and he proposes to introduce us to each other—in an accidental way, you understand. Now, will that satisfy you?"

"Satisfy me?" she said, turning her proud black eyes on him with an air of surprise. "Have I been anxious to be satisfied?"

"I did not say you were," said he, testily. "You seem bent on a quarrel."

"Oh no, I'm not," she answered, with one of those quick smiles that could disarm even the awful anger of an outraged schoolmistress. "But you must always bear in mind, if you wish to see me at all, that the wish is on your side. As for me—well, I have no objection."

"You are very proud."

"No; only frank."

"Well, about Mr. Drummond—won't that satisfy everybody? I have been introduced to that lady—what is her name?"

"Warrener."

"Then I shall make his acquaintance; and if he is a friendly sort of man, I will ask him to dine with me; and very likely he will do the same by me; and I am sure to meet you at his house. Now is that all right?"

"No, all wrong," she said, with a charming smile. "They won't have anything to do with you."

"Did you tell them?" said he, with sudden alarm.

"Oh, yes," she remarked, speaking very distinctly. "I told them that I had accidentally made your acquaintance; that you seemed to wish to continue it; and that, if they chose, they could be friendly and take you under their charge."

"And what did they say?"

"They refused—too much responsibility."

"Then what do you mean to do?" said he.

"I?" she said, with a bright laugh.

"I mean to walk down to the foot of Green Lane with you; and then go back to the school. Is not that good-nature enough for one day?"

"And after that—are we to consider our acquaintance at an end?"

"As you please," said she.

"Do you mean that you propose to continue this hide-and-peek way of meeting—this slinking round corners so as to avoid being caught? Of course, it is very romantic, but at the same time—"

"At the same time," said she, with a clear emphasis which rather startled him, "I mean to say a word to you that you must not forget. I cannot allow you to assume for a moment that I care a halfpenny whether I meet you or whether I don't. Do you think I wish to play at hide and seek? Now please don't talk like that again."

"Well," said he, rather humbly,

"I no sooner propose one way of putting an end to this state of things than you immediately say it is of no use, and seem rather glad. Perhaps you could tell me another?"

"Oh, dear, yes," said she, with great cheerfulness. "Why should we ever meet again anywhere or anyhow? Would not that solve the difficulty?"

"Very well!" said he, driven to anger by her indifference and audacious light-heartedness. "It is better so. Good-bye!"

He held out his hand.

"And I am not to go down to the foot of the Lane?" said she, with mock-heroic sadness. "Ah, well! good-bye!"

"You know perfectly," said he, relenting, "that I am anxious we should remain friends; and what is the use of your being so very—so very—independent?"

"Then I *am* to go down to the foot of the Lane?" said she, with charming simplicity.

He burst out laughing.

"Well," said he, "I think you are the most irritating creature I ever met. But you will get cured of all these whims and airs of yours some day."

"And who will cure me, pray?" said she, with sweet resignation.

"I don't know; but somebody will have to do it."

By this time they were going down the steep lane; the young green of the hawthorn hedge on each side of them shining in the clear spring sunlight; the low-lying meadows and trees of Dulwich far below them and softened over with a silver-grey mist. In a few minutes more they would part at the foot of the hill; but there was no great premonitory sadness on her frank, young, handsome face.

"What is amusing you?" said he, noticing a sort of demure laugh under the beautiful dark eyelashes.

"Only the poor invention that men have," she said. "You are quite cast down because your scheme of being introduced to Mr. Drummond won't do. Why, a woman could get fifty schemes!"

"Then give me one," said he.

"I am only a girl. Besides—how often must I tell you?—it is not my place to do so. But I was thinking to-day how easily I could meet you if I liked—not for a few minutes, but a long time—"

"Could you," said he, eagerly. "Could you—could you get enough time to come for a long walk—or a drive?"

"I could get away for a whole day!" she said, boldly; but she added quickly, "if I wished it."

"Then won't you wish it!" said he. "Look what a splendid drive we could have just now—the best time of the year—and I would try to get some lady I know to come for you—"

"Oh no, thank you," she said. "I have had enough of introductions, and relatives and friends, and asking obligations. If I went out for this whole day it would be to show them how little they can control me if I take it into my head not to be controlled. As for going with you, I think I would rather go with anybody else; only there would be no mischief in going with anybody else."

The declaration was frank, but not complimentary: the short time he had known this young lady had been enough to make him wish she had just a little less plainness of speech.

"Well, will you do it?" he asked.

"Yes, I think I will," she answered.

"When?"

"Next Tuesday."

"And where shall I meet you?"

"Oh, you must drive up to Miss Main's for me, and come into the hall, and send a message."

He looked so horror-stricken that she nearly laughed; but she maintained a business-like air.

"Yes," she said, "is there anything more simple?"

"Surely you are joking! Do you mean to say that Miss Main would allow you to go out driving with me?"

"Yes, I do; what is more, she will probably offer you a glass of sherry and

a biscuit before leaving. If you take the sherry, it will give you a headache."

"But I don't understand—"

"Of course not," she said, with good-natured indulgence. "I told you that gentlemen were poor in invention. But you will see how easily I can arrange all this. I thought of it just to show people how little they know the determination—but I needn't speak about that. Well, here we are at the foot of the hill—good-bye!"

She held out her hand carelessly.

"I must walk back with you."

"No; a compact's a compact."

"Then I am to bring a carriage for you next Tuesday morning, and come right up to the door, and ask for Miss North? Is that all?"

"Yes. Come about half-past eleven."

Mr. George Miller walked away in great perplexity. He had a notion that this wild girl had a great fondness for practical jokes. Might she not be awaiting him at the window, along with her schoolfellows, to receive him with jeers?

But then, he reflected, she was not likely to play any such too notorious prank just after her narrow escape from expulsion. He took it for granted that he was safe from ridicule—which is always a young man's first thought—and then came the question as to the other risks he ran. This was no very safe project—to take a schoolgirl away for a day's drive, even though he could plead that she had made at least one effort to introduce him to her friends, and that he had made several to be introduced. On the other hand, was he to show cowardice where a girl was not afraid? He would have the finest pair of horses he could hire for that Tuesday morning!

As for her, she walked lightly and briskly up the hill—her fine figure giving her a freeness of step not common among schoolgirls—and made her way back to Miss Main's establishment. That patient and unsuspecting lady took it for granted that her pupil had been round at Mr. Drummond's house.

Violet North went to her own room, sat down, and wrote as follows:—

"CAMBERWELL GROVE, *Thursday Evening.*

"MY DEAR PAPA,—I think it is very hard that your own daughter should know only by the newspapers of your return to town. Cannot you come over to see me on Saturday? And my money is nearly all gone.—I remain, your loving daughter,

"VIOLET."

Sir Acton North was an exceedingly busy man, who had not much time for the cultivation of his domestic duties; but he liked this wild girl, and sometimes considered it rather a pity she should have no home but a boarding-school. Busy as he was, he took a run over to Camberwell on the Saturday morning, and had first of all a few minutes' interview with Miss Main. Miss Main treated this big, broad-shouldered, white-bearded man, who had kindly grey eyes, and something of a Yorkshire accent, with very great respect. Replying to his inquiries about Violet's conduct, she only remarked that of late it had been excellent; she made no mention of the recent disturbance. She was more anxious to direct Sir Acton's attention to the brilliant greens of the chestnuts, elms, and lilacs outside, to show him that a healthier site for a school could not have been chosen.

Then Miss Violet came into the room, and the schoolmistress retired.

"Well, girl," said her father, after kissing her, "aren't you ever going to stop growing?"

"I have had plenty of time to grow since I saw you last," she said, with an air which showed her father that she had not at least outgrown her cool frankness.

"And what do you want with me?"

"I suppose a girl must wish to see her father sometimes," she remarked, "when she cannot have the pleasure of admiring her stepmother."

"O Vi, Vi," he said, with a laugh

which was not calculated to repel her free frankness, "you are as wicked as ever."

"Well, I haven't forgotten my fondness for you, papa," she said, honestly going forward and putting her arm round his neck; "so you must tell me all you've been doing, and all you're going to do."

"That will be too long a story," said he; "but I must tell you this—that before long I must go to Canada, and very likely I may have to stop nearly a year there."

Now what was it—some unnameable fear, some flash of a better instinct—which suddenly changed the expression of the girl's face, and made her cry out,

"Oh, papa, couldn't you take me with you?"

"For a year?"

"For twenty years, so that I am with you. I hate England so!"

"Nonsense, nonsense, child!" he said, good-humouredly, and releasing his neck from her arm. "Of course a girl must have fits of dulness at school; you'll get over these when you're a woman. So you want some more pocket-money? Is your last quarter's allowance run out already?"

She would not answer—she was proud and hurt. He would treat her as a child—he would not see she was in earnest in that sudden cry to be taken away from England.

"Well, well," said he; "put this in your pipe and smoke it, Vi," and he gave her a 5*l.* note, with no thought of the imprudence of trusting such a sum of money to the discretion of an impetuous schoolgirl.

Somehow a change had come over the manner of the girl, even in this short time. She had met him with that gay, defiant spirit that she commonly displayed towards persons whom she regarded with a special affection; then for a second or two she seemed to approach him with an unusual yearning of sentiment. Now she was proud, cold, matter-of-fact.

"Papa," she said, "will you excuse

me for a moment? I wish to speak to Miss Main."

She left the room, and went and sought out Miss Main. The schoolmistress received her with a kindly look; she was pleased when Sir Acton North visited the school.

"Oh, Miss Main," said Violet, in an offhand way, "can you let me have a holiday next Tuesday?"

Now what could the schoolmistress possibly think of such a request but that it was one of the utmost innocence, which she was bound to accede to? Here was a girl visited by her father, who rarely came to town. What more natural than that he should propose to take the girl away for a day?

"Certainly, Miss North," said the schoolmistress. "I suppose your papa will send for you?"

"I think it is very likely Mr. George Miller will call for me," said Miss North, with a business-like air. "Of course you know Mr. George Miller, Miss Main?"

"By reputation, undoubtedly. I wish there were more such as he in London."

"Well, they live not far from here; so it is very likely he will be good enough to call for me. May I have the pleasure of introducing him to you, Miss Main?"

"I should consider it an honour, Miss Violet," said the simple-minded schoolmistress; and Miss North knew she was in high favour when she was called Miss Violet.

"Thank you very much," said Miss Violet; and she was going back to her father, when she suddenly turned. "Oh, Miss Main, my papa has just given me some money; and I do think the feather in my hat is getting a little shabby. Would you allow Elizabeth to go down with me to the shops on Monday forenoon? I wish to buy a few things."

"I will go down with you myself," said Miss Main, graciously.

"Oh, that will be so kind of you."

"Well, girl, what do you mean by keeping me here?" said her father,

when she returned. "Do you know I have to be at King's Cross by two o'clock?"

"I am very sorry," she said. "Must you go now?"

"Yes; good-bye, child. Mind you write to me when you want more money."

She kissed him, and bade him good-bye.

"I will see you out, papa. Don't ask Miss Main to come: she is busy. Shall I see you before you go to Canada?"

"Of course, of course, of course! Ta ta. Mind you behave yourself, Vi, and let me know when your pocket-money runs out."

After he had gone, his daughter had to return to her classes and lessons; and it was not till the evening she found herself with a little spare time on her hands. She felt unequal at the moment to continue her novel, for the details of the dark plot that had been invented by Virginia Northbrook wanted deep consideration. But she had something on her mind; and she came to the resolution to put that down on paper, and subsequently to slip it into the story whenever she got a chance. Here is the passage in question, written with some appearance of haste:

"Virginia Northbrook hated deception; she positively loathed and abominated it. The present writer has never in all his life met with a human being who was as anxious as this girl to have a clear and shining candour illuminating her soul. And why? gentle reader, because she had inherited a heritage of pride—a fatal legacy, perhaps, but it was hers; and her ambition was to be able to look anyone in the face and say what she thought without concealment. Alas! we now find her compelled to stoop to subterfuges. Happiness had gone from her mind; horrid suspicion had built its nest there; the cold indifference of the world had stung her into a passion of revenge. What reeked she of the mad course she was pursuing, when, with a shout of demoniacal laughter, she called out aloud in her

own room 'Vive la bagatelle!' Let us withdraw for a time from this sad scene. The day may come when we may behold our heroine rescued from the unjust tyranny of heartless friends, and the honourableness of her heart's thoughts demonstrated to the light of day. But in the meantime—alas, poor worm!"

Violet North was so much affected by the sorrows of her heroine that she was almost like to cry over them; although, oddly enough, her sentimental grief seemed to wander back to her father's refusal to take her with him to Canada.

CHAPTER VI.

CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH.

"SARAH, we must not leave that girl to herself," said James Drummond to his sister. He had put aside his wide-awake, and was engaged in brushing a far from shiny hat. "She is offended with us; she has not been here for some days; we shall incur a great responsibility if we let her go her own way."

"We shall incur a great responsibility if we interfere," said his sister, and then she rebuked herself for the selfishness of her speech. "Yes, I must go down to the school and see her. I am sure I wish she would go into some convent, or some institution of that kind, where she would be under gentle moral teaching and proper discipline. She is untamed—a wild animal almost—with some fine qualities in her; and yet I don't know what is to become of her."

"A convent!" said Drummond, with a loud laugh. "She would turn the place into a pandemonium in a week. To think of it now!—wouldn't it be delightful? Violet North in a convent! Fancy the scare of the quiet creatures when they discovered they had amongst them a whole legion of demons—as many as you see in St. Antony's Temptation—I should like to have a peep into that convent occasionally if she was there. Well, you'll go down to

her, Sarah. Don't preach at her: rather tell her not to make a fool of herself. Of course she is only hurt and proud; she cannot really care for this young fellow—what's his name?"

"George Miller."

"And yet don't lecture her about the folly of a young girl falling in love, or the danger of it, and all that. She won't believe you—no girl will. You might as well expect to keep servants away from the sherry decanter by sticking a Poison label on it. Don't try to frighten her; for there is nothing that girl will allow to frighten her."

Mr. Drummond put on his carefully brushed but not brilliant hat, and went out into the warm sunlight of this May morning. From the height on which he stood he could see, in the far distance, a low-lying mist of brown. That was the smoke of London City, into which he was about to plunge—with no good grace.

And yet when his old college-chum Harding, who had forsaken the paths of learning and taken to tasting teas as a more profitable pursuit, happened to beg of him to come into the City and have lunch with him, he rarely refused. Harding lived in some remote corner of Hornsey; so the two friends had but seldom an opportunity of seeing each other in the evening. On this last occasion Harding had been specially urgent in his invitation—"A friend of mine wants to be introduced to you," he had added.

Drummond called at the office in Mincing Lane, and his short, stout, brown-bearded friend put on his hat and came out.

"Who is the man?" said Drummond carelessly, as they went along.

"Who wants to be introduced to you? Oh, a young fellow called Miller."

"George Miller?" said Drummond, suddenly stopping on the pavement, with a frown of vexation coming over his face.

"Yes. Do you know anything of him?" said Harding, with surprise.

"Yes; I do. Did he tell you why he wished to be introduced to me?"

"No, he didn't."

"Well, I'll tell you what, Harding, it's—it's d—d impertinent of this fellow—"

"My dear boy, what's the matter? You do know him? If you don't want to meet him, there's no reason why you should. We can have lunch elsewhere. He asked me in an offhand way if I knew you—asked to be introduced, and so forth. But there is no compulsion."

"On second thoughts I will go with you," said Drummond, with sudden determination.

"I tell you, man, there is no compulsion. Let's go elsewhere."

"No, I want to be introduced to him."

"All right—the same as ever: flying round like a weathercock, jumping about like quicksilver."

They went into a spacious restaurant, where a large number of men, mostly with their hats on, were attacking large platefuls of rather watery beef and mutton. Harding was known to many of them; as he passed he encountered a running fire of pleasantries which he returned in kind. This was an ordeal which Drummond, who had frequently been with his friend to the place, regarded with a mild wonder. There was no one more ready than himself for fun, for raillery, for sarcasm even of a friendly sort; but this sort of ghastly wit, with no light or life in it, but only a crackling of dry bones, rather puzzled him. Then he noticed that his friend was a trifle embarrassed in replying to it; apparently Harding had not got quite acclimatised in the City. There was neither humour, nor drollery, nor epigram in this sort of banter; but only a trick of inversion, by which a man expressed his meaning by saying something directly the opposite—a patter, indeed, not much more intellectual than the jabbering of inarticulate apes. It should be added, however, that the young men were very young men.

"Miller hasn't come yet," said Harding. "What is the matter between you two?"

"Nothing: I never saw him. But I know why he wants to be introduced to me. What sort of a man is he?"

"Oh, well, he is a nice enough young fellow, who has unfortunately got too much money in prospect, and consequently does nothing. But now, I believe, he is going into business—his father means to buy him a partnership."

"But—but—what sort of fellow is he?" said Drummond, who had no interest in the young man's commercial prospects.

"Well, he is fairly educated, as things go—much better educated than the idle sons of rich business men ordinarily are. He sometimes rather gives himself airs, as to his gentlemanly appearance and instincts, and so forth, if strangers are too familiar with him in the billiard-room up stairs, where they generally have an afternoon pool going on. He is inclined to look down on us poor devils who are in commerce; but that is natural in the son of a business man. He is free with his money—that is to say, he would give you a gorgeous banquet if he asked you to dinner; but it would take a clever fellow to sharp him out of a sixpence, and you don't catch him lending sovereigns to those hangers-on about billiard-rooms who are always ready to borrow and never remember to pay. I think on the whole he is a good sort of fellow. I rather like him. You see, he is very young; and you can put up with a good deal in the way of crude opinions, and self-esteem, and all that, from a young man. . . . I suppose other people had a good deal to stand at our hands when we were of the same age."

"You don't think he would do anything mean or dishonourable?"

"I think his own good opinion of himself would guard against that," said Harding, with a laugh. "Self-esteem, and not any very high notion of morality, keeps many a man from picking a pocket."

"And he does nothing at all? He has no particular occupation or hobby?"

"No; I think he is an idle, careless,

good-natured sort of fellow. Not at all a fool, you know—very shrewd and keen. But what in all the world are you so anxious to know all about George Miller for?"

Drummond did not answer; he seemed to have encountered some difficulty in the cutlet that was before him. At length he said, without raising his eyes from the plate—and just as if he were naturally continuing the conversation,—

"Well, Harding, I was thinking the most miserable people in this country are the lads and young men who are devoured by ambition—there are thousands and thousands of them, all hungering for the appreciation of the public, all anxious to have their stupendous abilities recognized at once. They cannot rest until their book is published; until they have been allowed to play Hamlet in a London theatre; until they have had a chance of convincing a jury and astonishing a judge. By Jove! if they only knew, wouldn't they be thankful for the obstacles that prevent their making fools of themselves! When they do rush into print prematurely, or get all their friends to witness their failure on the stage, what do they do but lay up in their memory something that will give them many a cold bath in after days! But I wonder which you should admire the more, the young fellow who is tortured with ambition, and would make a fool of himself if he were allowed, or the young fellow who is much more sensible—probably from a lack of imagination—and lives a happy and free and easy life? That is your friend Miller's case, isn't it? Now, don't you think that the young man who—"

There is no saying whither this speculation might not have led, had not Mr. Drummond been interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Miller himself. Mr. Drummond's quick, brilliant, observant eyes were instantly directed to the young man's face. It was a refined and handsome face. There was something pleasing in the modest blush which accompanied the simple ceremony

of introduction. So far the first impression was distinctly favourable; but Drummond remained silent, grave, and watchful while the younger man chatted to Harding, and explained the reasons for his being late.

Then young Miller turned to Drummond, and rather timidly began to talk to him. As Drummond was never known to remain in the same mood for five minutes at a time, he was least of all likely to do so when that mood was one of a cautious and critical severity; so that almost directly Harding saw him, in response to some chance and modest remark of the young man, suddenly brighten up into a laugh, while he retorted with a joke. Mr. Miller was, indeed, relating some stories he had heard as to the tricks of the manufacturers of spurious wines, a subject on which he seemed to have acquired some knowledge. He went on to make a few remarks on the constituents of this or that wine—remarks diffidently made, but obviously based on accurate information. His talk interested Drummond, who, by the way, was profoundly ignorant on the matter. He neither knew nor particularly cared how a wine was produced, so long as it was pleasant and wholesome. If it was pleasant and proved to be wholesome, he drank it; if not, he left it alone. He would as soon have thought of inquiring into the constituents of this or any other wine as he would of inquiring into the application of the money he paid in taxes. He never knew for what purposes he was taxed, or who taxed him; but he paid the money, and was glad to be relieved from responsibility. He lacked the parochial mind altogether; but he was altogether grateful to the vestries, or boards of guardians, or whatever other and occult bodies took upon themselves the task of local government.

Now the great respect markedly paid to him by young Miller rather flattered Mr. Drummond, who began to be interested in the young man. Moreover, was he not in a position of advantage? He knew Miller's secret aim; Miller

did not know that he knew it; if there was anything suspicious or underhand about the young man, he would have an excellent opportunity of finding it out. He was on the whole glad that he had resolved to come to the luncheon; he would not allow the young man to make use of the acquaintance unless he considered that advisable; while he was now in a better position to aid and counsel Violet North.

After luncheon they went up for a brief period to the smoking-room; and then Harding had to go back to his office.

"Mr. Drummond," said George Miller, rather shyly, "I believe you live over Denmark Hill way?"

"Yes; Camberwell Grove," said the elder man, amusing himself by watching the artless tricks of his companion's diplomacy.

"I live at Sydenham-Hill. I—I was thinking—you know you were speaking of old books—well, my father has what is said to be a very good collection—it was left him by a friend who went to India some years ago. Now, if you have nothing better to do, would you—would you—come out with me now and have a look at them? You might stay and have a bit of dinner with me too. Unfortunately our people are all down at the Isle of Wight just now; but the servants will get us something. I—I wish you would."

Mr. Drummond could have smiled. The poor young man!—he was working away at his little plot, unconscious how the master mind beside him was looking down on all its innocent involutions. He would humour the youth.

"All right," said he, "I shall be very glad. Only I must send a telegram to my sister."

So these two oddly consorted people went away down to Sydenham to the big, gorgeous, solemn, and empty house; and young Miller was as anxious for his guest's comfort as if he had been an emperor. And how respectfully, too, he listened to the elder man's monologues and jerky witticisms, and chance remarks suggested by the various volumes.

Much of it all was quite incomprehensible to him; but he did not cease to listen with great attention. Drummond came to the conclusion that Mr. Miller was a very ignorant young man, but decidedly intelligent, and laudably anxious to be instructed. Never had any prophet so humble a disciple.

He stayed to dinner too; and accepted with an amused condescension the young man's apologies for a banquet which was certainly varied and abundant enough. None of the wines seemed sufficiently good for so distinguished a visitor. The youthful host bitterly regretted he had not a better cigar to offer Mr. Drummond—the fact is, the box he produced had only cost 7*l.* 10*s.* the hundred. They went out on to the terrace to smoke; and sate down in easy-chairs, among fragrant bushes, under a clear starlit sky. If the young man had any prayer or petition to present, was not this a favourable opportunity?

"I suppose those lights over there," said George Miller, looking across the black valley to a low hill where there were some points of yellow fire, "are about where you live?"

"Yes, I should think so," said Mr. Drummond.

"I—I happen to know a neighbour of yours."

"Oh, indeed," said his wily companion, with an apparent indifference, though he knew what the young man was after.

"At least not quite a neighbour, but a young lady at a boarding-school—I—I believe you know something of her—Miss North is her name—"

"Oh yes, we know her," said Drummond, carelessly.

"Yes," said the other, with greater embarrassment, "so—so I have heard."

"You know her father, of course?" said Mr. Drummond, lightly—which was certainly not the remark that might have been expected to follow such a good dinner, such a good cigar, and so great an amount of attention.

"N—no, not exactly."

"Her friends then?"

Young Miller got out of his embarrassment by a bold plunge.

"The fact is," said he, "Mr. Drummond, I made her acquaintance in a curious way, and I have been anxious to get somebody who would do all the formal and society business of introducing us, don't you know; for she is a very nice girl indeed, and one likes to know such a sensible, such a frank, good-natured—"

"Oh, I see," said Drummond, apparently making a great discovery, "and so you got Harding to ask me to go into the City; and so you have asked me to come out here?"

There was no anger or impatience in his tone; he seemed only asking for information. The night concealed the colour that had fired up into the younger man's face.

"I hope you don't think it was impertinent of me," said he. "I am delighted to have made your acquaintance in any case—I hope you will believe that. I thought Miss North had probably mentioned my name to you?"

He made no answer to that; he said it was a beautiful cool night, and rose to stretch his legs.

"To tell you the truth," stammered young Miller, "I thought that—that, if you and I became friendly, I might have an opportunity, some time or other, of being introduced to her under your roof."

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Drummond, coolly. "And with what purpose?"

"Well, one wishes to have a pleasant acquaintance—that is natural."

"I see," said Drummond, carefully breaking the white ash off his cigar.

George Miller waited for a second or two; surely this was a most unsatisfactory answer.

"You have not yet said—"

"Oh, whether I would ask you to meet Miss North at my house? Well, I see no harm in that. You only wish to make her acquaintance—there is no harm in that. But—but I will see about it."

"Oh, thank you."

Not very long after that Mr. Drum-

mond took his leave, declining at the last moment half-a-dozen cigars as big as walking-sticks which George Miller declared to be necessary to his comfort on the way home. When he reached Camberwell Grove he said to his sister,

"Did you see Violet North this afternoon?"

"No," she said; "the Kennaways came over and stopped the whole day with me."

"Don't go just yet, then. We must consider. I have met that young Miller, and a very decent young fellow he is, but much too young to be allowed to flirt with Violet North. Now if they were allowed to see each other occasionally, she is a shrewd enough girl to find out that he is rather a commonplace young man; and I think we ought to let them meet here."

"Oh, James, how dangerous!" cried his sister. "Only think what we may be accused of! Violet North will have money."

"That young fellow will have twenty times as much. However, I am sure the question will never arise. We will talk about this thing to-morrow."

Now "to-morrow" was Tuesday—that Tuesday on which Violet North had determined to put the whole world to defiance.

"Just my luck!" said young Miller to himself after Mr. Drummond had gone; "confound it! why was she in such a hurry? He would be willing to have us meet as friends at his house—that is quite certain—and everything would go smoothly enough; and now comes this pretty adventure of taking her away to Hampton, and there's no escape from that now. And a very nice mess we are likely to get into, if anybody sees us or finds it out—as somebody is sure to do."

CHAPTER VII.

A SUMMER DAY'S RIDE.

THE eventful morning arrived, and at an early hour Violet North went to the window of her small room, and, with

rather an anxious heart, drew up the blind. Behold! all around her and beneath her a world of green foliage, lit up by the early sunshine; a million flashing diamonds of light on the glossy ivy-leaves of the old red wall; black shadows from the broad laurel-bushes falling on the brown earth below; the white and purple lilacs, the tremulous yellow blossoms of the laburnum, the upright, cream-hued minarets of the chestnut-trees all basking in the sun; and two tall poplars, rustling their leaves in the light wind, leading the eye up to the wonderful expanse of clear blue above, where there was not even a white flake of cloud. She was satisfied.

She heard some one passing her door; she went to it hurriedly, and one of the servants turned on the stair and regarded her.

"Elizabeth," said she, "here is a shilling for you; and you must at once run away down to Camberwell, and go to Mrs. Cooke's, the milliner's, and don't you come away until you've got my hat, done or undone. Now, do you understand, Elizabeth? You knock at the door till they open; you get inside, and don't budge until they give you my hat. Do they think I am going without a hat?"

"Lor, Miss, they was to send it up at eight o'clock, and it is only half-past seven yet."

"But I know they won't send it. Now don't waste time, Elizabeth, but go and do as I tell you; and don't be argued out of the shop. That woman, Mrs. Cooke, will say anything to get you out; but don't you be a fool, Elizabeth."

When the two or three boarders came down to breakfast, they all knew that Violet North was going away for a holiday, and they were all anxious to see her costume. She was continually surprising them in that matter, for she had some skill in dressing herself, and yet many a poor girl who faithfully copied this glass of fashion could not understand how these costumes seemed to suit no one so well as they suited

Violet North. They could not even say that it was the larger pocket-money of a baronet's daughter which gave her greater latitude in adorning herself; for her dresses were devoid of every sort of ornament. They were the simplest of the simple; no tawdry flounces or eye-distracting bunches of ribbons; their only peculiarity was the studied tightness of their sleeves. But that which made Miss North's dresses seem to fit so gracefully was something outside and beyond the dressmaker's art: the workmanship not of any man or woman milliner, but of God.

She was in capital spirits. Anxious? Not a bit. There was more anxiety in the breast of a young man who, at that moment, was coming along the Dulwich-road in a carriage drawn by a pair of fine greys. He almost looked as if he were going to a wedding.

"Yes, Miss Main," said Violet North, going calmly to the window, "here is the carriage; and I see it is young Mr. Miller who has come for me. I would rather have introduced the father to you; but as it is, will you come down and see him?"

"Oh yes," said Miss Main, graciously.

The young man stood, hat in hand, in the parlour; and, if the truth must be told, with his heart for the moment throbbing rather quickly. He looked from the schoolmistress to Violet North as they both entered; the young lady was composed, smiling, and courteous.

"Let me introduce Mr. Miller to you, Miss Main," said she. "Your father is very well known, by reputation, to Miss Main, Mr. Miller; and she almost expected him to come for me this morning. But I suppose he had some other engagement."

"Y— Yes," stammered the young man; and then he added hastily, "are you ready to go now, Miss North?"

He was desperately anxious to get out of the house; he knew not at what moment he might make a blunder. That there was some mystification about was evident from Miss Main's innocent helplessness in the matter.

"Good morning, Miss Main," said

Miss North, "I dare say I shall be back about six."

When she stepped out into the sunlight, and saw the two grey horses before, she could scarcely refrain from smiling—it was very like a runaway marriage. And so thought the girls up stairs, who were all at the window; and who, when they saw the young lady in grey and dark brown velvet—with her grey hat now adorned with a bold white feather—handed into the carriage, could not help admitting that a handsomer bride had never been taken to church. And was not he handsome, too—the slender, square-shouldered young man, with the straight nostrils and finely-cut mouth? They drove away in the clear sunshine; and the girls were of opinion that, if it were not a marriage, it ought to have been.

George Miller heaved a great sigh of relief; he had not been at all comfortable while in that room.

"How did you manage it?" said he.

"Oh," said she, with a smile of triumph, "the easiest thing in the world! That dear good schoolmistress thinks we are going to some flower-show or other where your father, and my father, and everybody else's father are all to be together. Coachman!"

The man turned round.

"Would you please go through this lane and up Grove Hill?"

She did not wish to pass in front of Mr. Drummond's house.

"And did you tell her all that?" said he.

"Not I. She inferred it all for herself. But never mind that, isn't it fine to be off for a holiday, and what a holiday, too! I never saw this place looking so lovely."

They were driving along the crest of Champion Hill; and as there was a bank of black cloud all along the southern sky, against this dark background the wonderful light greens of the Spring foliage seemed to be inter-fused with a lambent sunshine. Here were young lime-trees, with slender and jet-black branches; tall and swaying poplars; branching and picturesque

elms; massive chestnuts and feathery birches; and now and again, looking into a bit of wood, they saw a strange green twilight produced by the sun beating on the canopy of foliage above. It was a Spring-day in look—the heavy purple in the south, the clear blue above, with glimpses through the lofty elms of sailing white clouds blown along by a western breeze!

“Where are we going?” said she, though, in point of fact, she did not care a straw; it was enough to be out in freedom, in the cool air and the clear sunshine.

“I thought of Hampton,” said he, timidly. “The river is pretty there, and we must have luncheon.”

“Are there not a good many Cockneys there?” said she, with an air of lofty criticism. “Don’t they call it ‘Appy’ Ampton?”

“You’ll scarcely find anybody there on a Tuesday,” said he.

“Ah, you thought of that?”

“Yes.”

“Thank you.”

She was quite gracious; but somehow he was never sure that she was not joking. Was it not with some hidden sarcasm that this schoolgirl said “Thank you,” with the high courtesy of an empress?

Suddenly she burst out laughing; and then he knew she was natural enough.

“If Miss Main should hear of this,” she cried, “I do think she’ll have a fit! It will be worth all the money to see her!”

“I don’t see anything to laugh at in it,” said he, “for to tell you the truth I don’t see the necessity of your going on in this way.”

She stared at him for a moment.

“Tell the man to stop,” said she, with sudden decision. “I don’t see the necessity, either, of our going on like this. I have had enough of the driving, and I can walk back.”

“Now don’t be foolish,” said he, in a low voice. “Why won’t you wait until I explain? I said it was unnecessary, for there is no longer any reason why we should not meet each other just

as ordinary people do. Mr. Drummond dined with me last night.”

The announcement did not startle her as he had expected.

“I don’t care,” said she.

“But what is the use of risking trouble?”

“They goaded me into it,” said she.

“Then do you mean to refuse?”

“Now,” said she, impatiently, “what is the use of arguing and worrying on such a morning? I said I would go with you for a nice drive; and here I am; and now you begin to talk about difficulties and disagreeable people. Why can’t you let well alone?”

He was effectually silenced; and that was not the first time he had found himself unable to cope with the pronounced character of this mere school-girl. Of course, he did not like it. There was a frown on his handsome face; and he sat moody and silent. After a bit, she looked at him, and there was a mischievous look of amusement in her eyes.

“Have I offended you?” she said.

“No; but you have been rude and impertinent,” said he, angrily.

“Well, that is pretty tall language,” said she, with a goodnatured laugh, “to address to a young lady. By and by I shall find you following the example of Dr. Siedl. He called me a devil the other day.”

“I don’t wonder at it,” said he, in his exasperation; and this confession so tickled her, and pleased her, that she got into a fit of laughing, which eventually conquered his surliness. He could not help laughing too.

“Do you know what an exasperating person you are?” said he.

“Well,” she candidly admitted, “one or two people have hinted as much to me; but I always considered it jealousy on their part—jealousy of my superior sweetness. I do assure you I consider myself very amiable. Of course, if people choose to be disagreeable——”

“That means, if people don’t give you your own way in everything, you will take it.”

“Well, there is something in that.

However, let us say no more about it. I forgive you."

She settled herself comfortably in the carriage, the sunlight just catching the fine colour of her face, and the light breeze stirring ends and tatters of her masses of dark hair. If she was a runaway schoolgirl, there was little fear about her. She was criticising the appearance of the houses on Denmark Hill and Herne Hill as they drove past; she was calling attention to the pale purple blossoms of the wysteria hanging in front of the sunlit walls; or to the light, sunny, velvety green becoming visible on the upper side of the black and shelving branches of the cedars. What sort of people were they who had these houses? What was their income? Would Mr. Miller like to live there?

Then for a time they got away from the houses; and behold! here were beautiful green meadows yellowed over with kingcups, and hedges white with the may. Past some houses again; and into the long broad avenues of Clapham Park. Was not this Clapham Common, with its golden gorse, and gigantic birch-trees? They dip into another hollow, and rise again; and by and by they get well out into the country—the perpetual road of sunlit brown, the green fringe of hedge, the blue sky with its long flakes of white, and the musical monotonous patter of the horses' feet.

"So you saw Mr. Drummond last night?" said Violet. "Well, what do you think of him? No—don't tell me; for unless you admired him very much—very much indeed—you and I should quarrel."

"I thought you were rather offended with him just now?" said George Miller, with some surprise.

"You can be offended with people you admire and like, can't you?"

"Oh, I found him a very pleasant fellow—rather eccentric, you know—rather too much given to puzzling you about things—"

"He cannot help your not understanding him," said Miss Violet, promptly.

"As for that, I don't suppose he has all the wisdom in the world," said George Miller, who was only a young man, and quick to imagine rivalry. "And you must admit that he isn't very good-looking."

"I hate dolls," said Miss Violet. "I like men to be men—not dolls."

And now they had come—why, this easy, delightful travelling was like a dream!—to the high ground overlooking the far stretches of Wimbledon Common; and here indeed were two immense parallel plains, that of the fair blue sky above, and that of the black heath below, dotted here and there with yellow furze. Far away at the edge of the world there lay a ring of low-lying wooded country, that somehow seemed to suggest the mystic neighbourhood of the sea.

"What a fine scent the wind brings with it," said Miss Violet, "when it blows over the gorse! Why can't they bottle that instead of carnation, and peppermint, and such stuffs? Fancy getting a breath of country air into a London church. Do you like red hawthorn?"

"Yes, rather."

"I don't. It's too jammy. It looks as if it had been dipped red by a confectioner—I believe in the real white natural stuff."

"But the one is as natural as the other," said he.

"I am not going to argue," she retorted, with great condescension, "the weather is too fine."

With their youthful spirits and a joyous day, and a capital pair of horses, the time was passing pleasantly enough; but at this point their enjoyment was interrupted by a pitiful accident. They had got past the Robin Hood gate and were rolling along the valley. A woman was coming in the opposite direction with her two children—one in her arms, and one whom she had allowed to lag far behind. Now there was a cart laden with timber in the way, and as Miller's coachman drove to the right of the road to pass it, it unfortunately happened that

the child, a little girl, stumbled at the edge of the pathway and almost rolled against the carriage. She was not run over; but she struck her head against the hind wheel; and when Violet North, quick as lightning, opened the carriage door, jumped down, and caught up the child, blood was flowing from a slight scalp-wound. The girl, who had caught up the child long before the mother could reach it, and who did not know that the wound was not very dangerous, was frantic in her indignation.

"You a driver?" she said, with her eyes flashing. "Why didn't you stop your horses? You—you—you're not fit to—oh, my poor child, I think we've murdered you!"

She ran with the child back to the public-house there—the mother not seeking to relieve her of her burden—and got water, and washed the wound, and tied it up as well as she could with linen they brought her. The coachman came in—he was explaining to the people that it was not his fault at all.

"Hold your peace!" she said.

Then she turned to the mother.

"Where do you live? Give me your address—I will come and see you—"

She quickly pulled out her purse—all this time her face was very pale and determined. George Miller interfered, and said—

"Here, my good woman, is a sovereign for you."

"She shall have ten sovereigns—she shall have twenty sovereigns!" the girl said, almost with a stamp of her foot, and with abundant tears rushing into her eyes. "Here, mother, is all the money I've got—I'm sorry we can do nothing but give you money. But I will come and see you—my father will come and see you—you go to a surgery when you get up to Wandsworth, and get a good doctor, and I'll pay him—now don't you forget; I will look after you."

"Thank you kindly, Miss," said the poor woman; and the men standing by, when the girl went out, said to each other "There, now, that's a real lady,

that is; that's none o' your fine, stuck-up gentry as is too proud to step down from their carriages; that's a real lady, that is."

The carriage was outside, and the coachman again on his box. She went up to him.

"I beg your pardon," said she, distinctly. "I believe I was wrong. I don't think you could have helped it."

"Well Miss, I don't think I could," said he. "But there's no great harm done—no bones broken. It'll only be a scar."

And so they drove on once more; but Mr. Miller was not at all pleased at the way he had been treated in that wayside public-house.

"How do you propose to get your father to go and see that woman? How will you explain your being here?"

"I don't mind that," she said.

"He could do no good. How much money did you give her?"

"Three sovereigns, and some silver."

"So she has got over four pounds on account of that cut. I don't think she'd mind having the whole of her family treated in the same way."

"If you had your head laid open," she retorted, "I wonder how much your friends would think a proper compensation."

They drove on for some distance in silence.

"I think," said he, "we are having a fair amount of quarrelling for a single day."

"But that," she answered, with a charming smile, "is only to show what good friends we are. Of course, if we had met each other at a dinner party, and then at a ball, and then at a dinner party, we should be excessively polite to each other. Would you rather like that? Shall we try—from here to Hampton? Shall I begin? *I beg your pardon, my dear Mr. Miller, but would you have the goodness to tell me what o'clock it is?*"

The abrupt change of manner, and the air with which she made the inquiry, caused him to burst out laughing; and this effectually put both into a

good humour, which lasted, with but few interruptions, the rest of the day.

On through Kingston and over the high-arched bridge—on by the wall and trees of Bushey Park—past the entrance to Hampton Court Palace—underneath the shadow of some mighty trees—and then round to an open green, to the river, and to a big old-fashioned inn, its walls all hanging with the blossoms of the wysteria.

“Have you courage to have luncheon in the ordinary coffee-room?” said he—as if she lacked courage for anything.

“Certainly,” she said. “I like to see people; and I am not afraid of meeting any one I know. Oh, I say, if Miss Main could only see me now!”

When they went into the coffee-room they found there only two old maiden ladies, having bread and cheese and lemonade, a Frenchman and his wife, who was much older than himself, and an old gentleman who had fallen asleep in his chair. They were therefore fortunate in being able to get a table at one of the windows, so that they could turn from the dull red carpet and white curtains of the room to the great glowing world outside. Violet was very grave while luncheon was being ordered. She expressed her preference for this or that with a serious frankness. She had the air of a young woman on her bridal-trip, who is above all things determined to appear indifferent and at her ease, so as to make the waiter believe that she has been married from time immemorial.

“Then,” said he, when the waiter was gone, “you will take a little champagne, won’t you?”

“No, thank you,” she said. “I like it, you know—especially if it is not too sweet—but I am not allowed to have anything more than a glass of sherry.”

“Who can prevent you now?” he asked.

“My own self-respect,” she said, with great suavity. “Do you think I would take advantage of Miss Main behind her back?”

Luncheon was put on the table; and
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yet they could not bear to have the window shut down. Indeed, there was not much wind blowing in; for now all the ominous black clouds in the south had cleared away; a clear blue sky shone over the still and fair landscape; the world lay in the peaceful light of a summer forenoon. Violet was most unmistakably hungry; but she gave her luncheon only a divided attention. She was continually turning to the sunlit picture outside, a soft and dreamy picture without sound. For there was the long blue sweep of the river—a pale steel-blue, here and there broken by a sharp line of white. Out in mid-stream the wind caught the surface, and ruffled it into a darker blue; in under the soft green willows—which were glowing in the sunshine—there were smooth shadows of a cool, dark olive. On the one side these willows and meadows; on the other the ruddy road and corner by the Palace wall, with stately elms and chestnuts; in the far distance a softly wooded landscape all shimmering in the light. Could one catch the sound of that boat coming round the sweeping curve—the sunshine sparkling on the wet blades of the oars? There was a flock of ducks swimming in a compact body against the gentle current. Far overhead a rook—grown small by the height—was making his way homeward through the blue.

“And who are these?” she said, looking down on some six or eight young men who were crossing the road from the inn and making for the green banks by the side of the river. They were carrying bottles and glasses, and most of them had lit pipes or cigars.

“I should think they were the German fellows who were making such a noise up stairs.”

“I don’t call part-singing noise,” she retorted. “I wish they had gone on. I knew every song they sung.”

“I have no doubt you would like to have gone and helped them,” he said, not very graciously.

“I could have done that too,” she replied, simply. “My singing is not

said to be lovely by critics—envious critics, you know—but I am mad about German songs. Now look at that one who has lain down on his back, with his hat over his face : why doesn't he start a song? He isn't smoking, like the others."

"Perhaps you would like to go and ask him?" he suggested, rather savagely.

"I would, really," she replied, quite innocently. "You don't know how fond I am of the German choruses. Don't you know '*Gaudeamus*'?—"

"If you would prefer to go and make the acquaintance of those gentlemen—"

"In the same manner I made yours?" she remarked.

"Do you mean that any one——" He was obviously getting annoyed again; and she interposed.

"There is nothing," she observed, "of gratitude in the human breast. Here have I run the risk of the most tremendous disgrace—worse than that, I suppose I shall have solitary confinement and bread and water for three months—all to give you the pleasure of my society for a few hours; and the return is that I am thwarted, crushed, argued at every turn——"

"You are likely to be crushed," he said.

"Why, I only wanted them to sing some more songs to please you. I know the songs, every one of them, by heart. Why should I——Oh!"

She threw down her knife and fork, and clasped her hands together in delight.

"Don't you know what that is?"

One of the young fellows, lying stretched at full length on the grass, had been tapping time with his stick, on an empty bottle, to an imaginary tune. Then he had taken to whistling, which he suddenly abandoned in order to bawl out, in a strong, careless, deep bass voice,

"Was kommt dort von der Höh',
Sa, sa! ledernen Hoh',
Was kommt dort von der Höh'!"

and then the full chorus burst in upon him, not very musically for some of the young men tried to keep their pipes in their mouths—

"Was kommt dort von der ledernen Höh',
Sa, sa! ledernen Hoh',
Was kommt dort von der Höh'!"

"Oh, you nice young men!" cried Violet North. "Oh, you nice young men, don't stop!"

But they did stop; the foxy chorus had less novelty for them than for her; and in fact this young fellow had bawled out a line or two of it out of pure idleness and laziness. Some talking ensued; with here and there a faintly-heard burst of laughter. Suddenly the deep-voiced young man called out

"Es zogen drei Bursche wohl über den Rhein,
Bei einer Frau Wirthin da kehrten sie ein,"

and there was another scramble for the chorus—

"Bei einer Frau Wirthin da kehrten sie ein."

Every one knows that Uhland's story of the three students is among the most pathetic of ballads; but what pathos was there possible to those stalwart young fellows with their lusty throats, their tobacco, and beer and wine? And yet the distance softened the sound—the beautiful air had its own message of sentiment with it—in the still sunshine and by the side of the cool river, the various voices seemed harmonious enough.

"Oh!" said Violet, "if they would only bestir themselves, and sing properly! I am sure they belong to some choral society. Why don't they sit up, and throw their nasty pipes into the river!"

Not they: they lay, and laughed, and sang snatches of chorus—idle as the summer day around them. Of course, they sang of the Lorelei, though there was here no gloomy and impending rock for the mystic maiden to sit on in the evening light while the soft tones of her harp lured the mariner to his fate. They sang a jödel song, the jödeler having all the air to himself; the others merely chanting a rhythmic and deep accompaniment, as is the fashion of the Swiss workmen when they are walking home in the evening. They devoted themselves to a couple of drinking songs, and

then they got back to the region of sentiment with the Tyrolese lover's "Herzig's Schatzerl, lass dich Herzen." Violet had been getting more and more impatient. She had finished her luncheon—or rather had neglected it for the singing, and the sunlight and the green foliage without. She had not been a talkative companion.

"Can't we go out now?" she said.

"I suppose you want to get nearer to those German fellows?" said he.

"Yes," she answered. "I cannot hear them very well at such a distance."

"Just as you like, then," said he, with no great warmth of assent. "Of course we shall have to come back here."

She went to get her shawl, and then the two of them passed down the stairs together. Alas! what was that she heard as she got into the hall? She could only hear the air; but she knew the words they were singing—

"Wohlauf! ist getrunken den funkelnden
Wein,
Ade! ihr Gebrüder, geschieden muss sein."

Why "Ade!" just as she was coming out to see and hear something more of them? Indeed, when she went out to the front steps, the tall youths had all got to their feet, and a waiter was bringing back empty glasses and bottles.

"They are going," she said, with some disappointment.

"Yes," said he, "did you think they were going to perform the part of Ethiopian serenaders the whole day?"

"What shall we do now?" she asked: her musicians gone, she was ready for anything.

"Let us go in and see the gardens, and the fountains, and the fish. Then there is the maze, you know."

"I have heard of that," she said, with some grandeur. "That is the place that maid-servants like to lose themselves in, when they go out for a holiday. Thank you, we will do without the maze."

They went round and into the Palace, and behold! before them were the German youths, straying about the

courts, and apparently having continual trouble with their double eye-glasses. They were in the main stalwart, straight-limbed, good-looking young fellows, though they wore very light trousers which were too short for them, and brilliant neckties which a milliner's girl would have coveted, and had had their heads, to all appearance, shaved on some recent occasion. But Miss North seemed to take but little interest now in the young men; she scarcely noticed them.

Among the few visitors, however, who were walking in the gardens behind the Palace, there were two whom she did particularly notice, and that in a very curious and wistful fashion. These were an old blind man, with long snow-white hair, and a small girl, probably his grand-child, who was leading him about, and chattering to him about all the things she saw. Violet North and her companion were sitting on a seat which was in the cool shadow of a black yew-tree; and from this darkened place they could well see the blazing gardens all around them and the bright figures that walked about in the sunshine. Wherever the old man and the child went, thither the eyes of Miss North followed them. How quiet the place was—the only sound that of the plashing of the fountains—the repose of the old-world garden seemed to invite to thinking. There was a sleepiness about those dark yews that flung their black shadows on the burning greenward. It was a comfort to the eyes that those yellow and scarlet flowerbeds, that flamed in the sunlight, were remote; here, close at hand, there was but the grateful shadow, and the dark green under the branches, and the slumberous plashing of the waters.

"Do you see that little girl leading about the old man? She is describing to him everything she sees—the gold-fishes in the pond, the butterflies—everything. Do you know what I should do if I were that girl, and if he were my father?"

He looked at her; he had never heard her speak in this tone before.

"I should tell him lies!" she said, with sudden bitterness. "I should go and tell him lies, and deceive him, and take advantage of his blindness. And he would believe me; for how could he suspect that I would be so mean?"

"I—I don't understand you," said he.

"Well," she said, with a careless gesture, "we have had our holiday; never mind."

And yet her eyes still followed the old man and the child.

"I wonder," she said, absently, "whether, if you break the confidence people have in you, you can ever restore it? Or is it all done for; and you can't go back?"

He looked at her once more: she was quietly crying.

"Violet!" said he, "what is the matter?"

"I am beginning to think what I have done, that is all," she said, trying to conceal her tears; "and it is never to be undone now. And all for what?—a drive and a look at some flowers; and now I can never look my father in the face again, nor the only friends I have in the world, nor Miss Main, nor anybody."

"They—they needn't know," he said, hesitatingly.

"Don't I know myself?" she said, vehemently. "Can anything be worse than that? And I never was so mean as to deceive any one before—and—and—oh! I can't bear to think of it!"

"You must not think so much of all this," said he soothingly. "The fact is, you are very proud, and what annoys you wouldn't disturb anybody else. It was scarcely fair, I admit, to go and deceive those people, or rather let them deceive themselves; but after all it was only a bit of fun——"

"Yes," she said, rapidly. "It was that at the time—it was that all to-day—but now that we have had our adventure comes the price that has to be paid for it. Do you know what I would give to have those last few days cut out of my life altogether? That is the worst of it: you cannot forget."

"It isn't so serious as all that," he pleaded.

"Not to you," she answered.

He certainly perceived that what delight was to come of this adventure had passed away; all the gay and careless audacity had fled from her manner; she seemed to be brooding over her self-humiliation. It was no use arguing with her; she was much too sharp in her replies for him. He began to think they might as well drive back to London.

She pulled out her watch.

"Could your man get me up to London by half-past five?"

"Certainly, if we start now."

"And would you mind leaving me anywhere in the neighbourhood of Euston Square? You can go home then, you know."

"But how about Miss Main?" said he, in surprise.

"Never mind her; I will arrange about that."

"All right," said he, "we must return to the inn at once."

It was a sultry afternoon as they drove back along the dusty highways to the great town they had left in the morning. A light brown haze had come over the sky; and the sun, that had got a coppery tinge, threw a curiously ruddy light on the highway, where the shadows of the trees were purple rather than grey. There was no wind now; the air seemed to choke one; the birds were hushed; everything promised thunder.

"You mean to go and see your father, I suppose," said he.

"Yes," she said, firmly. "This, at least, I can do—I can go and confess to every one whom I have deceived, and ask their pardon—every one. What they will think of me afterwards—well, I cannot help that. I should have thought of that before undertaking this piece of folly."

"I don't see why you should bear all the blame, and take all the punishment," he said. "I will tell you what I will do, if you like: what if I go up to your father's with you, and tell him the whole story? I will if you like."

"You would?" she said, with her face brightening.

"Certainly."

"I like you for that," she said, frankly. "But of course I cannot allow it. You had nothing to do with it at all. It isn't the mere running off for a day that I regret—that was mere stupidity—but the horrid cheating—it is that I can't get over——"

"That is merely because you are so proud."

"It does not matter how or why it is, so long as it is there. I am what I am; and I hate myself—I shall continue to hate myself until I have confessed the whole thing, and left it with them to forgive me or not, as they please. And if they do, will they ever be able to forget? No, no: this piece of fun—of ridiculous nonsense—has done something that is not to be undone, I know that."

"Come, I say," he remonstrated, "you are really taking the thing too much to heart. Is there no sort of condoning a mistake in the world? Is everything you do to stick to you for ever? I think that would be uncommonly hard."

"Tell your man to go as fast as he can:" that was all the answer she made—and yet it was said wistfully, so that he took no offence.

In due course of time they got up into the hot air of London: the ominous sky was clearing, but the sultry closeness still remained. When they reached the neighbourhood of Euston Square, she asked to be set down; and then she held out her hand, and bade him good-bye.

"When am I to see you again?" he asked, rather timidly.

"Perhaps never," she answered; and then she added, with a smile, "Don't ask me to make any more appointments at present. There has been enough mischief out of that."

"I mean to see you soon," said he, with some firmness; and then he drove away.

She walked up to the door of her father's house, and rang the bell. Her heart was beating violently.

"Is Sir Acton at home, George?"

"Yes, miss," answered the man; and then she walked in and through the hall.

She found her father in a room the walls of which were almost covered with plans and maps, while the table was littered with all manner of papers. When he looked up it was clear that his mind was deeply engaged on some project, for he betrayed no surprise at finding her standing there.

"Well, Violet, well?" he said, absently. "I will see you at dinner: go away now, like a good girl."

If he was not surprised to find her there, he was sufficiently startled by what followed. Before he knew how it all happened, he found the girl down on her knees beside him, hiding her head in his lap, and crying wildly and bitterly. What could it all mean? He began to recollect that his daughter had not been expected to dinner.

"My girl, my girl, what is all this about?" said he.

She told him, with many sobs, the whole story—every particular of it, and eagerly putting the whole blame on herself. To tell the truth, Sir Acton was not so very much shocked; but then the story told by herself would have sounded differently had it reached him as a rumour at second-hand.

"That is all, then?" said he. "You have just come back from that foolish excursion? Well, well, you did right to come to me. Just let me see what's to be done; but you did right to come to me."

Perhaps at the moment some notion flashed across his mind that he had not quite given the girl that measure of paternal advice and protection which was her due. Nor indeed was it easy for him to say offhand what he should do now; for his mind was still filled with particulars of a Canadian railway, and there was scarcely room for the case of this runaway schoolgirl.

"Bless my soul, now," said he, "I—I don't know what we had better do——"

"Oh, papa!" she cried, with the

beautiful dark eyes, still wet with tears, looking up imploringly to his face, "take me with you to Canada! I asked you on Saturday—and if you had said yes then, I should have been so happy. I want to go away from England—I hate England—I don't care how long you are away. Papa, won't you take me with you to Canada?"

He put his hand on her head; was there some look of her mother in those earnest, entreating eyes?

"I will do anything you really wish, Violet," he said, hurriedly. "But you don't know what this means. I may be away longer than I expect at present—perhaps eighteen months or two years."

"Oh, papa, that is just what I want—to be away for a long, long time, or altogether—"

"But the travelling, Violet. We should have to be continually travelling immensely long distances, with little time for amusement and sight-seeing. And we should occasionally get into places where the hotel accommodation would doubtless frighten a London-bred young lady."

"It won't frighten me," she said; and there was a happy light shining through her tears: for had he not used the word "we?"

He got up and began to walk about the room; she stood for a minute or two irresolute, and then she went to him, and put her head in his bosom, so that he put his arms round her.

"Papa, I will be such a good companion to you—I will copy all your letters for you—and I will get up in the morning and see that the people have your breakfast for you—and I will take charge of all your clothes and your papers, and everything. And I don't want to go sightseeing—I would far rather see railways, and coal-mines, and engine-houses—and I don't need any outfit, for I can wear the dresses I have—and if there is any great expense, papa, you might give me 10*l.* a year less until you make it up—"

At this he burst out laughing; but it was rather a gasping sort of laugh;

and there was just a trace of moisture in his eyes as he patted her head.

"I think we might scrape together the few pounds for your travelling without starving you," said he.

"Then you will let me go with you?" she cried raising her head with a great delight shining in her face.

He nodded assent. Then she put her arms round his neck and pulled down his head, and said—

"I have something to whisper to you, papa. It is that I love you; and that there is no other papa like you in the whole world."

"Ah, well," said he, when she had released him, "that being settled, what do you propose now, Miss Violet?"

"Oh," she said, "now I have confessed everything to you, and you have been so good to me, I am not so anxious about other people; but still I have to go and beg them to forgive me too—and I will go on my knees to them all if they wish; and then, papa, I must tell Miss Main that I am going to Canada. When do we go, papa?"

"Will three weeks hence be too soon for you?"

"Three days wouldn't."

"Then between a fortnight and three weeks."

She was so overjoyed and grateful that she gladly consented to stay to dinner—a telegram having been sent to Miss Main—and she even condescended to be civil to Lady North and to her rather ugly half-sisters. After dinner she was sent over to the school in her father's brougham.

She made her peace with Miss Main, though that lady was sore distressed to hear that she was about to leave the school and go to Canada. Then she went up to her own room.

She threw open the window; it had now begun to rain; and there were sweet, cool winds about. In the dim orange twilight of a solitary candle, she got out from her trunk the leaves of her MS. novel; and these she deliberately tore to pieces.

"You sham stuff, that is an end of you," she seemed to say, "you must

pack off along with plenty of other nonsense. I have done with that now; you were good enough as the amusement of a schoolgirl; the schoolgirl casts you aside when she steps into the life of A WOMAN."

CHAPTER VIII.

ENGLAND, FAREWELL!

"WHEN does she go?" asked James Drummond of his sister: he was rather moodily staring out of window.

"To-morrow they go down to Southampton; and I think they sail next day. All the school is in a terrible way about it; Amy has been having little fits of crying by herself these two or three days back. She says that the whole of the girls came and asked Violet for some little keepsake—and, of course she would part with her head if it was asked of her—and now they mean to present her with some book or other, with their names written in it. Dear, dear me, what will our Amy do? I am glad she had sufficient sense not to accept Violet's watch—the notion of one girl coolly offering another a gold watch!"

"We shall miss her too," said Mr. Drummond; he was apparently not overjoyed at Violet North's approaching departure.

He turned impatiently from the window.

"Do you know," said he—with a look of anger which would have frightened anybody but his sister, who knew his ways—"do you know what mischief is likely to be done the girl by this two years' trip? Look at her now—a wild, headstrong, audacious school-girl just entering the period in which her character as a woman will be formed. And at this moment, instead of letting some soft womanly hand smooth down the angles of her character—instead of submitting her to all sorts of gentle influences, which would teach her something of the grace and sweetness of a woman—they carry her off among a mob of railway-directors, with their

harsh, mechanical ways, and their worship of money, and their loud and bragging self-importance. Why, the girl will come back to England, if ever she comes back, worse than ever —."

"Do you think her so very bad at present?" Mrs. Warrener remonstrated, gently. "I thought you were very fond of her."

"And I am," he answered. "And there is a great deal about her that is to me intensely interesting, and even fascinating; while there is much that can only be tolerated in the hope that years will eradicate it. It was all very well to be amused by her rude frankness, her happy thoughtlessness, and that sort of romantic affectation she sometimes played with, while she was a schoolgirl; but would you like to see all these things in the woman?"

"She must grow wiser as she grows older," his sister said, fighting a losing battle in defence of her friend.

"No doubt; but will she grow gentler, sweeter, more womanly? Her father, I dare say, thinks he is doing her a kindness; he is doing her a great injury."

"You don't like to part with her, James," his sister said, with a smile.

"Certainly I don't. I had some notion of asking her father to let her come and stay with us, when she left school, and she was bound to leave it soon. If we could have got her with us to the Highlands, and kept her there for a couple of months, she would have got familiarised with us, and stayed on indefinitely."

Mrs. Warrener was quite as impulsively generous as her brother; but she had to do with housekeeping books and tradesmen's bills; and she ventured to hint that the addition of another member to their household would affect their expenditure to a certain degree. He would not hear of that. The frugal manner in which they lived surely left them some margin for acts of friendliness; and if Violet North were to come to live with them, she was not the sort of girl to expect or appreciate expensive living.

"But there is no use talking of it," he said, with a sigh. "When she comes back, we shall see what sort of woman she is."

"That is part of your regret," said his shrewd sister. "You were always interested in the girl—watching her, questioning her, studying her—and now, just as the study was about to reach its most interesting point, she is seized and carried off. Perhaps it will not turn out so badly for her after all—I am sure I hope so, for I cannot help loving the girl, though she has never been a good example to set before our little Amy."

"I think," said Drummond, suddenly, "I should like to go down to Southampton and see her off. The poorest emigrant has friends to go and bid him good-bye. I doubt whether she will have a single creature to shake hands with her the day after to-morrow."

"Won't Mr. Miller be there?" his sister suggested.

"No: when he learned that she had promised neither to see him nor to write to him before leaving, he very fairly said that he would not try to get her to do either. And it was very straightforward of that young fellow to go up to her father and ask his pardon. I think we must get him over to dinner in a day or two."

"Yes," said his sister, with a smile, "now they have taken Violet away from you, you can begin and dissect him."

"There's is more commonplace material there," said Drummond, indifferently, as he went away to get a railway time-table.

And now the hour came at which Violet North had to leave that tall house in Camberwell Grove which had been her home for many a day; and there was her father's brougham at the door and a cab to take her small store of worldly possessions. The girls had begged leave to go out into the bit of front garden to see her off; she came down among them, and there was a great deal of hand-shaking, and kissing,

and "Good-bye, Violet," going on. It was a trying moment. For these last two weeks she had been released from all tasks; and had already assumed the airs of a woman. She had been very dignified and gracious with her former companions—a little conscious of superiority, and proud of Miss Main's proffered society and counsel—and inclined at times to beg of this or that girl to be a little less unruly, and a little more mindful of the proper demeanour of a young lady. Now she was only Violet North again. Her attempt at playing the woman quite broke down; she was crying bitterly as she got into the carriage, where she huddled herself away ignominiously into a corner, and hid herself from the eyes of her companions who were waving their handkerchiefs after her.

But she was not crying when she stood on the white decks of the great steamer, and watched the last preparations being made for leaving England. It was a brilliant and beautiful forenoon, the sun scattering millions of diamonds on the slight ripples of the water, a fair blue sky overhead. She was proud, glad, impatient to be off: the new excitement had brought such a colour to her face and such a brightness to her eyes, that several of the passengers looked at this remarkably handsome girl and hoped she was not merely a visitor.

"I must be getting ashore now," said Mr. Drummond to her; and then he added, with the old friendly smile, "are you sure you have no other message than those you have given me?"

"Do you mean for Mr. Miller?" she asked, looking down; and then, as he did not answer, she continued, "Yes, I have. Tell him I am obliged to him for all the fun and mischief I had; but that is all over now. Oh, Mr. Drummond, isn't it fine to be able to cut off all that and get away quite free? I am so glad to be going! And when you see me again, I shall be quite a reformed character."

"Good-bye, Sir Acton. Good-bye, Violet: don't you forget to write to us."

Shyly, like a schoolgirl, she took his hand; and yet she held it for a moment, and her voice rather faltered as she spoke—

“Good-bye. You have been kind to me. Try not to—to think badly of me. And—and indeed you have been so kind to me!”

Two or three hours afterwards, all that Violet North could see of England, was a long low line of blue, with here and there an indication of white; and now it seemed to her that she did not hate her native country at all. That is what distance does for us: the harsh and bitter features of this or that experience are slowly obliterated and memory begins to look kindly on the past. England was to

her no longer a place of squalid streets and noisy harbours, of smoke, and bustle, and din; but the fair old mother-country, proud and honourable, the beloved of many poets, the home to which the carrier-pigeon of the imagination was sure to return with swift wings from any other point of the earth. She had been glad to get away from England; yet already her heart yearned back to the old, joyous, mischievous life she had led, and it did not seem wretched at all. The new dignity of woman's estate did not wholly console her; for now she was crying just like any schoolgirl, and like a schoolgirl she would accept of no comfort in her misery.

To be continued.

WARD'S ENGLISH DRAMATIC LITERATURE.¹

MR. WARD presents us with a useful and interesting book at a very convenient season. Many circumstances combine in rendering such a work just now most desirable. The best materials hitherto at hand either apply to individual dramatic writers, or deal only with particular periods of our national stage. Excellent as Mr. J. Payne Collier's *History of English Dramatic Poetry* is, it does not include the time of Shakspeare. Of his immediate successors, and the dramatists of Charles I.'s reign, there are no very satisfactory accounts, while after the Restoration and until the end of Queen Anne's reign the annals are either meagre or scattered through many sources. Again, within a few years there have been published so many new or revised editions of the older English dramatic poets, that some connecting chain for these has become necessary; and this chain is now supplied by Mr. Ward. He leads the reader up from the cradle of English dramatic literature to the period when tragedy was on the decline and a new species of comedy in the ascendant.

We cannot perhaps deal better with the volumes before us than by following their author's own arrangement. Inasmuch however as they contain no fewer than 1,224 pages, it is necessary to practice economy in the brief sketch we can afford to give of them. The chapter which treats of what may be termed archæological topics, the era of the mysteries, miracles, moralities, and interludes, will be lightly passed over. But let it not be supposed that we advise our readers to do the like. There is nothing of the Dryasdust in these indispensable prolegomena. The same course will have to be followed for the reason already assigned with the second

chapter, which treats of "The Origin of the English Drama." The analysis of plays, the brief biographies of their authors, which Mr. Ward has afforded his readers, are among the most interesting portions of his narrative, yet for these his own pages must be consulted. The "Lives" are too concise for further abridgment, and the dissections of the plays would be marred by curtailment.

There is a portion, however, of this new dramatic encyclopædia—for that really is the appropriate title of these two volumes—which may be treated of without such sacrifices to the demands of space and time: and upon this portion, after a few preliminary remarks on the general subject of this "History" we propose to dwell. In no part of his narrative has the author been more successful, and even original, than in the summaries with which he concludes his chapters. He sees clearly that an age and the drama of that age react upon each other, and that accordingly the history of a people is in some respects that of the stage also. In ages of faith or superstition, the drama is supplied and sanctioned by the clergy of the time: in epochs of change and disturbance the Church is at variance with stage-poets and stage-players. The theatre too is often influenced by the secular politics of the day, sometimes it is a prop and organ of the government, at others it is a victim to the jealousies and fears of the powers that be. Forms of religion again have their effects on the stage. In the later years of Charles I.—and indeed earlier—Puritans, Brownists, and Anabaptists, were the targets at which those who wrote and those who acted plays aimed their keenest shafts. In a few years it was the Puritan who put the actor under his footstool, expelled him from his house,

¹ *A History of English Dramatic Literature to the Death of Queen Anne.* By Adolphus William Ward, M.A., &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 1875.

and turned the key on both Globe and Blackfriars temples of Rimmon. A "merry monarch" is invited back to the throne, and the measure which the saints of the earth had meted to the ungolly player was inverted, and while the synagogue was shut, the Cockpit and Davenant's theatre were opened wide, and Comus and his crew ruled instead of Hugh Peters and Goodwin. Such were the respective actions of the Church and dramatic literature, and Mr. Ward has afforded us an instructive and lively sketch of them.

We must now take a brief survey of Mr. Ward's earlier chapters. In the first, he introduces the reader to the Mediæval Drama as it existed in England. Our Saxon forefathers had many good gifts. They produced divines, poets, chroniclers; they had Parliaments, rather more aristocratical than we might now approve; they had harpers, trumpeters, and other musicians: their ships were not more liable to accidents in the narrow seas than those of more modern Admiralties seem to be: their archers were without a peer, as was shown at Crecy and in other fields; they brewed good ale: and as for their smoked hams and sides of pork, their name was famous in the Levant and the Baltic. But one thing they lacked—*nemo est ab omni—Parte beatus*—they had no stage-plays. It seems to have been arranged by "the Sisters three and such like branches of learning," that England, both of yore and of late, should import many of her wines and more of her plays from the opposite shore: and thus it was that the Normans introduced the first dramas into our land. Norman ecclesiastics, even as early as the reign of Edward the Confessor, held many of the best preferments in this island, and the Conqueror generally filled up with his own followers any abbeys or bishoprics that he found vacant. These fathers of the Church were in some measure fathers of the stage also. They imported mysteries and miracle plays, and so laid the first stones on the great Appian road, along which our Shaksperes and Jonsons

were afterwards to tread triumphantly. Leaving it to the author to delineate the characters and the rise and decline of ecclesiastical plays—the cradles of at least the historical dramas of the future—we borrow from his pages a few particulars of these primitive germs destined in the fulness of time to produce the harvest of the Elizabethan era.

The purpose of these early exhibitions on the stage should be borne in mind in our judgment of them. They were not artistic, they were to a very small extent even dramatical, whether as respected characters or scenes. The Bacchic preludes to the Greek drama were perhaps even less rude and formless. The genius of southern nations has ever been more rapid, if not more vigorous, in its growth than that of the north. Mysteries and miracle representations were little more than educational instruments in ages almost illiterate. Perhaps Mr. Ward is in the right when he says that the services of the Church were the real dramatic exhibitions of the eleventh and twelfth centuries. The plays sanctioned and supplied by the religious orders were indeed a kind of after pieces to such sacred rites. Drama proper could hardly have been produced, much less understood, in days when many of the nobility set their marks to deeds, covenants, obligations, and treaties, and even kings could write little beyond their own names. Priests and lawyers—and law and theology were often combined in one person—were the sole instructors of the people. These early plays accordingly partook of the nature of homilies and sermons. They were employed to expound, to fortify, to illustrate the faith of the ignorant, and to make them acquainted with the Scriptures, or quite as often with the Saints and Martyrs of the one and indivisible Church. They had a story to tell of brave deeds done, and sufferings even more bravely endured, and such stories demanded very simple dialogue and scarcely any plot at all. Good men, especially those who had died for the

faith, were the heroes ; and bad men, often merely heretics—in modern phrase dissenters—were the villains of the piece. Little imagination or art was needed for such representations. The characters were stereotyped, the same words sufficed for the Herods and Lucifers of different years : dialogue was usually taken verbatim from the Bible or the Books of Martyrs : it would have been accounted idle, if not profane, to depart from the texts of religious writings. Audiences who could neither read nor write were not critical or desirous for change : perhaps, indeed, they were of opinion with Cuddie Headrigg, a good ploughman, though no scholar, that “It’s very true the curates read aye the same words ower again ; and if they be right words, what for no ? A gude tale’s no the waur o’ being twice told.”

But such apathetic spectators could not last for ever. The world moved on and the inhabitants with it. The plays sanctioned and written by the clergy or the learned became tedious, and had to be furnished with new materials, and slight innovations are often the heralds of important changes. Even in the miracle plays the seeds of both tragedy and comedy were after a while sown. It had become necessary to find some amusement for the unlearned ; something of a lighter complexion than legends or homilies ; some ingredients which might produce smiles or tears, as well as yield sound doctrine or pious meditations.

These ecclesiastical performances were not, however, quite void of attractions. They were accompanied by some pomp and splendour of garments, banners, pictures, and even machinery. The eyes of spectators, at least, were gratified by many-coloured decorations and gorgeous processions. The “dark ages,” it has been well said, is a misnomer ; they deserve to be termed “the ages of colour,” and the wardrobes of the Archbishops and Lord Abbots were well stored with costly apparel, and with gold and gems of “Ormus and of Ind.”

The patience of audiences in those times was not severely tried by the

length of the performances at Christmas, Easter, or Whitsuntide, for those were the usual seasons of the great yearly festivals. Our three or four hour pieces would have wearied out the most pious devotees, even more than they weary us. And not only were the performances short, but various also ; and some of them were represented several times in the same day. Thus breathing-time was allowed for the actors, and change of amusement or edification for the spectators. An extract from Mr. Ward’s pages shows the method of these performances ; he is speaking indeed in this passage of miracle plays as performed by lay companies ; but these, being not forbidden, were probably approved by Churchmen.

“Every company, and these guilds were numerous, had its pageant, that is to say, a lofty scaffold mounted upon four wheels, and furnished with two floors ; the lower one a tying room for the actors, the higher for the performances. Both were open at top, so that all beholders might both hear and see the piece and its representatives. The place where they played was in every street. They began, in early morning it is to be presumed, seeing the players had much work to do in one day, first at the abbey gates, and when the first pageant was played, it was wheeled to the high cross before the mayor, and so to every street, and thus every street had a pageant playing before them at one time, till all the pageants for the day appointed were played, and when one was nearly ended, word was brought from street to street, that so they might come in place thereof. Good order was preserved throughout, which is more than can always be said of modern booths at our fairs, and all the streets had their pageants before them all at one time. To which plays there was much resort.”

Little did John Bunyan think, when he was writing in Bedford gaol his *Pilgrim’s Progress*, that centuries earlier there were allegorical stories akin to, and as highly prized as, his own Christian epic—for the Bedford baptist was really Homeric in genius—was destined to become. He wrote his immortal dream for the unlearned and the poor ; indeed in every one of his numerous works he had in view the poor in spirit and the lowly in degree, and in his highest flights of imagination never dreamt that the bread he sowed by

many waters would, in the fulness of time, be admitted into the libraries of nobles and scholars, and be eulogised by Deans and Statesmen. Among the moral plays mentioned by Mr. Ward, there is one, hitherto unprinted, belonging to the reign of Henry VI., entitled *The Castle of Perseverance*. The subject of this play is the warfare "carried on against *Humanum Genus*, and his companions the seven cardinal virtues, by the seven deadly sins and their commanders, *Mundus*, *Belial* and *Caro*. He is besieged by them in the *Castle of Perseverance*, where *Confessio* has bidden him take up his abode; and in his old age he finally gives way to the persuasions of *Avaritia*," "that good old, gentlemanly vice," according to Byron. "His soul is finally arraigned by *Pater sedens in Judicio*, and apparently saved at the last. This action (which includes a large number of additional personified abstractions) is a type of the general contents of these moralities, as exhibiting the conflict between the good and evil powers for the soul of man." This *Castle of Perseverance* appears to be an ancestor, quite unknown to Bunyan, of his own "Holy war made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the regaining of the metropolis of the world, or the losing and retaking of Mansoul;" the difference between an age of hearing and an age of reading being taken into account.

In these forerunners of the English drama, Mr. Ward discovers many preparations for the stage of the Tudors and Stuarts. Hatching, like eggs in an Egyptian oven, are the germs of future tragedies, and still more of comic or rather farcical entertainments. The Church of these early times, be it put down to its credit, was far more willing to provide amusements for the lower orders, for the tillers of the soil, and the handicraftsmen, than the Puritan Church was at a later period. It was good for unlettered persons to be taught by their spiritual pastors, and by no means unkind masters, so much of history as was to be found in pious

legends, and the biographies of men who preached and suffered for their faith. Yet also was it good that the sons and servants of the Church should, at certain seasons, laugh as well as weep; and Abbots and Friars, nay, even Popes and Cardinals, it must be owned, were not very squeamish about subjects conducive to merriment. The "Vice," a later importation, was the low comedian of those primitive days. Often he seems to have been a "chartered libertine," claiming great, if not absolute freedom for both his words and gestures. Sometimes he played on the stage the part of page or valet to the devil. To that potentate he was a kind of Sancho, and like the humorous peasant of *La Mancha*, plagued as well as served his master. He claimed as much liberty as Roman slaves were authorized to take during Saturnalian feasts. He stood in very similar relation towards his dusky chieftain with that of Peisthetærus to Euelpides in the *Birds*; or of Xanthias to Bacchus in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes. If they are analysed, the causes that lead men and nations to be grave or gay, do not materially differ one from another. The Vice, who did not quite disappear until nearly the close of Elizabeth's reign, deserves the gratitude of posterity, since he is the lineal ancestor of Shakspeare's fools. His pranks and disloyalty to his chief should be condoned. He reformed greatly when he waited on Olivia, on Rosalind, on the King of Naples; and he not only gave admirable advice to poor mad Lear, but probably lost his life—though it is not so recorded of him—by exposure to the pitiless elements he braved for his master's sake.

With the ages of faith miracle-plays passed away, or were performed only in Catholic houses, and then with great privacy and some risk to their inmates. The lives and legends of saints either palled on the appetite of the public or were regarded as rags of the scarlet lady's garment. Moralities, however, were occasionally performed in university halls, at court, or city festivities,

and, according to Mr. Ward, these and interludes also were taking a really dramatic shape. In times when saints and martyrs were hurled down from their niches, and painted glass lay, like Dagon, on the floor of the sanctuary, the former class of entertainments was an inconsistency. Moral plays, on the other hand, in spite of their papistical origin, might be edifying to Protestants, affording good examples to London 'prentices, warnings to unjust serving-men, and, doubtless, also hints to the great and the rich to mend their ways. Yet even these were on the wane. The national drama overshadowed them: representations of real life, the creatures of imagination, and the histories of their forefathers had taken deep root, and allegories were at a discount. In their place stood the Masques that so delighted Elizabeth, James and Charles, partly because they were gorgeous shows, but perhaps principally because they were nearly always well stuffed with such compliments as in all ages monarchs delight to receive. Not always fortunate in his dramas, Masques were literally meat and drink to Jonson: they put money in his purse, sack into his cellar, obtained for him the favour of kings and courtiers, and what perhaps he liked almost as well, the smiles—

“of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rained influence, and judged the prize.”

We take leave of this portion of Mr. Ward's History in his own words:

“The religious plays of these periods habitually dealt with subjects of unequalled, and to the age to which they belonged, of all but unrivalled importance, challenging the deepest sympathies and the keenest antipathies of their audiences. To secure popular favour they had introduced a considerable admixture of ludicrous characters, passages and scenes, and had constituted virtually an integral part of themselves.”

In this our very brief and imperfect sketch of the religious plays the moralities are combined with them. So nearly allied were they for a considerable time with one another that it is not easy to treat them in the order of time or to draw between them a precise line. To students

of dramatic literature their chief real value lies in their having been the cradles and nurses of tragedy, comedy, and above all of historical drama. The moralities, Mr. Ward informs us, were not an accepted species of stage-entertainment in this country (although in France they were of earlier date) before the second quarter of the fifteenth century, *i.e.*, the reign of Henry VI. After the Reformation in the sixteenth century they superseded both mysteries and miracle plays, and, indeed, these performances were not congenial to an age which had parted with much of its faith in monks, friars, and mitred abbots, and was quite as prone to demolish the images of saints and martyrs as to hold them in respect. The nature and drift of the moralities is thus stated by our author:

“A morality may be defined as a play enforcing a moral truth or lesson by means of the speech and actions of characters which are personified abstractions—figures representing virtues and vices, qualities of the human mind, or abstract conceptions in general.”

To dramatic audiences of later ages this would seem very scurvy fare, tending to “expositions to sleep,” or likely to produce Christopher Sly's ejaculation, “Excellent stuff—would it were done.” And yet these good-advice-giving entertainments were long-lived, since they were not out of date in the reign of good Queen Bess, and of one of them, licensed in 1569-70, entitled *The Marriage of Witte and Science*, Mr. Ward says that for excellent diction and versification, and also for its division into acts and scenes, it merits high commendation. The title of this morality suggests a question whether even now it might not be acceptable to the sages of the Royal Society. It might be an appropriate piece for a commemoration of benefactors, or election of a P.R.S.

Were it for no other of his good gifts John Bale deserves canonisation for his play of *Kyng Johan*—the first parent of our stage-histories. He held the pen of a ready writer, and was the author of several mysteries and a series of comedies taken it seems out of scriptural stories. Bale, owing to the circum-

stances of the time, saw many varieties of human life. He was a friend of Cromwell, "the hammer" of the Protestant Church, and after his patron's execution, Bale fled from the wrath of Henry VIII, who very likely might have thrown him into gaol. In Edward VI.'s days he was in favour at court, and was created Bishop of Ossory; perhaps not a very desirable preferment, since the Irish people then, whatever may now be the case, were not partial to Protestant divines or Englishmen generally. But soon after Mary came to the throne John Bale went once again on his travels; for whatever her father might have done, his daughter would doubtless have presented a heretic bishop with a tar-barrel. We have thought this brief memorial, shorter than many epitaphs, due to the father of historical dramas. It must not be forgotten that Bale was a very polemical writer—and this *Kyng Johan* of his is little less charitable to Popes, Monks, and Friars than *Pierce the Ploughman* was.

The stage was rapidly advancing in public favour after the middle of the sixteenth century; but we must leave to Mr. Ward's pages the records of its growth at this period. In the year 1562 was produced the first English tragedy, *Gorboduc*; or, *Ferrex and Porrex*, in parts of its plot a preparation for *Lear and his Daughters Three*. "Seneca was not too heavy nor Plautus too light" for some of the early dramatists; and there was a species of civil war in Thespian land between authors who strove to reproduce Roman or adapt Italian plays of the classical type, and those who deemed the ancients and their rulers as highly respectable folk for their times, but preferred to walk themselves in "fresh woods and pastures new," especially when it was found that common spectators were apt to slumber over pieces that only scholars applauded or at least affected to relish.

The predecessors of Shakspeare, the subject of Mr. Ward's third chapter, each in his degree, though perhaps unconsciously, dropped his mite into the dramatic coffer. Lily's epigrammatic style

led to and favoured the combination of prose with verse in dialogue. Greene, who had a quick eye for rural scenes, added to the pictorial portion of the drama a hint that was not lost on Shakspeare. Marlowe first discerned that blank verse was a measure best adapted to tragedy. Even the mistakes of early writers showed their successors what to avoid. It was found that Alexandrine and fourteen-syllable metres were not well suited for recitation. Something akin to the iambic measure of the Greek tragedians was the proper vehicle for both audience and actor. Rhymed verse indeed was not so easily put out of fashion. The measure charmed the ear; it clung to the memory; it was allied to song; it was an excellent instrument for conveying pathos and wit; it had the points of epigram; it admitted of more variety than any blank verse, except Shakspeare's, or perhaps Massinger's. Rhymed verse indeed can hardly be said to have disappeared entirely from the drama; if it did so at one time, it revived at another. Lee indulged in it, Rowe employed it, Dryden defended and used it liberally in his earlier plays. It is to be found in the ponderous *Cato* of Addison, and even Mr. Hayley "span his comedies in rhyme." In our days rhyme has descended into pantomimes and burlesques, in which it is a welcome guest, especially when it flows from the masterly pens of Messrs. Planché, Tom Taylor, and Gilbert.

It is one of the curiosities of our dramatic literature that the earliest in date of its comedies is almost worthy of the Elizabethan age. "*Ralph Roister Doister*" Mr. Ward describes "as the work of an English scholar and schoolmaster, and as descended from the *Miles Gloriosus* of Plautus. The construction of the plot is both clear and ingenious; the dialogue is vigorous to a fault, and interlarded with an unconscionable number of strange oaths." Now as its author Nicolas Udal was an instructor of youth at both Eton and Westminster, this hard swearing was very reprehensible; still it is well known that Queen Elizabeth when things went wrong,

swore tornado oaths as her father had done before her, and so perhaps Udal was only following a fashion of the day. "The scene is laid in London, and the characters, twelve in number, were doubtless representative types of contemporary manners." Taking London for his stage and men and women of the time for the *dramatis personæ*, and moreover, apparently overloading his dialogue, we can fancy the schoolmaster to have been a sort of precursor of Benjamin Jonson.

We shall perhaps be accused of leaving Hamlet out of the piece by not following Mr. Ward through his long and lucid chapter on Shakspeare and his plays. But, in the first place, this portion of his history is pretty sure to be the most attractive to readers generally, and in the next there is at the present moment an abundance of sound Shaksperian literature accessible to students of the drama. All that is known of the great dramatic monarch has become an oft-told, yet perennially-interesting tale. George Steevens in a note upon Shakspeare's ninety-third Sonnet remarks, "All that is known with any degree of certainty concerning him is—that he was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, married and had children there—went to London, where he commenced actor and wrote poems and plays—returned to Stratford, made his will, died and was buried." More recent biographers have collected a few more authentic or highly probable facts, yet after all, the life of Shakspeare occupies a very small space in any record of his times. The really important knowledge of him is to be found in dramatic history. From that we learn that he began by working as a reviser and indeed a reformer of other writers' plays; he mended, recast, contracted or enlarged pieces that had been already acted but were shelved, or pieces that had not been put on their trial yet seemed to him or his employer not wholly unpromising. As certain also is it that he soon rose from the humbler grade of an amender to that of an author on his own account. The hostility he seems to have encountered

at first did not long continue, and a rapid succession of new dramas from his pen, if it did not quite extinguish envy among his brother-artists, proved at least that he was rapidly rising into public favour.

Was Shakspeare indebted in any remarkable degree to royal or noble patronage for his success? What, if any, were his obligations to "Elisa and our James?" Mr. Ward shall himself answer these questions.

After pointing out that the species of drama which pleased the learned and the upper classes—that is to say, the classical and Italian forms of it—did not generally win the affections of the commonalty he proceeds to say that—

"Our literature was fast broadening beyond such bounds by its fertility, diversity and power. That it swept these bounds away altogether, and in the end attained to an unsurpassed grandeur and fulness of development, was primarily due to the mighty progress of one of its branches. This branch was the drama. The glories of the Elizabethan drama were not due to patronage—that nurse, often necessary, often unsafe, of literary success."

The Queen was a stanch play-goer: her successor, James, appears, like Sir Andrew Aguecheek, to have rather "delighted in masques and revels," than in the legitimate drama; but James's son and grandson, the latter especially, were friends and fautors of the stage.

The annals of the time, both those before and those after the Restoration, are the best guides to dramatic history. It is to this source we should apply for clear and instructive notions of the drama in the later years of the 16th century, as well as for that of the 17th, even down to the death of Queen Anne.

Not until the dread of the Spaniard had passed nearly away by the destruction of his armament in the narrow seas, and the intrigues of the Scottish Queen vanished with her life, was there a favourable opportunity for the cultivation on any large scale of dramatic literature. "The times," says Schiller, "repeat themselves." The Persian had been driven out of the Ægean waters and islands, and not a satrap, or a single

troop of Median bowmen remained in Northern Greece, before the dramatic genius of Æschylus displayed its power. The intellectual activity that broke forth in the third decade of Elizabeth's reign is thus described by Mr. Ward:—

“It was in times thus widely and strangely stirred that our Elizabethan literature really began its glorious course. The most cursory glance will serve to recall the fact that not in the drama alone, but in a wide variety of other fields of literary productivity, the years of which I am speaking were full of exuberant life. In them Spenser, with Raleigh by his side, was writing his great epic, the most magnificent monument of the aspirations as well as of the achievements of the age. In them Sidney's prose-romance was received as a bequest by a mourning nation. The earliest publications of Daniel, of Warner, of Drayton, of Davies and Constable, are spanned by the same brief series of years. Hall was about to publish his satires, which in date of composition had already been preceded by Donne's. Stow was systematizing the national annals; and the translation of Sir Thomas North was opening to English readers of history the great treasure-house of ancient examples. Hakluyt was describing the voyages and discoveries of Englishmen, and Raleigh was putting forth his narrative of the most marvellous ‘Discoverie’ of all.”

The battle between the Romantic, or rather the popular schools, was not won by the learned, but by the comparatively illiterate. The latter cared not for the rules and lines prescribed by scholars. The “groundlings” of the pit, standing on rushes, and exposed to the sky, or more likely the clouds of England, came to the play to be moved, terrified, or to laugh till their sides ached. Had Aristotle himself come on the boards, and there delivered a lecture on dramatic composition, he would very likely have been hissed, if not stoned, for his pains. “Our literature became thoroughly national.” Our writers, although they continued to study the best models of past ages, were no longer servile copyists. “The dignity of the drama began to be recognised.” “At such a time,” says Mr. Ward, in one of his excellent summaries, “genius, if it turned its eyes in the direction of the stage, could not fail to make it serve the highest purposes which it is capable of fulfilling. Hitherto,

dramatic entertainments had been regarded as the toys of an hour, suited to beguile the everlasting tedium of fashionable amusements, or to stimulate the passing curiosity of the multitude.”

A new world, fraught with new hopes, and pregnant with enterprise and adventure, was opening at home, as well as on the Spanish Main, westward—or “beyond the utmost Indian isle, Taprobane, eastward.” In these our times of general peace and uniformity, it is difficult to realise the excitement which pervaded the last ten years of Elizabeth's reign.

“That the stage,” says Mr. Ward at the close of his chapter on the ‘Beginnings of the English Regular Drama,’ “should soon throw itself with eagerness into the political and religious agitations of the times was unavoidable; and in the earliest period of its flower we shall find it at once the vehicle and the subject of ardent and bitter controversy. But it is not herein or hereby that lay its path to greatness. The one thing needed was that literary genius should apply itself to this form of literary composition. Every stimulus and theoretical, as well as practical encouragement existed to bring this combination to pass. The great opportunity was therefore consciously seized; and it is no mere phrase to say, that in seizing it our first great Elizabethan dramatists addressed themselves, as men understanding their age, its signs and its needs, to a national task.”

In another portion of his History he thus describes the influence of those stirring times on the greatest of our dramatic poets:—

“But when Shakspeare came into contact with the centre of our national life, the day of full action had arrived at last. At such a time, it may be said, the nation was on fire. At such a time its most active elements, which at crises like these always come to the top if a nation still possesses men, were all astir to supply the leaders and the soldiers and sailors for the contest. This was no longer a season for weighing the claims of faction, or for balancing the considerations of political or religious tenets. We are ignorant as to whether Shakspeare's maternal blood may have originally inclined him to sympathize with the martyrs whom his own county and his own mother's family had furnished to the cause of Rome; but the time had now gone by when any one but a traitor could hesitate between the claims upon his sympathy of the cause of his Queen and nation and those of any ecclesiastical system. It is a familiar fact how a Catholic noble led out the English fleet

which awaited and beset the coming of the Armada; it was no sacrilege in the eyes of the brave Lord Howard of Effingham, risking his life and spending his substance, to fire a broadside into the galleons which bore the images of St. Philip or St. George on their gilded prows. No man whose youth falls in such a time, whose imagination, when for the first time it comes into contact with the great currents of public life, is fed by such events as these, is likely to allow his mind to be narrowed once more—least of all, if the tendency of that mind is neither eclectic nor sectarian, but comprehensive and sympathetic. Thus, so far as we can judge, the influence of the times in which Shakspeare began his public life must have contributed to give him that firmly and unhesitatingly national spirit which he shares with all the representative minds of the England of his age, and to encourage and confirm that breadth of view—due in its primary origin to his idiosyncrasy—which has so confounded the well-meant endeavours to find in him a demonstrative Roman Catholic or a Bible Protestant eager to testify. English, with a joyous heartiness equalled by no other of our poets (unless it be Chaucer, who lived under the influence of a not wholly dissimilar epoch), he brings before us the age when England had once more reason to glory in the generous gift of Heaven, which had made her 'of little body with a mighty heart.' No mind is too great for national feeling of the kind; but for religious antipathies there was no place in Shakspeare's heart, and this element, so strong in Spenser, is utterly absent from his contemporary."

A younger contemporary of Shakspeare than Spenser was seems to have been less affected by the various currents of these times. This was Benjamin Jonson, who in his numerous plays delineates the individual man far more than the general movements or phenomena of the age. Of him Mr. Ward, in our opinion, is right in saying that—

"None of our great Elizabethan dramatists have suffered more from Shakspeare's fame than Ben Jonson. There is indeed no evidence to prove, while there are clear indications to disprove, the assumption that during his life the soul of the greatest of Shakspeare's contemporaries among the dramatists was vexed by the superior gifts or the superior success of his friend. Critical by nature, Jonson possessed a character as generous as his mind was robust; and there is a ludicrous incongruity with the nature of the man in the supposition that it was poisoned by a malignant envy and hatred of his fame. The difference between the pair was indeed very great, and reflects itself in nearly everything which is left to us from their hands. Indeed, with certain exceptions, Ben

Jonson has met with a very one-sided justice at the hands of posterity. Too many admirers of Shakspeare have had no sympathy to spare for his greatest contemporary in our dramatic literature."

Half only of a familiar couplet of Samuel Johnson's applies to his namesake. Ben did not, like Shakspeare, "exhaust worlds and then imagine new:" yet it may be truly said of him that as regarded the time in which he wrote, "each change of many coloured life he drew." He is one of the best recorders of the age of Elizabeth and her two next successors. The late Charles Knight, in his excellent work entitled *London*, gives the title of "Jonson's London" to two interesting chapters, and most appropriately, since Jonson is really a city remembrancer. The wide range of society in which he moved afforded him extraordinary advantages in the composition of his comedies. He was familiar with palaces and taverns: in the same week, and perhaps in the same day of the week, Ben would be found at Whitehall and in Eastcheap. Paul's Walk supplied him with his frivolous coxcombs and his bragging captains and bullies. In the London he knew, astrologers and alchemists were not hard to find; and he could scarcely miss a Puritan or Anabaptist in his walks abroad. Again, it was his ill-luck to be constantly in hot water, for some reason or none. He quarrelled with Inigo Jones, architect and stage-mechanist; with the brethren of his guild, especially the stage poets, Decker and Marston; with the spectators in box or pit who did not applaud some of his plays; with the Lord Mayor, Aldermen and Common Councilmen for ceasing to pay him for work he had not done; and he was very near wrangling with Majesty itself, because Charles I. did not promptly send him a purse of money—Ben just then being in difficulties. After the Restoration, indeed, and for many years to come, his plays were in vogue. Betterton acted in them, so did Garrick, so did John Kemble, Edmund Kean, and Macready. This may have appeased his ghost, but was

poor consolation to the living author, who the longer he lived, the less popular he became.

It is impossible for readers acquainted with Jonson's plays not to perceive that he was often the marplot of his own productions. Several of his dramas open with a fair promise of a probable and even a happy progress. His *Poetaster*, for instance, throughout the first act is excellent. But a blight soon falls on his fair morning, and thenceforward it is in very few scenes that this comedy sustains the expectation excited at its opening. Charles Lamb commends the treatment of Augustus, surrounded by the poets and nobles of the time. Yet, however welcome such high and cultivated personages may have seemed to scholars at Oxford and Cambridge, or to a learned king as James I. unquestionably was, they can hardly have been very interesting to a common audience—they were *caviare* to the general.

In a well-known epigram of the time it is said that Jonson's plays should properly be called his *works*, so much toil did he bestow upon them. He seems to have considered accuracy in detail or description a stage-poet's duty. This was, however, an inconvenient virtue which tended to make many of his *works* cumbrous to both hearers and readers. His *Volpone, or the Fox* would have been far the better for being less over-laden with incidents and characters not necessarily connected with one another, and yet this is one of his masterpieces. Ben's plays were not in the first instance in verse, the original draft was in *prose*. He wrote environed by his books; he consulted them for both facts and characters. He toiled like a Vulcan at his anvil; only his masques appear to have come trippingly from his pen.

In the following judgment of the poet and his plays we meet with Mr. Ward's usual impartiality. Jonson, he thinks—

“Appears incomparably the most remarkable of the English dramatists contemporary with Shakspeare. In respect of acquired powers, it will hardly be denied that he was

infinitely the best equipt of the Elizabethan dramatists. His learning was for its age”—we venture to say for any age—“very wide, and judged by an even higher standard than that of his age, thoroughly solid. He was worthy of being the pupil of Camden, and the friend of Selden. His studies, though by no means confined to the Greek and Roman classics ordinarily read in his days, commanded this familiar range with unusual completeness. They included the Greek philosophers as well as the Roman historians and poets. They embraced less-known ancient writers, as well as classics proper, extending to Libanius and Athenæus, as well as to Lucian and Plutarch. It likewise covered a large field of (then) modern literature; from Erasmus and Rabelais he borrowed keen shafts of satire, and of the older English poets he was a warm admirer. He was a student of the works of the great philosopher of his age, while the English drama, from its earliest to its most recent phases, was familiar to him as a matter of course. Of his classical learning his tragedies, being on Roman subjects, furnish the most direct evidence; but there is hardly one of his comedies, or even of his masques, which is not full of illustrations of his reading.”

It is in these appeals to national history that Mr. Ward imparts to his work, not merely a substantial, but also an original value. Many of the materials he employs for his History of the English Drama had been collected and garnered up before. But by connecting the events of different eras, and the general phases of at least poetic literature with the rise, progress, and fashions of the stage, he has thrown new light on the main subject of his work. For the predecessors, contemporaries, and followers of Shakspeare, we must be content with referring to his pages, especially calling attention to the entire chapter he devotes to Ben Jonson. The memoirs of Chapman, Webster, Massinger, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other Elizabethan and Stuart stage-worthies, are easily accessible, since their plays have met with many competent editors, beginning with the present century, and coming down to the present hour. Professor Masson, in his excellent *History of Milton and his Times* has supplied readers with a very picturesque sketch of the company at the “Mermaid” and “Devil” Taverns, and enables us to realise the wit-combats, as Fuller calls them, between Shakspeare

and Jonson, and to see, "with fancy's eye," the white-bearded and venerable translator of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, who, after rendering Homer familiar to such as had "no Greek," turned his singular poetic force to tragedies worthy of permanent fame. Nor in this commemoration of benefactors to dramatic history, should the "transactions of the new Shakspeare Society" be passed over. Without making odious comparisons with earlier labourers in the wide field of Shaksperian literature, we hail in these productions a new and better era for the records and treatment of the national drama.

We have not left ourselves room for noticing to any extent the drama of Queen Anne's reign. The tragedies of that period, however they may differ in plot, are very similar in their general structure, and often betray a French parentage, that of Racine, indeed, more than of Corneille, and perhaps of Voltaire more than either. "Neither Southerne nor Rowe," says Mr. Ward, "nor any of their contemporaries, are worthy of being compared to Lee and Otway: to Congreve's solitary tragedy, *The Mourning Bride*, one is tempted to apply an emblem of Quarles's, *Tinnit—inane est*," and yet this was a piece that Samuel Johnson put on a level with Shakspeare's works. Owing, indeed, to the ability of certain actors, *The Fatal Marriage*, *Oronooko*, *Jane Shore*, and *The Fair Penitent*, kept fast hold of the stage for many generations; but they did so mainly because these tragedies afforded good points and effective situations for the performers. To the majority of readers they are tedious. Addison's *Cato* is of the same kind. It suited well the majestic persons of Barry, Holman, and John Kemble; and playgoers not very advanced in years may call to mind the dignified Roman of Charles Young. Still we suspect that every one of these dramas, so applauded by our grandsires and by their elders, is now quietly sleeping in the tomb of the Capulets.

But it is not so with the comedies of the later Stuart drama. Wycherley,

Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, have still much vitality in them, neither do Sir Richard Steele and Colley Cibber lie in mere oblivion. To Cibber and Steele belongs the praise of endeavouring to purify the language and morals of comedy. To Wycherley and his three illustrious successors belongs the blame of rivaling Etherege, and the writers of his time in immorality, equalled only by the farces of the Palais Royal at the present day.

We cannot close this imperfect notice of Mr. Ward's most timely and instructive volumes better than by borrowing from them his brief verdict on the tragedy and comedy which followed the Restoration. The one, it will be seen, fell into decline, if not into absolute decay, because the writers of it adopted and bound themselves by rules and examples foreign to our national feeling: the latter, though with less celerity, were put aside, because they outraged decency, and inculcated the venial if not harmless character of Vice. Dulness on the one hand, abused wit on the other, led to nearly the same end. Thalia stood rebuked for being tedious. Melpomene was shelved for being formal and prosy.

"The history of the English drama," the author writes in conclusion, "in the period of which this chapter has treated, illustrates the truth that there are two forces which no dramatic literature can neglect with impunity—the national genius and the laws of morality. Because, in obedience to the dictates of fashion and to artificial and arbitrary canons of literary taste, English tragedy sought to abandon the path which the national genius had marked out for her, this period witnessed her decay—a decay followed by her all-but absolute extinction as a living literary form. Because, to suit the vicious licence of their public, the contemporary comic dramatists bade defiance to the order which they well knew to be necessary for the moral government of human society, their productions have failed to hold an honourable place in our national literature. What was designed to attract has ended by repelling; and works of talent and even of genius are all but consigned to oblivion by the judgment of posterity, on account of the very features which were intended to ensure an immediate success."

In the last sentence of his "Introduction" Mr. Ward hints at the possi-

bility, at some future time, of adding a third volume to his *History of Dramatic Literature*. It is much to be wished that he may do so. The reigns of the first three Georges alone will supply him with ample materials for such a continuation. Of this later period Sheridan is the Congreve: still, besides the author of the *School for Scandal*, there were many bright stars, in comedy at least, well meriting notice. Burgoyne's *Heiress* ran Sheridan's masterpiece very close, and Cumberland—the Terence of England—and the elder and the younger Colman, well deserve record; for in our vast producing and reading era men of mark are too often forgotten. The age that produced such actors as Macklin, Quin, Foote, Garrick, and the Kemble family, cannot fail to be interesting. Shakspeare's and Jonson's, Fletcher's and Massinger's plays were then far oftener stock pieces than they are now. Shakspeare, indeed, was rather scurvily treated by his reformers and adapters. His *Lear*, *Richard III.*, *Tempest*, and others were emasculated on the stage. Yet, what with admirable acting, and what

with the impulse created by the Shaksperian commentators of the eighteenth century, his works were better known than they had been during at least the entire reign of Queen Anne. How very imperfectly they were known at that time is seen in the periodicals of the last Stuart reign. For example, when passages are cited from them in *The Tatler*, they are either inaccurately given or they are copied from the prompter's books. Addison, who may be said to have introduced Milton's *Paradise Lost* to multitudes of English readers, seems to have been almost ignorant of Shakspeare's existence, though he is not niggardly of praise to several of the Restoration dramatists.

In the Georgian era the comedy of manners is also, as in the times of the Tudors and Stuarts, a branch of national history, and treated by an able pen can hardly fail to be instructive and interesting to readers of the present time. We trust Mr. Ward's hint may before very long turn into an accomplished fact.

W. BODHAM DONNE.

UNIVERSITY LIBRARIES AND PROFESSIONAL COLLEGES.

ON November 29th, 1863, an unusually vast and expectant assembly was gathered together in Christ Church Cathedral to hear the Dean of Westminster deliver his memorable farewell to the University of Oxford. With surpassing eloquence and earnestness he pictured forth the vision arising before him of Oxford as she might be, "the seat, not only of education, but of science, of learning, the well-spring of the thoughts that guide and console and elevate mankind: the place where Truth should be prized before every earthly consideration,—above the desires of ambition, or preferment, above the desire of standing well with our fellow-men, above even the love of influence or consistency or power." And then, pausing, Dean Stanley asked, "Do these words sound like mournful irony? or are they, will they never be, as they have sometimes been, sober reality? Answer, those who best know."

Since the time when these words were spoken, the gates of Oxford, for good or for evil, have been thrown open—but not without potent help from within,—and now she stands, her possessions carefully numbered, awaiting the disposition of events.

The inquiry into the revenues of the Universities and Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge by the Royal Commission in 1872 was regarded by every one as the initial step in reforming legislation; and last Session, Mr. Disraeli announced "that no existing Government could maintain for a moment that the consideration of University Reform, and consequent legislation of some kind, would not form part of its duty."¹ Both the great parties in the State then stand committed to some kind of action, and the question which agitates the Universities, to whose own exertions the present situation is to be ascribed, is only

¹ *Hansard*, Feb. 8, 1875.

what direction the inevitable reforms will take.

Will those reforms be dictated by statesmanlike views of the functions of English Universities or by mere parochial calculation? Are Oxford and Cambridge to be invigorated as great independent seats of learning and inquiry, or will their reorganization be limited to the paring away of a few economical anomalies? The English nation, according to Dr. Döllinger,² expects no more from the Universities than the production of an independent and cultivated squirearchy and a highly educated clergy. Assuredly, if these duties were being satisfactorily and fully performed, the present demand for University Reform would never have arisen; for this demand may be traced as much to the conviction that for the right performance of even these functions the Universities must embrace a wider sphere of duty as to any desire to see them more adapted to the training of public servants, lawyers, physicians, or men of science.

It is maintained by some that the Acts of 1854 and 1871, by dissolving the formal alliance of the English Universities with the Church have reduced Oxford and Cambridge permanently in rank and influence, and that they are no longer worthy of the consideration they were. Others, who do not indeed go so far as this, believe that the College system at least is no longer possible under the new conditions;³ while others assert that the Universities have become so effete and provincial that they cannot expect to hold their own in a cosmopolitan age like the present. On the whole, however, it is

² *Universitäten sonst und jetzt*. Munich 1867.

³ Keble College has therefore been lately founded without the ordinary features of an Oxford College, its government being more analogous to that of a public school with its trustees and head-master.

undeniable that no one could with truth write of the present, as Macaulay did of former times, that the moral and intellectual influence of the English Universities was such that anything which seriously affected their honour or interests would be certain to excite the resentment of a powerful, active, and intelligent class throughout the whole country.¹

The increased activity of the Universities within the last few years, and the great increase in the numbers of undergraduates since 1850, are apt to impress the superficial observer with an opinion not always correct. It may be of some interest, therefore, to make a comparison of the numbers of those resorting to Oxford within the last three centuries; for little use would be served by going back to the period of the 30,000 students there in the thirteenth century. At the time of Casaubon's visit in 1613, he wrote: "The revenues of the Colleges maintain about 2,000 students, generally of reputable parentage." (*Hallam, Lit.*, iii. 231.) These numbers, notwithstanding the great increase of population and wealth, are not very far short of the whole number of graduates and undergraduates now resident. And if a comparison be made as to the number of matriculations, it appears from the last date in the Decennial Calendar that in 1370 they were 569, while one hundred and seventy years previously, the earliest date therein given, they came to as much as 281, although the population of England (according to the best estimate²) was at the former period, 6,045,008, and at the latter, 22,457,366. In the meanwhile, however, many various efforts are in progress to bring about the more intimate connection of the Universities with the country. But durable results cannot be expected from these movements, unless they are accompanied by an adequate attempt to grasp the far more difficult and complex question of the internal reform and reorganization of those ancient bodies.

Of the many important aspects of this question, the limits of the present paper

admit no more than the consideration of that which regards the Universities as places to be devoted distinctly and primarily to the advancement of the highest learning and scientific research, and in this respect to be brought into definite and intimate relations with the learned faculties and professions. The entire acceptance and prevalence of this view, however, would facilitate the solution of many another difficulty in the present crisis of Academical Reform. For instance, a principle more intelligible than that now in force would be introduced of awarding Fellowships (including Headships resembling Fellowships), and of thereby maintaining the corporate continuity of the College, and the College system itself would be altogether renovated.

It is generally admitted that much of the cumbrous machinery of the Colleges will have to be done away with; but it is certain that, though the Fellowships may be modified or transformed, and nominally altered into a Professoriate, they cannot be entirely abolished without the extinction of the College system; and this is what few desire.² As the Fellowship was originally valued for the means afforded by the College for the association of a common purpose—few Colleges at their foundation providing pecuniary stipends—so, now, it is very much more than a money-prize, however dependent upon the emoluments he may be who is elected. A youth on the threshold of life, perhaps homeless and friendless, except so far as his University is concerned, finds himself a member of an ancient and renowned institution—an institution bestowing its honours before,

² In a letter published at Oxford in 1874, Mr. Goldwin Smith wrote:—"I return from Universities without Colleges more convinced than ever of the value of the College as a social bond, as a stimulus to duty, and as an organ of personal superintendence and instruction. In the last capacity no University lecture-room will supply, or anything like supply, its place to the mass of students. In a social point of view, it is incomparably superior to the clubs, which in America, under the fantastic name of secret societies, gratify the students' desire of a closer bond of union than that of the University at large."

¹ *Hist. of England*, vol. ii. p. 275.

² *Preface to Population Returns*, 1843.

and not, as others do, after success in life,—he becomes a participator in its history, and an administrator of its future. He finds himself associated by an honourable bond to his University, a University of which he may have dreamt—with Mr. Gladstone, when he penned his famous dedication of *Church and State*—"that she was providentially designed to be a fountain of blessings, spiritual, social, and intellectual, to this and to other countries." What devotion, what loyalty, what services may not be expected from this youth, filled with that tender regard which, in the language of Gibbon, seldom fails to arise in a liberal mind from the recollection of the place where it has discovered and exercised its growing powers? It will be fortunate for him if he does not early learn, even in his own small field, the truth of the saying,¹ ἐχθιστὴ δε οὐννη ἐστὶ τῶν ἐν ἀνθρώποισι αὐτῆ πολλὰ φρονέοντα μηδενὸς κρατέειν—but this truth will be brought home to him at one time or another in every form of corporate life, and in every circle of that local self-government of which we profess to be so proud; though the constantly fluctuating elements of which academical life consists, and an antiquated procedure, will be found in no small degree, to exaggerate in a College the apathy and irresponsibility so proverbial in all corporations.

It appears, however, to be well settled on all sides that Fellowships are to be altered in character and in object; but the same difficulties will exist as in the remodelling of the Professoriate—how to ensure the right kind of men being selected, and how to provide against their subsequent negligence or incapacity. Is the patronage to be vested in a number of different corporations merely to be exercised at the caprice of any passing faction? Is competition by examination, notwithstanding its confessed

inadequacy as a test for mature study and scientific merit, to be invariably applied? Is the election to be that of professor by professors—a mode of choice which, from the absence of an effective public opinion, and from the liability to that petty intrigue for which, in the words of Schleiermacher, "Universities, one and all, are infamous," has so frequently led to the admixture of prominent officers of State on Academical Boards? Vital as these questions are to the welfare of the University, and to any scheme of University Reform in any way depending on the conversion of Fellowships into Professorships or Sub-Professorships, we must be content for the present to refer to their elaborate treatment by the Rector of Lincoln College in his work on Academical Organization, together with the remarks as to Academical patronage in Dr. Rolleston's paper on Electoral Boards.

Since the publication of the former work in 1868, the opinion that the Universities should be restored as centres of learning and study has gathered great weight, yet this view had not been overlooked by the Royal Commissioners of 1850, who reported that—

"It is generally acknowledged that both Oxford and the country at large suffer greatly from the absence of a body of learned men devoting their lives to the cultivation of science and the direction of academical education."

The objection has been made that, if Oxford was so transformed as to become chiefly a resort of learned students, either teaching would fall off, or the number of those who came there would diminish. But the supporters of the movement reply that Oxford would present opportunities nowhere else attainable. Nowhere else, they contend, would there be concentrated in one locality so easy means of attaining specific instruction in the sciences which form the bases of the professions, combined with the staple of a general culture.²

For the purposes, however, of the practical proposals which it is the object and aim of the present paper to advocate—the development of the Univer-

¹ These words have found their spirit expressed in the lines of Alexander Smith—

"There is a deadlier pang than that which beads
With chilly death-drops the o'er-tortured brow,
When one has a big heart and feeble hands."

² See *Suggestions on Academical Organization*, p. 85.

sity Library system, and the formation of special Institutes or professional Colleges in connection with that system—no more is required than the general admission of the desirability of a re-organization on the basis of the endowment of research, provided a plan be discovered free from the liability to abuses to which such endowments are generally exposed.

There are many who would avoid the questions presented by all endowments by getting rid of the endowments altogether, and who incline, with Mr. Love, to the belief that it would be better if they were thrown into the sea. The provision, however, by means of endowments, of increased literary and scientific facilities, is never objected to, but, on the contrary, is the subject of general praise, which nobody withholds in the cases, at Cambridge, of the Duke of Devonshire's Laboratory, or, at Oxford, of Mr. Ruskin's gifts to the Taylor Galleries, and Mr. De la Rue's Observatory.

The primary difficulty is, in fact, not as to the endowments, and they are not the real soul of the matter. Genuine investigation and research are liable to be impeded and diverted by the presence in the mind of an interested motive, or by the search after any particular utility; and it is well known that some of the greatest and most unexpected discoveries of this and other ages have originated in inquiries of a purely speculative nature. In this aspect of the University, "this furtherance of cash," in Mr. Carlyle's words, "will do but little; money, in truth, can do much, but it cannot do all. We must know the province of it, and confine it there, and even spurn it back when it wishes to get further."¹

Without asserting that we have yet arrived at a period when money rather than honour has become the mainspring of literary production, it is not easy to deny the truth of the following remarks of Mr. Gladstone:—

"Looking at the growth of luxury and the love of self-indulgence and display on the one

side, and at the powerful and exhausting excitement which attends an energetic and speculative system of trade and commerce on the other, and looking at their influence on the pursuits of men of letters, they seem likely to lead men's minds, in a great degree, from the creation of works worthy to live, and thus they import danger into literature itself."
—(*Times*, May 29, 1873).

This marked tendency to a depreciation in the standard of taste, we may admit with Mr. Matthew Arnold, cannot now be met by the creation of an Academy in England corresponding to the French Academy.² But still there is room for academies having a limited scientific scope in the various lines of intellectual work, and for special institutions representing the various great departments of knowledge. The Universities, at least, can do something towards organizing the framework of that "huge froth ocean of printed speech which we loosely call literature," and reducing the mass to something like order. "The true University of these days," according to Mr. Carlyle, "is a Collection of Books."

"The University which could completely take in that great new fact of the existence of printed books, and stand on a clear footing for the nineteenth century, as the Paris one did for the thirteenth, has not yet come into existence."—*Lectures on Heroes*, p. 306.

All this does not signify that the reign of the bookworm and the pedant will be established. It may reasonably be hoped that the contrary will be the result. "The creative period of the Renaissance is past and the accumulative has set in: the prophet is departed, and in his place we have the priest of the book," reflects Mr. Mark Pattison upon the state of learning in the commencement of the seventeenth century.³ But this period in the English Universities was preparatory to that when they produced Milton, Newton, Locke, Sydenham, Wren, Jeremy Taylor, Halley, Ray, and Wallis, besides others well known to fame, and when in them originated institutions (such as the Royal Society, whose meetings commenced at Oxford in 1651) and discoveries still

¹ *Lectures on Heroes*, p. 310.

² *Essays on Criticism*, p. 77.

³ *Life of Casaubon*, p. 122.

reflecting renown on Cambridge and Oxford.¹

The lofty and vigorous national life of which the Universities then partook was nourished on the zeal and literary ardour evoked by the Renaissance. In our age, however, it would be absurd to expect that the perplexities of the Universities are to be one and all met by the simple provision of more Libraries and more Museums. Nevertheless, some of the perplexed questions connected with endowments, more especially those connected with the endowment of research, disappear, when, by the aid of those endowments the means of research, and the implements of study are freely provided for all. At any rate we shall, in part, be fulfilling Macaulay's condition, when he emphatically declared against paying anybody to study until all who were desirous of study without being paid had the means of instruction.² As Universities formerly took their rise in the gatherings and associations of students, and of distinguished scholars and their pupils, in and around Monastic and Cathedral schools, so in the future University "the whole body of resident graduates are to be brought together into one homogeneous element of teachers all working together, the supposed antithesis between professor and tutor being entirely sunk."³ And we may assume that the increase of literary facilities and of the means of scientific culture cannot but aid the Universities to recover their influence and renown as intellectual centres.

In whatever aspect then we view the matter, the more important does it appear that the modern University should embrace a perfect Library system as its central feature.

Upon the Bodleian Library the world fame of Oxford depends, as much as on all her spires, her towers, and her

traditions. Only fifteen years after Thomas Bodley refounded the Library in 1598 (his own College, Merton, making a gift of the timber), Casaubon wrote—"None of the colleges have attracted me so much as the Bodleian; the work rather for a king than for a private man." The Bodleian became in the same period, according to Hallam, "the one great cause of the literary distinction of Oxford" (*Lit.* iii. 231).

Since that time, it may perhaps be urged, the British Museum and other great libraries have been established, and one national depository of the kind suffices. The objection might have weight if it were a question of the imposition of new taxes for the formation of another museum. But the question is the elaboration from existing resources of a perfect system of libraries for a great academic centre. Moreover, it is to be remembered how the grandest library in the world—the Bibliothèque Nationale, with its treasures of manuscripts, double in quantity alone, and very much more than double in value, of those in the British Museum—escaped the conflagration of Paris in 1871 by the merest accident.

In many respects the Bodleian will, even now, bear a favourable comparison with the British Museum. Both as to the quickness of obtaining books, and as to the time of closing, the Bodleian has the superiority: it has the great advantage also of being allowed the large reading-room lent by the Radcliffe Trustees, which is open until ten at night. Nor is it the case (as is necessary at the British Museum reading-room) that all those under twenty-one years of age are excluded.

Although figuring little in many schemes put forth for Academical Extension, and making but a slight appeal for popular support, the demands and claims of the Bodleian have been promptly recognized by the Hebdomadal Council. The first place in the Council's report of last May, on the requirements of the University, is given to the Library. But the Council have no funds for the purposes which they indicate. Their statements, indeed, amount to little more than recommen-

¹ The discovery took place at Oxford in 1673 of the means of producing harmonics—the foundation, according to Mr. Chappell, of all true science in music (*Hist. of Music*, vol. i., p. lxxxiv).

² *Minutes on Education in India*, Sept. 1836. Calcutta 1862.

³ See Mr. M. Pattison, in *Times*, Nov. 23, 1874.

dations and vague hopes that the College^s will supply the University professoriate, so that it might then be possible for the University to meet a portion of the expenditure required for the library, as well as of that of the museums, laboratories, botanic gardens, observatory, galleries, schools, lecture-rooms, &c. In this report also the Curators of the library complain that the sum at their command for the general purposes of the library is quite inadequate, and they calculate that an additional sum of 2,000*l.* a year ought to be allowed.¹

The Council moreover report that the repair of the external fabric, fitting up the proscholium, and future adaptation of the schools to the library, will amount to a capital sum of at least 23,000*l.*; while the Curators of the library, in May, 1874, considered that 25,000*l.* would be required, besides 13,500*l.* for another Reading-room, as estimated by Captain Douglas Galton, whose report and valuable remarks on the measures necessary to render the present building less exposed to the risk of fire, appeared in the *University Gazette* of Oct. 20, 1874.

Besides the great necessity which exists for rendering the Bodleian less liable to fire, the increase of books, at the rate of nearly 6,000 volumes annually, renders further extension and improvements imperatively necessary.

Provided the sums required for building are borrowed, it is no unfair estimate to assume that the demands put forth on behalf of the Bodleian amount to about 3,500*l.* annually, for many years to come. The Bodleian and its staff now receive, from one source or another, about 6,522*l.* a year, of which 2,907*l.* is the specific endowment and the remainder 3,615*l.* is received from the University (2,800*l.* being the ordinary Convocation grant in substitution of certain University

dues formerly appropriated to the Library). Under all the circumstances, it is surely no very great demand that the chief Library of Oxford should have an independent endowment of 10,000*l.* a year; and that, should there be any College with a superfluity of funds, it should be invited to contribute to this object. If, at the same time, advantage should be taken of the occasion, and the 2,800*l.* now contributed by the University should be liberated for the benefit of the Professoriate, the annual sum required from the College to make the whole amount not far short of 10,000*l.* a year would be 6,000*l.*

In case the sum named should be deemed by any one too large for the maintenance of a great University Library out of University and College revenues amounting in 1871 to 413,841*l.* it may be useful to compare the annual estimates of the British Museum, in order to show the extent of the recognition which one great Central Library has already received in the national expenditure. The vote of the House of Commons for 1875-6, gives for the British Museum 107,471*l.*, inclusive of 55,585*l.* for salaries and wages, but exclusive of a further vote of 9,538*l.* for annual expenses connected with the buildings. It is true that of these sums a portion belongs to various other departments of the Museum; nevertheless, it may be accurately estimated that at least 60,000*l.* a year is expended upon the Library and Reading-room. Of this 60,000*l.* a year, 13,000*l.* is expended upon the purchase of books and MSS., and 8,300*l.* on binding. The British Museum has also this great advantage over the Bodleian, that every book which is printed in this country must be sent there, without any demand, while the ancient privileges of the Bodleian of obtaining books published in this kingdom, without payment, can only be exercised after regular requisition in each case.

Is it, then, under these circumstances, an extravagant proposal that a sum of 10,000*l.* a year should be provided for the Central Library of Oxford, in addition to the 2,000*l.* now spent by the

¹ Since the above was written, the Auditors of the University accounts have appended to their annual report the statement that the income of the Bodleian is inadequate to meet the expenditure should that be continued at the present rate (*Times*, Nov. 19, 1875).

Colleges and Special Institutions upon Libraries, and even, also, in addition to such further sums as, in this last respect, it may be proposed to expend for the special needs and practical requirements of the faculties and professions? Can there be any doubt of the answer when the 6,000% annually required can be supplied from available resources in Oxford—from quarters which have acknowledged the general duty of making a contribution to University purposes—without affecting any interests, vested, contingent, or remote?

Lest there should be any inclination to characterize the proposed expenditure as unproductive, an illustration derived from the Free Libraries Act may be useful, as showing the practical view on this point of such a great commercial centre as Birmingham. It is scarcely twenty years since this Act was passed, yet it has already been so zealously taken advantage of, that, in that city, as much as 7,382*l.* is annually raised from the rates for the express purpose of maintaining an excellently organized Library, a Reading-room, and Art-gallery; and it appears by a recent report, that from the Lending Library alone, as many as 330,000 volumes were issued in 1874.

If it should be said that in the vast mass of ephemeral literature continually poured forth there is much of worthless rubbish, or at most possessing only a temporary value; it may be replied that this enforces all the more pressing need of some kind of order, some kind of plan in the mighty maze. Books, we know, are not learning,¹ neither is learning wisdom. In the infinitude of books, however, as in other things, the trash of one generation becomes the highly-prized treasure of another. In the meanwhile, on the single principle of the economy of force, it is more than ever desirable to aim at getting rid of the worthless material by

some comprehensive and systematic scheme. In the presence of the vast accumulation of facts, and wilderness of books recording those facts, it is above all scientific method and true criticism which are needed, whereby those facts can best be condensed, and the rubbish most effectively set aside.

This is the work a University can accomplish and bring out, and this is what Mr. Carlyle says it did for him: "It taught me to read in various languages, in various sciences, so that I could go into the books which treated of those things, and gradually penetrate into any department of knowledge I wanted to make myself master of, as I found it suit me."²

Some effective aid towards scientific progress can therefore be performed by a University Library System always advancing towards perfection; and an important element in this efficiency is a complete system of arrangement, of classification, and of cataloguing, and the localization of subjects according to particular departments of knowledge in separate rooms, buildings, or institutions contiguous to, or in connection with, the main library. Amidst a variety of testimony in corroboration of this view, it may be permitted to refer to that of Sir H. Bishop given to the University Commission of 1850:—

"Amongst other causes for the advancement of the study of music, I know of none other more important, more worthy to be seriously considered, than the establishment of a distinct library of music, which, from its completeness and classification, should comprise a perfect history of the progress of the musical art." (P. 266, *Evidence*.)

To quote from a pamphlet on the All Souls' Library, privately printed some years back:—

"No one in London, wishing to consult many law-books, would ever resort for that purpose to the British Museum, although he might be living within a stone's throw, if he had also the power to use the library at Lincoln's Inn."³

¹ "—— Out of books

He taught me all the ignorance of men,
And how God laughs in heaven when any man
Says 'Here I'm learned; this I understand;
In that, I am never caught at fault or doubt.'" *Aurora Leigh*.

² Inaugural Address at Edinburgh, 1866.

³ While gratefully acknowledging the many admirable arrangements adopted in the Libraries of the Inns of Court, the hope may be expressed that further progress will be made

The advantages of classification, it need scarcely be observed, are in every way compatible with those to be derived from the one general alphabetical catalogue, which should be so maintained as to form a complete index to the whole University Library system, including, where feasible, the Libraries of the various Colleges.

The Commission of 1850 suggested that by co-operation between the University and College Libraries their resources might be expended in a manner more conducive to the general interests of learning, so that they might be made to supplement rather than repeat the Bodleian. This economy has hitherto been adopted by the Physical Science Library at the New Museum, the Library for Foreign Literature at the Taylor Institution, the Botanical Library, and, to a certain extent, though not yet established in connection with the University Library system, by the All Souls' Law Library. A special character has also in some instances been imparted by accidental benefactions to the libraries attached to other Colleges, but, it is believed, there is little of fixed and definite policy directed to the maintenance of such character, and whatever is now accomplished in this direction is on a comparatively small scale.

This specialization of libraries subordinate to the Bodleian can be more effectively accomplished in connection with those special institutions which belong essentially to the movement for the restoration of faculty or special studies as the conclusion of a University curriculum.¹ This object, which

in extending their benefits to each other on a reciprocal principle; that it should not be so contrived as to completely close them all at one and the same time in the Vacation; and that, at least, the Librarian of Lincoln's Inn should have power to order such a publication as one of the chief works on the Judicature Acts without waiting many weeks for the return of the Benchers, and a meeting of the Library Committee.

¹ Though this movement may, perhaps, involve the remodelling of the University degrees, it is to be cordially desired that the restoration of special studies may be considered on its merits, without any attempt to impart a factitious importance to the various grades, tickets, and badges of learning.

has been called for alike by the increase of knowledge and by the urgent needs of the professions, occupies a principal place in the *Suggestions on Academical Organization* :—

“The imagination and the taste; the employment and discernment of language; the perception of beauty by the eye; to speak, to write, to argue, to reason; all these are capacities or accomplishments to be improved or formed by education at some period. But all these, beautiful as adjuncts, form only a superficial mental character, if the great work of education, the establishment of an exact habit of judgment, of the philosophical intellect, has not been achieved. The acquisition of this habit cannot be made through generalities, or through literature, or by promiscuous reading. Still less is the scientific habit generated by the pantological schemes now so much in favour, which those who are their dupes describe as ‘an adequate acquaintance with the fundamental principles of all the departments of science.’ It can only be educed by setting the understanding to investigate for itself the laws of some one chief department of knowledge or division of objects. It is not the matters known that make science, but the mode of knowing. * * * * The faculty student is not to be expected at twenty-two to have exhausted his subject; but he may have been initiated into an exhaustive method of learning it” (p. 265—7).

In the conflict of claims between the general and the special, the necessities of life too frequently give a priority to the latter. Such risk as there may be in the specializing of study is better met at a University than elsewhere—a University where men are brought together under one common focus; where they are united not only by the historical and architectural associations of the place, but by a unity of endeavour and of interests; where beautiful idealisms of excellence have so often predominated, and where liberal culture has for so long been a practical end.

It is this power of liberalizing the professions which distinguishes the Universities from technical schools, and which, according to Dr. Playfair, is the very foundation and justification for professional training at the Universities.²

Let it be granted, then, that the claims made on behalf of libraries and special institutions will be recognized in any reorganization of the University.

² Address at St. Andrews, 1873.

If there should be an appropriation of any College to a particular faculty, or profession, the sum of 2,500*l.* a year for the special library or institution cannot be deemed an excessive estimate. We have endeavoured to show above that in order to make up the independent income of the Bodleian to an amount barely sufficient to meet its requirements, a further sum of 6,000*l.* will be annually necessary; but of course, if, in addition to this, the University should continue its ordinary grant, the Bodleian has abundant need for the additional revenue. The chief question, then, remains for consideration—from what quarter are these two annual sums of 6,000*l.* and of 2,500*l.* to be expected?

More than one of the Colleges have, indeed, promised some little assistance to the Bodleian, in the shape of a Fellowship; and Christ Church, with characteristic generosity, has even expressed its willingness to borrow for the purpose if other contingencies should fail.

However, it is at All Souls' that the desired object can be effected with the greatest ease, and with little or no possible injury to other University projects. This College has already taken a very decided step in the direction of associating itself with the University by means of its magnificent Library, specialized to the subject of Law in 1867, when a public Reading-room was built, and at the same time provision was made for its being continually open. Of all the College libraries in Oxford, this is by far the best and largest. It holds so unique a position in relation to the College, that, in the words of the latest annalist of All Souls', "it is the chief subject of interest in the College, and that by which the importance of the institution has been chiefly sustained to our own day."¹

The reputation of the College would have been greatly extended if the opportunity had been seized of the opening of the Library to have made that superior to those of the purely professional institutions of law, and to have converted the College, from the facilities which it

might then have offered, into a convenient academical centre for public men, officials, jurists, and the legal profession at large. The College itself would have recovered unity and independence, its example would have strengthened other Collegiate institutions, and the step which the Rector of Lincoln advocated in 1868, of the economizing of College resources by devoting those of each College to some special branch of study, would have been anticipated. [For any College to have done all this voluntarily would have been creditable, but in one which had hitherto distinguished itself by isolation from the life of the University, it would have revealed the existence of a new spirit.

However, although the times and circumstances which might lend significance to the action no longer exist, the opportunity may not be wholly gone. The obstacles which are presented by the settled purposes and life of other Colleges, with their undergraduates, have no existence in this case. The College is confessedly destitute of definite aims; and, unless it were for the support of its Library, would almost present a *tabula rasa* so far as academical objects are concerned. There is no undergraduate life, no resident graduate element is required by Statute, and such as actually exists is exceedingly small; moreover, there are no ecclesiastical restrictions such as limit, in the opinion of some, the free action of other Colleges, the Headship and Fellowships at All Souls' being open to all laymen.

There was however one peculiarity for centuries associated with the College history, and for the sake of which many would desire to leave the Fellowships untouched if there existed any opportunity for its revival. This peculiarity owed its origin to many circumstances in former times, but notably, in the seventeenth century to the recommendations to Fellowships by the Crown, by Chancellors and by Archbishops, which at that time so constantly gave rise to disputes and contentions in the Fellowship elections.

Any institution, inspired, either at that period or later, by a genuine desire

¹ *Worthies of All Souls'*, by Prof. Burrows, 1874 (p. 338).

to keep up a true ideal of an educated gentleman, and having also the capacity of giving effect to that desire without suspicion of smaller ends, would have had claims for a favourable judgment. If the opinion of Huber is correct, those claims would indeed have been great. In his work on *English Universities*—first published in Germany in 1839, and afterwards translated by Mr. F. W. Newman—the influence of Oxford and Cambridge a century ago is thus described:—

“With all his defects, foibles, and faults, the old English gentleman was one of the most striking and admirable forms of national education in any period of time or in any nation; and it was, in fact, this race which ruled and represented England at the last period; and to them she principally owes her power, her glory, and her importance; and they were essentially the production of the University education, University studies, and the University life of that period.” (Vol. ii. p. 347.)

But the time has passed away when an exclusive ideal could be maintained by a large corporation consisting of from thirty to forty members; and, amid the rivalry of other Colleges, it at all times required a combination of felicitous circumstances which certainly do not now exist.¹

There is small probability then that the prevailing opinion concerning Fellowships in general will make any exception in favour of the Fellowships at All Souls'; nor can it be said that they foster in any marked degree the studies of Law and History, for which they were intended by the Commissioners of 1854. They directed that every candidate for a Fellowship should have attained academical honour: equivalent to a first class,

¹ At the present moment, in so far as [such a corporation fills up its numbers by open competition, depending upon examination, it is constantly exposed to one of the two alternate charges, either of having set aside its ideal, or of having neglected to examine effectively; and, unfortunately, its liability to this latter charge is increased when, the examination being directed by a committee nominated by the Head, and the election being virtually decided at a secret and informal meeting, a result is produced which, as a whole, has the merits of neither the old system of selection nor the modern one of competition.

but there was no accompanying condition in favour of such honours being in the new school of Law and History. It was consequently many years before a candidate so qualified was elected. And in 1870 it was reported to the College “that the practical working of the Ordinance which has now had thirteen years trial cannot be said to have resulted in any material benefit to the study of Law and History, or to have added in any degree to the distinctive usefulness of the College as connected with that study.” To judge, then, from the past, the school, which has of late been subdivided into the schools of History and Jurisprudence, will suffer little by the future diversion of the All Souls' Fellowships.

The utilization of the funds which may arise from the future vacancies of Fellowships, and the occupation of the empty buildings, situated as they now are in one of the best and most central sites of Oxford, are, therefore, the chief conditions of the problem as regards this College to which a solution is required.² As has before been related, some steps have already been taken to associate the College with the general study of Law and its kindred subjects. Moreover, the Commissioners appointed in 1850 recommended that, out of forty Fellowships at All Souls', twenty-four should be appropriated to University purposes; but this was ultimately modified, so that ten only were so taken; and from these were founded the Chichele Professorship of International Law and Diplomacy, and that of Modern History.³ The appropriation of the

² This statement would require some modification as to the College Buildings if there was a probability of any effect being given to Professor Max Müller's desire to utilize them for the benefit of the selected candidates of the India or Civil Service; but definite steps for their reception have already been taken by Balliol College.

³ A little more than three centuries before these last foundations, at the time when All Souls' had barely escaped suppression under the Act of Parliament suppressing Chanttries, Archbishop Cranmer, according to Anthony Wood, designed to re-arrange the whole system of Colleges, with a view to the pursuit of different lines of study in each, and All Souls' was to be entirely devoted to civil law.

College to special purposes, is, then, not only not new, but has been the spontaneous act of the College with respect to its Library within the last few years. The proposals now put forth aim at bringing about the permanent union of the College with the Bodleian Library, and also at the same time at obtaining for the University and the College all the advantages of an Incorporated Institute of Law, and likewise giving to the legal profession at large all the benefits of such an established academical centre.

It remains only to describe and to consider the practical details of the manner in which these ends are to be effected. According to the return presented to the Universities Commission in 1874, the revenue of All Souls' nearly equalled the united revenues of Balliol, University and Trinity. In round numbers the gross income for the year 1871 was somewhat above 19,000*l.*, and this is anticipated by a series of yearly additions to amount in the year 1880 to 23,000*l.* But this sum of 23,000*l.*, before becoming available, must be subjected to the deduction, firstly, of fixed charges, payments in connection with the estates and management of the estates, rates and taxes, repairs, subscriptions, and sums for the augmentation of the advowson property of the College, the whole of which, according to the returns already referred to, will be about 5,000*l.*; and, secondly, to the deduction of about 2,000*l.* for the Chapel (including the Chaplains and four Bible clerkships, as at present) the Kitchen, and maintenance of the fabric. There is, then, a balance of 16,000*l.* a year, the greater portion of which may be regarded as the fund to be dealt with by the forthcoming University Commission. If we take the ordinary average of vacancies, so as to allow for the expiration of present interests, it may be estimated that in fourteen years' time nearly the whole of this sum of 16,000*l.* will be available.

In making the large subtraction from the Fellowship fund in favour of other objects which is the basis of the present proposal, it must be remembered that the practice of dividing the surplus

College revenue amongst the Fellows was not established until the time of Archbishop Laud, nearly two centuries after the foundation of the College, and that, in fact, we are only following the recommendation of Archbishop Abbot,¹ who, in his capacity as Visitor, in 1629, instead of such a division of the surplus, urged that it should be employed in the purchase of books. The chief care and consideration should be for the readjustment of the endowment fund in such a manner that the corporate continuity of the College should not be endangered by too limited a *personnel*. If, then, of this 16,000*l.*, which we have taken as the available revenue, the sum of 5,000*l.* a year should be appropriated to the Bodleian, (exclusive of any addition to the Librarianship), and 2,500*l.* a year to the special College Library, Reading-room, &c., there will still remain an annual sum of 8,500*l.* for the endowment and maintenance of the College Corporation, inclusive of the 1,000*l.* now proposed to be added to the Bodleian Librarianship, which should be united with the Wardenship of the College, the election to the double office being vested in the Curators of the Bodleian. The want of an official residence for the University Librarian in close proximity to the Bodleian, which has been frequently expressed, would then be supplied. The emoluments of the Librarianship amount at present to nearly 1,000*l.* a year: and it is suggested that in addition the Warden-Librarian should receive an equal sum from the College, but that provision should be made from one or other of these sums for the payment of his Secretary. Should the existing two Chichele Professorships be left permanently on their present footing they will take from the annual revenue under consideration as much as 3,000*l.*, and there will then be a balance of 4,500*l.* a year remaining. Demands have lately been made upon the University for a Resident Professor of English Law, and likewise one of Roman Law, besides Lecturers. To satisfy these requirements, 2,000*l.*

¹ *Worthies of All Souls*, p. 112.

a year could be appropriated to two Professorships of Law, tenable for ten years only. There would remain an annual sum of 2,500*l.* subject to increase from surplus revenue, and it is proposed that this should be left for seven Fellowships. We may reasonably surmise that, at the time when this part of the scheme could come into effective operation, many years hence, there would be no difficulty in the College itself providing the seven Fellows with well-defined responsibilities and duties, in connection, either with legal studies and pursuits, in or beyond Oxford, or with *Bibliotheks-wissenschaft*, according to circumstances or occasional needs. One of the Fellowships might be attached to the Sub-Librarianship of the special department, and two Fellowships might be bestowed by way of pension on those who had served the University in certain definite offices for a lengthened period. The College would then consist of the following twelve Corporators: the Warden-Librarian, the Chichele Professors, two Professors of Law, and seven Fellows. The primary duty and common purpose of this body would be the development of an Institute of Law in Oxford, together with the guardianship of the Library of All Souls', as a subordinate branch of the Bodleian.

This library, under such fostering care and with such resources, may in course of time be expected to become an example of selection and arrangement, as well as one of the most perfect Public Libraries of Jurisprudence and Official Literature existing anywhere. Arrangements, under these new circumstances, for the assistance and co-operation of the University and other Colleges could of course then be easily brought about, but, to guard against any possible collision, a limited control in this branch library should be vested in the Bodleian Curators, for doubtless the Bodleian would deposit therein many of its own books.

It should be observed, with reference to the College buildings, that under the new scheme, there will always be the

nucleus of an active resident body. In addition to this, it is to be expected that much vacant space in the buildings will be occupied by reading-rooms of various kinds, and other public rooms. Some sets of rooms, too, might be reserved for a limited time, at the disposal of the College, for the use of distinguished students, not belonging to the University, resorting temporarily to Oxford.

The union of the Bodleian Librarianship with the Headship of a College may seem at first anomalous; but it is apprehended that the suggested union of the College with the Bodleian Library will obviate the difficulties which might otherwise possibly arise. Should the retirement of the Warden-Librarian ever become necessary under the new scheme, the same authority and the same act which at present apply to the Librarian would be found sufficient. Nor would the Librarian have any appreciable addition to his duties by assuming the Headship of the College; and in any special work connected with the Legal Institute he would have the assistance of the eleven other Corporator-Fellows of the College. Supreme over the whole University Library system would be the Curators of the Bodleian, ultimately responsible to the University. No attempt has been made here to direct attention to this subject, to inquire whether the Curators are chosen on the most suitable plan or not; whether their body is heterogeneous or unwieldy; whether their administrative machinery is effective or otherwise. It has been conceived that, in the event of these remarks succeeding in obtaining a favourable hearing, all these questions, upon the right settlement of which so much of the efficiency of the scheme would finally turn, would receive that attention from those acquainted with the local details of University business which would go far to ensure a just conclusion.

It is not, for a moment, to be anticipated that there will ever be a large amount of purely professional students permanently making use of such advan-

tages as an Institute of Law in Oxford might afford. Nevertheless it is true that the Inns of Court have many students who only resort to their Libraries for literary purposes, or for those of antiquarian and historical law, or for foreign and scientific jurisprudence, or for purposes connected with the business of legislation, for collation and reference. The profession, as well as the official world, would gain by such an established connection with the University, and at any rate there would be a slight prospect that Milton's¹ "prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity" would be the recognised groundwork of a legal career; and that the profession of advocacy would be acknowledged, as in the best days of republican Rome, to be the highest and noblest of all callings.² There may be little commercial and small prospect of direct professional value in what may be obtained at Oxford away from the Law Courts, yet as an educational instrument, and as a branch of academical learning for all, Jurisprudence is none the less valuable; meaning by this term, a methodical and historical knowledge of the essential principles embodied in the laws of one's country, and of the salient features of those portions of the laws of other countries with which they may be usefully compared, or contrasted; as well as a knowledge of the origin and growth of legal conceptions, and also a knowledge of those general principles which affect the form—as distinguished from those (*e.g.* ethical and economical) which affect the substance—of all legislation. The great public advantage of the University imbu- ing those who may be destined for public and official life with the *generalia* of law, with accurate habits of thought

¹ *Letter on Education.*

² Though Dr. Arnold (*Life*, p. 327) seems to think that advocacy is inconsistent with a strong perception of truth, he speaks with the greatest enthusiasm of the study of Law (p. 91); and, it is presumed, he must have overlooked the consideration that the mental habit founded on the love of truth, and on the knowledge of its manifoldness, is nowhere likely to be so readily engendered as in the constant use of a procedure framed for the discovery of fact.

and expression, and with sound views of legislation, is manifest;³ and this, in addition to an improved juridical literature, and the advancement of law and legislation as a science, by a body of men specially devoted to its independent study, is what many leading Statesmen and Judges and others entitled to authority have hoped for from the localisation of a Faculty of Law. But, of course, these latter considerations are subject to the one essential condition of such relations being established with the heads of the legal profession and with those engaged in the regular and daily practice of legal pursuits as would entitle this part of the design to the support and confidence of every branch of the profession; and this would be the more necessary, for there would not be that constant collision and daily criticism of actual practitioners, which occupies so prominent a place in the Faculty proposed by Austin (vol. iii. 373), for which the opinion of students and pupils is, at best, but a slight substitute.

Let it be remarked, in conclusion, that the affairs and needs of the University, and of the Colleges which make up the University, are essentially *publici juris*. For the public good the law has conferred upon the Colleges the advantages of relaxing the laws of property; and as national institutions they enjoy an ancient prestige, and peculiar privileges. Remove the Colleges and their independent life, and what is there remaining of the University as it is ordinarily conceived? "A reform of Christ Church," it has been said, "would be half a reform of the University."⁴ The practical amalgamation of a College such as All Souls' with the Bodleian, and the conversion of one part of the College into an Institute of Law, cannot therefore be said to be an object other than of the highest academical significance, or one unbecom- ing public attention and general interest.

³ See as to this Lord Neaves's Inaugural Address at St. Andrews, 1873.

⁴ *Suggestions on Academical Organization*, p. 242.

Moreover, legislation for themselves has been virtually taken away from the Colleges by the Privy Council in anticipation of a comprehensive Parliamentary scheme; and no room is left for dilatory and ambiguous measures, unless they should proceed from those in authority undertaking the complicated task without competent skill and knowledge.

The Institute of Law herein proposed would have a relation to legal studies similar to that which the Taylor Institution at Oxford is intended to have to the study of modern European languages, and it would be comparable to the Indian Institute which so many Orientalists desire to see established at Oxford, a centre of union, inquiry, and instruction for all engaged in Indian studies. As the University would be a national Institution for the preservation, cultivation, and transmission of the best of every kind of knowledge, so would the particular College appropriated to a special faculty be as regards the knowledge appertaining to that faculty.

At the same time, and by the same means, the urgent demands of the University on behalf of the Bodleian will have been liberally met, and a perplexing void in University life will have been filled up. And, above all, the

views of those will have been forwarded who seek to restore the University as an organization devoted to the "gathering and seeking those dissevered pieces which are yet wanting to the body of truth," and to the cultivation of all that is beautiful and enduring in learning or in letters.

The result may, perhaps, be that the University will not exist mainly as a high school, and it may not have for its ideal the training of youths who should be making a professional income at the age of twenty-one. Notwithstanding this result few will doubt the truth of the assertion that a school of the highest form of education can only exist on condition of being attached to such an organization—an organization which, though it may fail to attract those with most leisure to enjoy its benefits, or those who, from their intelligence, or by their position, should aspire to lead public opinion, will yet have for a splendid example the Alexandrian Library and Museum, whose powerful impress upon thought, upon discovery, upon practical invention and upon every branch of learning then extant, the civilized world continues to acknowledge after the lapse of nearly two thousand years.

C. H. ROBERTS.

SOME TRAITS OF COMPOSERS.

At a time when art and literature are daily taking a stronger hold on all classes of society, and are obtaining by degrees their proper recognition and position, it follows naturally that a steadily increasing interest is felt in the personal history of great artists and authors, and that people who delight in their works should wish also to know something of their lives, their habits, and modes of working. In this there is nothing but what is most just and reasonable. Few men can see a work of art without caring to know who or what like was the man that made it: few can resist the spell of sympathy that is exercised by the artist; and the first consequence of yielding to the charm is a very natural curiosity about the artist himself. No details of his life or tastes seem too trivial to his devoted admirers: his words, on small as well as on important occasions, are remembered; his looks, his actions, are observed and carefully set down; and anecdotes, more or less authentic, are recorded to gratify the appetite of the curious. Locks of his hair, his shoe-buckles, or lace-ruffles, are treasured as though they retained some portion of the personal charm of their former wearer. That his portrait, or his letters and manuscripts, should be scrupulously preserved is yet more natural; and from the latter, of course, a new light is very frequently thrown upon his works, as we before possessed and knew them. To understand an artist's character cannot but help us to understand his works more thoroughly than they could be understood without some such knowledge of himself: for, as no human action can be properly valued for good or bad, unless we clearly see the motives which dictated it, so no work of art can ever be truly appreciated except with a clear comprehension of its author's

purpose. It is, perhaps, not too much to say, that the habits of life, the health, the circumstances, and the *consequent* temperament of an author, must surely influence the tone and spirit of his compositions, and stamp upon them the result of the multitudinous causes which have affected his own disposition. From a man like Beethoven, leading a life of retirement, a prey to ill-health and the constant worry of domestic troubles, and struck down in middle life by the catastrophe of deafness; having but few, and perhaps not desiring to have many, friends,—from an artist so situated, who would expect the production of music of a generally gay and cheerful character? And, indeed, though relieved occasionally by strains of heavenly joy and brightness, the clouds of melancholy and gloomy grandeur are never broken for very long by such gleams of sunshine. The strongest characteristic, on the other hand, of Mendelssohn's music is the exact opposite of this: and we constantly perceive in it the counterpart of his bright, loving, and lovable nature, his buoyant spirits, seldom-falling gaiety, and even his occasional petulance, tempered as were those qualities by profound study and the methodical application of its results.

To such, therefore—and we believe they are the majority among lovers of art—as feel this desire to become acquainted with the peculiarities of character that mark the masters whose works they never read or hear without a new delight and enjoyment, a few facts relating to their habits and mode of composition will not be unwelcome.

The first masters, writing as they did for the service of the Church, drew their inspiration in the seclusion of the cloister, and gave appropriate music to the hymns in daily use, composed in seasons

of fasting, prayer, and meditation. Beyond this, little is known of their habits.

Allegri, Anerio, Palestrina, Leo, Bai, and Durante, who founded Church music and enriched its next succeeding era, are known to us by their works chiefly, and of their lives we have but few particulars. It is impossible to separate our sense of the beauty and earnestness of Stradella's music from the memory of his romantic history, his devoted attachment, and tragic end. Being engaged in the service of the Republic of Venice to compose operas for the carnival, he achieved a great success, both with his compositions and his splendid voice. A Venetian noble, whose mistress was a passable singer, invited Stradella to give her some lessons; and between the master and his lovely scholar there soon sprang up an affection which led eventually to their escaping together one night, and setting out for Rome. The noble, enraged beyond measure, immediately hired assassins to follow the fugitives and put them to death. The ruffians soon found Stradella at Rome, where he was on the point of giving an oratorio in the Church of St. Giovanni Laterano; and, as the story goes, waited through the performance for a fitting opportunity for putting their purpose into execution, but were so melted by the wondrous beauty of Stradella's voice and music, that they relented; and, with many tears, confessed to him what had been their mission, and protested that they were incapable of the crime of robbing Italy and music of so great a genius. Warned by this adventure, the lovers fled to Turin, whither they were pursued by the implacable vengeance of the Venetian; and Stradella was attacked and wounded by three assassins. From these injuries he ultimately recovered, and perhaps thought himself safe from further danger; but the anger of his persecutor was not to be so easily appeased, and, shortly after, Stradella having taken his *Ortensia* to Genoa on an excursion, the pair were barbarously murdered in their apartments, about the year 1681. "So perished," says his biographer, "the

most excellent musician of that day in all Italy."

In Germany, only three or four years later, was born the greatest of the next century of musicians, John Sebastian Bach, who wrote more, perhaps, than any other man of that or any age. The number of his works is prodigious; and yet he never wrote anything that he did not correct as often as he had to recopy it. Hence it is by no means uncommon to find copies of his compositions which differ very essentially from all the other known versions of the same. He seems to have spared no pains to render as absolutely perfect as he could all that flowed from his pen, voluminous and elaborate as it was. His great contemporary, Handel, though he frequently recurred to what he had written on previous occasions and for other purposes, and used over again subjects, and often whole movements of his own—or of others'—compositions for the work before him, was an exceedingly rapid writer. Pages of his original MSS. still show from top to foot the sand with which he dried them, proving that they were wet all over at the same time. His handwriting was sometimes very fine and delicate, the heads of the notes being no bigger than pin-points; while, at other times, it was massive and large, with heads like bullets to the crotchets. He too, like Bach, frequently reviewed and amended his work; he rewrote four times, for instance, the air "How beautiful" in the *Messiah*. At his death, few of his works were found as he had originally written them; scenes, and even bits of recitative were altered, scored through, or covered with pieces of paper, gummed on, and bearing a new version of the passages so concealed. In composing, he wrote with the greatest facility, beginning to set the words of an oratorio before he had received more than the first act of it. When engaged on the *Rinaldo* of Aaron Hill, Rossi, the translator of the libretto, was unable to do his part quickly enough to keep pace with Handel, who set his translation to music faster than he could write it down. "The Signor Handel," he says, "the

Orpheus of our age, in setting to music this lay from Parnassus, has scarcely given me time enough to write it; and I have beheld, to my great astonishment, an entire opera harmonized to the last degree of perfection, in the short space of a fortnight, by this sublime genius. I pray you then, discreet reader, to receive my rapid work, and if it does not merit all your praises, at least do not refuse it your compassion,—I would rather say your justice,—remembering how short a time I have had to write it in."

Handel's celebrated countryman, Gluck, on the other hand, is said never to have put pen to paper until the whole work which he was about to write was completely finished and elaborated in his own mind. This is also the case with Monsieur Gounod, whose prodigious memory enables him to retain a whole opera in his head without making sketch or memorandum until every detail is in its place and ready for committing to paper. But to return to Gluck. "He has often told me," says M. Corenses, "that he began by going mentally over each of his acts; afterwards he went over the entire piece; that he always composed, imagining himself in the centre of the pit; and that, his piece thus combined and his airs characterized, he regarded the work as finished, although he had written nothing; but that this preparation usually cost him an entire year, and most frequently a serious illness. 'This,' said he, 'is what a great number of people call *making canzonets*.'" Miss Hawkins, in her *Anecdotes*, relates of Handel that, being asked about his ideas and feelings when composing the Hallelujah Chorus, he replied, "I did think I did see all heaven before me, and the great God Himself." He would frequently burst into tears while writing, and is said to have been found by a visitor sobbing uncontrollably when in the act of setting the words "He was despised." Shield tells us "that his servant, who brought his coffee in the morning, often stood in silent astonishment to see his master's tears mixing

in the ink, as he penned his divine notes." The story of Handel repeatedly leaving his guests at the dinner-table with the exclamation, "I have one *tought*," and repairing to another room to regale himself privately, ever and anon, with draughts of champagne from a dozen which he had received as a present, may probably be dismissed as unworthy of serious belief, opposed as it is to the genial and hearty disposition of the master, who would not be likely to keep to himself the enjoyment of any delicacy, especially when friends were dining at his table. That he was a large eater is highly probable, if we consider the heavy amount of both mental and bodily fatigue that he constantly endured, and which must have made a proportionate supply of food necessary, to keep up his health and energy to the normal pitch. When he became blind, he grew depressed and low-spirited, his appetite failed, and he not long after died.

Gluck, again,—of whom Handel said that he knew no more counterpoint "as *mein cook*,"—"in order to warm his imagination," says Carpani, "and to transport himself to Aulis or Sparta, was accustomed to place himself in the middle of a beautiful meadow. In this situation, with his piano before him, and a bottle of champagne on each side, he wrote in the open air his two *Iphigenias*, his *Orpheus*, and his other works." This reminds us of the famous *bon-mot* of the witty Sophie Arnould, who one evening, when Mlle. Laguerre, more than half drunk, was playing in *Iphigénie en Aulide* at the opera, said, "Tiens,—c'est *Iphigénie en champagne*!"

Sarti, on the contrary,—a composer, born in 1729 at Faenza, in the States of the Church, as cultivated as he was charming in the suavity of his airs and his sentiment of scenic effect,—required a spacious, dark, dimly lighted room; and it was only in the most silent hours of the night that he could summon musical ideas. In this way he wrote *Medonte*, the rondo "Mia speranza," and his finest air, "La dolce compagna." Cimarosa was fond of noise; he liked

to have his friends about him when he worked. It was thus that he composed his *Orazii* and his *Matrimonio Segreto*, for long the finest serious, and the first comic, opera of the Italian school. He would write in a single night the subjects of eight or ten charming pieces, which he afterwards finished in the midst of a circle of friends. It was after doing nothing for a fortnight, but walk about the environs of Prague, that the air "Pria che spunti" (*Matrimonio Segreto*), one of the loveliest ever penned by any composer, suddenly entered his mind, when he was not thinking of his opera.

Sacchini, the author of *Lucio Vero*, *Il Ciel*, and a host of other works for the Church and for the stage, delighted when composing to have his mistress at his side, and his cats, of whom he was very fond, playing about him. Paisiello composed in bed. It was between the sheets that he planned his *Barbiere*, the *Molinara*, and many other *chefs d'œuvre* of ease and gracefulness. The same strange practice is ascribed to Brindley, the great but eccentric engineer. After reading the Bible, or a page of some holy father or classic author, Zingarelli would dictate, in a few hours, a whole act of *Pyrrhus*, or *Romeo and Juliet*. Anfossi had a brother of great promise who died young. His taste was to write surrounded by roast fowls and smoking sausages! As for Haydn, solitary and sober as Newton, putting on his finger the ring which Frederick the Great had sent him, and which he considered necessary to inspire his imagination, he sat down, says Carpani, to his piano, and in a few moments "soared among the angelic choirs." Nothing disturbed him at Eisenstadt; he lived entirely for his art, exempt from cares. A singular effect of this retired life was that he, who never left the small town belonging to his prince, was for a long time the only musical man in Europe who was ignorant of the celebrity of Joseph Haydn. As if fate, says Carpani, had decreed that everything ridiculous in music should originate in Paris, Haydn re-

ceived from a celebrated amateur in that city a commission to compose a piece of vocal music: some select passages of Lulli and Rameau were sent with the letter as models. These he returned, replying with simplicity that "He was Haydn, and not Lulli, nor Rameau; and that if music after the manner of those great composers was desired, it should be demanded from them or their pupils: that, as for himself, he unfortunately could only write music after the manner of Haydn." "*Les choses ne se repètent pas*," says the proverb; but a very similar thing is said to have happened to Beethoven when in the latter part of his life he received a commission from an English amateur to compose something "in the style of his second symphony or his septett." Beethoven's answer—if he made one at all—was probably not so civil as Haydn's.

Haydn's life—continues Carpani—was uniform, and fully occupied. He rose early in the morning, dressed himself very neatly, and placed himself at a small table by the side of his piano, where the hour of dinner, then a very early affair, usually found him still seated. In the evening he went to the rehearsals, or to the opera, which was given four times a week in the prince's palace. Sometimes, but rarely, he devoted a morning to sport. The little time which he had to spare, was divided between his friends and Mdlle. Boselli. Such was the course of his life for more than thirty years, and this accounts for the astonishing number of his works. Like Haydn, Mozart most willingly devoted the morning to composition, from six or seven o'clock till ten, when he got up. After this, he did no more for the rest of the day, unless he had to finish a piece that was wanted. He always worked very irregularly. When an idea struck him he was not to be drawn from it. If taken away from the piano, he continued to compose in the midst of his friends, and passed whole nights pen in hand. At other times, he had such a disinclination to work that he could not

complete a piece till the moment of its performance. In the well-known case of the famous sonata for piano and violin, which he wrote in hot haste at Vienna in 1784 for Mdlle. Strinasacchi, Mozart had time only to write out the violin part, and performed the work the next day without putting his own part on paper. The autograph manuscript—seventeen pages in length—is now in England and confirms the truth of the story. Mozart had before him the violin part, with the accompaniment staves below it, mostly blank, but with here and there a few bars to indicate a change of figure or modulation, &c. These occasional bits of accompaniment, like the violin part, are in pale ink. The remainder, which he filled in afterwards, is in black ink. Thus the original state of the paper can be clearly made out, and the feat appreciated. A similar story is told of himself by our lately-lost composer, Sterndale Bennett, who played his caprice for pianoforte and orchestra in London and at Leipzig, and sold it to the publishers at the latter place. "When he sent them the score, they found out that he had left out the pianoforte part, which in fact he had never written!" The overture to *Don Giovanni*, perhaps the best of Mozart's overtures, was only written the night before the first performance, and after the general rehearsal of the opera had taken place. About eleven o'clock Mozart retired to his room, begging his wife to make him some punch, and to stay with him in order to keep him awake. She accordingly began to tell him fairy tales and funny stories, which made him laugh till the tears came into his eyes. The punch, however, made him so drowsy, that he could only go on while she continued to talk, and whenever she stopped he fell asleep. The efforts which he made to keep himself awake, together with the work in which he was engaged, so fatigued him, that he allowed himself to be persuaded at length by his wife to take some rest, on condition that she should wake him again in an hour's time. He slept so heavily that she suffered him to repose

for two hours; at five o'clock she awoke him. He had arranged that the copyists should come at seven; and, by the time they arrived, the overture was finished. They had, however, scarcely time to write out the orchestral parts before the performance, and the players had to execute it without a rehearsal. Some critics profess to point out in this overture the passages where Mozart fell asleep, and those where he suddenly woke again.

Beethoven used to sit for hours at the piano, improvising the thoughts which he afterwards jotted down on paper, and subsequently elaborated into the music with which he astonished the world. If he discovered that he had been overheard at such times,—as happened once when Cipriani Potter called upon the great composer, and was shown into an adjoining room,—he was incensed to the highest degree. In another mood, and especially after he had become deaf, while working out a subject in his mind, he would leave his house at night or in the early morning, and walk for many hours through the most remote and solitary places, through woods and by lakes and torrents, silent and abstracted. In this way he sometimes made the circuit of Vienna twice in a day, or, if he were at Baden, long excursions across the country. When engaged on his magnificent *Sonata Appassionata* he one day took a long walk with Ferdinand Ries, his pupil. They walked for hours, but during the whole time Beethoven spoke not a word, but kept humming, or rather howling, up and down the scale. It was the process of incubation. On reaching home, he seated himself at the piano without taking off his hat, and dashed into the splendid Finale of that noble work. Once there he remained for some time, totally regardless of the darkness, or the fact that he and Ries had had nothing to eat for hours. His appearance became perfectly well known to people of all classes, who exclaimed, "There is Beethoven," when they saw him; and it is related that once, when a troop of char-

coal-burners met him on a country path, they stood on one side, heavily laden as they were, to let him pass, for fear of troubling the great master's meditations. When composing in his own room at home, he would sometimes walk about in a reverie, pouring cold water over his hands alternately, from jug after jug, till the floor of the room was inundated, and the people came running upstairs to know the cause of the deluge. At his death he left, besides his finished works, a quantity of rough sketches, containing doubtless the germs of many more works, which never passed the stage in which they appear there. The first draughts of his well-known compositions show the successive alterations which their subjects suffered before they pleased him; and these form a most interesting study, as exposing his manner of working. One of his sketch-books has been published *in extenso*, and, besides a host of matters of minor interest, it contains three separate draughts, at length, of the finale of one of his Symphonies—a striking proof of the patience with which this great and fiery genius perfected his masterpieces. Even when completely finished, and perfected to his own satisfaction, his MSS. presented many difficulties to the reader, and his copyists and engravers are said to have had a hard time of it. In one of his letters, in which he gives his publishers the corrections of some proofs of a stringed quartett, he concludes by saying that "It is four o'clock. I must post this: and I am quite hoarse with stamping and swearing!"

The handwriting of Mendelssohn was beautifully neat, and his manner of correcting the proofs of his printed works excessively careful and painstaking. The same may be said of his very extensive correspondence. Few men, probably no composers, ever wrote more letters—they must have been a tremendous tax upon his time and patience—and yet the smallest note is as accurately expressed and carefully written as if it were a State paper. In composing he made few sketches, but built up the

whole in his mind, and then, when writing down the score thus mentally prepared, rather invited his friends' conversation than otherwise. "Pray come in," said he on one such occasion, "I am merely copying." On the other hand, he was fastidious to a fault in allowing his music finally to leave his hands for the publisher. The beautiful Italian Symphony was kept back by him till his death, the *Walpurgis-night* nearly as long, and some of the finest numbers in *Elijah* and the *Hymn of Praise* were added after the first performance. No musician more thoroughly appreciated the maxim that what is worth doing, is worth doing well, or more consistently carried it into practice.

It was in a dream,—or, more properly speaking, a nightmare,—that Tartini composed his famous sonata for violin, called the *Trillo del Diavolo*. Rossini, if report may be believed, could not compose at any time so well as immediately after supper. When he was young, as the story goes, he was once writing an opera for the carnival of an Italian town; and the weather being bitterly cold, and his purse absolutely empty, he remained in bed, in order to keep himself warm while he wrote. Just as he was finishing a duet, the principal *morceau* in the opera, the paper slipped from his hands, and floated and fluttered under the bed. He reached out as far as he could without quitting the bed, first on one side and then on the other, but without being able to recover the piece. He therefore resigned himself to his fate, and wrote it over again. A friend came in presently, and hearing what had happened, fished up the first duet, which proved to be altogether different from the second version.

Meyerbeer's imagination was powerfully excited during thunderstorms; at such times he would retire to his room and write with freedom and spirit. Halévy, with more domestic tastes, when his inspiration failed him, would put a kettle on the fire; and as it simmered and boiled, his mind gradually recovered its usual activity, and his

ideas flowed again in abundance. Auber loved being on horseback, and while the animal was galloping his thoughts came with facility and speed. Mozart confessed a similar thing. "It is when travelling in a carriage or walking after dinner," writes he to Baron V., "that my ideas flow best and most abundantly." Many persons of less eminence than Mozart or Auber have experienced the same effect from the motion of a hansom cab. But while Auber was happy on the gallop, Adolphe Adam, on the other hand, when at a loss for ideas, loved to bury himself, with his cats, under a thick quilt of eider-down.

Readers of Mr. Forster's biography of Charles Dickens will remember his nocturnal expeditions, and how, when putting together the plot of a story, he would pace the deserted streets of London at night for hours. Many a page of his novels, teeming with punch-bowls and joviality, was thus soberly imagined. On the other hand, Ben Jonson, according to an entry in his own manuscript journal, preserved at Dulwich College, wrote best when drunk:—

"*Memorandum.* Upon the 20th of May, the King (Heaven reward him!) sent me 100*l.* At that time I often went to the Devil Tavern, and before I had spent 40*l.* of it, wrote my *Alchymist*. . . . I laid the plot of my *Volpone*, and wrote most of it after a present of ten dozen of palm-sack from my very good Lord T—. That, I am positive, will live to posterity, and be acted, when I and envy be friends, with applause. . . . *Memorandum.* The first speech in my *Catilina*, spoken by Sylla's ghost, was writ after I had parted with my friend at the Devil Tavern: I had drunk well that night, and *had brave notions*. There is one scene in that play which I think is flat. I resolve to drink no more water with my wine."

These few anecdotes might be perhaps multiplied indefinitely; but, as far as they go, they serve to illustrate sufficiently the various ways of working, purposely or accidentally adopted by composers, and show that ideas are not always to be found only by biting the end of the quill pen.

JULIAN MARSHALL.

MR. BROWNING'S "INN ALBUM."

AMONG the many reasons we have to be grateful to the poets of our time, not the least, perhaps, is that, to use a rather homely expression, they are one and all hard workers in their art; and this in more than one way. Not only have they bestowed more care on form and execution than, for example, most of the poets of the beginning of this century appear to have done, but they have been, as a rule, also lavish in point of quantity. Of none of them except Mr. Arnold (and surely we need not despair of having more poetry from him) do we say, as we do of Gray or Coleridge, "How perfect, but alas! how scanty." And to none of them ought we to be more thankful on this account than to Mr. Browning. To say nothing of his earlier writings, the rapidity with which during the last five or six years he has produced poem after poem of such various kinds, each, whatever its excellences and whatever its defects, full of vigour and intellectual energy, is very remarkable, and may not unfitly be counted part of his "kindred to the great of old." In any estimate of Mr. Browning's poetry as a whole, the fertility in production, of which we have a new instance in the *Inn Album*, would assuredly not be lost sight of; nor should we forget it or any of the qualities which have placed him in the front rank of contemporary poets when we come to the consideration of a particular poem, which may seem to us not so strongly marked by those qualities as most of his works. It is the misfortune of criticism of any particular production that it has to consider the latter purely on its own merits, and too much out of its relation to that body of poems of which it forms often an insignificant and sometimes hardly a worthy member.

The common complaint against the *Inn Album* is that it is melodramatic

or sensational; and perhaps it may be useful to consider how far this accusation is justified. In order to do this, we ought to have some definite idea of its meaning. It refers, of course, to the incidents of the story, which, for purposes of hostile criticism, may be described as dealing with seduction, gambling, suicide, proposed adultery, and murder. It is obvious, however, that the mere presence of startling crimes in a poem is not enough to make it melodramatic; if it were, most tragedies would be melodramas, and *Hamlet* would be condemned on the ground that it is concerned with a ghost, madness, suicide, several murders, and manslaughter; and, though it is impossible to conjecture what reception *Hamlet* would meet with from critics if it appeared for the first time now, it is generally considered to be a tragedy and not a melodrama, in spite of the "criminal" incidents. On the other hand, if the same incidents were related by Miss Braddon, they would assuredly be sensational. And the reason of the difference seems to lie in the fact that, if such incidents are to be tragic and not melodramatic, they must be lifted by the characters and passions of the actors into a spiritual atmosphere; they must cease to be mere events, and must be apprehended as the result or expression of great emotion and passionate will, coloured through and through, and robbed of their every-day horror, by the grandeur or pathos which belong to the struggle of a noble, beautiful, or strong soul, whether its strength issues in acts morally good or morally evil. It is, indeed, an inaccuracy to say that the same events happen in a tragedy and in a melodrama or an ordinary novel; there is little identity in a commonplace murder and the "murder" of Desdemona beyond that of the simple

physical act, which in the eyes of art is all but absolutely insignificant. And it is just because a police-report or a sensation-novel lays stress on this insignificant and repulsive aspect of the event, and connects it, at best, with mean characters and vulgar passions, that it is ugly and worthless.

Now it is both incorrect and unjust to say that the *Inn Album* appeals to those tastes which are gratified by a police-report. Not only is there an entire absence of anything like offensive detail, but there is really no *description* whatever of any of the "criminal" incidents. More than that, they are in some degree connected with the persons in the manner to which we have alluded. And yet they fail to become tragic and do remain, we think, melodramatic, confronting us almost in their native ugliness, because this connection or fusion is incomplete. How is it that it is incomplete?

Mr. Browning has thrown great difficulties in the way by the mode of treatment which he has adopted. The prosaic or literal side of the story is forced on our attention by the improbability of the plot, and still more by the strong colours in which the principal figures are painted. It is a natural demand that in an essentially modern poem we should see the reflection of the time and its society, but we do not want to hear the slang of the moment, nor is it necessary to the reality of the characters that they should often speak in language even less poetical than that of ordinary conversation. But the talk between the two men is sometimes really nothing less than vulgar; and many passages of the work are reduced even more completely to the level of every-day life by a use of local and "temporal" colouring which hardly befits any form of serious poetry except satire. Allusions to Mr. Ruskin, to Mr. Browning himself, to "Polo, Tent-pegging, Hurlingham, the Rink," to Galopin, "Sir Richard," the "World," "Gladstone, Carlyle, the Laureate," "Dizzy" (these in the first thirty-seven pages), are audacious enough to be characteristic, but they would come

more fitly from some enthusiast for the shallowest so-called realism, than from a poet of the most fertile resource. And we only mention them here because they illustrate the point on which we are dwelling—that the externals of the story are brought into such staring relief that the difficulty of harmonizing them with the soul of the poem into a living unity is greatly heightened.

But there is a further reason for this disunion. That which makes the incidents melodramatic is just the fact that the whole interest of the poem is the reverse of melodramatic. It is centred in the characters, or in the principal character; and we are so much, so exclusively, occupied with the psychological revelation that violent action jars on us. It is, we believe, partly this faculty of psychological presentation and analysis which makes Mr. Browning so pre-eminently successful in monologue, as distinguished from the drama, or semi-dramatic works like the *Inn Album*. His strength lies in his creation of, and insight into, character, and in his extraordinary power of making the character reveal itself in words through all its windings and in all its recesses. But in the drama the character is revealed and developed not merely by speech, but by action and reaction on others, producing a movement in which this subtle reflection is out of place; and in this movement there is a perfect union of outside and inside, event and character. Here, on the contrary, it is hard for the reader to regard the rake and the heroine, the boy and girl as *dramatis personæ*. They are introduced to him only in the closing scenes of the play, and their spiritual nature is laid bare before him, but he is interested in each of them, each by himself, as "men and women," rather than in the whole action of which they are parts; and when they suddenly clash together in a catastrophe, he remains unmoved, and the catastrophe appears to him melodramatic.¹

¹ It may be worth while to remark that, if the poem were a melodrama or a novel, we should be told what became of the boy and

And this is not all. Not only are the persons rather studies of character than actors in a drama, but, as it appears to us, they are too insignificant, or it may be too obscurely portrayed, for the events in which they are concerned. The events are too large for them. If the ruin or victory of a soul is to be tragic, there must be something great and strong in it, and it must be capable of exciting sympathy of a peculiar kind,—not merely the sympathy we feel with common sorrow or failure, or even with the struggle of an uncommon nature which yet does not express itself in momentous action. For instance, there is tragedy enough, in the loose sense of the word, in that frequent history of our day, the fluctuations and descent or restoration of a nature, which, without having much substance, has vivid powers of reflection and unresting self-consciousness. But that history, though it may be well treated in lyrical poetry or monologue, is not likely to be the centre of a good drama or of a poem cast in the mould of the *Inn Album*. And so, in the present case, can we say that the persons of the story rouse a sufficient tragic interest in us to justify their violent action? We think not. If we care for any of them, it is for the girl, who brings the beauty of a bright sweet nature into the poem, but who, like her cousin, is certainly not tragic, and, quite rightly, has least to do with the catastrophe. We fancy that if we could get a firmer hold of the elder woman's character, it would give us the element of strength and heroism that is wanting; but unfortunately this is what Mr. Browning does not allow us to do; it is hard to imagine her as a real woman, impossible to feel the fascination which she exercises over all the other persons; she repels us by her stoniness, her self-assertion, and her downright coarseness of mind—we

girl. We must refuse to accept an evil suggestion which arose within us at the first reading, that the beginning of the girl's speech as she "mounts the stair" (p. 209) has a double meaning, and is intended to give us this information.

refer particularly to the scene where she describes her life with her husband to the seducer whom she is supposed to loathe. Our whole interest is thrown on the rake, and while we follow his self-revelation with wonder, we feel that he is too wretched, too contemptible, too empty a being to support action, which requires us to feel the emotion of tragedy and not merely the enjoyment of psychological creation and portraiture.

But let us leave our explanation of an apparent defect, and look rather more closely at this character. In it, as we have said, lies the power of the work; and if we can help any one to appreciate that power, we shall perhaps be doing him a service, and shall ourselves be standing towards the poem in the only attitude which can be pleasant and natural, when we remember the debt which every lover of poetry owes to Mr. Browning. We can, however, offer only tentative remarks, in the truth of which we have a limited confidence. For there are passages, at the sense of which we can only guess, and we are conscious of much dimness in our general idea of the character. This dimness may be put down to weakness in us or obscurity in the poem itself, but we question whether it can be attributed entirely to the former. One has certainly no right to complain of not being able to set forth fully in prose what has been expressed in poetry; it would be strange indeed if one could, since analysis must needs fail to apprehend the whole truth or beauty of life, and the higher power of imagination knows how to fuse into one elements which to the lower power of reflection appear contradictory.¹ You

¹ The mistake of supposing that the "meaning" of a work of art can be adequately represented in any other form than its own special artistic form is seen most clearly when attempts are made at putting the "meaning" of a piece of music into words. The very word "meaning" is misleading: for it commonly signifies something expressible in language, and in this sense music can hardly be said to have a meaning. It does not follow that we are to fall into the equal absurdity of saying that it expresses nothing at all.

cannot possibly represent Falstaff, Iago, Cleopatra in critical prose, though it is well worth while to do what you can, because the attempt may help you to a more perfect imaginative appropriation of the character and the poetry. But this imaginative appropriation ought to be possible; and in the present case, we confess, we have not found it so.

The point of interest in this character lies in the union of intellectual superiority, and some too little explained strength of nature with the most hopeless moral corruption, and in the result which ensues when this divided soul comes into conflict with a nature whose strength does not lie in simple intellect, and therefore cannot be calculated by intellect or knowledge of the world. Though his designs are seen through, the profligate has gained an assured ascendancy over the young man, and has even won his friendship; and he only completes a long list of similar crimes when he deceives a woman of unusual force and independence, whose love demands soul in return for soul. Yet this insight and mastery are slaves working at the behest of an almost incredible pollution of mind, only so far unwilling slaves that they have made him meanly cynical instead of a mere voluptuary. He is conscious of his superiority, and does not know that it conceals a weakness which will wreck him. He is "old, and understands things," can overlook the workings of men's minds, and manage them, and has found that he can take in most of them and overcome the virtue of most women. And so he sees the world in his own likeness, and life as he himself lives it, and despises both. But alike in his words and in the issue of the action the poet has brought into sight with characteristic keenness and truth of imagination, the utter impotence of this apparent power. Opposite the world he looks down on, he stands helpless and nugatory. It rejects him, and he cannot help longing for its recognition. With so much cleverness, he knows that he is nothing, neither "rich, nor great, nor happy," nor known, except as a *roué*,

and perhaps a cheat. In spite of his vanity, which assures him that, though he has nothing to show, in himself he is a great being, and might have been a remarkable man; in spite of his refusal to admit that he has made himself what he is, his genuine admiration for his own wits, and his attempt to account for his chief mistake as due merely to a want of insight, he knows that his whole existence is a miserable failure.

This chief mistake occurs in the crisis of his life; we should rather say, what he thinks the crisis of his life; for after such a past it was next door to inevitable that he should act as he did. He meets with the heroine of the poem, a woman not only of wonderful beauty, but of a soul so far above his as to be out of reach of his understanding. His first feeling towards her, the spirit in which he sets himself to seduce her, he himself tells us in a speech almost too repulsive for poetry. He fancies that as usual he can see into all the recesses of her nature, look down on it, and calculate its workings beforehand. But in reality he has met what he cannot grasp, and therefore cannot conquer; he can ruin her peace and her life, but she herself is beyond his reach. The fascination she exercises over him shows his unconscious recognition of something above him, something which, if he cannot win it, will be his fate. He deceives her; and on the revelation of his baseness follows that of her grandeur. He loses the love which was given not to him, but to "his seeming;" and though, when he begins to think and speak of her, his intellect and character express not the truth (which lies in his instinctive subjection), but his wretched sham knowledge of the world and disbelief in all beauty and goodness, yet in his heart he knows he has lost his last chance; and, by a fine touch of poetic genius, this knowledge, coalescing with his corrupted heart, takes the form of a belief that her insatiable hatred is draining him of all his force and thwarting him in all his schemes, until at last it faces him to crush him for ever.

It is in this last flicker of manhood in him, this instinctive desire to win what is above him, this prostration before it in moments when it overpowers his intellect, that the tragedy of his doom (such as it is) and the only possibility of our caring about him lies; and we feel the presence of the master in the subtlety and vigour with which the effect of this new influence on his character is conceived. He clings to the idea that she might yet save him—

"Quicken me! Call me yours—
Yours and the world's—yours and the world's
and God's;—"

that here "Was life's prize grasped at, gained, and then let go;" but it is a mere delusion. It was too late: he lies in the bonds of the destiny he has himself created—his character. With this nature his impulse towards her, his faith in her, can only for a moment fuse itself; it never forms part of his clear consciousness, never touches his debased view of life; it remains a vague instinctive feeling, confronted and denied by his habitual being. Her fascination conquers him and even brings him on to his knees.¹ But the moment thought returns it is in the old inevitable shape. Like Iago, to whom he bears some faint resemblance (as Mr. Browning himself hints to us), he cannot believe in goodness or truth. He is hardly off his knees, and freed from the dominion of the feeling in which alone the last gleam of his better nature can come to him, before he deliberately forms a plan to get rid of his gambling debt, which presupposes that she is in reality without honesty, faithfulness, or purity. When he talks of her it is in the speech of his real self, eaten up with corruption and egotism. When she apparently accepts the proposal, he is only momentarily a little surprised, and then reassumes the experienced cynic who knows that all things are vanity and is surprised at nothing, and is ready

for a devil's dance over the success of his hideous plot. But in vain; with his abasement before her his one glimpse of the truth has disappeared, and the final victory of his intellect brings his fate upon his head. He has measured his strength against a force he cannot gauge, because there is nothing answering to it in him.

"Fools, what fools,
These wicked men are!"

cries his victim and conqueress. Like Iago again, it is given to him to mar the lives of others, but not to gain anything for himself. His whole being is evil and a lie, and therefore it shows itself to be not life and victory, but self-destruction and nothingness. That a vivid and deep impression of this nullity remains on the reader's mind is the one relief in an almost grotesque catastrophe, and the soul which so far holds the poem together: for we seem to catch a breath of the air of that world of tragedy, which is the vision of human life, freed from its accidents and littleness, and seen in its eternal truth.

Space forbids a more detailed examination of this character, and any account of the others. We have tried to indicate what we think the centre of interest in the whole poem; but we are bound to add that we have no firm confidence that the above sketch coincides with Mr. Browning's intention. His readers will perhaps have noticed the fact that, though he almost invariably speaks through the mouth of a "dramatic" person, there are yet few poets whose works are so strongly marked by one definite and constant way of regarding man's life. The recurrence of this doctrine (it hardly comes short of being a doctrine) in the *Inn Album* raises doubts as to the correctness of our analysis. We can only touch on two of its characteristics. The first lies in the conviction, most prominent in the *dramatis personæ*, that at some point in the history of every soul's sojourn on the earth the chance of success or failure is offered to it in its union or rejection of union with another soul,— a success which ensures the continuance

¹ Our remarks as to the difficulty of fully apprehending the character referred specially to this scene, which, however, contains far the finest passages in the book.

of this union into a future life or lives, a failure which may be made good in the soul's next embodiment, but which for its earthly existence is final. The reader will at once recognize this idea in the *Inn Album*, though less stress is laid on immortality than usual. It governs the whole tone of thought of the three chief persons, and we cannot be sure that Mr. Browning does not mean us to take it in earnest, even in the case of the rake. If this is so, our analysis of the character is in a measure incorrect; but without dwelling further on the point, we must confess that we find it impossible so to take it in earnest, and must regard the man's belief in it (which produces some of the best passages in the book) as one of the contradictions which give us an interest in him. His manner of regarding his previous pieces of villainy as "failures," instead of true expressions of a despicable nature growing with each crime more worthless, seems so false that it can hardly be intended to be anything but "dramatic." The second characteristic, which is also prominent in this poem, is connected with the first, and was, if we remember rightly, well brought out in an excellent essay on "Tennyson and Browning" by Prof. Dowden; we shall therefore only mention that it consists in the fact that each of Mr. Browning's characters tends to look on himself, as an individual, as the end of life and of the world so far as it touches him in particular; a position which, however true or fruitful for poetry, naturally obscures the equally true and poetical point of view, from which the individual is regarded rather as a member of a family, a society, &c., than as a single soul to be developed at all costs. Here again it will be at once perceived that the persons of the story, conspicuously the two principal ones, are possessed each in his own way by Mr. Browning's idea. This is obvious in the case of the rake, but it will be found equally true of the heroine, and especially of the spirit in which she regards her husband, and also the event which has ruined her life. We are not, of course, expressing any opinion on the

truth of this idea; but we must point out that its prominence in all the characters produces an unnatural monotony, and an impression that the author is using his actors as vehicles for his own reflections.

Criticism of the form of the *Inn Album*, understanding that word in its widest sense, would carry us beyond our limits; and it is an ungrateful task to comment on those passages which seem to us harsh or uncouth. Mr. Browning hints, in the mocking line, "That bard's a Browning; he neglects the form," what he has also expressly told us in one of his latest dedications, that the accusation of negligence is unjust. But, if he will forgive the remark, we would rather believe in negligence than in an intention, through which his earlier style has degenerated into mannerism. That this has been the case is, we fear, beyond doubt. Even in days when this phenomenon is so strangely common that we have hardly one distinguished poet whose later writings are not marred by eccentricities and tricks, and even prose, once considered faultless, begins to show signs of the same malady, there is no instance of decadence of language so distressing as the change of Mr. Browning's English into Browningese. And yet it is hardly fifty years since we had at least three poets—Wordsworth, Shelley, and Byron—who united perfect individuality of style with an almost entire absence of mannerism. But Mr. Browning's later verse is not merely abrupt and wearisomely alliterative; it has become so peculiar as hardly to remain English. Such expressions as the following: "Never fear But drugs, hand pestled at, have poisoned nose" (p. 120), or, "Then clasps-to cover, sends book spinning off T'other side table" (p. 97), or, "Then they ring bell" (p. 32), are intolerable except in telegrams, and the hurry of life is not yet so mad that a poet need use that means of communication. And, again, has Mr. Browning any authority for the following constructions, which are certainly uncommon: "Your man, with my things, follow in the trap," for "let

your man follow;" "more I think about, and less I like the thing," for "the less, &c.;" "I confided you the sort of hat he wore," for "confided to you;" "contest him for me," for "strive with him"? It is not easy to be enthusiastic over the destiny of the English language. It promises to spread itself indefinitely over the world; but, what with our slovenly pronunciation, which nobody can attempt to mend without affectation, and what with newspapers, and the abominable corruptions of American slang, it seems too probable that it will lose in quality what it gains in extension. And it is nothing less than a national misfortune that our highest living literary genius, and now, too, so real a poet as Mr. Browning, should have allowed themselves to slide into the use of dialects peculiar to themselves, instead of employing the mother-tongue which has sufficed for our great authors.

It is further a noteworthy fact that this short-hand manner prevails chiefly in the more common-place parts of Mr. Browning's poem, and almost, sometimes quite, disappears in the best passages, passages where passion informs the words. And we are glad, after so many references to unsatisfactory lines, to quote, as instances of this fact, some which seem to us full of beauty. See, for example, the speech beginning "Not you! But I see," on p. 56, down to the end of the next page; or, again, the conclusion of the rake's appeal on p. 136, &c. Here, again, are five lines which are an excellent illustration of the poet's most characteristic power of presenting condensed thought in condensed expression:—

"Safety induces culture: culture seeks
To institute, extend and multiply
The difference between safe man and man,
Able to live alone now; progress means
What but abandonment of fellowship?"
(P. 118.)

Or, to take a passage of a very different kind: the two men have been gambling all through the night in the parlour of the little inn; and, as candlelight yields to daylight, the younger throws back

the shutters and flings the window open; none but a true poet could have given us this lovely landscape in a few perfect words:—

"He leans into a living glory-bath
Of air and light, where seems to float and
move
The wooded watered country, hill and dale
And steel-bright thread of steam, a-smoke
with mist,
A-sparkle with May morning, diamond drift
O' the sun-touched dew." (P. 4).

And once more, there is beauty of as high an order and in yet another manner in the fine speech in which the heroine repels the accusation that she had never loved the man who wronged her:—

"No love? Ah, dead love! I invoke thy
ghost
To show the murderer where thy heart
poured life
At summons of the stroke he doubts was
dealt
On pasteboard and pretence! Not love,
my love!
I changed for you the very laws of life:
Made you the standard of all right, all fair.
No genius but you could have been, no sage,
No sufferer—which is grandest—for the
truth!
My hero—where the heroic only hid
To burst from hiding, brighten earth one
day!
Age and decline were man's maturity;
Face, form were nature's type: more grace,
more strength,
What had they been but just superfluous
gauds,
Lawless divergence? I have danced through
day
On tiptoe at the music of a word,
Have wondered where was darkness gone
as night
Burst out in stars at brilliance of a smile!
Lonely, I placed the chair to help me seat
Your fancied presence; in companionship
I kept my finger constant to your glove
Glued to my breast; then—where was all
the world?
I schemed—not dreamed—how I might die
some death
Should save your finger aching! Who
creates
Destroys, he only: I had laughed to scorn
Whatever angel tried to shake my faith
And make you seem unworthy: you your-
self
Only could do that! With a touch 'twas
done.
'Give me all, trust me wholly!' At the
word
I did give, I did trust—and thereupon
The touch did follow. Ah, the quiet smile,

The masterfully folded arm in arm,
As trick obtained its triumph one time
more!

In turn, my soul too triumphs in defeat:
Reason like faith moves mountains: love
is gone!"

After reading such poetry as this, in which the passionate expression is but just touched by the defect we have been noticing, we have little cause to fear that a mannerism, which must help to shorten the fame of Mr. Browning's later poems, has become inevitable to him. Everyone must hope that he will yet produce works not defaced by it. And happily no one can doubt that he has still in him rich stores of poetic energy, and of an energy which is in ceaseless activity in the most diverse directions.

But the imperfection of form is not the only thing which will, we believe, make productions like the *Inn Album* short-lived. Form and matter alike, the poem is pitched at a low level; and not even Mr. Browning's genius is sufficient to dignify a story which contains the elements of so little real pathos, and so painfully little beauty. With all its power, we are not refreshed, nor awed, nor uplifted by the *Inn Album*; it has no form to charm us, little brightness to relieve its gloom, and, except for the dramatic touches we have tried to indi-

cate, the human nature it shows us is too mean, or too commonplace, or too repellent, to excite more than the pleasure of following a psychological revelation. It may be said that poetry can find beauty anywhere, and that it is the glory of modern art to find it in what seems ugly or evil. We will not dispute it; but it does not follow that all things are equally good subjects for art, and especially for semi-dramatic art. We may have too much of seeking loveliness in dunghills. Your polisher will make you something of a common pebble, but it is better for him to choose a rough diamond for his work. The poets of the world, great or the greatest, have not wasted their power on intractable materials; nor did Mr. Browning do so in the days when he wrote *Paracelsus*, *Men and Women*, *Christmas Eve and Easter Day*, or *Abt Vogler*. May we not hope that his unique genius and untiring industry will yet be devoted to aspects of life and passion more worthy of them? May not those who care for poetry in England appeal to him for something fitter to stand with those works for which they can never cease to be grateful, even though he should again give them for bread such stones as *Red Cotton Nightcap Country* and the *Inn Album*?

A. C. BRADLEY.

THE HUMANITY OF THE GREEKS.¹

I HAVE already given some general account of Greek social life, which is now accessible to the public.² The various periods of Greek literature have there been interrogated for the hints which they afford as to manners and conversation, as to morals and religion. But, of course, so brief a sketch of so large a subject must necessarily be imperfect; there were many things implied with which all readers could not be familiar, many things mentioned in mere allusions, on which fuller knowledge may be acceptable. There is more especially one—and that the fairest—side of Greek life which was purposely passed over in silence. I mean the relation of Greek art to the ordinary life of the men that produced it. There can be no doubt that in this direction we have most of all to learn from the Greeks. For though modern days and modern culture can boast of much splendid art, and many noble artists, yet in almost every such modern development, this art has not touched the public, it has not leavened the mass, it has ever remained the privilege and the heritage of the few. The Greeks, on the contrary, had essentially a national art—an art not only to be comprehended by the ordinary man, but intended for his good and for his pleasure. The statesmen of those days, and the moral teachers also, felt that human nature must be improved by the beautiful as well as the good, that passion might be enlisted on the side of principle, that duty should be pursued as a delight, and not merely performed as an irksome labour. Hence the moral side of art was to them of deep significance; it was not, for example, the richness of harmony, and the grace of

melody, but the effects of the Doric scale, or of solemn rhythm, which to them seemed important; and they taught music universally, not only as a social amusement, but as a safeguard against weakness and indecision. Whether these things are so still, or whether they can again become so; how far the great results of Greek art are due to special circumstances, and how far to good legislation and general enlightenment—all this is a fascinating inquiry, and even in default of positive results will be in itself interesting and instructive. And so in many other respects, already touched in my former treatment, more light and a fuller discussion have been fairly demanded, and I cannot refuse to meet the challenge.

By way of introduction, therefore, to these more special chapters on the details of Hellenic life, I will take up a text which we often use, and which requires development, if not interpretation. It is the oft-repeated aphorism that '*the Greeks were more human than we are.*'

No doubt to those who have never thought upon these subjects, this seems an unmeaning remark. How, they say, can any one man, or set of men, be more human than another? *Humane* the Greeks were not, and therefore in this sense the words cannot be taken. Apart, again, from these ignorant people, who know of no special sense for the term human, except as contrasted with the lower animals, there is another class, who adopt as a maxim the adage 'that human nature is the same in all times and places,' and that therefore any such assertion as that just made arises merely from want of insight, or want of special knowledge of the case. It is easy enough to find common features, it is easy enough to find even striking resemblances, in the most trivial and apparently accidental

¹ The substance of lectures delivered before the Alexandra College in Dublin.

² *Social Life in Greece*, &c. By J. P. Maaffy. Macmillan and Co. Second Edition.

customs, among nations all over the continents of the globe; and so these people look away from the violent and fundamental contrasts which sever races; they forget the great gulf fixed between the favoured and the cursed races, and they hold that in the main all men of all ages are human, and equally human.

Again, there are the theologians of Calvin's school, who look upon human nature as a mere compound of vices. 'The heart of man is deceitful and desperately wicked, who can know it?' All better instincts, all acts of right and duty are with them either mere pretence—mere filthy rags—or the work of a superhuman influence, and the acts of the spiritual man in conflict with the natural man. To them, therefore, our aphorism simply means this, that the Greeks were worse than we are; and there can be no doubt that in some senses this is really the case. So then it seems that these short utterances, meant to be pithy, often result in vagueness, and though convenient to use, and acquiesced in especially by those who will not betray their ignorance, yet still they ought to be the *result* of a fuller discussion, and not the text from which we take our departure.

What do we mean, then, by this particular kind of humanity which we attribute as a notable feature to the Greeks, and which many of us envy in them? I will explain it first by individual examples. We are speaking not of savages, but of civilised men. Savages are in some respects pure children of nature, *Naturvölker*, as the Germans call them, but in many others are at present depraved in type—depraved even from their own earlier condition in historical times. They have not had fair play, they have been enslaved by circumstances, and are therefore in some sense the most inhuman of men, because large fields of experience, large fountains of emotion, are to them closed and hidden, and their life turns round a few vulgar interests, beyond which their love and their hate have no scope, their sympathies no definite

object. On the other hand, among civilised men, he is justly to be called the most human who embraces within himself not the widest knowledge, but the largest sympathies—sympathies with all that is permanent and ever recurring, as well as with even transient phases, in the higher types of men. The man who can feel and enjoy every kind of human pleasure, the man who can love every kind of beauty, the man who can pity every kind of sorrow, the man who can make himself happy and make others happy, in every kind of life and society,—this is the most perfect representative of the general type of better mankind. This is, in fact, the most *human* man. He possesses a quality, or rather set of qualities, more attractive, even when combined with many faults, than mere goodness, for men will not rate the highest excellence so high as they will the quickest and most varied sympathy. Thus many a man whose excessive humanity leads him into ruin and disgrace, has and keeps more friends than his cold though righteous neighbour. The prodigal younger son is more beloved than the elder brother who is a Pharisee.

But let us not consider these extreme cases, but rather show from a few well-known names what I hold to be humanity in men. The late Bishop of Winchester, though placed in the very position most difficult and unsuitable for showing it, had his humanity always bursting through the trammels of dull conventionality. You could not meet him in conversation for ten minutes, you could not hear him on a platform, or even in that dullest and most fettered of conventional places, the pulpit, that his deep sympathy with human nature would not strike you at every instant. Or if we take a still greater example, and one which all can verify for themselves; take Goethe, 'der ewige Jüngling,' as Heine calls him, whose whole life shows such marvellous quickness and variety of sympathy with human nature, that he may justly be called, like Shakespeare, not mere national poet, but rather the

property of all civilised men. It is, in fact, this intense sympathy with human nature in all its phases which makes such men speak beyond the limits of their own time and circumstances, and which gives them this universal and just popularity.

On the other hand, if you desire an example of an un-human man—and I still speak of civilised, and even of great men—there is a very prominent one before us in the late John Stuart Mill. It is worth while contrasting these men for a few moments, inasmuch as they will illustrate the principle very adequately, and inasmuch as they have both left us their own analyses of their lives—both exceedingly outspoken too, and honest in their confessions. We see in Mill an unnaturally laborious child, taking no delight in the proper amusements of youth, spending the hours which ought to have been devoted to fairy tales and hymns in the study of Greek grammar and Euclid; growing up without strong love or hate, without the hope of relaxation in this world or enjoyment hereafter, working out knowledge of sciences, and ignorant of men; spending what love his shrivelled heart might have had for woman, on the love of abstract ideas. And so when his poor nature revolted, and even in him sentiment insisted upon being satisfied, he goes through a sort of revival in imagination, like other people's revivals in religion, and finds his highest peace and consolation in Wordsworth's poems—verily the gentlest stimulant ever administered, the mildest household medicine ever applied to a terrible atrophy, to a great longing in the human heart. Here then was a man in many respects great and learned, and yet totally un-human, in that he had no sympathy for religion, no sympathy for fiction, above all no sympathy for the fair girls he might have seen around him; for those who know best count his strange attachment in later life to have been merely an intellectual admiration for a faint reflex of himself.

I suppose the history of civilised man

contains no more striking contrast to this picture than the youth of Goethe. Quick, desultory, handsome, vain, delighting in fairy tales not only in childhood, but all through life into advanced old age, attracted powerfully by the imaginative element in religion, ever falling in love and being loved, delighting in every society, knowing a little of many sciences, but a great deal about men and women—so much so that his journals are ever teeming with the deepest psychological observation,—we have before us a man of many faults, of manifest vanity, of noted fickleness in love, of changing principles; but yet a man whom all about him loved, and whom all human men and women that knew him will ever love. For he is the confidant of the human race, to whom men would pour out their troubles and feel sure of sympathy, instead of being, as Mill proclaimed himself, a social apostle of dry doctrines, who leaves to his hearers the pleasant alternative of acting the part of social martyrs.

Perhaps it is impossible to make my meaning in any way plainer than by this short analysis of two contrasted characters. And from it will appear the precise and definite meaning of the aphorism concerning the deep and thorough humanity of the Greeks. As a nation, as a set of politicians, as a set of artists, as a set of social beings, they had larger and fuller sympathies with every side of human nature than we have, they appreciated animal pleasures and glorified them, which we condemn and vilify; they felt a passion for moral beauty, which we now admire but coldly; they loved intellectual conflict with a love passing the love of women. Without a tithe of the material appliances which we have, they lived fuller and more complete lives, for though controlled vastly more by state interference than we are, they were free from the real trammels of life, the iron bonds with which modern society has shackled its enslaved members.

Let us select two features for fuller discussion—features in which modern

society seems to me so shackled as to interfere sadly with its humanity, and from which Greek life appears to us quite free, wherever it is of importance that it should be free. One of these features is external or material in most of its manifestations, it is the *display of ornament*—of ornament in dress, in architecture, and decoration, in life generally, even reaching into literature. The second is internal, it is the *display of sentiment*, which all modern people consider equally necessary, but which produces rules of intercourse and of good taste curiously ridiculous to those who can look upon them from another sphere. It may be that these two tendencies are off-shoots from the same root—the desire of exhibiting *good taste*, in the one case in material, in the other in mental relations. But I must not make my analysis too subtle. In certain cases where the separate provinces overlap, it will be enough to notice the fact. Let us begin with the love of ornament.

I separate this radically from the love of beauty—a quality which generally decays when the other flourishes, and which is exactly the quality which the Greeks possessed, and which we have been aping by dint of ornament. For by ornament I mean the laying on of artificial aids to conceal defects, or to enhance supposed beauty. It is the perversion of a great natural law by which many things naturally beautiful have a natural blossom of ornament, as when the laurustinus breaks out in winter into snowy bloom, or the arbutus and holly glow with scarlet fruit. But the modern desire of ornament is that of purely artificial additions, often destructive of natural form, almost always regardless of it. Of this we have the clearest and most melancholy case in the changing fashions of dress, which are a main peculiarity of modern Europe. From year to year we are invaded with these novelties, not made on principle, not made with any moral or æsthetic end, but merely devised in servile imitation of some royal fancy, or intended to attach a new style of ornament, it

may be in cut or material, it may be in colour or pattern, to figures in themselves insignificant. This craving after some new style of decoration has now become such a law that modern society is literally enslaved by it. I will not notice it in the dress of fashionable men, where important differences are so minute that the eye of the uninitiated cannot even see them. But when we hear a young married woman severely criticised for wearing a wedding-dress two or three years old, and when our protest against these strictures is met by the answer that at all events she should have got it made up again, as the shape had now gone out—when we hear this (and how often do we not all hear it?) I feel that with all our boasted liberties, in spite of all our protests about Home Rule, or the interference of the Vatican, we have only changed masters, and forged for ourselves more invisible, but perhaps more binding, chains. We see the same love of change in architecture, in house decorations, in patterns—everywhere. One might have thought that Mr. Ruskin's great art reforms would have lasted at least his own day, and yet now mediæval decoration in our houses has given way to the mongrel style of the 17th century, and the very chairs and tables which were piled up as rubbish in our lanes ten years ago, are now rare and costly luxuries. This is the love of adventitious ornament to which we are enslaved, and the very changes of which make it so hard a taskmaster.

And here I lay down the first step of my explanation, and say that from this point of view the old Greeks were far freer, far nobler, and therefore far more human than we. Their dress was not intended to deceive the spectator, or to conceal the human form, but rather to express its shapes, and leave the freest room for the play of muscle and feature, while contributing to warmth and comfort. Hence our capricious, ever-changing fashions would have been to them intolerable. Of course there were changes in Greek dress in the course of time, there were

various colours used, there were various methods of tying up the hair, but these things did not come and go suddenly; they were not devised at random, and for the mere sake of change. With them, as opposed to us, the ornamenting of the human shape was not the primary object; what they added to the pure form was slight and simple, enhancing, indeed, the gifts of nature, but not altering or distorting them. We may assert fearlessly that in this respect the Greeks were far better than we are, and in the strictest sense more human, inasmuch as they did not violate their physical nature, or distort it with pinching here and padding there, but treated it as the human form divine—as the workmanship of greater hands than theirs. In this respect we stand midway between the least human, or inhuman savages, and the most human Greeks. The savages, like ourselves, spend their lives in working up great head-dresses, the coiffeur of Central Africa or Australia being in his way a greater artist than our hair-dressers or ladies'-maids; they love to exaggerate what they consider fair features in the human figure, they use a vast deal of colour in their ornaments. We have some slight advantage over them in that we have given up dyeing black, or knocking out, our front teeth, and running fowls' drumsticks through our nostrils, and that our fair skins are not tattooed, though I think there is a good deal to be said for rich coloured patterns on greasy black. We are also dressed more comfortably. But, as I have said, we are far below the Greeks, on account of the tyranny of our fashions, which force us into senseless and unnatural ornament.

So in architecture, which I also mentioned, the Greeks had indeed developments: they made changes, but having once discovered the noblest and most useful way of using marble and brick, they were not carried about by every new wind of doctrine. The enormous Temple of Jupiter, built by Hadrian, though inferior in majesty to

the Parthenon and the Temple of Theseus (or Heracles) at Athens, was still of the same grand type, of the same noble simplicity. As in their dress, so in their architecture, the Greeks did not despise ornament. These temples were embellished by sculptured friezes and pediments; they were even brilliantly coloured with blue and red and much gilding. But how purely secondary were these ornaments; how unimportant as regards the general effect! Pillars have fallen, the sculpture has decayed, or been carried away, the colours have faded, the gilding has vanished, and yet still these great temples, now toned in sober hue, stand before us in their ruin with a dignity and majesty which no ornament can ever attain, which it may enhance, which it may injure, but which it cannot destroy. As in dress, so in architecture, these Greeks never followed in the wake of new fashions; they felt that they had attained to perfect truth and beauty, and that no other art was to them so noble or so human.

Before passing on, I may notice one other phase of our love of ornament—a social phase rather than a material one, but not the less really a phase of the same desire for adventitious aid. I mean the extraordinary respect and ambition for titles of rank in modern Europe. Many a rich man would give all his wealth to be a lord; many an intellectual man will sacrifice his time to attain a title foreign to his profession; mothers will yield up their daughters' happiness, and girls face certain misery, to attain what is called rank. This longing for adventitious ornament is another wretched form of modern social slavery, of want of humanity, of which the Greeks always kept free. The greatest man at Athens or at Sparta was called by his ordinary name; such politenesses as 'your Eminence,' or 'your Excellency,' or 'your Grace,' would have been to them idle ceremony.

But perhaps the most important contrast in this direction was the contrast of Greek literature with modern as regard

ornament. This, however, I shall postpone as too large a subject for my present argument. It is also so closely associated with the second head under which we are to compare the humanity of the Greeks and of the moderns, that it is well-nigh impossible to treat it separately from that branch of the subject.

For along with the desire of ornament in modern society, I mentioned the desire of displaying sentiment in modern men—what is now known as Sentimentality—as a feature to which we are constantly slaves, and to which we sacrifice our deeper humanity. I propose to show that this again is a feature which has become prominent now, in the old age of the world, and that in its fairer and more natural youth, among the the Greeks, such enslaving conventionality was not a burden, and would have been felt an intolerable servitude had any one attempted to introduce it.

A great quantity of modern nonsense arises from this source. People have laid down codes of regulations for their emotions, just as we are bound to do for our actions; in modern society we are not only taught to act and live, but to feel, to rejoice, and to grieve, according to prescription. You will doubtless demand illustrations, and they so crowd upon me that I am at a loss which to select. For example, suppose an acquaintance whom you dislike, whom everybody dislikes, who is a burden to society, and an intolerable weight to those who must support him; or again, suppose a political man who, in your firm conviction, is injuring his country and ruining its vital interests. We all can lay our fingers on such personages. Suppose now such a one dies; though you may be, or rather must be, delighted, though you believe in either case that your friends and your country have escaped trouble and loss by this happy riddance, the tyranny of modern sentiment forbids you to let your joy be seen—you must put on a solemn face. If you attend the obsequies, you should even contribute your quota of tears; and if any young and

giddy person hints that, after all, there is some consolation in our relief from intolerable annoyance, you are bound to repress this feeling as indecent, though you feel it yourself, and you are bound to assume a hypocritical dejection of voice and manner. Are not these things true? Have I not understated the facts? If so, here we are distinctly infringing upon our humanity for the sake of affected sentiment. How different the bold outburst of the genial Alcæus, who glories in the death of his opponent, and who calls his friends to dance and revel since the tyrant Myrsilus is gone! He is natural, and we are unnatural; he is human, and we are—respectable.

I will notice yet another point about the accessories of death, because I can show in the lower class Irish a strong analogy to the Greeks, and a freedom from the slavery of our civilisation. As all jokes, all gaiety, even all semblance of contentment are forbidden on such occasions by modern sentiment, so above all things the idea of love-making, of the delights of tender looks or of happy thoughts among young people, is then most repugnant. We even banish the fairer sex altogether from such scenes in our higher ranks. And when you tell it among these ranks, or among foreigners (including English people), that this very love-making, this courting, as they call it, is common at the Irish wake, that it is a common plan to arrange marriages,¹ and that the periodical wail raised around the corpse laid out in the room is relieved by mirth and jollity, by smoking and drinking—when you tell this, the first exclamation of the wretched modern, with his starched collar of conventionality about him, is: ‘Dear me, how shocking! What an unfeeling people they must be!’ Often as I have heard this remark, and most certainly as it may be anticipated whenever the fact first comes before

¹ The most extreme case of which I know personally is that of a man proposing for his second wife at the wake of his first. I am not disposed to defend this proceeding.

any ordinary person, I never hear it without the deepest indignation at the injustice of the modern public. These people whom it censures are more nearly in a natural condition than we are; they are not tied and bound with the chains of artificial sentiment. To them the meeting together of many young people, the stimulus of conversation and of material comforts, naturally produces liveliness and merriment, and though they have come together for mourning, they cannot but break loose into gaiety. This is natural and human, and far from showing want of feeling, shows quick and sensitive sympathies. The Irish an unfeeling people! Heavens, what injustice! They have faults enough, and they are patent. But any one who sees their charity to the widow and the orphan, with whom they share their wretched living, who sees in every village the adopted child sitting at the scanty meal, and the beggar receiving alms from ragged benefactors; any one who knows how every turn of their language, every idiom, even every imprecation speaks deep feeling, who knows how the poorest man can converse agreeably, because he has the quick tact to feel with his hearer—any one who has taken the trouble to observe these things will never charge the revellers at the wake with want of feeling. Remember that conventional feelings, as they are established by social codes, are permanent, and never change, and so the most artificial creature may obtain for himself a character for constancy. Real feelings are produced in sensitive natures, which as such are open to impressions, and therefore these real feelings, however deep, and because they are deep, are liable to fluctuation and to change. This is the true philosophy of the matter, and may console many a one whom society has persuaded that he is heartless or wicked, because his emotions will not stay or vanish to order.

But I am not going to teach philosophy. This digression about the humanity of the lower-class Irish was worth making, because we can see from

it, even among ourselves, what it is to be respectable and civilized at the expense of being human. And moreover in this very picture, as I have already said, the Greeks show a curious analogy. It must be confessed that they had not the large opportunities which the Irish have of making love, and that they were therefore obliged to make the most of their chances and economize their opportunities. But we have plenty of evidence that funerals were a time of feasting, a place for young people to meet, and that whatever might be the dolefulness of the occasion, it was not considered out of taste to date an attachment from a meeting under these circumstances. No doubt the Greek lady was passive in these matters, at least more passive than the modern lady; and this was well. But the law or custom, forbidding any but near female relatives to escort the dead, shows that the Greek ladies were inclined to make good the occasion; and it also shows us a powerful illustration of the subject in hand, that the Greeks were more human than we are, in refusing the shackles of factitious sentiment.

I will now pass on to a different phase of human emotion, in which we again stand in contrast to the more human Greeks, but here not by repressing, but by displaying sentiment, whereas they seem to have said little on the subject. I allude to the feeling for natural scenery, which not only occupies a very prominent place in modern poetry and art, but even forms a necessary part of the supposed enjoyment of the most vulgar snob and the most ignorant Cockney. We have been taught by descriptive poetry, by landscape-painting, and of late by the general fashion of modern society, to keep ourselves in a perpetual state of attention to outlines and colours in outward nature. We think it our duty to travel great distances merely to admire lofty snow-peaks and their rosy afterglow, to admire pine forests climbing steep mountain sides, and hanging over roaring torrents to admire wooded islands studding the surface of fair blue lakes. We feel ourselves

so bound to praise these things, that those who have no natural taste for them have either acquired an artificial appetite, or assumed a pretended one, that they may not be isolated from the crowd, and run the risk of being called uncultivated or unfeeling. And as all artificial tastes run into fancies, so this mania for scenery has run away from the really beautiful into what is styled the picturesque, which seems almost to consist in some violation of perfection, some defect of form—the ruined and crumbling fane, the waste and desolate crag, the ragged and savage gipsy. All these things are picturesque, and contribute to that most complex of modern terms, scenery—a term justly borrowed from the stage, where it expresses the accessories and background of those human actions which ought to be the chief interest in the play.

If we dwell upon this word *scenery* from its etymological side, it will help us to illustrate our contrast to the Greeks, as regards their attitude towards the features of outward nature. For as Greek literature is very sparing in its descriptions of nature, or its allusions to the delights of outline and colour in inanimate objects, the question has long since been raised: had the Greeks any feeling for natural scenery? And with the exception of those who thought to save the Greeks from such a disgrace by inventing the sentiment for them, most critics have decided that they had not, and that therefore they failed to attain one of the purest and keenest enjoyments provided by modern culture. But if I understand Greek nature rightly, the question admits of no single answer, and if asked for a decision, I should say no and yes. In one sense—in the modern artificial sense—they had no feeling for scenery; in another sense—in that of keen, sensitive men living in the midst of a very beautiful nature—they had the strongest feeling for colour and form in nature, and this their literature expresses constantly and adequately. But it does not deal in elaborate descriptions of scenery, regarded

apart from and in contrast to the spectator; nor does it take a reflective, subjective aspect of the effects of external nature on the temper of man. This first rises before us in the meditations of the solitary monks, beginning with St. Basil in the fourth century, and finds its most complete expression in such poems as Keats's *Ode to the Nightingale* or in Leopardi's lyrics, where the morbidly sensitive feelings of the reflecting poet mar all spontaneous and natural enjoyment in the surrounding objects.

The exact reverse of this artificial pleasure—the pleasure of a jaded and weary civilization—is perhaps the unconscious delight in colour and sound and warmth felt by the lamb, which gambols through the fields on a sunny day in spring, when the west wind colours the frozen grass with richer verdure and deepens the sky with a warmer blue. This is no doubt intense enjoyment, but unconscious, where the subject, instead of being thought in contrast, is hardly distinguished from the object. Let us now go one step higher, and we come to the enjoyment of the child, who loves the light and the gay flowers and the dancing sea, but has not naturally a notion of the picturesque. He loves the light and motion in nature, the richness of its colours and variety of its sounds, but will not appreciate those artificial combinations, those studied irregularities, which his elders prize so highly. Similarly, the peasantry of any nation, even the sensitive and poetical Celtic peasantry, love nature intensely, but naturally; they enjoy it probably as much as we do, if we have it before us perpetually, and not in sudden contrast to grimy cities. But they never regard it as *scenery*—nay, this is a word unknown to them till they are taught it by the tourist, and it sounds strange and ridiculous from their lips.

Now the Greeks, who are always, as the Egyptians said, children—the Greeks seem to me to have had most strongly developed this natural, spontaneous, delight in nature. They lived in a country full of variety and beauty. I

can myself speak from personal knowledge, but will refer others not so fortunate to the many sketches and paintings of Greece which are accessible. And if few can enjoy the gallery of Greek scenes in the Pinakothek at Munich, any one who will look through the engravings in Wordsworth's *Greece* will see how splendid were the natural features of almost every part of the country. It is vastly superior even to beautiful Italy. The coasts of Asia Minor are not less fair and diverse. So then as to picturesqueness, the Greeks had it ever around them. But rugged outlines of rock, and wastes of moor and fen had no beauty to them. They loved rich cultivated soil, the stately colonnade, and massive portico, the regular street and the crowded harbour. In personal dress too as in architecture, it was not the happy blundering of a dark instinct, but the perfect insight of a clear æsthetic taste, which make the peculiar excellence and beauty of the models they have left us. Greek temples and Greek statues are beautiful, but not picturesque. Rags, even upon the stage, were never produced to be admired for their colouring, but to be pitied or disliked for their squalor. In fact, colour without form was not pleasing to them, and when both were present, it was, I think, rather the form than the colour which claimed their attention. For similar reasons, it was not the mere scenery of nature, but its life and action, its movements and its sounds, which gave them delight. This is very prominent in the Homeric poems, where the words for colours are so confused, and the perception of slight differences so blunt, that commentators have written books about it, and there seems material enough for setting up a theory that Homer, if not blind, was at least colour-blind. Yet no poems show a keener sense of the movements and sounds of nature—in fact of animated as opposed to inanimate nature. So it is, that while we call the nature surrounding us the *scenery*, being, as it were, idle spectators, not upon the stage, but expecting enjoyment from it,

the Greeks felt themselves actors in nature, they took the scenery for granted, as part and parcel of their life and action, they lived *in* it, and with it, but held it a mere accessory to human intercourse, a mere empty and decorated stage, when no actor was present to give it life and meaning. In the absence of man, the animal world was to them a necessary part of a beautiful scene. It is the "moan of doves in immemorial elms," it is the nightingale "satiating the hungry dark with melody;" it is the wanton butting of the kids in the rich Sicilian uplands; it is the white seamew, or diving gannet upon the countless dimple of the wave—but it was never solitude or barrenness or gloom; nay, that most social of social creeds peopled the lonely forest, and the solemn peak with fair mysterious beings that sang, and hunted, and loved, and piped with shepherd's reeds. This sympathy with life it was, this intense feeling of soul and animation in nature, which made their love of nature so different from ours. And I doubt not that were these beautiful superstitions alive among us, we should not turn our attention on that beauty alone which the painter can fully reproduce.

I will not be unjust to the moderns. Let us grant that this love of the picturesque is a great heritage of modern culture. I will freely confess that it is a high and pure enjoyment which the ancients hardly understood; but I will insist that it was not a gap in Greek nature, not a deficiency in their sense of beauty, but rather a feeling perfectly and adequately replaced by another kind of enjoyment; and as this other attitude—the infusing of animation and of personality into external objects, is a direct assimilation of external nature to man, it will hardly be denied that the Greek type of this sentiment was the more strictly human. There are modern poets who have felt and expressed this in their best and noblest verse—our own Wordsworth, and the German Schiller; they are poets too who have been themselves remarkable for the strongest development of the modern views of

nature, and no one will accuse them of that over-partiality for the ancients which is always suspected in the professed student of classical life.¹

There is but one more side of human nature in which to contrast the Greeks with the Moderns, and that the plainest and strongest example of my original proposition. It is the side of morals and religion. The great accusation brought against Greek religion is the humanization of the gods, the reduction of them to men of like passions with ourselves, so that the very mention of Olympus is sufficient without argument to prove the exceeding humanity of this side of Greek religion. But it is worth while to say a few words on the two principal features in their morals which tended in the same direction: (1) that pleasure even in this life—that personal satisfaction—was the right of humanity; and (2) that man was himself the standard and arbiter of morals, so that the mature verdict of the moral sense of mankind could not be set aside by any superior being, or reversed even by the relentless fate which trampled upon all human protest. These everlasting, and I believe most lofty principles, are still contending with but partial success against modern ascetics and theologians. The same conflicts arose among the Greeks, at least the latter most prominently, but were quickly solved in practice, and clearly enough in theory.

The first was that principle in Greek religion which was distinctly opposed to asceticism, and which, instead of regarding the body as essentially evil and low, and opposed to spiritual life, regards it as essentially a part of man in its beauty and its perfection—a part not to be macerated, subdued and weakened, but to be developed and perfected, and used for the highest possible

pleasure and enjoyment. Their very ceremonies of religion, instead of being connected with fasting and abstinence, mingled supplication and sacrifice with feasting, and even the solemn honours of the dead were not without their pleasures. Regarding this life throughout as more important and probably happier than any future state, they would have been on their theory absurd had they sacrificed the higher and maturer pleasures of body and mind to an uncertainty, and their manifest present interest to a very doubtful speculation. Thus to their philosophers as well as to their poets, the study of human nature was, so to speak, not merely a science but a creed.

We justly regard this as the weakest point about Greek culture. We feel that the higher sanctions and the wider prospects of our religion react upon this very human life, which was to the Greeks all in all. We know that the abnegation of self conduces to higher and purer pleasures than any scheme of selfishness, however refined. There were Greek schools, such as the Stoic, that discovered this also. But the main feature in the morals of the people was certainly this lower, because exclusively human, view. So true is it, that not only in their perfections, but in their defects, the Greeks ever preserved this feature as their own peculiar distinction.

On the other point, that of the supremacy of the moral reason of humanity as the arbiter of actions, they seem to me vastly in advance of many modern theologians. They felt the force of iron fate, which crushed all resistance in its cruel grasp; they saw the insoluble objections to an empire of free will in the midst of these omnipotent natural forces, but they never gave up the inherent right—the greatest and noblest dignity in man—the right of judging all actions by the standard of conscience, and even reproaching the immortal gods with wrong, if they violated the immutable principles of morality. They would not have allowed, like some modern sects, a revelation even from heaven to overrule their moral sense; nor would they

¹ Cf. in Wordsworth's *Excursion*, book iv., p. 347 (1 vol. ed.) the passage commencing:—
"In that fair clime the lonely herdsman,
stretched

On the soft grass through half a summer's day,

With music lulled his indolent repose," &c.
And also Schiller, *Die Götter Griechenlands*.

have exalted dogma at the expense of justice and of charity. Demosthenes speaks with horror of those who, under a plea of religion, urge measures not defensible before the tribunal of human conscience. Would that this noble assertion of the royalty of conscience had prevailed with Christian Fathers, and Scottish Covenanters, and Spanish Jesuits! Here it was, most and deepest of all, that by abdicating the dictates of humanity for the greater glory of God, men became first not human, and then inhuman; and instead of exalting the religion to which they sacrificed their nature, degraded their noble faith and their pure God to make them the instruments of lawlessness and of crime.

Yet there was another side of religion in which it will be held that the Greeks had not by any means so great a respect for their consciences as we have. It is the question of tolerance. Here our attitude, borrowed as it is from the Semite nations to whom we owe our religion, seems thoroughly opposed to the views of Greeks and Romans; and it will be said that they here abdicated the authority of their own religious convictions, and almost confessed that other creeds were as pure and as true as their own. This is really the case. In the matter of cults, or ritual, as it is now called, they respected the old traditions of Egyptians and Asiatics, and believed that these nations knew how to worship, and whom to worship, as well as they did themselves. But, at the same time, they believed that the real gods, the real objects of this various ritual, and these diverse ceremonies, were the same. They called the Asiatic Sandon or Melkart by the name of some god of their own; and so they convinced themselves that the variety of worship was non-essential, but the devotion the same, and the objects the same in all cases. Can there be any clearer example of the very text on which I am preaching? While all the Semite races, and most of the Aryans, who (like the Persians and ourselves) learned religion from *them*, have been essentially exclusive in their religion; while they have

all claimed a special revelation to themselves alone, and have professed an abhorrence and a contempt for all other gods as mere human inventions; while all this has been the general complexion of Semite religion, the Greeks persisted in holding that all human nature felt the same wants, and sought to gratify them by adoring the same objects. They felt, in the worship of strange gods, and in the sacrifices upon foreign altars, not the differences which shocked the intolerant Semite, but the resemblances and analogies which now strike philosophical inquirers into the natural history of religions. It was on the human and subjective side that they fixed their attention, and they rationalized about the object of the worship, in order to save the meaning and the importance of the worship itself. The doctrine that the convictions and the devotions of other faiths have their moral value is admitted once, in the early part of his Epistle to the Romans, by St. Paul, where he speaks of the Gentiles being a law to themselves, and their conscience bearing witness; and again more pointedly when he speaks of the righteousness of God being revealed from (lower) faith to (higher) faith. It is hardly admitted at all by the followers of St. Paul, who commonly explain away these passages. But generally speaking, we may safely assert that because of the belief in a special and peculiar revelation to a peculiar people, *we* reject all other religions; because of the absence of this belief, and because of a strong sense of the unity of human nature and of the relationship of men, the Greeks differed from us in their wide and human tolerance.

But I willingly turn away from theological discussion to say a few words (in conclusion) upon the human and social side of the Greek hatred of asceticism. I have already explained how asceticism conflicted with their love of pleasure, and their claim to it as the right of humanity. But from another point of view, it might be argued that solitude has its advantages and its

charms; that the early fathers did not embrace their desert life for the sake of penance only, but for the sake of relief from the turmoil of the world, and from the constant sight of human depravity and human misery. This is very true, and has been well brought out by most of the thoughtful authors who have devoted themselves to the study of early mediæval history.¹ But the Christian anchorites were for the most part sound and healthy natures, living in the midst of social corruption and decay.

The whole literature of the falling Roman Empire shows the awful gloom which was settling over all good consciences. The angry invectives of Juvenal, the dark fatalism of Tacitus, the sad soliloquies of M. Aurelius, then the dry annals of crime, of war, of pestilence, of confusion, which reach us from the fourth century onward, culminating with the wretched emptiness and unredeemed degradation of the Byzantine court—all this awful downward course into the abyss of the dark ages could not but force any honest public man, any pure moral nature, who was compelled to live in that corrupt age, to long for the solitude of rock and desert, to live rather among the wild beasts, and the birds of the air, than among more brutal men. And thus arose in the literature of that day those praises of solitude which have been repeated ever since, and which have become one of the distinctive features of modern civilization. For this taste, when once inculcated by superior minds, was apt enough to be imitated, and then really felt, by the weaker crowd, more especially as the enormous growth of modern cities has given it support from the æsthetic side. The morals of modern society are by no means so shocking as those of later Rome; and although there are sores and plagues enough, yet a good man is not outraged in his daily social life now as he was then. But æsthetically, the smoke and din, the turmoil and ugliness

of modern manufactures, the general fatigue of modern city life, make men long for physical rest, as well as for the mental and social quiet of solitary nature, after the wear and tear of business and of pleasure. So, then, the praise of solitude, at first regarded as a moral necessity, then as a spiritual benefit, has lasted into our own day as the sweet relief from great weariness and mental toil, and in our feverish and overwrought social life, there is no chord which vibrates to the poet's touch more sweetly than that which is tuned to songs of solitude with Nature, of life far from the haunts of men, of quiet from the bustle of the madding crowd. Thus, not only is our bodily nature renewed and strengthened, but our mental weariness passes away. The illusions of the world, which are beginning to crumble and decay through exposure and rough handling, begin to regain their beauty; the better features of those whom our conflicts have opposed to us, reappear, as the storm of our passions is allayed; and thus, to use the expression of Leopardi—perhaps the best representative of modern world-sickness and of vain regrets—thus solitude, as it were, performs the office of youth; it so refreshes the mind as to set the imagination again at work, and restore to it some of the pleasures of its early experience.¹

Now this is the view of life most of all foreign to the Greeks. We hardly find among them a trace of fatigue with

¹ “Di più, l'essere diviso dagli uomini e, per dir così, dalla vita stessa, porta seco questa utilità; che l'uomo, eziandio sazio, chiaro e disamorato delle cose umane per l'esperienza, a poco a poco assuefacendosi di nuovo a mirarle da lungi, donde elle paiono molto più belle e più degne che da vicino, si dimentica della loro vanità et miseria; torna a formarsi e quasi crearsi il mondo a suo modo, amare e desiderare la vita, delle cui speranze, se non gli è tolto o il potere o il confidare di restituirsi alla società degli uomini, si va nutrendo e diletando, come egli soleva a' suoi primi anni. Di modo che la solitudine fa quasi l'ufficio della gioventù, o certo ringiovanisce l'animo, ravalora e rimette in opera l'immaginazione,” &c. —LEOPARDI, *Dialogo di Torquato Tasso e del suo Genio*, p. 173 (Leipzig, 1861.)

¹ *Ex. gr.*, Isaac Taylor, *Nilus and Paula*; Villemain, *L'Eloquence chrétienne du IV^{me} siècle*; Montalembert, *Les Moines d'Occident*; W. H. Lecky, *Hist. of European Morals*, vol. i.

the world, of disgust for men, of a preference for country life, because it withdrew them from the burdens and labours of city life. The Greek who sought solitude was like the animal driven from the herd—he was either lawless, or remorseful, or a hater of his kind. There was no sympathy with him, no romantic imagining as to his pleasures or his meditations. He preferred savagery to culture, the lair of the wild beast to the haunts of men; he was a man of bad taste, if not of bad morals, because he had sacrificed his *humanity*. So then the Greeks, though living—shall I say, because living—in far smaller cities than we do, and in smaller crowds, were really more gregarious and social; they loved the society of men above all other pleasures, and as their intercourse was more lively and natural than ours, so they did not weary of it, but remained purely and intensely human in their leisure and their recreation, as well as in their political and commercial life.

It is said that I am a bad friend of my favourite Greeks. It is said that my pictures of their morals and manners are likely to lower them in modern estimation; and that instead of stimulating a taste for Hellenic studies, I am rather showing how mean and ordinary were their society and manners, and how little they were removed from the standard of average human nature. I know not what to say in answer to such a charge, except that I have honestly read all the evidence, and have been led to my conclusions without any prejudice—nay, rather in spite of strong preconceptions drawn from other sides of Greek character. The first thing we all learn about the Greeks is their political

history, in which they show abilities greater than those of any race that went before them, and by which they influenced and changed the whole course of European history. We next come to see the literary power of the nation, wherein it has exceeded all, not only that went before, but that followed after them; and the very same thing may be said of their artistic power, their sculpture and their architecture, perhaps with a qualified exception in favour of some mediæval churches and houses. In all these great and important features, the merits of the Greeks shine out clearer the more they are tested and examined. I do not see how they can be injured or destroyed by the fact that in some respects their private life was not so exalted or refined. No great politician or artist now-a-days is set aside or ignored because his private character is mean or dissolute. We may regret the want of balance in his character, but nevertheless we profit by its greatness as far as we can. So let it be with the Greeks. Let us profit by the inestimable lessons they have taught us. Let us study their politics, read their literature, and admire their art. It is dangerous to insist that such great good can come out of evil. But, nevertheless, there is truth, and profound truth, in the remark with which I close this discourse—that the very social defects which the Greeks possessed, the very excesses of humanity which have been here described and analysed, these have not been the smallest factors in the greatness of their culture, or in the wide sympathy which they have enlisted among many nations, and through many generations of men.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

A WINTER MORNING'S RIDE.

THE proverb that "the early bird gets most worms" has no truer application than in travelling, considered as a fine art. Of course to him who uses locomotion as a mere method of getting from one place to another, it matters nothing whether he starts at 3 A.M. or at noon. But to the man who likes to get the most he can out of his life, and looks upon a journey as an opportunity for gaining some new insight into the ways, and habits, and notions, of his fellow-men, there is no comparison between their value. The noonday travelling mood, like noonday light, is commonplace and uniform; while the early morning mood, like the light when it first comes, is full of colour and surprise. Such, at any rate, has been my experience, and I never made an out-of-the-way early start without coming upon one or more companions who gave me a new glimpse into some corner of life, and whose encounter I should have been the poorer for having missed. My last experience in this matter is very recent. In the midst of the wild days of last December I received an unexpected summons on business to the north. My appointment was for eleven o'clock on the morrow, 200 miles from London. It was too late to make arrangements for leaving home at once, so I resolved to start by the first morning train, which leaves Euston Square at 5.15 A.M. Accordingly, soon after four next day I closed the house door gently behind me, and set out on my walk, not without a sense of that self approval and satisfaction which is apt to creep over early risers, and others who pride themselves on keeping ahead of their neighbours.

It was a fine wild morning, with half a gale of wind blowing from the north west, and driving the low rain-clouds at headlong speed across the deep clear sky and bright stars. The great town

felt as fresh and sweet as a country hill-side. Not a soul in the streets but an occasional solitary policeman, and here and there a scavenger or two, plying their much-needed trade, for the wet mud lay inches deep. I was early at the station, where a sleepy clerk was just preparing to open the booking-offices, and a couple of porters were watering and sweeping the floor of the big hall. Soon my fellow-passengers began to arrive, labouring men for the most part, with here and there a clerk, or commercial traveller, muffled to the eyes.

Amongst them, as they gathered round the fire, or took short restless walks up and down the platform, was one who puzzled me not a little. He had arrived on foot just before me, indeed I had followed him for the last quarter of a mile through Euston Square, and had already begun to speculate as to who he could be, and on what errand. But now that I could get a deliberate look at him under the lights in the hall, my curiosity was at once raised and baffled. He was a strongly built, well set young fellow of five feet ten or eleven, with clear grey eyes, deep set under very straight brows. His hair was dark, and would have curled but that it was cropped too short. He was clean shaved, so that one saw all the lower lines of his face, which a thick nose, slightly turned up, just hindered from being handsome. He wore a high sealskin cap, a striped flannel shirt with turn-down collars, and a slip-knot tie with a rather handsome pin. His clothes were good enough, but had a somewhat dissipated look, owing perhaps to the fact that only one button of his waistcoat was fastened, and that his boots, good broad double-soled ones, were covered with dry mud. His whole luggage consisted of the travelling bag he carried in his hand,

one of those elaborate affairs which generally involve a portmanteau or two to follow, but swelled out of all gentility and stuffed to bursting point.

An Englishman? I asked myself. Well, yes,—at any rate more like an Englishman than anything else. A gentleman? Well, yes again, on the whole;—though not of our conventional type—at any rate a man of some education, and apparently a little less like the common run of us than most one meets.

Here my speculations were cut short by the opening of the ticket-window by the sleepy clerk, and the object of them marched up and took a third-class ticket for Liverpool. I followed his example, my natural aversion to eating money raw in railway travelling inclining me to such economy, apart from the interest which my problem was exciting in my mind. I am bound to add that nothing could be more comfortable than the carriages provided on the occasion for the third-class passengers of the N.W.R. I followed the sealskin cap and got into the same carriage with its owner. As good luck would have it, no one followed us. He put his bag down in a corner, and stretched himself along his side of the carriage with his head on it. I had time to look him well over again, and to set him down in my own mind as a young English engineer, who had been working on some continental railway so long as to have lost his English identity somewhat, when he started up, rubbed his eyes, took a good straight look at me, and asked if any one coming from abroad could cut us off from the steamer that met this train. I found at once that I was mistaken as to nationality.

I answered that no one could cut us off, as there was no straighter or quicker way of getting to Liverpool than this; but that he was mistaken in thinking that any steamer met the train.

Well, he didn't know about meeting it, but anyway there was a steamer which went right away from Liverpool about noon, for he had got his passage by her, which he had bought at the tobacco-store near the station.

He handed his ticket for the boat to me, as if wishing my opinion upon it, which I gave to the effect that it seemed all right, adding that I did not know that tickets of this kind could be bought about the streets as they could be in America.

Well, he had thought it would save him time, perhaps save the packet, as she might have sailed while he was after his ticket in Liverpool, which town he didn't know his way about. But now, couldn't any one from the Continent cut her off. He had heard there was a route by Chester and Holyhead, which would bring any one who took it aboard of her at Queenstown.

I answered that this was probably so, beginning to doubt in my mind whether my companion might not, for all his straightforward looks and ways, have come by the bag feloniously. Could it be another great jewel robbery?

I don't know whether he noticed any doubtful look in my eyes, but he added at once that he was on the straight run from Heidelberg. He had come from there to London in twenty-six hours.

I made some remark as to the beauty of Heidelberg, and asked if he knew it well.

Why, yes, he said he ought to, for he had been a student at the university there for the last nine months.

Why then was he on the straight run home, I ventured to ask. Term wasn't over?

No; term wasn't over; but he had been arrested, and didn't want to go to prison at Strasburg, where one American student was in for about two years already.

But how did he manage to get off, I asked, now thoroughly interested in his story.

Well, he had just run his bail. When he was arrested he had sent for the Doctor at whose house he lodged to bail him out. That was what troubled him most. He wouldn't have the Herr Doctor slipped up anyway. He was going to send the money directly he got home, and there were things enough left of his to cover the money.

What was he arrested for?

For calling out a German student.

But I thought the German students were always fighting duels.

So they were, but only with swords, which they were always practising. They were so padded when they fought that they could not be hurt except just in the face, and the sword arm was so bandaged that there was no play at all except from the wrist. You would see the German students, even when out walking miles away from the town, keep playing away with their walking-sticks all the time, so as to train their wrists.

What was his quarrel about?

Well, it was just this. The American students, of whom there were a large number there, kept pretty much to themselves, and no love was lost between them and the Germans. They had an American Club to which they all belonged, just to keep them together and see any fellow through who was in a scrape. He, and some of the American students, were sitting in the beer garden close to a table of Germans. Forgetting the neighbourhood, he had tilted his chair, and leant back in it, and so come against a German head. The owner jumped up, and a sharp altercation followed, ending in the German's calling him out with swords. This he refused, but sent a challenge to fight with pistols by the president of the Club, a real fine man, who had shot his two men down South before he went to Heidelberg. The answer to this was his arrest, and arrest was a very serious thing now. For some little time since a German and an American fought with swords first, and then with pistols. The American had his face cut open from the eye right down across the mouth, but when it came to pistols he shot the German, who died in an hour. So he was in jail, and challenging with pistols had been made an offence punishable by imprisonment, and that was no joke in a German military prison.

Did he expect the university authorities would send after him then?

No; but his folk were all in Germany for the winter. He had a younger

brother at Heidelberg who had taken his bag down to the station for him, and would have let his father know, as he had told him to do. If he had telegraphed, the old gentleman might come straight off and stop him yet, but he rather guessed he would be so mad he wouldn't come. No; he didn't expect to see his folk again for three or four years.

But why? After all, sending a challenge of which nothing came was not so very heinous an offence.

Yes, but it was the second time. He had run from an American University to escape expulsion for having set fire to an outhouse. Then he went straight to New York, which he wanted to see, and stopped till his money was all gone. His father was mad enough about that.

I said plainly that I didn't wonder, and was going to add something by way of improving the occasion, but for a look of such deep sorrow which passed over the boy's face that I thought his conscience might be left to do the work better than I could.

He opened his bag, and took out a photograph, and then his six shooter—a self-cocking German one, he said, which was quicker and carried a heavier ball than any he had seen in America; and then his pipes and cigar tubes; and then he rolled a cigarette, and lighted it; and, as the dawn was now come, began to ask questions about the country.

But all in vain; back the scene he was running from came, do what he would. His youngest brother a little fellow of ten, was down with fever. He had spoilt Christmas for the whole family. It would cut them up awfully.

But to a suggestion that he should go straight back he could not listen. No, he was going straight through to California, the best place for him. He had never done any good yet, but he was going to do it now. He had got a letter or two to Californians from some of his fellow-students, which would give him some opening. He

wouldn't see his people for four or five years, till he got something to show them. He would have to pitch right in, or else starve. He would go right into the first thing that came along out there, and make something.

As we got further down the line the morning cleared, and we had many fellow-passengers; but my young friend, as I might almost call him by this time, stuck to me, and seemed to get some relief by talking of his past doings and future prospect. I found that he had been at Würzburg for a short time before going to Heidelberg, so had had a student's experience of two of the most celebrated German Universities. My own ideas of those seats of learning, being for the most part derived from the writings of Mr. Matthew Arnold, received, I am bound to own, rather severe shocks from the evidently truthful experience of this one medical student.

He had simply paid his necessary florins (about 1*l.* worth) for his matriculation fee, and double that sum for two sets of lectures for which he entered. He had passed no matriculation examination, or indeed any other; had attended lectures or not, just as he pleased—about one in three he put as his average—but there was no roll-call or register, and no one that he knew of seemed to care the least whether he was there or not. However, he seemed to think that but for his unlucky little difficulty he could easily at this rate have passed the examination for the degree of doctor of medicines. The Doctor's degree was a mighty fine thing, and much sought after, but didn't amount to much professionally, at least not in Germany, where the Doctor has a State examination to pass after he has got his degree. But in America, or anywhere else, he believed, they could just practise on a German M.D. degree, and he knew of one Herr Doctor out west who was about as fit to take hold of any sick fellow as he was himself. Oh, Matthew, Matthew, my mentor! When I got home I had to

take down thy volume on Universities in Germany, and restore my failing faith by a glance at the Appendix, giving a list of the courses of lectures by Professors, Privatdocenten, and readers of the University of Berlin during one winter, in which the Medical Faculty's subjects occupy seven pages; and to remind myself that the characteristics of the German Universities are "Lehrfreiheit und lern freiheit," "Liberty for the teacher, and liberty for the learner;" also that "the French University has no liberty, and the English Universities have no science; the German Universities have both." Too much liberty of one kind this student at any rate bore witness to, and in one of his serious moments was eloquent on the danger and mischief of the system, so far as his outlook had gone.

By the time our roads diverged, the young runaway had quite won me over to forget his escapades, by his frank disclosures of all that was passing in his mind, of regret and tenderness, hopefulness and audacity; and I sorrowed for a few moments on the platform as the sealskin cap disappeared at the window of the Liverpool carriage, from which he waived a cheery adieu.

As I walked towards the carriage to go on my own way, I found myself regretting that I should see his ruddy face no more, and wishing him all success "in that new world which is the old," for which he was bound, with no possessions but his hand-bag and self-reliance to make his way with. I might have sat alone for thrice as long with an English youngster, in like case, without knowing a word of his history; but then, such history could never have happened to an Englishman, for he never would have run his bail, but would have gone to prison and served his time as a matter of course.

How much each nation has to learn of the other! But I trust that by this time my young friend has seen to it, that the good-natured Herr Doctor who went bail for him hasn't "slipped up anyway."

ON A PORTRAIT.

OH, mystery of Beauty! who can tell
 Thy mighty influence? who can best descry
 How secret, swift, and subtle is the spell
 Wherein the music of thy voice doth lie?

Here we have eyes so full of fervent love,
 That but for lids behind which sorrow's touch
 Doth press and linger, one could almost prove
 That Earth had loved her favourite over much.

A mouth where silence seems to gather strength
 From lips so gently closed, that almost say,
 "Ask not my story, lest you hear at length
 Of sorrows where sweet hope has lost its way."

And yet the head is borne so proudly high,
 The soft round cheek, so splendid in its bloom,
 True courage rises thro' the brilliant eye,
 And great resolve comes flashing thro' the gloom.

Oh, noble painter! more than genius goes
 To search the key-note of those melodies,
 To find the depths of all those tragic woes,
 Tune thy song right and paint rare harmonies.

Genius and love have each fulfilled their part,
 And both unite with force and equal grace,
 Whilst all that we love best in classic art
 Is stamped for ever on the immortal face.

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON.

September, 1875.

ON THE BORDER TERRITORY BETWEEN THE ANIMAL AND THE VEGETABLE KINGDOMS.

IN the whole history of science there is nothing more remarkable than the rapidity of the growth of biological knowledge within the last half-century, and the extent of the modification which has thereby been effected in some of the fundamental conceptions of the naturalist.

In the second edition of the *Règne Animal*, published in 1828, Cuvier devotes a special section to the "Division of Organized Beings into Animals and Vegetables," in which the question is treated with that comprehensiveness of knowledge and clear critical judgment which characterise his writings, and justify us in regarding them as representative expressions of the most extensive, if not the profoundest, knowledge of his time. He tells us that living beings have been sub-divided from the earliest times into *animated beings*, which possess sense and motion, and *inanimated beings*, which are devoid of these functions, and simply vegetate.

Although the roots of plants direct themselves towards moisture, and their leaves towards air and light; although the parts of some plants exhibit oscillating movements without any perceptible cause, and the leaves of others retract when touched, yet none of these movements justify the ascription to plants of perception or of will.

From the mobility of animals, Cuvier, with his characteristic partiality for teleological reasoning, deduces the necessity of the existence in them of an alimentary cavity or reservoir of food, whence their nutrition may be drawn by the vessels, which are a sort of internal roots; and in the presence of this alimentary cavity he naturally sees the primary and the most important distinction between animals and plants.

Following out his teleological argument, Cuvier remarks that the organization of this cavity and its appurtenances must needs vary according to the nature of the aliment, and the operations which it has to undergo, before it can be converted into substances fitted for absorption; while the atmosphere and the earth supply plants with juices ready prepared, and which can be absorbed immediately.

As the animal body required to be independent of heat and of the atmosphere, there were no means by which the motion of its fluids could be produced by internal causes. Hence arose the second great distinctive character of animals, or the circulatory system, which is less important than the digestive, since it was unnecessary, and therefore is absent, in the more simple animals.

Animals further needed muscles for locomotion and nerves for sensibility. Hence, says Cuvier, it was necessary that the chemical composition of the animal body should be more complicated than that of the plant; and it is so, inasmuch as an additional substance, nitrogen, enters into it as an essential element, while in plants nitrogen is only accidentally joined with the three other fundamental constituents of organic beings — carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen. Indeed, he afterwards affirms that nitrogen is peculiar to animals; and herein he places the third distinction between the animal and the plant.

The soil and the atmosphere supply plants with water, composed of hydrogen and oxygen; air, consisting of nitrogen and oxygen; and carbonic acid, containing carbon and oxygen. They retain the hydrogen and the

carbon, exhale the superfluous oxygen, and absorb little or no nitrogen. The essential character of vegetable life is the exhalation of oxygen, which is effected through the agency of light.

Animals, on the contrary, derive their nourishment either directly or indirectly from plants. They get rid of the superfluous hydrogen and carbon, and accumulate nitrogen.

The relations of plants and animals to the atmosphere are therefore inverse. The plant withdraws water and carbonic acid from the atmosphere, the animal contributes both to it. Respiration—that is, the absorption of oxygen and the exhalation of carbonic acid—is the specially animal function of animals, and constitutes their fourth distinctive character.

Thus wrote Cuvier in 1828. But in the fourth and fifth decades of this century, the greatest and most rapid revolution which biological science has ever undergone was effected by the application of the modern microscope to the investigation of organic structure; by the introduction of exact and easily manageable methods of conducting the chemical analysis of organic compounds; and finally, by the employment of instruments of precision for the measurement of the physical forces which are at work in the living economy.

That the semi-fluid contents (which we now term protoplasm) of the cells of certain plants, such as the *Charæ*, are in constant and regular motion, was made out by Bonaventura Corti a century ago; but the fact, important as it was, fell into oblivion, and had to be rediscovered by Treviranus in 1807. Robert Brown noted the more complex motions of the protoplasm in the cells of *Tradescuntia* in 1831; and now such movements of the living substance of plants are well known to be some of the most widely-prevalent phenomena of vegetable life.

Agardh, and other of the botanists of Cuvier's generation, who occupied themselves with the lower plants, had observed that, under particular circumstances, the contents of the cells of

certain water-weeds were set free and moved about with considerable velocity, and with all the appearances of spontaneity, as locomotive bodies, which, from their similarity to animals of simple organization, were called "zoospores."

Even as late as 1845, however, a botanist of Schleiden's eminence deals very sceptically with these statements; and his scepticism was the more justified, since Ehrenberg, in his elaborate and comprehensive work on the *Infusoria*, had declared the greater number of what are now recognised as locomotive plants to be animals.

At the present day, innumerable plants and free plant cells are known to pass the whole or part of their lives in an actively locomotive condition, in no wise distinguishable from that of one of the simpler animals; and, while in this condition, their movements are, to all appearance, as spontaneous—as much the product of volition—as those of such animals.

Hence the teleological argument for Cuvier's first diagnostic character—the presence in animals of an alimentary cavity, or internal pocket, in which they can carry about their nutriment, has broken down—so far, at least, as his mode of stating it goes. And with the advance of microscopic anatomy the universality of the fact itself among animals has ceased to be predicable. Many animals of even complex structure, which live parasitically within others, are wholly devoid of an alimentary cavity. Their food is provided for them, not only ready cooked but ready digested, and the alimentary canal, become superfluous, has disappeared. Again, the males of most Rotifers have no digestive apparatus; as a German naturalist has remarked, they devote themselves entirely to the "Minne-dienst," and are to be reckoned among the few realizations of the Byronic ideal of a lover. Finally, amidst the lowest forms of animal life, the speck of gelatinous protoplasm, which constitutes the whole body, has no permanent digestive cavity or mouth, but

takes in its food anywhere ; and digests, so to speak, all over its body.

But although Cuvier's leading diagnosis of the animal from the plant will not stand a strict test, it remains one of the most constant of the distinctive characters of animals. And if we substitute for the possession of an alimentary cavity, the power of taking solid nutriment into the body and there digesting it, the definition so changed will cover all animals, except certain parasites, and the few and exceptional cases of non-parasitic animals which do not feed at all. On the other hand, the definition thus amended will exclude all ordinary vegetable organisms.

Cuvier himself practically gives up his second distinctive mark when he admits that it is wanting in the simpler animals.

The third distinction is based on a completely erroneous conception of the chemical differences and resemblances between the constituents of animal and vegetable organisms, for which Cuvier is not responsible, as it was current among contemporary chemists.

It is now established that nitrogen is as essential a constituent of vegetable as of animal living matter ; and that the latter is, chemically speaking, just as complicated as the former. Starchy substances, cellulose and sugar, once supposed to be exclusively confined to plants, are now known to be regular and normal products of animals. Amylaceous and saccharine substances are largely manufactured, even by the highest animals ; cellulose is widespread as a constituent of the skeletons of the lower animals ; and it is probable that amyloid substances are universally present in the animal organism, though not in the precise form of starch.

Moreover, although it remains true that there is an inverse relation between the green plant in sunshine and the animal, in so far as, under these circumstances, the green plant decomposes carbonic acid and exhales oxygen, while the animal absorbs oxygen and exhales carbonic acid ; yet the exact investigations of the modern chemical inves-

tigator of the physiological processes of plants have clearly demonstrated the fallacy of attempting to draw any general distinction between animals and vegetables on this ground. In fact the difference vanishes with the sunshine, even in the case of the green plant ; which, in the dark, absorbs oxygen and gives out carbonic acid like any animal. While those plants, such as the fungi, which contain no chlorophyll and are not green, are always, so far as respiration is concerned, in the exact position of animals. They absorb oxygen and give out carbonic acid.

Thus, by the progress of knowledge, Cuvier's fourth distinction between the animal and the plant has been as completely invalidated as the third and second ; and even the first can be retained only in a modified form and subject to exceptions.

But has the advance of biology simply tended to break down old distinctions, without establishing new ones ?

With a qualification, to be considered presently, the answer to this question is undoubtedly in the affirmative. The famous researches of Schwann and Schleiden in 1837 and the following years, founded the modern science of histology, or that branch of anatomy which deals with the ultimate visible structure of organisms, as revealed by the microscope ; and from that day to this the rapid improvement of methods of investigation, and the energy of a host of accurate observers, have given greater and greater breadth and firmness to Schwann's great generalization, that a fundamental unity of structure obtains in animals and plants ; and that however diverse may be the fabrics, or *tissues*, of which their bodies are composed, all these varied structures result from the metamorphoses of morphological units (termed *cells*, in a more general sense than that in which the word "cells" was at first employed), which are not only similar in animals and in plants respectively, but present a close fundamental resemblance when those of animals and those of plants are compared together.

The contractility which is the fundamental condition of locomotion, has not only been discovered to exist far more widely among plants than was formerly imagined, but, in plants, the act of contraction has been found to be accompanied, as Dr. Burdon Sanderson's interesting investigations have shown, by a disturbance of the electrical state of the contractile substance comparable to that which was found by Du Bois Reymond to be a concomitant of the activity of ordinary muscle in animals.

Again, I know of no test by which the reaction of the leaves of the Sundew and of other plants to stimuli, so fully and carefully studied by Mr. Darwin, can be distinguished from those acts of contraction following upon stimuli, which are called "reflex" in animals.

On each lobe of the bilobed leaf of Venus's fly trap (*Dionæa muscipula*) are three delicate filaments which stand out at right angles from the surface of the leaf. Touch one of them with the end of a fine human hair and the lobes of the leaf instantly close together¹ in virtue of an act of contraction of part of their substance, just as the body of a snail contracts into its shell when one of its 'horns' is irritated.

The reflex action of the snail is the result of the presence of a nervous system in that animal. A molecular change takes place in the nerve of the tentacle, is propagated to the muscles by which the body is retracted, and causing them to contract, the act of retraction is brought about. Of course the similarity of the acts does not necessarily involve the conclusion that the mechanism by which they are effected is the same; but it suggests a suspicion of their identity which needs careful testing.

The results of recent inquiries into the structure of the nervous system of animals converge towards the conclusion that the nerve fibres, which we have hitherto regarded as ultimate elements of nervous tissue, are not such, but are simply the visible aggregations of vastly more attenuated filaments,

¹ Darwin, *Insectivorous Plants*, p. 239.

the diameter of which dwindles down to the limits of our present microscopic vision, greatly as these have been extended by modern improvements of the microscope; and that a nerve is, in its essence, nothing but a linear tract of specially modified protoplasm between two points of an organism—one of which is able to affect the other by means of the communication so established. Hence it is conceivable that even the simplest living being may possess a nervous system. And the question whether plants are provided with a nervous system or not, thus acquires a new aspect, and presents the histologist and physiologist with a problem of extreme difficulty, which must be attacked from a new point of view and by the aid of methods which have yet to be invented.

Thus it must be admitted that plants may be contractile and locomotive; that, while locomotive, their movements may have as much appearance of spontaneity as those of the lowest animals; and that many exhibit actions comparable to those which are brought about by the agency of a nervous system in animals. And it must be allowed to be possible that further research may reveal the existence of something comparable to a nervous system in plants. So that I know not where we can hope to find any absolute distinction between animals and plants, unless we return to their mode of nutrition, and inquire whether certain differences of a more occult character than those imagined to exist by Cuvier, and which certainly hold good for the vast majority of animals and plants, are of universal application.

A bean may be supplied with water in which salts of ammonia and certain other mineral salts are dissolved in due proportion; with atmospheric air containing its ordinary minute dose of carbonic acid; and with nothing else but sunlight and heat. Under these circumstances, unnatural as they are, with proper management, the bean will thrust forth its radicle and its plumule; the former will grow down into roots, the latter grow up

into the stem and leaves of a vigorous bean plant ; and this plant will, in due time, flower and produce its crop of beans, just as if it were grown in the garden or in the field.

The weight of the nitrogenous protein compounds, of the oily, starchy, saccharine and woody substances contained in the full-grown plant and its seeds, will be vastly greater than the weight of the same substances contained in the bean from which it sprang. But nothing has been supplied to the bean save water, carbonic acid, ammonia, potash, lime, iron, and the like, in combination with phosphoric, sulphuric and other acids. Neither protein, nor fat, nor starch, nor sugar, nor any substance in the slightest degree resembling them have formed part of the food of the bean. But the weights of the carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen, phosphorus, sulphur, and other elementary bodies contained in the bean-plant, and in the seeds which it produces, are exactly equivalent to the weights of the same elements which have disappeared from the materials supplied to the bean during its growth. Whence it follows that the bean has taken in only the raw materials of its fabric and has manufactured them into bean stuffs.

The bean has been able to perform this great chemical feat by the help of its green colouring matter, or chlorophyll, which, under the influence of sunlight, has the marvellous power of decomposing carbonic acid, setting free the oxygen and laying hold of the carbon which it contains. In fact the bean obtains two of the absolutely indispensable elements of its substance from two distinct sources ; the watery solution, in which its roots are plunged, contains nitrogen but no carbon ; the air, to which the leaves are exposed, contains carbon, but its nitrogen is in the state of a free gas, in which condition the bean can make no use of it ;¹ and the chlorophyll is the apparatus by which

the carbon is extracted from the atmospheric carbonic acid—the leaves being the chief laboratories in which this operation is effected.

The great majority of conspicuous plants are, as everybody knows, green ; and this arises from the abundance of their chlorophyll. The few which contain no chlorophyll and are colourless, are unable to extract the carbon which they require from atmospheric carbonic acid, and lead a parasitic existence upon other plants ; but it by no means follows, often as the statement has been repeated, that the manufacturing power of plants depends on their chlorophyll, and its interaction with the rays of the sun. On the contrary, it is easily demonstrated, as Pasteur first proved, that the lowest fungi, devoid of chlorophyll, or of any substitute for it, as they are, nevertheless possess the characteristic manufacturing powers of plants in a very high degree. Only it is necessary that they should be supplied with a different kind of raw material ; as they cannot extract carbon from carbonic acid, they must be furnished with something else that contains carbon. Tartaric acid is such a substance ; and if a single spore of the commonest and most troublesome of moulds—*Penicillium*—be sown in a saucer full of water, in which tartrate of ammonia, with a small percentage of phosphates and sulphates is contained, and kept warm, whether in the dark or exposed to light, it will, in a short time, give rise to a thick crust of mould, which contains many million times the weight of the original spore, in protein compounds and cellulose. Thus we have a very wide basis of fact for the generalization that plants are essentially characterized by their manufacturing capacity—by their power of working up mere mineral matters into complex organic compounds.

Contrariwise, there is a no less wide foundation for the generalization that animals, as Cuvier puts it, depend directly or indirectly upon plants for the materials of their bodies ; that is, either they are herbivorous, or they eat other animals which are herbivorous.

¹ I purposely assume that the air with which the bean is supplied in the case stated contains no ammoniacal salts.

But for what constituents of their bodies are animals thus dependent upon plants? Certainly not for their horny matter; nor for chondrin, the proximate chemical element of cartilage; nor for gelatine; nor for syntonin, the constituent of muscle; nor for their nervous or biliary substances; nor for their amyloid matters; nor, necessarily, for their fats.

It can be experimentally demonstrated that animals can make these for themselves. But that which they cannot make, but must, in all known cases, obtain directly or indirectly from plants, is the peculiar nitrogenous matter protein. Thus the plant is the ideal *prolétaire* of the living world, the worker who produces; the animal, the ideal aristocrat, who mostly occupies himself in consuming, after the manner of that noble representative of the line of Zähdarm, whose epitaph is written in *Sartor Resartus*.

Here is our last hope of finding a sharp line of demarcation between plants and animals; for, as I have already hinted, there is a border territory between the two kingdoms, a sort of no-man's land, the inhabitants of which certainly cannot be discriminated and brought to their proper allegiance in any other way.

Some months ago, Professor Tyndall asked me to examine a drop of infusion of hay, placed under an excellent and powerful microscope, and to tell him what I thought some organisms visible in it were. I looked and observed, in the first place, multitudes of *Bacteria* moving about with their ordinary intermittent spasmodic wriggles. As to the vegetable nature of these there is now no doubt. Not only does the close resemblance of the *Bacteria* to unquestionable plants, such as the *Oscillatoria*, and lower forms of *Fungi*, justify this conclusion, but the manufacturing test settles the question at once. It is only needful to add a minute drop of fluid containing *Bacteria*, to water in which tartrate, phosphate, and sulphate of ammonia are dissolved; and, in a very short space

of time, the clear fluid becomes milky by reason of their prodigious multiplication, which, of course, implies the manufacture of living *Bacterium*-stuff out of these merely saline matters.

But other active organisms, very much larger than the *Bacteria*, attaining in fact the comparatively gigantic dimensions of $\frac{1}{3000}$ of an inch or more, incessantly crossed the field of view. Each of these had a body shaped like a pear, the small end being slightly incurved and produced into a long curved filament, or *cilium*, of extreme tenuity. Behind this, from the concave side of the incurvation, proceeded another long cilium, so delicate as to be discernible only by the use of the highest powers and careful management of the light. In the centre of the pear-shaped body a clear round space could occasionally be discerned, but not always; and careful watching showed that this clear vacuity appeared gradually, and then shut up and disappeared suddenly, at regular intervals. Such a structure is of common occurrence among the lowest plants and animals, and is known as a *contractile vacuole*.

The little creature thus described sometimes propelled itself with great activity, with a curious rolling motion, by the lashing of the front cilium, while the second cilium trailed behind; sometimes it anchored itself by the hinder cilium and was spun round by the working of the other, its motions reminding those of an anchor buoy in a heavy sea. Sometimes, when two were in full career towards one another, each would appear dexterously to get out of the other's way; sometimes a crowd would assemble and jostle one another, with as much semblance of individual effort as a spectator on the Grands Mulets might observe with a telescope among the specks representing men in the valley of Chamounix.

The spectacle, though always surprising, was not new to me. So my reply to the question put to me was, that these organisms were what biologists call *Monads*, and though they might be animals, it was also possible that they might, like

the *Bacteria*, be plants. My friend received my verdict with an expression which showed a sad want of respect for authority. He would as soon believe that a sheep was a plant. Naturally piqued by this want of faith, I have thought a good deal over the matter; and as I still rest in the lame conclusion I originally expressed, and must even now confess that I cannot certainly say whether this creature is an animal or a plant, I think it may be well to state the grounds of my hesitation at length. But, in the first place, in order that I may conveniently distinguish this "Monad" from the multitude of other things which go by the same designation, I must give it a name of its own. I think (though for reasons which need not be stated at present, I am not quite sure) that it is identical with the species *Monas lens*, as defined by the eminent French microscopist Dujardin, though his magnifying power was probably insufficient to enable him to see that it is cursorily like a much larger form of monad which he has named *Heteromita*. I shall, therefore, call it not *Monas*, but *Heteromita lens*.

I have been unable to devote to my *Heteromita* the prolonged study needful to work out its whole history, which would involve weeks, or it may be months, of unremitting attention. But I the less regret this circumstance, as some remarkable observations recently published by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale¹ on certain Monads, relate, in part, to a form so similar to my *Heteromita lens*, that the history of the one may be used to illustrate that of the other. These most patient and painstaking observers, who employed the highest attainable powers of the microscope and, relieving one another, kept watch day and night over the same individual monads, have been enabled to trace out the whole history of their *Heteromita*; which they found in

infusions of the heads of fishes of the Cod tribe.

Of the four monads described and figured by these investigators one, as I have said, very closely resembles *Heteromita lens* in every particular, except that it has a separately distinguishable central particle or "nucleus," which is not certainly to be made out in *Heteromita lens*; and that nothing is said by Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale of the existence of a contractile vacuole in this monad, though they describe it in another.

Their *Heteromita*, however, multiplied rapidly by fission. Sometimes a transverse constriction appeared; the hinder half developed a new cilium, and the hinder cilium gradually split from its base to its free end, until it was divided into two; a process which, considering the fact that this fine filament cannot be much more than $\frac{1}{10000}$ of an inch in diameter, is wonderful enough. The constriction of the body extended inwards until the two portions were united by a narrow isthmus; finally they separated, and each swam away by itself, a complete *Heteromita*, provided with its two cilia. Sometimes the constriction took a longitudinal direction, with the same ultimate result. In each case the process occupied not more than six or seven minutes. At this rate, a single *Heteromita* would give rise to a thousand like itself in the course of an hour, to about a million in two hours, and to a number greater than the generally assumed number of human beings now living in the world in three hours; or, if we give each *Heteromita* an hour's enjoyment of individual existence, the same result will be obtained in about a day. The apparent suddenness of the appearance of multitudes of such organisms as these in any nutritive fluid to which one obtains access, is thus easily explained.

During these processes of multiplication by fission, the *Heteromita* remains active; but sometimes another mode of fission occurs. The body becomes rounded and quiescent, or nearly so;

¹ "Researches in the Life-history of a Cercomonad: a Lesson in Biogenesis," and "Further Researches in the Life-history of the Monads."—*Monthly Microscopical Journal*, 1873.

and while in this resting state, divides into two portions, each of which is rapidly converted into an active *Heteromita*.

A still more remarkable phenomenon is that kind of multiplication which is preceded by the union of two monads, by a process which is termed *conjugation*. Two active *Heteromita* become applied to one another, and then slowly and gradually coalesce into one body. The two nuclei run into one; and the mass resulting from the conjugation of the two *Heteromita*, thus fused together, has a triangular form. The two pairs of cilia are to be seen, for some time, at two of the angles, which answer to the small ends of the conjoined monads; but they ultimately vanish, and the twin organism, in which all visible traces of organisation have disappeared, falls into a state of rest. Sudden wave-like movements of its substance next occur; and, in a short time, the apices of the triangular mass burst, and give exit to a dense yellowish, glairy fluid filled with minute granules. This process, which, it will be observed, involves the actual confluence and mixture of the substance of two distinct organisms, is effected in the space of about two hours.

The authors whom I quote say that they "cannot express" the excessive minuteness of the granules in question, and they estimate their diameter at less than $\frac{1}{200000}$ of an inch. Under the highest powers of the microscope at present applicable such specks are hardly discernible. Nevertheless, particles of this size are massive when compared to physical molecules; whence there is no reason to doubt that each, small as it is, may have a molecular structure sufficiently complex to give rise to the phenomena of life. And, as a matter of fact, by patient watching of the place at which these infinitesimal living particles were discharged, our observers assured themselves of their growth and development into new monads. These, in about four hours from their being set free, had attained a sixth of the length of the parent, with the characteristic cilia, though at first they were

quite motionless; and in four hours more they had attained the dimensions and exhibited all the activity of the adult. These inconceivably minute particles are therefore the germs of the *Heteromita*; and from the dimensions of these germs it is easily shown that the body formed by conjugation may, at a low estimate, have given exit to thirty thousand of them; a result of a matrimonial process whereby the contracting parties, without a metaphor, "become one flesh," enough to make a Malthusian despair of the future of the Universe.

I am not aware that the investigators from whom I have borrowed this history have endeavoured to ascertain whether their monads take solid nutriment or not; so that though they help us very much to fill up the blanks in the history of my *Heteromita*, their observations throw no light on the problem we are trying to solve—Is it an animal or is it a plant?

Undoubtedly it is possible to bring forward very strong arguments in favour of regarding *Heteromita* as a plant.

For example, there is a Fungus, an obscure and almost microscopic mould, termed *Peronospora infestans*. Like many other Fungi, the *Peronosporæ* are parasitic upon other plants; and this particular *Peronospora* happens to have attained much notoriety and political importance, in a way not without a parallel in the career of notorious politicians, namely, by reason of the frightful mischief it has done to mankind. For it is this *Fungus* which is the cause of the potato disease; and, therefore, *Peronospora infestans* (doubtless of exclusively Saxon origin, though not accurately known to be so) brought about the Irish famine. The plants afflicted with the malady are found to be infested by a mould, consisting of fine tubular filaments, termed *hyphæ*, which burrow through the substance of the potato plant, and appropriate to themselves the substance of their host; while, at the same time, directly or indirectly, they set up chemical changes by which even its woody frame-

work becomes blackened, sodden and withered.

In structure, however, the *Peronospora* is as much a mould as the common *Penicillium*; and just as the *Penicillium* multiplies by the breaking up of its hyphæ into separate rounded bodies, the spores; so, in the *Peronospora*, certain of the hyphæ grow out into the air through the interstices of the superficial cells of the potato plant, and develop spores. Each of these hyphæ usually gives off several branches. The ends of the branches dilate and become closed sacs, which eventually drop off as spores. The spores falling on some part of the same potato plant, or carried by the wind to another, may at once germinate, throwing out tubular prolongations which become hyphæ, and burrow into the substance of the plant attacked. But, more commonly, the contents of the spore divide into six or eight separate portions. The coat of the spore gives way, and each portion then emerges as an independent organism, which has the shape of a bean, rather narrower at one end than the other, convex on one side, and depressed or concave on the opposite. From the depression, two long and delicate cilia proceed, one shorter than the other, and directed forwards. Close to the origin of these cilia, in the substance of the body, is a regularly pulsating contractile vacuole. The shorter cilium vibrates actively, and effects the locomotion of the organism, while the other trails behind; the whole body rolling on its axis with its pointed end forwards.

The eminent botanist, De Bary, who was not thinking of our problem, tells us, in describing the movements of these "Zoospores," that, as they swim about, "Foreign bodies are carefully avoided, and the whole movement has a deceptive likeness to the voluntary changes of place which are observed in microscopic animals."

After swarming about in this way in the moisture on the surface of a leaf or stem (which, firm though it may be, is an ocean to such a fish) for half an hour, more or less, the movement of the zoo-

spore becomes slower, and is limited to a slow turning upon its axis, without change of place. It then becomes quite quiet, the cilia disappear, it assumes a spherical form, and surrounds itself with a distinct, though delicate membranous coat. A protuberance then grows out from one side of the sphere, and, rapidly increasing in length, assumes the character of a hypha. The latter penetrates into the substance of the potato plant, either by entering a stomate or by boring through the wall of an epidermic cell, and ramifies, as a mycelium, in the substance of the plant, destroying the tissues with which it comes in contact. As these processes of multiplication take place very rapidly, millions of spores are soon set free from a single infested plant; and from their minuteness they are readily transported by the gentlest breeze. Since again, the zoospores set free from each spore, in virtue of their powers of locomotion, swiftly disperse themselves over the surface, it is no wonder that the infection, once started, soon spreads from field to field, and extends its ravages over a whole country.

However, it does not enter into my present plan to treat of the potato disease, instructively as its history bears upon that of other epidemics; and I have selected the case of the *Peronospora* simply because it affords an example of an organism, which, in one stage of its existence, is truly a "Monad," indistinguishable by any important character from our *Heteromita*, and extraordinarily like it in some respects. And yet this "Monad" can be traced, step by step, through the series of metamorphoses which I have described, until it assumes the features of an organism, which is as much a plant as an oak or an elm is.

Moreover it would be possible to pursue the analogy further. Under certain circumstances, a process of conjugation takes place in the *Peronospora*. Two separate portions of its protoplasm become fused together, surround themselves with a thick coat, and give rise to a sort of vegetable egg called an *oospore*. After a period of rest, the

contents of the oospore break up into a number of zoospores like those already described, each of which, after a period of activity, germinates in the ordinary way. This process obviously corresponds with the conjugation and subsequent setting free of germs in the *Heteromita*.

But it may be said that the *Peronospora* is, after all, a questionable sort of plant; that it seems to be wanting in the manufacturing power, selected as the main distinctive character of vegetable life; or, at any rate, that there is no proof that it does not get its protein matter ready made from the potato plant.

Let us, therefore, take a case which is not open to these objections.

There are some small plants known to botanists as members of the genus *Coleochaete*, which, without being truly parasitic, grow upon certain water-weeds, as lichens grow upon trees. The little plant has the form of an elegant green star, the branching arms of which are divided into cells. Its greenness is due to its chlorophyll, and it undoubtedly has the manufacturing power in full degree, decomposing carbonic acid and setting free oxygen under the influence of sunlight.

But the protoplasmic contents of some of the cells of which the plant is made up occasionally divide, by a method similar to that which effects the division of the contents of the *Peronospora* spore; and the severed portions are then set free as active monad-like zoospores. Each is oval and is provided at one extremity with two long active cilia. Propelled by these, it swims about for a longer or shorter time, but at length comes to a state of rest and gradually grows into a *Coleochaete*.

Moreover, as in the *Peronospora*, conjugation may take place and result in an oospore; the contents of which divide and are set free as monadiform germs.

If the whole history of the zoospores of *Peronospora* and *Coleochaete* were unknown, they would undoubtedly be

classed among "Monads" with the same right as *Heteromita*; why then may not *Heteromita* be a plant, even though the cycle of forms through which it passes shows no terms quite so complex as those which occur in *Peronospora* and *Coleochaete*? And, in fact, there are some green organisms, in every respect characteristically plants, such as *Chlamydomonas*, and the common *Volvox*, or so-called "Globe animalcule," which run through a cycle of forms of just the same simple character as those of *Heteromita*.

The name of *Chlamydomonas* is applied to certain microscopic green bodies, each of which consists of a protoplasmic central substance invested by a structureless sac. The latter contains cellulose, as in ordinary plants; and the chlorophyll which gives the green colour enables the *Chlamydomonas* to decompose carbonic acid and fix carbon, as they do. Two long cilia protrude through the cell wall, and effect the rapid locomotion of this "monad," which, in all respects except its mobility, is characteristically a plant.

Under ordinary circumstances the *Chlamydomonas* multiplies by simple fission, each splitting into two or into four parts, which separate and become independent organisms. Sometimes, however, the *Chlamydomonas* divides into eight parts, each of which is provided with four, instead of two cilia. These "zoospores" conjugate in pairs, and give rise to quiescent bodies, which multiply by division, and eventually pass into the active state.

Thus, so far as outward form and the general character of the cycle of modifications through which the organism passes in the course of its life are concerned, the resemblance between *Chlamydomonas* and *Heteromita* is of the closest description. And on the face of the matter there is no ground for refusing to admit that *Heteromita* may be related to *Chlamydomonas*, as the colourless fungus is to the green alga. *Volvox* may be compared to a hollow sphere, the wall of which is made up of coherent *Chlamydomonads*; and which

progresses with a rotating motion effected by the paddling of the multitudinous pairs of cilia which project from its surface. Each *Volvox-monad* has a contractile vacuole like that of *Heteromita lens*; and moreover possesses a red pigment spot like the simplest form of eye known among animals.

The methods of fission multiplication and of conjugation observed in the monads of this locomotive globe are essentially similar to those observed in *Chlamydomonas*; and though a hard battle has been fought over it, *Volvox* is now finally surrendered to the Botanists.

Thus there is really no reason why *Heteromita* may not be a plant; and this conclusion would be very satisfactory, if it were not equally easy to show that there is really no reason why it should not be an animal.

For there are numerous organisms presenting the closest resemblance to *Heteromita*, and, like it, grouped under the general name of "Monads," which, nevertheless, can be observed to take in solid nutriment, and which therefore have a virtual, if not an actual, mouth and digestive cavity, and thus come under Cuvier's definition of an animal. Numerous forms of such animals have been described by Ehrenberg, Dujardin, H. James Clark and other writers on the *Infusoria*.

Indeed, in another infusion of hay in which my *Heteromita lens* occurred, there were innumerable infusorial animalcules belonging to the well known species *Colpoda cucullus*.¹

Full-sized specimens of this animalcule attain a length of between $\frac{1}{300}$ or $\frac{1}{400}$ of an inch, so that it may have ten times the length and a thousand times the mass of a *Heteromita*. In shape it is not altogether unlike *Heteromita*. The small end, however, is not produced into one long cilium, but the general surface of the body is covered with small actively vibrating ciliary organs, which are only longest at the small end. At the point which answers to that from which

the two cilia arise in *Heteromita*, there is a conical depression, the mouth; and in young specimens a tapering filament, which reminds one of the posterior cilium of *Heteromita*, projects from this region.

The body consists of a soft granular protoplasmic substance, the middle of which is occupied by a large oval mass called the "nucleus;" while, at its hinder end, is a "contractile vacuole," conspicuous by its regular rhythmic appearances and disappearances. Obviously, although the *Colpoda* is not a monad, it differs from one only in subordinate details. Moreover, under certain conditions, it becomes quiescent, incloses itself in a delicate case or *cyst*, and then divides into two, four, or more portions, which are eventually set free and swim about as active *Colpodæ*.

But this creature is an unmistakable animal, and full-sized *Colpodæ* may be fed as easily as one feeds chickens. It is only needful to diffuse very finely ground carmine through the water in which they live, and, in a very short time, the bodies of the *Colpodæ* are stuffed with the deeply coloured granules of the pigment.

And if this were not sufficient evidence of the animality of *Colpoda*, there comes the fact that it is even more similar to another well-known animalcule, *Paramæcium*, than it is to a monad. But *Paramæcium* is so huge a creature compared with those hitherto discussed—it reaches $\frac{1}{120}$ of an inch or more in length—that there is no difficulty in making out its organization in detail; and in proving that it is not only an animal, but that it is an animal which possesses a somewhat complicated organization. For example, the surface layer of its body is different in structure from the deeper parts. There are two contractile vacuoles, from each of which radiates a system of vessel-like canals; and not only is there a conical depression continuous with a tube, which serve as mouth and gullet, but the food ingested takes a definite course and refuse is rejected from a definite region. Nothing is easier than to feed these

¹ Excellently described by Stein, almost all of whose statements I have verified.

animals and to watch the particles of indigo or carmine accumulate at the lower end of the gullet. From this they gradually project, surrounded by a ball of water, which at length passes with a jerk, oddly simulating a gulp, into the pulpy central substance of the body, there to circulate up one side and down the other, until its contents are digested and assimilated. Nevertheless, this complex animal multiplies by division, as the monad does, and, like the monad, undergoes conjugation. It stands in the same relation to *Heteromita* on the animal side, as *Coleochaete* does on the plant side. Start from either, and such an insensible series of gradations leads to the monad that it is impossible to say at any stage of the progress—here the line between the animal and the plant must be drawn.

There is reason to think that certain organisms which pass through a monad stage of existence, such as the *Myxomycetes*, are, at one time of their lives, dependent upon external sources for their protein-matter, or are animals; and at another period manufacture it, or are plants. And seeing that the whole progress of modern investigation is in favour of the doctrine of continuity, it is a fair and probable speculation—though only a speculation—that, as there are some plants which can manufacture protein out of such

apparently intractable mineral matters as carbonic acid, water, nitrate of ammonia, and metallic salts; while others need to be supplied with their carbon and nitrogen in the somewhat less raw form of tartrate of ammonia and allied compounds; so there may be yet others, as is possibly the case with the true parasitic plants, which can only manage to put together materials still better prepared—still more nearly approximated to protein—until we arrive at such organisms as the *Psorospermia* and the *Panhistophyton*, which are as much animal as vegetable in structure, but are animal in their dependence on other organisms for their food.

The singular circumstance observed by Meyer, that the *Torula* of yeast, though an indubitable plant, still flourishes most vigorously when supplied with the complex nitrogenous substance, pepsin; the probability that the *Peronospora* is nourished directly by the protoplasm of the potato plant; and the wonderful facts which have recently been brought to light respecting insectivorous plants, all favour this view; and tend to the conclusion that the difference between animal and plant is one of degree rather than of kind; and that the problem whether, in a given case, an organism is an animal or a plant, may be essentially insoluble.

T. H. HUXLEY.

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NATURAL RELIGION.

VI.

THOSE ancient words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" and those other, "Thou art careful and cumbered about many things; but one thing is needful," seem now to many among us not as once, solemnly and surely true, but either true no longer, or monuments of what was from the beginning but a melancholy delusion. There is no such "one thing needful," these will tell you, any more than there is a universal panacea; and the true rule of life is to give your attention wholly, and without reserve, to each thing as it comes. As for the enterprise of saving your soul many have set forth on that quest; much experience has been gathered by this time of that system of life. And what conclusion does the evidence lead us to? Is there a more miserable creature than he who makes it his sole concern to save his soul? Is he not, for practical purposes, a person of diseased mind? Does he not too often in the end sink into actual madness? What more wretched chapter in human history than that which records the more conspicuous examples of men plagued with this fixed idea—kings trembling before their confessors, and Pretenders such as Bolingbroke describes, actuated ever by fear of "the horns of the devil and of the flames of hell!"

But such arguments do not quite
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succeed in robbing the old maxims of their impressiveness. The majestic sounds overawe us in spite of our scepticism. They may, we feel, have been misinterpreted so as to lead to lamentable results, and be true for all that. It happens here, as in most of the passionate attacks made in these days upon Christianity, that when all is said, only the ecclesiastical gloss upon the maxim has been shaken, not the maxim itself, and there remains a shrewd suspicion that this would prove true after all, if we could discover the original sense of it, or hit upon the modern application.

After all, the doctrine that man has a soul which can be saved or lost is not to be exploded by any change either in religious or philosophical belief. The doctrine that there is one thing needful, and that one thing religion, may, it seems to me, be propounded with as much confidence now as in the most orthodox ages. And indeed such notions are not peculiar to Christianity; peculiar to Christianity is only the skill that brings them home to all mankind alike, and the world-redeeming faith which resolves to make common to all what seems by its nature only accessible to the few; no doubt an enterprise involving the necessary risk of giving rise to monstrous perversions and delusions, which an exclusive philosophy is exempt from.

Mr. Carlyle, with many of the Germans whom he has followed, and of the English who follow him, has

always insisted much upon this point. He dislikes all ecclesiastical systems, almost as much as Voltaire or his own Frederick could do ; but religion and Christianity—these he declares to be eternally true, and the particular Christian oracles we have singled out he redelivers with all their old solemnity. He understands what is meant by losing or saving the soul. It means, he says, that “the difference between right and wrong is strictly infinite ;” and that without exactly picturing to ourselves a Dantesque Inferno, still less a Mahometan Paradise, we still cannot say truer than that the man who chooses right saves his soul, and he who chooses wrong loses it eternally. And on this ground for a long time, both in Germany and here, there maintained itself outside of churches and priesthoods a kind of prophetic Christianity without dogma, which was certainly far more Biblical than orthodoxy in the fire and elevation of its eloquence.

But it is not to preach a sermon in the vein, now somewhat exhausted, of Mr. Carlyle, any more than to preach an ordinary revival sermon, that we bring up again here these well-worn texts. Rather do we wish to remark that the emphatic school of moralists finds the world almost as sceptical nowadays as the preachers of religion and theology. Mr. Carlyle is, we fear, almost as much offended by the latest fashion in thought as any divine can be ; the deductions drawn in journalism and conversation from the system of Evolution are very different from the severely moral utterances of its responsible teachers ; and it seems at present just as likely that morality will be subverted as that it will be reinvigorated by the revolution in thought now proclaimed.

Is it true then, after all, that it is so necessary to save your soul even in this moral sense ? On one side we find the artist raising the question ; he has long cherished a secret grudge against morality. He finds the prudery of virtue his great hindrance. He believes that it is our morality which prevents the modern

world from rivalling the arts of Greece. He finds that even the individual artist seems corrupted and spoiled for his business if he allows morality to get too much control over him. The great masters, he notices, show a certain indifference, a certain superiority to it ; often they audaciously defy it. Those artists who are loyal to it, may occasionally reach a high rank, but seldom the highest ; criticism treats them with a respect that has something of pity in it. They are like the good boys in a school, whom the master makes a point of praising, though he much prefers the clever ones. Looking at morality mainly from his professional point of view, the artist becomes most seriously and unaffectedly sceptical about the supremacy it claims for itself. He sees that it interferes with art, and he does not in his soul believe that such interference is compensated by any good done to society. Right may be a grand thing, but so is beauty, and for his part he understands beauty better. If the interests of the two should conflict, he would like to see morals go down. He sides with the Medicean world against Savonarola, with the theatre against the Puritans or Jeremy Collier. He does not in any sense admit the current platitudes, and he would rather on his deathbed have it to reflect that he had painted a really good picture, or written a really good poem, than that he had done his duty under great temptations, and at great sacrifices. He had rather leave the world enriched and embellished, than do some dismal deed of virtue which perhaps, like the majority of really virtuous deeds, would not even prove a good subject for a poem or a novel.

There is another class which looks on the life of virtue with cold dissatisfaction. How much better, the scientific investigator often thinks, to have advanced our knowledge of the laws of the universe only by a step than to have lived the most virtuous life or died the most self-sacrificing death ! The struggles of virtuous men in nine cases out of ten are thrown away ; their active heroism or active philanthropy is only

far too active. If they could only curb this restlessness and be content to "sit still in a room," how much better it would be! As he looks at it from the opposite point of view to the artist, the man of science may think the career of virtue attractive enough indeed, for it has more variety and incident than his own uniform labour in the study or the laboratory, but he despises it as popular, and distrusts its results. All such action strikes him as premature, the convictions on which it is based as unscientific. We must understand more than we do about sociology before we can sacrifice either ourselves or our time to the reform or to the conservation of any existing system, political or social. In the present state of our knowledge it is mere charlatany to take a part; it is a proof of philosophic incapacity to allow our judgment to incline to one side rather than to the other. The laws of the universe can actually be, to an indefinite extent, unveiled; the process is going on rapidly, and infinitely more labourers are wanted to gather in the harvest. In these circumstances it is a kind of sin (if the expression is scientific) to occupy oneself in any other task. We have nothing to do but think, observe, and write. And thus we enter upon a life to which the platitudes current about virtue have no application. To the student consumed by the passion of research, right and wrong become to a great extent meaningless words. He has little time for any tasks into which morality could possibly enter. Instead of "conduct" making up, as Mr. Arnold says, four-fifths or five-sixths of life, to such a person it makes a most inconsiderable fraction of life. He has his occupation, which consumes his time and his powers. There may be virtue in the choice of such a life at the first in preference to one more worldly or selfish. But when once he has made the choice, the activity of virtue in his daily life is reduced to a minimum. His pursuit stands to him in the place of friends, so that he has but few and slight ties to society. And the pursuit

itself may be a solitary one, not leading him to have associates in his working hours. But though so solitary, such a life may be to him, if not satisfying, yet preferable beyond comparison, and on the most solid grounds, to any other life he knows of. It may be full of an occupation for the thoughts, so inexhaustibly interesting as to make *ennui*, in such a man's life, an extinct and almost fabulous form of evil; at the same time it may be full of the sense of progress made both by the individual himself and by the race through his labours. And yet, though so peaceful and, compared with most lives, so happy, such a life may be almost entirely out of relation alike to virtue and to vice. Instead of that painful conflict with temptation which moralists describe, there may be an almost unbroken peace arising from the absence of temptation; instead of the gradual formation of virtuous habits, there may be the gradual disuse of all habits except the habit of thought and study; there may be perpetual self-absorption without what is commonly called selfishness, total disregard of other people, together with an unceasing labour for the human race; a life in short like that of the vestal, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," yet without any love or heavenly communion.

I have described two classes of people from whom the Christian doctrine of "saving the soul," whether in the orthodox sense or in that larger sense given it by Mr. Carlyle, runs off like water. In these sceptical days they are likely to reject the first as untrue, and that distinction of right and wrong, proclaimed by moralists with such unbounded emphasis, leaves them unconvinced and uninterested. The one class reserve all their enthusiasm for beauty, while the other can see indeed an infinite difference between truth and error, and astonish the moralist himself by the emphasis with which they denounce what is unscientific or unverified; but as to right and wrong it is a distinction they very seldom have occasion for, and which seems to them,

to say the least, scarcely to deserve the solemnity with which moralists invest it.

And thus in these days, those who preach religion as the one thing needful, however boldly they strip religion of its husk of dogma, and reduce it to the simple and severe notion of duty, meet with much opposition, and that of a firm, assured, deliberate kind. The artist and the man of science insist that they each know of something in its way as good as religion—that dignity, fulness, and nobleness can be given to human life as much by the worship of beauty, or the pursuit of truth, as by devotion to duty.

Now it is not our object here to combat these heresies. We are not about to undertake to show that after all the moral principle is that which is highest in man, or point out what bad effects follow in communities when either art or science usurp the honours which belong to virtuous action. Much might be said on these topics, but what we remark here is that such heresies, so far from implying any depreciation of religion as such, tacitly presuppose its unique importance, and so far from tending to show that religion is after all not the one thing needful, derive all their plausibility from the assumption that it is. For what is it that is alleged in behalf of art and science by those who take such high views of them? Is it alleged that they are sufficient for human life in spite of having no affinity with religion? Or is it not rather for the contrary reason that they are themselves of the nature of religion! The artist does not say to the moralist, "I am as good as you, though you worship and I do not:" but he says, "It is because you are so narrow-minded that you charge me with having no religion. I do not admit the charge; and it is just because I feel that I have a religion as truly as you, though of a different kind, that I question your superiority. Yours is the religion of right, mine is the religion of beauty; they differ, no doubt, as their objects differ, but they agree in having the nature of

religion. Elevated feelings, feelings that lift man above himself, admiration become habitual and raised into a principle of life, a lively sensitiveness when disrespect or indifference are shown towards the object of our worship, these are common to both." Not less does the man of science value himself on having a religion; it is the religion of law and of truth. Nay, he for his part is often disposed to regard himself as not only more religious, but actually more virtuous than the moralist. For he believes that his love of truth is more simple, more unreserved, and more entirely self-sacrificing than that of the moralist, whom he suspects occasionally of suppressing or disguising truth for fear of hurting people's habits by shaking their opinions or of offending weak brethren. It is evident then that if the same men say at other times that they care nothing for religion, or that they disbelieve religion, they are not to be taken as speaking of religion as such, but of the particular religion which prevails in their neighbourhood. The popular Christianity of the day, in short, is for the artist too melancholy and sedate, and for the man of science too sentimental and superficial; in short it is too melancholy for the one and not melancholy enough for the other. They become, therefore, dissenters from the existing religion; sympathising too little with the popular worship, they worship by themselves and without outward form. But they protest at the same time that in strictness they separate from the religious bodies around them only because they themselves know of a purer or a happier religion.

And so after all the old maxim stands fast, and man has a soul, which if he lose it will be of small profit to him to gain the whole world. For say to the artist, "Never mind the moralists who affront you so much by their solemn airs; what do you think of the man who neither worships with them nor yet with you, who is insensible to beauty as well as to right?" In a moment he who but now was quarrelling with your language will turn round and borrow it.

“The man,” he will say, “whose heart never goes forth in yearnings or in blessings towards beautiful things, before whom all forms pass and leave him as cold as before, who simply labels things or prices them for the market, but never worships or loves; of such a man we may say that he has *no soul*; and however fortunate he may be esteemed, or may esteem himself, he remains always essentially poor and miserable.” More sublime still is and always has been the contempt of philosophy, which now we call science, for those who merely live from hand to mouth without an object or a plan, the “*curvæ in terris animæ, et cœlestium inanes.*” Neither school yield in any degree to the moralist in the emphasis with which they brand the mere worldling, or by whatever name they distinguish the man who is devoted to nothing, who has no religion and no soul, Philistine or hireling or dilettante. Only in the tone of their censure is there a certain difference; the artist, except when he rises to the height of a Blake, does not get beyond irritation and annoyance; the philosopher smites them with cold sarcasm; the moralist, or he whom in the narrower sense we call religious, assails them by turns with solemn denunciation and pathetic entreaty. This last alone, when it crosses his mind, and he realises for a moment what is to him so incredible, that there are those who “mind earthly things,” says it “*even weeping.*”

Surely it would clear our vision very much, and help us to see our way in the intricate controversy of our time if we recognised that Christianity struggles not merely, as we commonly say, with irreligion and scepticism, which, by the by, we think of as different forms of the same thing, but with irreligion on the one hand and with rival religions on the other. Irreligion is only another name for sloth, brutality, and stupidity; it is an enemy hard to beat, and takes as much killing as the hydra, but aggressively it is not formidable. The really formidable antagonists are the rival religions whose true nature we misunderstand because we describe them by the

negative name of scepticism or unbelief. They would not be formidable if they were mere negations, for a negation inspires no enthusiasm and makes no missionaries. It is not because they think Christianity untrue that these schools attack it, but because they think it obscures the true religion in which mankind should seek its salvation. Now what are these rival religions which attack Christianity, not out of mere wickedness or dulness, but with enthusiasm and confidence? We have spoken of them in this paper under the names of art and science, but those who have read the earlier papers of this series will remember that we thought we could discern in the whole religious history of mankind the conflict of three forms of religion. There was the religion of visible things, or Paganism, which though generally a low type of religion, yet in its classical form became the nursing mother of art; there was the religion of humanity in its various forms, of which the principal is Christianity; lastly, there was the religion of God, which worships a unity conceived in one way or another as holding the universe together. We found that these forms of religion, though theoretically distinguishable, seldom appear in their distinctness, and that in particular Christianity, pre-eminently the religion of humanity, is yet also a religion of Deity. Now if we apply these categories to the controversies of our own time, we shall say that we see the ancient religion of humanity, which has so long reigned among us under the name of Christianity, assailed on the one side by the Higher Paganism, under the name of art, and on the other side by a peculiarly severe and stern form of Theism, under the name of science. And when we look back over the history of the Church we see that it has always been struggling with these two rival religions, and that the only peculiarity of our own age is the confident and triumphant manner in which the two enemies advance to the attack from opposite sides.

But now upon this conflict there are

two remarks to be made. The first is, that it is not in any way an internecine conflict, but rather a struggle for independence and for a frontier. Christianity, so long the reigning religion, has been intolerant and exclusive, and so the other religions have been driven to take up a position of hostility; but a quarrel like this is capable of arrangement. Christianity has never denied the right of the other two worships to a certain position, though she has striven to make it a dependent one. She has been somewhat too puritanical and somewhat unkind to art; but she has not attempted to turn all men into monks, and she has actually employed Angelo and Raffaele to build and to paint for her, Dante and Milton to make her poetry, Handel and Haydn to compose her music. She has behaved towards science jealously and suspiciously; yet she herself had her Aquinas in one age and her Pascal in another. On the other hand, both artists and philosophers have done homage to her, nor can any successful attack upon her be made from either side without provoking an earnest and eager reaction in her favour; as we see now arising in the very midst of the scientific school those who proclaim a new religion of humanity and organize it as much as possible in accordance with the traditions of the old.

The other remark to be made is, that however these religions may jangle among themselves, they are, or should be, united against the common foe, which is irreligion. Those fundamental oracles of Christianity with which I began this paper belong to all religions alike, and are pretty well beyond the reach of controversy. It is not true that the controversies of the age must end in paralyzing action, or that plain men must remain without a religion till they are settled. Whatever may be the case with religions, religion remains fixed. Whatever may be true or false, there is in any case the world to be renounced and the soul to be saved.

We seem to have become incapable of conceiving that there can be any religion in a serious sense except Chris-

tianity, and still more incapable of imagining that other religions may not only exist, but may have in their own place their truth and value. And hence we have ceased to attach its proper meaning to the word irreligion, and have grown accustomed to confuse it with opposition, theoretical or practical, to Christianity. But in truth, religion that is false or crude and inadequate, has no more resemblance to irreligion than religion that is true. It may indeed be no less formidable an evil; nay, at times it may be more formidable, as in the religious wars of the sixteenth century the cynic who cared for neither party, even though his indifference sprang from mere sordidness of nature, may at times have been less mischievous than the enthusiast. But whether worse or better, irreligion is always essentially and entirely unlike religion, while false and true religions are always like each other just so far as they are religions. Without some ardent condition of the feelings religion is not to be conceived; we have defined religion as habitual and regulated admiration; if the object of such admiration be unworthy we have a religion positively bad and false; if it be not the highest object we have an imperfect and inadequate religion; but irreligion consists in the absence of all such objects, and in a state of the feelings not ardent, but cold and torpid.

It is most easy to illustrate this distinction by referring to the early history of Christianity itself. Christianity, we know, subdued in succession the Paganisms, the false or inadequate religions of Europe; it suppressed first the classical, then the Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Slavonic superstitions. But in the New Testament for the most part, and particularly in the Gospels, we do not find it opposed to enemies of this kind. Christ opposes no form of false religion, but a different thing, which answers to what we have called irreligion. Before that giant Pagan, which in Bunyan's days had been dead so many a long year, Christianity had fought with another giant, World. I suppose it is one of the most

original achievements of the New Testament to have brought home to men this conception of the *World*. A kind of conspiracy of irreligion, or union of all that is stagnant, inert, mechanical, and automatic into a coherent tyrannous power and jealous consentient opinion, this is what the New Testament puts before us as the world; and it represents religion as consisting in renunciation of it and separation from it. *Conventionalism*, indeed, is the modern expression by which we call that which stands here for the opposite of religion; and we can judge from this in what way religion itself was conceived, for the opposite of conventionalism is freshness of feeling, enthusiasm.

Everything akin to vital energy is inconsistent with the *World* as it is painted in the Gospels. Christianity there is never brought into contact with anything vigorous or enthusiastic. No artist lost in the worship of sensual beauty crosses the stage, no philosopher consumed with the thirst for truth. How such characters would have been treated by Christianity in its earliest days we cannot tell, perhaps with something of repugnance or hostility. But they could never have been classed with those whom Christianity actually attacked, the demure slaves of fashion and convention. They might be thought to be addicted to a false or dangerous religion, but they could not be called worldlings. Probably they would have been judged with favour, for it accords with the fundamental characteristic of the Gospel to extol vitality at the expense of propriety—those who love much, Magdalens, publicans, prodigals, at the expense of those most honoured by public opinion.

Irreligion, then, is life without worship, and the world is the collective character of those who do not worship. When worship is eliminated from life, what remains? There are animal wants to be satisfied, a number of dull cravings to be indulged, and paltry fears to be appeased; moreover, because worship is never really quite dead, but only feeble, there is some poor convention in place

of an ideal, and a few prudish crotchets in place of virtues. Yet a society may live on in this condition, if political or physical conditions are favourable, without falling into any enormous corruptions, and may often in its moral statistics contrast favourably with one which some great but perverted enthusiasm has hurried into evil. Its fault is simply that it has no soul, or to use the old Biblical phrase, has no salt in itself; or again, to use the modern German paraphrase which Mr. Carlyle is so fond of, has no soul to save the expense of salt. Now it is against this condition, we say, against irreligion pure and simple as distinguished from any forms of false religion, that there always has been, and is, particularly in our own time, a remarkable agreement of authorities.

It may, indeed, often appear that the disregard of animal wants and the renunciation of the world preached in the New Testament, are exaggerated. Animal wants in our northern climates and since slavery was disused have become more imperious than they were in ancient times, and the education of recent centuries has led us to approve a certain kind and degree of worldliness. Even prejudices, social conventions, and decorums may no doubt be condemned too unreservedly. But granting all this by way of abatement, the general truth of the New Testament doctrine is clearer now than it has been in many ages (so called) of religious agreement. There has never been a time when the necessity of religion, in the broad sense of the word, has been so clear, as there has never been a time when its value in the narrow sense has been so much disputed. If, now that Art and Science have attained complete independence of the Church, and the monopoly even of moral influence is withdrawn from her by systems of independent morality, secular education and the like, we give the name of religion to that confined domain which is still left to the Church, it will seem as insignificant as the States of the Church have been in our time compared to the dominion held by Hildebrand or Innocent. But if we under-

stand that all culture alike rests upon religion, religion being not simple, but threefold, and consisting of that worship of visible things which leads to art, that worship of humanity which leads to all moral disciplines, and principally the Christian, and that worship of God which is the soul of all philosophy and science ; if we recognize, on the other hand, that the absence of religion is the absence not of one of these kinds of worship, but of all—in other words, that it is the paralysis of the power of admiration, and as a consequence, the predominance of the animal wants and the substitution of automatic custom for living morality ; then we shall recognize, on the one hand, that never was religion so much wanted among us, and on the other hand, that there was never so much agreement about it among thinkers.

It was never so much wanted, because of all nations our own best understands what may be made of the world, and best knows how to make life tolerable without religion. We of all nations most thoroughly see through that false unworldliness which begins in the want of self-respect and ends in mendicancy ; it is we who have placed among the virtues our national "self-help," which so absolutely confounds well-being with wealth, and makes the highest object of life to be a livelihood. Providence in these later centuries at least seems to have indulged us in this safe and low view of life ; for our insular position has allowed to sleep in us all those high thoughts which have been aroused in other nations by pressing national danger, while our close connection with the New World infects us somewhat with the commonness of colonial thought, and our good fortune in political institutions helps us to keep up a good appearance before the world. Hence we are able with greater complacency than almost any society to indulge in a view of life not so much unchristian as irreligious, a life not so much of perverted ideals and worships, as devoid of ideals and worships. Other nations follow after false gods, and tear each

other to pieces out of some mistaken devotion ; how long is it since *we* did anything of the kind ? Our temptation is not to false religion but to irreligion. It is not the Christian alone who complains that Englishmen can only understand his creed when they have translated it into the language of the counting-house, but the other religions complain of us just as much. The Higher Paganism makes few converts among us, so that artists complain that in England all art is turned into a business, while science, on the other hand, can only make way by disguising itself under the name of technical education, and pleading that it alone can save our manufactures from being beaten out of the market by foreign competition.

Of all those acts of religious self-sacrifice, monastic vows, &c., of which former ages were so full, the true counterpart or equivalent in these days is that a man should not for mere wealth submit himself to a course of life which to him has no spiritual value, and that when any religious vocation, whether to art or to science, or to Christian duty and philanthropy, is strong in him, a man should abandon meaner pleasures to follow such a vocation. Judged by this test, ours surely is the least religious of all countries ; for it is the country where the largest number of people lead, for mere superfluous wealth, a life that they themselves despise ; the country where vocations are oftenest deliberately disobeyed or trifled with, where artists oftenest paint falsely, and literary men write hastily for money, and where men born to be philosophers, or scientific discoverers, or moral reformers, oftenest end ignominiously in large practice at the bar.

Or take another test. Would you know whether a man has an ideal ? Look what he does with his children, for he will try to fulfil it in them. Themselves, for the most part, men feel to be failures ; necessarily, for we carve ourselves while we are learning the art of sculpture. Children are, as it were, fresh blocks of marble in which if we have any ideal we have a new and

better chance of realizing it, because we may work on them as mature artists. Look, then, how the English people treat their children. Try and discover from the way they train them, from the education they give them, what they wish them to be. You will find that they have ceased, almost consciously ceased, to have any ideal at all. Traces may still be observed of an old ideal not quite forgotten: here and there a vague notion of instilling hardihood, a really decided wish to teach frankness and honesty, and, in a large class, also good manners; but these after all are negative virtues. What do they wish their children to aim at? What pursuits do they desire for them? Except that when they grow up they are to make or have a livelihood, and take a satisfactory position in society, and in the meanwhile that it would be hard for them not to enjoy themselves heartily, most parents would be puzzled to say what they wish for their children. And, whatever they wish, they wish so languidly that they entrust the realization of it almost entirely to strangers, being themselves, so they say—and indeed the Philistine or irreligious person always is—much engaged. The parent, from sheer embarrassment and want of an ideal, has in a manner abdicated, and it has become necessary to set apart a special class for the cultivation of parental feelings and duties. The modern schoolmaster should change his name, for he has become a kind of standing or professional parent.

All this, perhaps, is generally allowed, and by most it is vaguely regretted; though some think it has been made out by political economy that no man need, or indeed ought, to engage in any occupation which will not bring him in at least two or three thousand a year. And yet our first economist is precisely the writer who has most emphatically denounced this view of life. What Mill calls liberty, or individuality, is precisely what other moralists call soul;

it is, indeed, looked at from the scientific side, what we have here argued to be the essence of religion. To have an individuality, is the same thing as to have an ideal; and to have an ideal, is to have an object of worship—it is to have a religion. To a philosopher like Mill this ideal presents itself in the form of a system of well-reasoned opinions; to the artist it presents itself otherwise, and to the Christian again otherwise. And, as has been said, much depends upon the form the ideal takes; there are great differences between the worship of Beauty, Duty, and Reason. But against those who have no ideal, and who live wholly without worship, against that sect, which numbers so many followers amongst ourselves, who recognize no intrinsic values but only value in exchange, all these worshippers are at one. And they include all who are supposed to have anything to say about the ends of life. What Mill says in the name of philosophy is echoed by Ruskin—however much they may differ on economical questions—in the name of art; both have the same enemy in the commonness, the worldliness they see threatening to overwhelm us; and both again are in accord with the voices that are raised in the name of morality, from Carlyle denouncing shams, or Thackeray working out the old Christian conception of the World with inexhaustible detail in *Vanity Fair*, to the humblest novelist, who could never make out his three volumes without the eternal contrast between conventionalism and genuine feeling—or, in other words, life without worship and life with it; and all alike do but repeat, in these days when it is said there is no agreement about religion, those maxims which have always made the basis of the religion of Christendom—that “there is one thing needful,” and that “it shall profit a man nothing if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul.”

To be continued.

MADCAP VIOLET.

CHAPTER IX.

CŒLUM NON ANIMAM.

SIR Acton North had early in life arrived at the conclusion that women were on the whole inexplicable creatures, who lived in a region of sentiment into which no man had ever entered, and who had all kinds of fancies and feelings which no man could possibly understand. But because he could not understand these strange notions, did he consider them preposterous? Not at all. He took them on trust, for the very reason that he could not guess at their origin. He was most considerate towards those women with whom he had dealings; it was enough for him that they did believe so and so, and did feel this or that; he had long ago given up all notion of trying to comprehend their sentiments; and, in short, he simply accepted their reports. Take, for example, the relations between Violet North and her step-mother. Why, he asked himself, could not these two people live in the same house together and be decently civil to each other? The answer was that they were women—they had “sympathies,” “antipathies,” “secret repugnances,” and all the rest of it, which were no doubt of great importance to themselves, but were a trifle unintelligible to others. He himself, now, when a young man, had shared his rooms with this or that acquaintance, whose habits and opinions were very different from his own; but did they quarrel? No; they were two men; they had something else to think of than studying those niceties of manner and expression that seemed to make women either love each other or hate each other as the chance might be. Had he not had to work in daily association with many a man whose appearance, and dress, and habit of speech—in fact everything about him—betokened mingled

coarseness and meanness; and yet when did either of them find the other's presence in a room an insupportable outrage on the feelings? Women were strange creatures; but they had to be leniently dealt with; for, after all, these peculiar fancies of theirs were doubtless of importance to themselves.

Sir Acton loyally carried out this theory, especially with regard to his wife and daughters. At the present moment he was hampering in a serious manner the performance of his duties in Canada, merely because a schoolgirl had besought him to take her away from England for eighteen months or a couple of years. He did not understand why Violet should hate England, or be so anxious to leave it. He knew she had committed some schoolgirl indiscretions; but surely every schoolgirl did not get into such a passion of remorse when found out in a fault? However, here was his eldest daughter crying, sobbing, imploring to be taken with him to Canada; and so he took her.

Nor was he surprised that, the moment she left England, she should begin to be very sorrowful and filled with a longing regret. That was only another instance of the unintelligible working of the feminine emotions. He cheered her as well as he could; and tried to interest her in the details of the voyage. Fortunately they had a fine passage; there were some agreeable people on board; and Miss North speedily regained her ordinary gaiety of spirits. When they landed on the shores of what was to her a new and wonderful country, moreover, she was full of high expectation. She proved, as she had promised to be, an excellent travelling companion. She was equal to any amount of fatigue—indeed, the girl had a constitution as tough as his own. She made light of delays and inconveniences; she saw everything that was tolerably pleasant

through rose-coloured spectacles; such things as were beautiful or delightful provoked an admiration which pleased her father, because it was obviously flavoured with gratitude. Then there was something on the other side. They were not always inspecting valleys, surveying plains, and studying maps. There were pauses of social enjoyment; and Sir Acton North, in taking about with him his daughter, was not at all averse to showing some of his old acquaintances what an English girl was like. And among those families were there not a few young men who secretly admired and longed—who wondered whether it was not possible to fascinate, delay, and subsequently capture this beautiful bird of passage? Doubtless; but their wiles were of no avail. She was too busy, eager, and happy—too gay and self-reliant of heart—to attend to inquiring glances and sighs. If she had, in resolving to become a woman, thrown aside much of the fractious impatience and rude frankness of her schoolgirl days, she still retained a gracious dignity—a certain lofty audacity of pride in herself—that would not at all permit that she should be trifled with. Those young gentlemen were not aware that she had just been released from school, or doubtless they would have been sufficiently surprised by the fashion in which a schoolgirl could assume all the self-reliant dignity of a woman, keeping them, more especially, in their proper place.

But even Sir Acton's placid concurrence in the vagaries of the feminine nature would have been startled if he had known the sentiment that was gradually growing up during all this time in his daughter's heart. It had been symbolised in a measure by the manner of her leaving England. She was glad to get away from the squalor, the din, the bustle of the seaport-town from which they sailed; but by and by all those objectionable things were forgotten, and, looking back, she only saw her own beautiful England. So now all the harsh aspects and humiliating circumstances of the old life she had cried

to get away from were forgotten; and she looked back to the small circle of friends she had known with a tender and wistful regret. She grew to think there was no place in all the world so quiet, and homely, and beautiful as that little garden behind James Drummond's house in Camberwell Grove. The people around her did all they could to please her and amuse her; but they were only acquaintances; her friends were back in that old and yet never-forgotten time which was becoming so dear to her. She had indeed succeeded in putting a great chasm between her and that by-gone time. England was not half so far away from her as were her schoolgirl days. But did she cease to care for the old time, and for the friends she knew then? Not much. Both had grown dearer to her, as England had grown dearer to her; and many a night, when a great lambent planet was shining in the northern sky, she looked up and her heart said to it, "Ah, how happy you must be; for you are able to look across the waters and see my England!"

And as for him who had been her companion in that adventure which was the main cause of her exile? Well, he underwent transformation too. First of all, she was a little ashamed of the whole affair; and did not like to think of him. Then she began to look upon that episode in a sort of half-humorous way; she would smile to herself in reflecting on her own folly; and perhaps wonder what he was now thinking of it all. But as the days, and the weeks, and the months went by—as the continual succession of actual lakes, and mountains, and pine-woods made England look more and more visionary and remote—so that little adventure came to be regarded as the only bit of romance that had ever occurred to her, and she thought of the bright May-day as belonging to a past Spring-time not likely to be recalled in the life of a woman. He, too; had he not been made the victim of her petulant caprice? Had he not manfully gone and taken the blame of that for which he was in nowise responsible? And did he sometimes think of her now?

For a long time she never mentioned him in her letters. One day, she put a timid little postscript at the end of the last page—she was writing to Mrs. Warrener—and this was what she asked, in a half comical way :

“Do you ever see my youthful sweetheart now? What a long time it seems since we made fools of ourselves! I suppose he has quite forgotten me by this time; and as for me, I can scarcely remember what he was like, except that he had wavy light-brown hair, which I thought very lovely and quite Adonis-looking. Sometimes I dream that I am caught in some awful piece of mischief, and Miss Main is setting me three pages of *Télémaque* to write out.”

It was a casual and apparently a careless question; but somehow the answer was looked for. And that came from Mr. Drummond himself, who described in his rambling, odd, jocular fashion, the evening which Mr. George Miller had spent at his house, the very night before. The girl dwelt long over that pleasant little picture; until she was more ready than ever to cry out, “How very happy the stars must be, because they can see my England!”

CHAPTER X.

A MESSAGE HOME.

ENGLAND, meanwhile, had not remained stationary merely because Violet North had left it. The little world in which she had lived still wagged on in its accustomed way, bringing all manner of changes, big and little, to the people she had known.

First of all, Mr. Drummond had finally completed his scheme for a great work to which he meant to devote the following winter. He had developed many such schemes before; and he had always been looking forward to a winter's serious work; but somehow the big project generally dwindled down to the dimensions of a magazine article, and even that was sometimes too whimsical and perverse for the most patient of editors. However, this time he was resolved to get the thing done; and so he went to a publisher whom he knew, carrying with him a few slips containing the outlines of his projected book. The publisher's face grew more and more puzzled as he looked at the following title and table of contents :

ON A PROPOSAL TO WHITEWASH THE OUTSIDE OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

SUB-HEAD 1.—THE GENERAL PROPERTIES AND HISTORY OF WHITEWASH.

- Section I. On Expiatory Punishments.
- Section II. Remarks on Modern Estimates of Judas Iscariot, Nero, Henry VIII., and Torquemada.
- Section III. Whitecross-street.
- Section IV. On those retrospective marriage laws which clear the character of illegitimate children.
- Section V. On tombstone inscriptions.

SUB-HEAD 2.—THE INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

- Section I. On Exploded Reputations.
- Section II. Three questions propounded: (1) Is it possible for the disembodied spirit to be present at the funeral of his own body? (2) Is it possible for a disembodied spirit to blush? (3) Is it probable that, on several occasions, disembodied spirits may have been present in Westminster Abbey, and blushed to find their own bodies being buried there?
- Section III. On the Dean of Westminster as a collector of curiosities.
- Section IV. On the possibility of a Dean of Westminster becoming possessed of the evil eye, and therefore able to secure celebrities for his collection before the proper time.
- Section V. A proposal for a Junior Westminster Abbey: the occupants of the present Abbey to retire by rotation: vacancies to be filled up from the Junior.

The publisher got no further than that. His brain was in a whirl, and he sought safety by getting back to the initial point of his perplexity.

"God bless my soul!" he cried, "what do you mean, Drummond? To whitewash Westminster Abbey? Why, the public wouldn't hear of such a thing. It would be an outrage—a barbarism—I never heard of such a notion!"

A quick, strange, bewildered look came into Drummond's eyes; he looked at the publisher in a puzzled way.

"You don't—see—that it is a joke," said he.

"A joke! Is all this meant to be a joke? Do you think the public would read a joke extending to five hundred pages?"

"Confound them, they read many a five hundred pages without any joke in them at all," said Drummond.

"My dear fellow!" said the publisher, with a friendly and condescending smile, "why, God bless my soul! who could be amusing for five hundred pages?"

"There are many folks amusing all their life long," retorted Drummond, though he was rather disappointed. "What they are after, goodness only knows. Perhaps they have the fun taken out of them *then*."

"Take my advice, Drummond," said his friendly adviser. "Don't waste your time over this. If it were a real piece of history, now, you know—something nice and picturesque about the Abbey itself, and the great heroes there—with a good dash of patriotism, and religious feeling, and that kind of thing—then the public would look at it. But a joke! and a joke about Westminster Abbey of all places in the world!"

"I meant no disrespect to the Abbey, I am sure," said Drummond, humbly.

"No, no," said his friend, "don't you waste your time on that."

James Drummond went home crestfallen to his sister: he was sure of sympathy and admiration from his unflinching audience of one.

"They won't have it, Sarah."

"And why?"

"Because the public wouldn't see it was meant as a joke; and then, if they did, they would take it as an insult. By heavens!" he added savagely, "I

wish all the publishers were buried in the Abbey, and that I had to write an inscription over their common tomb!"

"What would you say?"

He stood uncertain for a moment.

"I think," he said, slowly, "I cannot do better than go and compose that inscription. As a great favour, I will show it to any publisher who makes the application. It is not every one who can tell before his death what his tombstone is going to say after that event. Sarah, don't come in and disturb me until I have finished my eulogium on the departed race of publishers."

So that was all that came at the moment of Mr. Drummond's great project; and Mrs. Warrener was once more defeated in her desire to be able to write out to Violet North that her friend had become famous. For, of course, whatever Mr. Drummond's own notions on the subject were, his sister was convinced that he was failing in his duty so long as he did not achieve a great reputation; and of his capacity to do that she had no doubt whatever.

Events had moved in a more marked way with Mr. George Miller—"Young Miller," as Drummond now familiarly called him. In the first place his father had bought for him a comfortable partnership which did not make too severe a call upon his time; and the young gentleman, having thus started in the world for himself, preferred to leave the paternal roof and take up his lodging in Half Moon Street, where he had a couple of sufficiently pleasant rooms. Then he had gained admittance to a small but very gorgeous club in Piccadilly, the mere stair-case of which would have justified his paying double the entrance-fee demanded. This, about the most westerly in position of the well-known clubs was about the most easterly in the character of its members. It used to be said that the lost tribes of Israel had suddenly turned up in that imposing building, and that, as a consequence, the steward had to excise bacon from his daily bill of fare; but these rude jokes came with an ill grace from the young gentlemen of the Stock Exchange whose

ancestry was much more thoroughly missing than ever the lost tribes had been. Of course these two classes did not make up the membership of the club. Far from it. There was just as large a proportion as in other clubs of gentlemen who could not have earned a penny (except at pool) to save their lives—if that could fairly be regarded as an inducement; gentlemen whose ancestors had condescended to do nothing for five centuries, and who were in consequence regarded with great respect. There were lawyers, doctors, bill-discounters, clergymen—in short, all the ordinary constituents of a non-political club; and there were one or two authors, who were occasionally asked at the last moment to join this or that little dinner-party, because they were devilish amusing fellows, and good for no end of jokes, you know.

Now Mr. George Miller had become very friendly with James Drummond; and on several occasions the latter had been induced to dine at this club—let us call it the Judæum for distinction's sake—with his newly-made acquaintance. Mr. Drummond, during these evenings, grew more and more to wonder at the extraordinary knowledge of the world which this young man had picked up. It was not a knowledge of human nature; but a knowledge of the facts and circumstances of the life around him—of the petty ambitions of this man, of how the next made his money, of the fashion in which the other impetuous person contrived to make both ends meet by shifting his lodgings from time to time. Mr. Drummond perceived that young Miller was after all an ingenuous youth; but how had he picked up this familiarity with the ways of the world which after all had its value as a species of education? Mr. Drummond was well content to sit and listen to the young man. What he heard did not edify him; but it interested him in a way. Moreover there was no arrogance of superior knowledge about the young man. On the contrary, he was still the humble scholar and disciple of this whimsical master; and

was greatly pleased when Gamaliel invited him to spend an evening in the solitudes of that southern mountain, where he metaphorically sate at the feet of the teacher, and listened with much apparent interest to monologues, not one fifth part of which he could in any wise understand.

They were an oddly assorted couple of friends. But if Mr. Miller found himself at a marked disadvantage while his teacher was idly roaming over the fields of philosophy, art, and letters, culling a flower here and there, and expounding its hidden virtues, he, on the other hand, was much more at home than Drummond was in railway-stations, restaurants, hansom cabs, and what not. Young Miller “knew his way about,” as the saying is. When he paid his money he got his money's worth. He smiled blandly at the pretences of begging impostors; he was not born yesterday. If there was a crush at a train, Mr. Drummond would give way to the noisy and blustering person who hustled past him—would stand aside, indeed, in mild wonder over the man's manners; but young Miller did not see the fun of being imposed on in that fashion. His elbows were as sharp as any man's; his head as good a battering-ram as another's; if it cost him twenty hats he would not be deprived of his just rights.

One evening they were dining together in a quiet way at the Judæum; while they were talking, the waiter had opened a bottle of champagne, and filled their glasses. The moment Miller tasted the wine, he perceived that it was wholly different from that he had ordered, and summoning the waiter, he asked him what the wine was. The man remembered the order, and saw his mistake in a moment—he could only look in a helpless fashion at the destroyed bottle.

“Take it away and bring what I ordered.”

When he had gone Mr. Miller said, “Now that will teach that fellow to be a little more careful; that's eight shillings he has lost by his blunder.”

The waiter, not looking very radiant, came back with the proper wine, and the dinner went on.

"What wages will that man have?" said Drummond—he, too, seemed a little depressed.

"I don't know; probably a guinea a week, and his board and clothes."

"He may have a wife to keep perhaps?"

"Possibly he may."

"Perhaps she may have children and a small household to support on that guinea a week?"

"Very likely."

Drummond remained silent for some little time; he was not getting on well with his dinner. At last, he fairly flung down his knife and fork, and pushed away his plate.

"Miller, this dinner sticks in my throat!"

The younger man looked up amazed.

"What is it?"

"I can't sit eating and drinking here, with that unfortunate devil robbed of more than a third of his week's earnings—I can't do it—"

"Is it the waiter? Why, my dear fellow, I will put that right in a moment."

He would do anything to please his friend, of course. He called the waiter and told him to have the rejected bottle of wine added to the dinner-bill; the man went away with more gratitude in his face than he dared express in words.

"But it is very wrong," said young Miller, gravely. "You see you don't understand these things, Drummond—you don't like to have men treated like machines—and yet if you let fine feelings come into the management of a club, you'll simply have bad, and careless, and even impertinent servants. There's nothing like letting them suffer the consequences of their own mistakes. Haven't we to do the same? And who pities us? Now isn't there common sense in that?"

"Oh, yes, there's a deal of common sense in that," said Drummond, in a dry and serious tone which always

irritated his companion, who never could tell whether it did not conceal some trace of sarcasm.

"My dear fellow," continued Miller—he was pleased to be able to play Gamaliel himself at times—"the moment you break in on strict discipline it is all over with the servants in a club. I remember a pretty instance of what follows from familiarity and friendly feeling, and that kind of thing. We had an Oxford parson here—one of the new school, you know—felt hat, thick walking-stick, long tramps, a hail-fellow-well-met sort of fellow, you know, and a devil to smoke pipes—and he used to interest himself in the affairs of the waiters, and chat with them about their wives and families. Well, look here. He was in the smoking-room one evening—"

The face of Mr. Miller had grown properly solemn; he was really anxious to impress on his friend the true principles of governing waiters.

"He was in the smoking-room one evening, and we were all round the fire, and he wanted a light. A waiter had brought up some things—I suppose he was one of his pets—and he asked this waiter to bring him a light. There were no matches on the table; and what does this fellow do but take out a match-box of his own, get hold of a wax-match, strike it on the heel of his boot—*on the heel of his boot*—and hand it over to the parson!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Drummond, with an awe-struck face. "And what happened? Did the earth open and swallow up that fearful man?"

"Oh, you think it is a joke," said young Miller, rather nettled. "I don't, anyway. If one of my father's servants did that to me, I can tell you he wouldn't be three minutes in the house. And no servant would do it, mind you, if he hadn't been made careless and cheeky by over-familiarity. By the way, Lady North is an uncommon good one to look after her servants."

"Lady North?" said Drummond, with a stare.

"Yes," said Mr. Miller, with com-

placency. "Oh, I forgot to tell you, I fancy, how I ran across them at a picnic at Twickenham, and the girls are very plain, don't you see, and nobody was attending to them much, and so I became very good friends with them, mother and all."

"Was this another of your deeply-laid schemes?" said Drummond, with a smile; thinking of the ingenuous way in which the young man had made his own acquaintance.

"No, it was not, upon my honour," said Miller. "I knew they were to be there; and probably I should not have gone if I had not known; but the invitation was sent to me without any asking or arrangement on my part, and Lady North is not a bad sort of woman. I dined with the family and one or two friends the other evening. She is rather cut and dried, you know, and she has remarkably sharp grey eyes—by Jove, I can tell you, the servants won't have much of a fling in that house. The girls very plain—very; the eldest, Anatolia, has taken rather a fancy to me, I believe—oh, you needn't laugh, it is no great compliment, I assure you."

And so he let the garrulous boy run on, not more amused by his ingenuous confessions than by the shrewd, keen, practical estimates of men and things he had by haphazard formed. If Mr. Drummond had had the honour of Lady North's acquaintance, he would probably have taken a couple of months to form a judgment about her; and that judgment would have been founded on all sorts of speculations with regard to her birth, education, temperament, early life, and present ambitions. Young Miller, on the other hand, had seen her but twice or thrice; he positively knew nothing about her; but he hit on a very shrewd guess as to her ways, and he managed to convey to his friend a pretty clear picture of the short, fair, dignified, stupid, but well-meaning woman, whose excessive literalness, and consequent suspicion—for suspicion is the substitute employed by people who lack imagination and clear perception—had almost driven her stepdaughter crazy.

"And what about Vi—— about Miss North?" said James Drummond, rather hesitatingly. "When do they expect her home?"

"I don't think the lovely Anatolia is anxious for that event, for the chances of her ever getting married won't be improved; but she says her elder sister, as she invariably calls her, is coming home very soon now. Why, it is nearly two years since she left; I wonder what she will be like."

"What she will be like? That is easily answered. What she will be, that is of more importance," said Drummond, and for a second or two he sat silent. "She will have grown a woman since you saw her."

"But you don't suppose anybody changes completely in a couple of years?" exclaimed Miller.

"Oh no, not completely," said his companion, rather absently. "What will she be like? Well, in appearance very much what she was—a little more brave and self-possessed in manner, probably, as becomes a woman. And doubtless she will be handsomer than ever. But as to what sort of a woman she has become by this time—who can tell?"

"Oh, I don't suppose there can be much difference," said young Miller, impatiently.

His friend smiled good-naturedly.

"You boys!" he said. "It is always the one notion you have got into your head. You hope she has remained the same, that you may resume that piece of romanticism that was so cruelly broken off. Isn't that it?"

"Well?" said the young man, ingenuously and modestly.

"You think the schoolgirl is coming back to play at sweetheating again? I am afraid you will be disappointed. A girl grows so terribly—in experience, in character, in aims—between seventeen and twenty! Do you know, Miller, that you will have to introduce yourself to a new Miss North?"

"I don't believe it," said the other. "How can you tell? Because she has written clever letters? But everybody

is formal in letters ; and I don't suppose she talks like that."

"I don't suppose she does," said Drummond, apparently thinking of something very far away from that dinner-table, and so the subject dropped for the moment.

As they were walking along Piccadilly that night, Miller said :

"I hear that Sir Acton North is a very rich man."

"I suppose he is," Drummond answered.

"He has got an uncommonly fine collection of pictures ; at least so one or two of the people there the other evening were saying. I'm not up to that sort of thing. By Jove, if I had his money, I shouldn't spend it on pictures and live in Euston Square. How much do you think he will give his eldest daughter when she marries ?"

Drummond burst out laughing.

"What an extraordinary question ! Do you think life is long enough to let one speculate on conundrums like that ? What possible interest could I have in making guesses as to Violet North's fortune ?"

But he suddenly recollected himself. He looked at his companion with a sort of surprised curiosity in his eyes.

"Oh, I see : you—do you expect to have an interest in that question ?"

"I say nothing about myself," said the younger man, rather peevishly. "What harm is there in asking what money a girl is likely to have ? Of course I expect the girl I shall marry, whoever she may be, to have some money. I shall have some. There is no great mercenariness about that, is there ? It appears to me reasonable enough. You seem to think that any one on this side of thirty must have his head stuffed full of romance and trash. Well, I don't make any pretence of that kind. I think it is a fair bargain—you bring so much money into the affair, and I don't see why the girl shouldn't also—just as the women of the poorer classes bring a chest of drawers and some blankets. It makes a woman far more independent too. She can indulge in expensive

tastes, and charity, and all that, without feeling that she is drawing too hard on her husband. Now what do you say to that ?"

"Oh, nothing," said Drummond. "It is reasonable."

"Yes, I think it is reasonable," said young Miller, rather warmly. "And don't you think a reasonable woman would have the same notions ? A school-girl, of course, is all for love and love's sake alone, and moonlight, and rope-ladders. A sensible woman knows the cost of a house in Hyde Park Square, and is precious glad to have two incomes instead of one for her family."

"And then, you see, Violet North is coming back a sensible woman, not a schoolgirl," remarked Mr. Drummond, kindly bringing these various statements to a legitimate conclusion.

"Oh, I didn't quite mean that," said the younger man. "Not at all. I was only saying that when I married I should not be at all offended if the girl had a little money of her own. I don't suppose I am more mercenary than other people ; but I see what the effect is of starting a house and family on the income that was all very well for a bachelor's rooms."

"Quite right ; quite right."

Now there was nothing that Mr. Miller disliked so much as being dismissed in this fashion when he was trying to engage his newly-formed acquaintance in talk. James Drummond scarcely ever agreed with anybody ; and when he briefly said, "All right," or "Very well : quite true," it was a sure sign that he simply would not take the trouble to enter into the subject. Fortunately, at this moment they had just got to the corner of Half-Moon Street ; so they separated, and Drummond got into a hansom and made for home.

It was about a fortnight after this evening that Young Miller found himself the guest of Mr. Drummond ; and the small circle—which now included little Amy Warrener, who had become almost a young lady—was listening to the disquisitions of a philosopher who shall be nameless. He was labouring to prove

—or rather, he was dogmatically asserting—that the happy man was he who could forget the past and disregard the future, fixing his attention on the occupation of the moment, and taking such joys as came in his way with a light heart. Why think of the long drive home if you are at the theatre? Why think of the next day's awakening and work if you are spending a pleasant evening? The philosopher in question maintained that this banishment of anticipation was a habit which could be cultivated; and that a wise man would resolve to acquire so invaluable a habit.

"And then," said he, contradicting himself with happy carelessness, "what are the joys of the moment to your expectations of them? Put them well on ahead; give yourself up to imagining them; and you will reap the value of them twenty times over before they arrive. We, for example, mean to go up again to the Highlands this autumn——"

Here a young lady clapped her hands with joy.

"—and at the present moment the Highlands are a greater delight to me than they will be then. I can defy those rushing butcher's carts, those inhuman organ-men, the fear of formal calls, by jumping off into the Highlands, and becoming a savage—a real out-and-out savage, careless of wind, and rain, and sunlight, and determined to slay all the wild animals I can find in a day's tramping over the heather——"

"Have you much game in that place?" asked the practical Mr. Miller.

"Plenty!" cried Mrs. Warrener, with a cruel frankness. "But he never hits anything. I believe we should never have a bird or a hare except for old Peter."

"Libels—mere libels," said the philosopher, returning to his subject. "Now just think of the delight—here in this howling wilderness of London—of taking out your gun, and seeing that it is all well oiled and polished; of trying 'em on your leggins to take the stiffness out of them; of hauling out your old shooting-coat and finding in it a bill

telling you at what hour the coach starts for the Moor of Rannoch. Now this is real delight. I snap my fingers at London. I become a savage——"

Just at this moment the maid tapped at the door and brought in a letter. Surely he knew the handwriting?

"You will excuse me," said he, hurriedly breaking open the envelope, "when I tell you—yes, I thought so—Violet North is, by Jove, in London!"

The Highlands were forgotten in a twinkling.

"Oh, uncle, when is she coming over?" cried Miss Amy, with piteous eyes.

"Already back in London!" cried Mrs. Warrener.

"And where is she living?" cried young Miller.

Mr. Drummond stood out in the middle of the floor, holding the folded letter up in the air.

"Ha, ha, my young people, there are secrets here; who will bid for them? A thousand mines of Golconda the first offer! No advance on that?—why——"

Well, he stopped there—and all the merrymaking went out of his face—for some one at the door said quietly,

"May I come in?"

Amy Warrener was the first to answer; and her answer was a quick, sharp cry of delight as she sprang to the door. Then the door was opened; and a tall young lady walked into the room, with wonder, and gladness, and shyness on her handsome face.

CHAPTER XI.

HOME.

For a second or two she was smothered up in the embraces of the women; then she turned, with a heightened colour in her face and a glad look in her eyes, but with a wonderful grace, and ease, and dignity in her manner, to Mr. Drummond and his guest. Amy Warrener, herself "laughin' maist like to greet," became aware in an instant that, although this was Violet North come back again, she was not quite her own Violet of former days. There was some new and

inexplicable quality about her manner—a sort of gracious self-possession that bespoke the development of womanhood.

And yet it was with all a girl's vivacity and eager impetuous curiosity that she began to pour out questions. She wanted to know all at once what they had been doing, where her schoolgirl friends were, how Miss Main was getting on; and then she suddenly cried out—

“Oh, you don't know how nice it is to be home again, and I could not feel at home in England until I came over here.”

“And don't you notice any changes?” Drummond asked.

“Oh yes,” she said, looking more particularly at him; “I scarcely understand it all yet. It is like a dream as yet—such a change from what I expected.”

“Two years make a difference,” said he. “We have not kept stationary any more than you have—and you!—why, you have grown a woman.”

“Oh, but it was exactly the reverse of that I meant!” she said, anxiously. “You look all so much younger than I expected—except Amy. Why, I used to look on you, Mr. Drummond, as—as rather——”

“As rather an old fellow!” he called out, with a shout of laughter over her embarrassment. “Well, I am old enough, Violet, to warn you not to make people such compliments as these. And so you think we have grown younger?”

“You especially—oh, so much!”

“And I also?” young Miller made bold to ask, though he cast down his eyes.

Now these two had not spoken before. When she came into the room, she had glanced at him with some surprise; then, from time to time, she let her eyes fall on his face with an expression of a half-shy, half-humorous curiosity. Now she mustered up courage to look him straight in the face; and a trifle of colour mounted into her cheeks as she answered, in a somewhat low and embarrassed way—

“I am afraid I scarcely can recollect

well enough. You know our—our acquaintance was very short.”

So she had not even taken the trouble to remember him!

“I suppose,” said he, rather shortly, “you made enough friends out there to pass the time with.”

“I forgot none of my friends in England,” she said, gently. The reproof was just: he had no right, she plainly intimated, to put himself on a level with these old friends of hers.

By this time the little party had got better shaken together—the first eager curiosity being over—and now Miss Violet began to tell them something of her wonderful adventures and experiences. But the strange thing was that the recital mainly proceeded from the lips of Mr. Drummond. It was by the exercise of a curious, swift, subtle sympathy that he seemed to divine what would be the notions of a girl in this new country; and as she went on, mentioning this circumstance and the other, he took the parable out of her mouth and made himself the interpreter. No one noticed that he did so. It seemed to be Violet North herself talking.

“Precisely,” he would say, “I quite see how that half-civilised life must have struck you. Don't you see, you were getting then some notion of how the human race began to fight with nature long before cities were built. You saw them clearing the woods, making roads, building houses, founding small communities. You saw the birth of villages, and the formation of states. You saw the beginnings of civilisation, as it were; and the necessity of mutual helpfulness among the settlers; and the general rough-and-ready education of such a life. Don't you think it must have been a valuable experience to find out how thoroughly new life can be? Here in London, I have no doubt, you got it into your head that the houses and shops must have existed there for ever; that the trains to Ludgate Hill and Victoria were a necessary part of the world; that all the elaborate institutions and habits of city life were fixed and unalterable——”

"And then it was so interesting, in these places, to find out what sorts of food they had—I got quite learned in crops——."

"Ah, yes, precisely. There you saw food at its fountain-head, not in blue packets in a grocer's shop. And of course every man would have a pride in his own fields and ask you what you thought of his crops, and you would come to see something else in a landscape than the mere colours that an English young lady would see. The cattle—did you begin to learn something of the points of the cattle?"

She had to confess her ignorance in that direction.

"Then the wilder and fiercer cattle, Violet—go on and tell us of buffaloes, and grizzlies, and mustangs—I have loved the word mustang ever since I was a boy. Gracious me! how I used to long for the life of a savage—for prairies, and war-trails, and squaws, and mocassins: Violet, did you ever snare a brace of mocassins when you were meandering about the Rocky Mountains?"

"If I were you," she said, with a sweet sarcasm, "I would say, 'mocassins,' not 'mocassins!'"

"Thus it is she crushes us with her newly-found knowledge. But we are willing to learn. Violet, you shall teach us all about assegais and boomerangs—but those don't belong to America, do they?—and we shall admire the noble savage."

"You were talking of the delights of a savage life—in the Highlands—just before Miss North came in to surprise us," said Mr. Miller.

"Oh," cried Miss North, suddenly, "why didn't you go to the Highlands last year? I thought you had determined to go every year after your first experience the year before last."

"The truth is——" said Mr. Drummond, with some embarrassment.

Young Miller broke in—proud to be able to convey information.

"He won't tell you, Miss North. The fact is he went and gave his holiday-money to a clergyman's widow to take her family down to the sea-side;

and if you ask my opinion about it, I think it was much too much of a good thing. I don't see the fun of——"

"Violet, what did you think of New York?" said Drummond quickly.

The girl laughed: she knew he was not anxious to know her opinion of New York.

"But you are going this year to the Highlands?" she said.

"We hope so."

"I wish I were going with you," the girl said, simply and naturally.

"Why shouldn't you?" said Mr. Miller boldly.

It was a pretty project that he then and there formed. Miss North would go up to that shooting-box with her friends, and pleasant indeed would be the parties they would have in the evening, when the toils of the day were over. And if a certain young man should happen to be in the neighbourhood—by the merest chance, of course—could so hospitable, and generous, and kindly a fellow as Mr. Drummond was, refuse to offer him a few days' shooting? Then there would be odd moments now and again for clamberings up the hills, in order to sit on the sunlit rocks and listen to the humming of the bees, or for quiet and pensive strolls along the valleys in the cool of the evening, with the mountains losing the last fire of the sunset and a white mist gathering along the bed of the distant loch. Mr. Miller looked anxiously for an answer to this proposal.

"Why shouldn't you?" echoed Mr. Drummond. "We will make you welcome enough."

"You are very kind indeed," she said, with a smile; "but I am under proper government now. Lady North means to try to put up with me as well as she can; and my sisters almost succeeded this morning in making me believe they liked me. So I am to stay on there; and I suppose in consequence we shall move westward some day soon. That will be hard on poor papa; for he will shift his house all for nothing——"

"Why, Violet?"

"Oh," said the young lady with her ordinary cool frankness, "Lady North

and I are sure to have a fight—quite sure. I think her a mean-spirited and tricky little woman; she thinks that I have a frightfully bad temper; so it will be just as it was before.”

“There you are quite wrong,” said Mr. Drummond quietly. “It will not be as it was before; but very different. Do you know what people will say of you now if you and Lady North don’t agree?—why that you have such a bad temper that you cannot live in your father’s house.”

“Perhaps that is true enough,” she said, with great modesty—and Amy Warrener saw something in her mischievous smile of the Violet of other days.

“And then,” continued her Mentor, “formerly when you had a quarrel, you could live at Miss Main’s school. Where would you go now? Not to school again?”

“Ah, well,” she said, with a bright look, “don’t let us talk of all those unpleasant things now; for I am so glad to get back and be among you again that I am disposed to be humble and obedient even to my stepmother. And she is really trying to be very kind to me just now. I am to keep the brougham to-night till eleven o’clock, if you don’t turn me out before then. And Lady North is coming over to call on you, Mrs. Warrener; and she wants you all to come to her next ‘At Home’ on the 30th. I think you have got a card, Mr. Miller?”

“Yes,” said he, with some embarrassment. “Do you think your father would object to my going?”

“Oh, dear, no,” she answered confidently. “Papa never keeps up old scores; and as well as I can recollect, you—you—seemed to have pleased him by going to him frankly. How silly we were!” she added quickly, and with a return of the warm colour to her cheeks.

They got away from that subject also, however, and no other reference was made to it. The girl was altogether delighted to be with her old friends again; and the changes she had noticed on her entrance became less prominent now.

She submitted, just as she had done in her schoolgirl days, to be alternately lectured, teased, and laughed at, by Mr. Drummond; and she did not mind his continually calling her Violet. She made Mrs. Warrener promise to bring them all to Lady North’s party. She would have Amy come with her for her first drive in the Park, where, as her father had consented, she should herself drive Lady North’s victoria and pair of ponies.

Mr. Miller got the least share of her attention. These two rarely spoke to each other, and then never without a little embarrassment; but very frequently she had a quiet, curious look at him, apparently trying to discover something. As for him, he simply sate and stared at her—watching her every movement, fascinated by her voice, her smile, the bright, frank look of those darkly-lashed eyes. But a great joy was in store for him. For some purpose or other, she took from her pocket a small pencil, but found it was broken.

“Oh, do let me get it mended for you,” said he eagerly. “I know a man who is capital for that.”

“Is it worth it?” said she, handing it over.

His reply was to take from his pocket a beautiful little pen and pencil-case with a knife attached; and this he begged her to accept in exchange, as it was better fitted for a lady than for him.

“In exchange?” she said, with a smile that was worth to him more than a thousand pencil-cases. “That would be a profitable exchange. This one is gold; mine is aluminium; thank you, but I could not rob you.”

“Well, at all events, you can keep it until I return you this one?”

“Oh, yes,” she said, “if you will be so kind.”

He put that humble little pencil-case—worth about five shillings—in his pocket with as much pride as if it had been made of ivory and diamonds; and he secretly vowed that she should never see it again, even if she lived for a thousand years.

Then, in the old familiar fashion of

spending the evening which Violet knew so well, Mary the maidservant came in with the frugal supper; and there was great amusement over her wonder at seeing Miss North.

"How are you, Mary? are you quite well?" said that young lady, who was a great friend of all maidservants and folks in humble capacity.

"Oh yes, Miss," stammered Mary;—"I mean ma'am—I am pretty well, thank you."

"Now there is but one question more I have to ask," said Violet, as they all sate round the small white-covered table, "and I am almost afraid to ask it. Have they built over Grove Park yet?"

"Certainly not," was the answer.

"And the big cedars are still there, and the tall elms, and the rooks' nests?"

"Not a thing altered since you left."

"Ah, well do you know," she said, "when I used to think of the happiest time I ever spent in England and the most beautiful place I could remember, I always thought of those Christmas holidays I spent with you, and of our walks at night in the snow. Do you remember how we used to go out quite late at night, with the hard snow crackling beneath one's feet, the gas-lamps shining on the trees, and then go away into the Park, through the darkness of those cedars near the gate? Then I used to think of the silence we got into—by the side of the meadows—one seemed to be up quite close to the stars, and you could not imagine there was anybody living in those two or three houses. And as for London—though it lay almost under our feet—you know you could see or hear nothing of it—there was nothing all around but the white snow, and the black trees, and the stars. Do you remember all that?"

"But where is it?" said young Miller, looking puzzled. Could she be talking so enthusiastically about some place in Camberwell?

"Over the way," she said promptly. "Five minutes' walk off."

"And that is the most beautiful place you can remember?" said he. "And you have been to Chamounix?"

"Yes it is," she said boldly. "I like Camberwell better than Chamounix, and therefore it is more beautiful. But I was speaking of the snow-time and the stars, and the quiet of the frosty nights. Perhaps you have never been into Grove Park? If you walk round that way now——"

"I propose we do," said Mr. Drummond, "as soon as we finish supper. I am anxious to discover what it is in the place that makes it the rival of Chamounix."

"Don't you remember?" she said, with great disappointment visible in her face.

"I remember the wonderful star-lit nights and the snow, certainly," said he.

"Very well," said she, "weren't they worth remembering? As to Chamounix—well, as to Chamounix—what can one remember of Chamounix? I know what I remember—crowded *tables d'hôte*, hot walks in stifling valleys, firing cannon and looking through a telescope, and all the ladies trying who could get up the most striking costumes for dinner. To go about a place like that with a lot of people you don't like——"

Here, for some occult reason, Mr. Drummond burst into a most impertinent fit of laughing.

"Oh, yes," she said, with her colour rising, "I am not ashamed to own it. I liked the people with whom I went walking about Grove Park. If that has anything to do with it, I am very glad of it, for the sake of the Park."

"And they were very fond of you too, Violet," said her old schoolfellow, Amy, with unexpected decision. "And you are quite right. And I would—I would hate Chamounix, if I were you."

"Why, child what do you know about Chamounix?" her mother said.

"I don't want to know anything about it—I hate it."

So that closed the discussion, which had ended in a unanimous decision that Chamounix was a miserable and despic-

able place as compared with a certain chosen spot in Camberwell.

Now if Miss North's love and admiration for Grove Park were largely based on the romantic conditions in which she remembered to have seen the place, surely Mr. Miller's impressions were likely to be equally favourable. For when they went outside into the cold night air there was an appearance in the sky overhead that told how the moon was visible somewhere; and they knew that when they got round into the high and open spaces of the Park a vast and moonlit landscape would be unrolled before their eyes. Miss Violet and Mrs. Warrener led the way; naturally the discoverer of this wonderful place was pioneer. There was scarcely anyone about; the footfalls of the small party were plainly heard in the silence of the Grove. Then they reached the gloomy portals of the Park—gloomy because of the cedars about—and then they left the region of bright gas-lamps and passed in and through the darkness of the overhanging trees.

The night was indeed a beautiful one, though as yet they had not seen the moon. The sky overhead was clear and full of pale stars; in the south a lambent planet was shining. How solemnly stood the great trees, their spreading branches of a jet black against the far-off vault of blue, not a rustle of their leaves breaking the deep stillness. There was a scent of hay in the air, one of the meadows adjoining having just been cut.

When at length they had reached the highest portion of the park, and got by one or two tall and silent houses, behold! they came upon a wonderful spectacle. No dramatic surprise could have been more skilfully arranged; for they had become accustomed to the clear and serene darkness of the night, and the twinkling of the pale stars, and the motionless blackness of the lofty trees, and had no further expectation. But all at once they found before them, as they looked away over to Sydenham, a great and moonlit space; the air filled with a strange pale glamour that seemed

to lie over the broad valley; while the full yellow moon herself hung like a great globe of fire immediately over a long low line of hill stretching across the southern horizon. These heights, lying under this glory of moonlight, would have seemed dusky, mystic, and remote, but that here and there glittered bright spots of yellow fire, telling of houses hidden among trees, and overlooking the wide plain. It was a wonderful panorama; the burning stars of gold on the shadowy heights, the full yellow moon in the violet-grey sky, the pale light over the plain, and the black trees close at hand, the southward-looking branches of which were touched here and there by the mild radiance. Then the extreme silence of the place—as if that were a pageant all lit up in an uninhabited world—the cold, sweet night air—the mystery and sadness of the stars.

"Ah, well," said Drummond, with a sigh, "it does not matter whether it is Camberwell or Chamounix; you get very close to heaven on a night like this."

Young Miller felt that in his heart too; for he was standing beside Violet North; and as she was gazing away down into the south, with absent and wistful eyes, he could watch with impunity the beautiful outlines of her face, now touched with a pale and mystic light. He wished to speak to her, and yet he was afraid to break the strange stillness. She did not seem to be aware of his presence; but it was with a secret thrill of pleasure that from time to time his fingers were touched by the corner of the light shawl she wore.

"Is this as fine as what you remember?" he said to her, at length, in a low voice.

She seemed to try to collect herself. She looked at him and said "Yes;" but presently he saw her turn her head away, and he had just caught a glimpse of the great tears that stood in her eyes.

"Young Miller," said Mr. Drummond, as they walked back; "we have beaten

down your Chamounix ; we have destroyed Mont Blanc ; the Glacier des Bossons is no more."

"Quite right," said the young man, humbly ; "I give in."

Now when Violet got back to the house, she found her father's brougham at the door, and she would not enter with them. But she said to Mr. Miller, who happened to be her companion at the moment—

"I have some little presents for my friends here : would you kindly take them in for me ?"

There was after all some schoolgirl shyness about this young lady ; she had not had the courage to offer them the presents herself. And how gladly he undertook the commission !—he was proud to have her confidence in this small matter.

Then she bade good-bye to them all. She was a little silent in going away ; it was like going away once more from home.

"Then I shall see you on the 30th," said George Miller, looking at her rather timidly.

"Oh, yes, I shall be glad to see you," she said simply ; and then she drove away.

He carried the parcels into the house ; they were all neatly wrapped up and addressed. He undertook the business of opening them and displaying their contents ; and lo ! there was on the table a wonderful assortment of gifts, with the fancy of a girl apparent in them. For she had brought strange Indian pipes, decorated with silver and colours and silk, for Mr. Drummond, and a little case containing a couple of revolvers with ivory and silver handles ; and there were fans and a marvellous shawl for Mrs. Warrener ; and there was an extraordinary necklet of pale coral, with bracelets and what not, for her daughter. James Drummond, gazing with astonishment at this goodly show, pronounced an oration over them.

"There was once upon a time," said he, "a company of poor folk sitting very disconsolate in a room together,

and they had grown rather gloomy, and tired of the dulness and greyness of life. And all at once there appeared to them a fairy princess, with a beautiful smile on her face ; and she came amongst them, and talked to them, and all the sadness went out of their hearts, and she cheered them so that they began to think that life was quite enjoyable and lovely again. And when she went away, what did they find ? Why, she had left behind her, without saying a word about it, all manner of precious and beautiful things, and the poor folk were almost afraid to touch them, in case they should crumble away. But they didn't crumble away at all ; for she was a real, live, human fairy ; and hadn't she promised to come back, too, and cheer them up a bit now and again ? Young Miller, I am sorry she did not expect to see you too."

The young man pulled out the aluminium pencil-case proudly.

"Look at that," said he, "*and that belonged to herself.*"

"Now, James," said Mrs. Warrener, with a kindly smile, "what about her being hardened by all the railway-people ?"

"And oh ! how pretty she is ; and she is more beautiful than ever !" cried Amy, rather incoherently.

Young Miller was silent for a second or two.

"I suppose," said he, rather gloomily, "if she stays with her father now, she will be going about a great deal, and seeing lots of people. If she drives in the Park every one will get to know who she is. How easy it is for girls to have their heads turned by the attention they get."

"It will take a great deal to turn Violet's head," said Mrs. Warrener, gently. "There is plenty of shrewdness in it."

When Mr. Miller set out to walk over to Sydenham Hill that evening, the notions that went whirling through his brain were alternately disquieting and pleasing. Had he not this treasure of a pencil transferred from her pocket to his ? She had breathed upon it

many a time; she had held it in her white, small fingers; perchance she may in an absent moment have put it up to her lips. It was a fair, still, moonlight night; he took out the bit of aluminium as if it had been a talisman and kissed it a hundred times. Then had she not admitted she would be glad to see him on this approaching evening? and already another day was about to begin, to lessen the long procession of dates. It was true that she was very beautiful and very proud; she would have lots of admirers. Lady North was fond of society; Violet would meet all manner of strangers; they would know that her father was a rich man; and they would be eager to win the affections of a girl who had beauty, money, everything to bestow. The wonderful moonlit landscape was not so lovely now; since she had driven away. The orange points of fire on the heights were almost extinguished. The world generally had grown less fairy-like; but still he was to meet her in less than a fortnight's time.

CHAPTER XII.

WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

On the very next afternoon Lady North and Violet paid the promised visit to Mrs. Warrener. Unluckily James Drummond was not in the house; but his sister had enough of his shrewdness of perception to see how little likely it was that this stepmother and step-daughter should ever agree—the one a prim, dignified, matter-of-fact little woman, who had a curious watchful and observant look in her cold grey eyes, and a certain affected stateliness of manner; the other a proud, impetuous girl, who had the bitterest scorn of all pretence and an amazing frankness in showing it.

Lady North, so far as her formal manner would allow, was profuse in her apologies to Mrs. Warrener for the short notice she had given her; and now it appeared that what Violet had modestly called an "At Home" was in reality a

fancy dress ball. Mr. Miller had also been modest in the matter; and had not told his friends of his having received an invitation.

"It is so short a time," said Violet, "but I am sure you will come, Mrs. Warrener—and Amy too——"

"Not Amy at any rate," said the gentle little house-mother, with a smile. "My only doubt, Lady North, is about my brother. I am afraid a fancy dress ball would not quite fall in with his habits."

"My dear Mrs. Warrener," said Violet, with the air of a woman of the world, "it does not accord with anybody's habits; but it is merely a harmless piece of fun, that even very wise people like. You have no idea how pleased he will be by the show of beautiful costumes. And I know he will come if you say that I particularly asked him. We shall have quite a party by ourselves, you know—Mr. Miller is coming."

"And what will be *his* dress?" asked Mrs. Warrener.

"I don't know," said Violet; and then she added, with a sort of mischievous smile, "Tell him to come as Romeo. Would he not look well as Romeo? Now do, Mrs. Warrener, tell him that I wish him to come as Romeo."

"Very well, Violet," said Mrs. Warrener, with a smile; but she shook her head all the time—the schoolgirl had not wholly left this young lady.

Now, strange to say, Mr. Drummond accepted the invitation with eagerness and delight—it happened to strike some fancy. In a second he was full of schemes of costume. He would go as this, he would go as that; his sister must be Pharaoh's Daughter, must be Consuelo, must be Lady Jane Grey. In imagination he tumbled all the centuries together; and played hop, skip, and jump through history. In the end, he was forced to confess that he did not know what to do.

There came to his aid a practical young man.

"The simplest thing in the world," said George Miller, with a superior air.

"You come with me to a man in Bow-street; he will show you coloured plates; you can have a dress made for you; or you can see what he has. I will go with you: he will charge you ever so much too much if you let him."

"And you—have you got your dress?" asked Drummond, with a modest air, of this experienced person.

"It is being made," said he carelessly. "I am going as Charles I."

"I have a message for you as regards that," said Mrs. Warren, looking at him in her quiet and humorous way. "Violet was over here yesterday. She bade me tell you you must go to the ball as Romeo."

All the carelessness went out of the young man's manner in a second.

"No!" said he. "Did she really? It is not a joke?"

"I have delivered the message as I got it."

"By Jove! Then I must telegraph to them to stop the Charles I. dress—oh, I don't care whether I have to pay for it or not!—in any case I will go as Romeo." And then he added quickly, with a flush in his face, "Don't you think the joke a good one? She was making fun, of course; but what a joke it will be to surprise her?"

Forthwith it was arranged that these three should make up a little party to go to Bow-street; and on their way thither it almost seemed as if Mr. Drummond had gone out of his senses. Young Miller did not understand this kind of thing. Imaginary conversations between discarded costumes about the character of their successive wearers? Ghosts getting into a *costumier's* repository, and having a fancy-dress ball by phosphorescent light? He treated such nonsense with impatience; he would rather have understood clearly what dress Mr. Drummond proposed to wear.

Then, even in presence of the grave and puzzled *costumier*, also! Young Miller, as a shrewd and practical person, perceived that this was a matter of business, and not a subject for all manner of whimsical absurdities. Where was the fun of bewildering a *costumier*,

when that worthy person was patiently turning over the coloured plates?

"Mercutio," said Drummond. "Is that Mercutio? How plump and well-favoured he is. I always loved Mercutio—but I did not know he was so good-looking. They say Shakespeare killed him because he could not keep up the supply of jokes that Mercutio needed. They might as well say that God took and plunged the rivers into the sea lest there shouldn't be enough water left on land for a long river-course. That's why the rivers always take the nearest way; and that's why poor old Mercutio was killed."

Now what was the good of talking like that to this puzzled tradesman and artist? Young Miller had continually to keep saying,

"And how much would that be—in blue satin and velvet, for example!"

It was indeed very lucky for these two that Mr. Miller had gone with them; for, in the end, when they had finally made their choice, he suggested an arrangement which lessened the proposed cost by more than one half. The costumes were to be made according to sketches which Mr. Drummond was to supply; but they were to remain the property of the *costumier*; and only their temporary use to be charged for. Not only Mr. Drummond, but also his sister, who had more to do with accounts was quite impressed by the business-like way in which Mr. Miller drew up and ratified this contract.

One evening that little garden in Camberwell saw a strange sight. It was nearly dusk; under the cherry and apple-trees there was almost darkness. And what was this tall and silent figure, clad from head to heel in a cloak of sombre red, with a sword thrusting out the cloak behind, with a peaked black cap coming down on the forehead, and that surmounted by a tall red feather that here and there brushed the leaves of the trees? What manner of man was this, with ruddy shadows under the strangely vivid eyes, with cadaverous cheeks, with pointed beard and curled moustache, and with a fiendish grin on

his lips? Then a younger man stepped down from the balcony; and behold the youth was bravely clad in blue and silver, with a cape of velvet hanging from his shoulders; and there was a soft yellow down on his upper lip; and a look of gay laughter about his handsome face. He, in turn, was followed by a beautiful and gentle creature, who wore her yellow hair in two long plaits behind, and who appeared in a simple dress of white, with its tight sleeves and its satchel touched here and there with blue. Strangely enough, as the three figures walked here and there through the twilight of the garden, Mephistopheles, Romeo, and Margaret spoke the same language, and laughed with the same light laughter. It was their dress-rehearsal: the solitary spectator being a young lady in the balcony, who said they looked like ghosts, and hoped she should not dream of them that night.

The important evening at length arrived; and Mr. Miller had arranged to dress at James Drummond's house, for he was quite sure that, without his supervision, Mephistopheles would be found lacking in fiendish eyebrows and moustache. James Drummond was not accustomed to these things; he was a mere child in the hands of young Miller, who dealt with this matter in a serious and didactic fashion.

The big house in Euston Square was all lit up; Chinese lanterns were hung along the covered way leading down to the gate; and on the pavement a large number of people had assembled to watch the arrivals descend from the carriages and walk up that lane of dimly-coloured light. There was a murmur of surprise when a tall, gaunt figure in sombre red stalked by; with a whisper of "The Devil!" Romeo was a little bewildered; he was wondering how Violet would be dressed; whether she would be kind or proud; whether she would dance with many people. He resolved that he would not stay in the room if she danced with any one other than himself; and he already hated that unknown stranger.

More brilliant lights; a sound of dis-

tant music; some servants, with staring eyes, and anxious manner.

Mr. Drummond taps young Romeo on the shoulder.

"You are in the way."

He stands aside; and two strange creatures go by.

"Thank you," says one of them, courteously. "You have allowed two centuries to pass."

As yet they are but encountering the outward ripples of the great whirlpool within. Cleopatra, proud and dusky, with golden ornaments pendant over her forehead, comes out into the cooler air of the hall; she is attended by an executioner, draped in black, and masked. Whose are these enormous scarlet feathers sweeping back from the cowl? Surely they and the long slashed cloak belong to a High Baron of Germany? There, at the foot of the stairs, Mary Queen of Scots is chatting pleasantly with a tall youth dressed as *chef de cuisine*; beside them stands the redoubtable Jean Sans-terre, the lights gleaming on his suit of chain-mail, his huge shield and battle-axe. Harlequin whips by; the solemn Master of Ravenswood appears with Ophelia on his arm; the mighty-hearted Barbarossa and the Fille du Regiment, laughing and talking together, are making for the ballroom.

"*Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?*"

At the sound of that well-known voice our three strangers turned instantaneously; what wonderful vision was this—not the Violet North they knew, but Juliet herself descended in all her beauty from the moonlit balcony—her face a trifle pale, perhaps, but that may have been the reflected light of her robes of white satin—her magnificent black hair looking blacker because of this gleaming dress—her dark eyes full of fire, and light, and gladness—the proud, sweet mouth partly opened in the excitement of the moment, and just showing a glimmer of milk-white teeth. Young Romeo was altogether overwhelmed, blinded, bewildered. What great condescension was this—or was she but toying with him: she the full-

grown woman still fancying that he was but a youth? There was more of the girl than of the woman, however, in the delight of her face, in the eager fashion in which she insisted on showing them where Lady North was posted.

"Oh, Violet, how lovely you look in that dress!" Mrs. Warrener could not help saying, in an undertone.

"Can we get up the stairs?" the girl said. "Lady North is on the landing. Mr. Drummond, shall we lead the way?"

Surely Romeo and Juliet should have gone together. Romeo was rather silent when he saw that beautiful creature in the white satin and pearls pass on with the tall figure in sombre red.

For a few seconds the crush on the stairs kept them jammed in and motionless at one point of the ascent. Violet turned round; Romeo was just beneath; and she said to him, with a tender sweetness—

"How cam'st thou hither, tell me! and wherefore?"

The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;

And the place death, considering who thou art,

¶ If any of my kinsmen find thee here."

He could not answer—his face flushed red with embarrassment; but fortunately another upward movement on the part of the crowd carried them on again and hid his vexation.

"She has studied her part better than you," said Mrs. Warrener, with a quiet smile.

"How could I know?" said he, almost angrily. "I did not know she would be Juliet. I suppose these are the speeches Juliet makes. And one looks such a fool."

"But surely you know the pretty things that Romeo says to her?" said his companion.

"No, I don't," he said gloomily. "Poetry was never much in my way. But—but if you know, Mrs. Warrener—couldn't you give me a hint or two—"

"I think my brother has taken up your part," said she; and then, indeed, they heard that Mephistopheles and

Juliet were addressing each other in very beautiful language. George Miller leapt to the conclusion that there was a great deal of exaggerated and tawdry sentiment about Shakespeare; and that, in any case, theatrical stuff should be kept for theatres.

On the landing, and in a recess so that her guests could pass by her into the ballroom, they found Lady North, who was very dignified and very courteous. Her eldest daughter, Anatolia, stood by her. What made young Mr. Miller ask this rather plain young lady, so that his companions could distinctly overhear, for the next waltz she had free? He had not asked Violet to dance.

They looked in on the wonderful assemblage of picturesque figures—certain groups of them here and there in motion—a sound of music all through the place—the brilliant colours and diverse forms almost bewildering the eye. The fair Juliet, her hand still on the arm of the tall and sombre Mephistopheles, showed him a certain little pink card.

"I have not given away one dance yet," said she.

"Do you wish me to ask you to dance?" he replied.

"Yes."

"It is Romeo who ought to dance with Juliet."

"I wish to dance with you—or, what is the same thing, I want you to engage me for one or two, that we may keep together, and see the people."

"Give me your programme, Violet."

He took it and managed, with some difficulty, to put certain hieroglyphs on it.

"Why you have put J.D. at every one!" cried Juliet.

"Yes," said he, "that is what I should prefer. But I am not greedy. Whenever you wish to cheer up the drooping spirits of your Romeo, I will set you free. What have you said to him, Violet?"

She turned round and regarded the young man with some wonder. He was certainly not looking well pleased.

"Come," she said, "I will take you

all round by another way to the balcony, and you will see everything from there. That will be better than fighting across the room. But perhaps you wish to dance, Mr. Miller?"

"No, thank you," said he gruffly.

She would take no notice of his manner. She said gently—

"If you will follow us, then, we can go round to the balcony and have a nice cool place almost to ourselves. Shall we go, Mr. Drummond?"

"I am no pilot," said he, in a tragic voice.

"*'Yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise!'*"

"*'Tis but thy name that is mine
enemy!'*" she retorted, with a light laugh, as she again took his arm and led him away.

"*'Thou art thyself, though Mephistopheles.
What's Mephistopheles? It is nor hand, nor
foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. Oh, be some other
name!'*"

"We appear to have got behind the scenes of a theatre," said young Mr. Miller, with savage contempt to his companion.

"Don't you think it is very amusing," said Mrs. Warrener, in her quiet way, "to see the girl play Juliet so well? How delightfully gracious her manner is!"

"I think when you are on the stage, you ought to be on the stage," said he bluntly. "And when you're in a private house, you ought to be in a private house. I don't see the fun of all that tomfoolery."

"Do you mean the fancy costumes?" Mrs. Warrener asked, with gentle sarcasm.

"O dear no—I mean that poetry and nonsense."

Certainly the small room through which they were now passing was, in one respect, like the gloomy corridors "behind the scenes." It was dark enough, but they could at all events see that in the centre of the room, a table was placed which had a white cloth on it.

"Isn't Lady North kind?" said Violet. "She has given me this room for us four, so that as soon as the others go down to supper, we can have ours in here, in quiet and coolness."

"*'By whose direction foundst thou out
this place?'*" asked her companion.

"Please, Mephistopheles-Romeo, to keep to your own speeches," she observed, with some dignity. "That one belongs to me."

From this small room they went out on the balcony, which was hung round with pink and white, and lit up with Chinese lanterns; and, passing along, they came once more in sight of the brilliant ball-room at the open windows of which they now stood. Two or three others had discovered this quiet retreat—opportune for conversation as well as agreeable on account of its coolness; but somehow these dusky figures loved the darkness rather than the light, and Violet's party, assembled in front of one of the windows, was left pretty much to itself.

She set to work to exorcise the demon—was it of some ridiculous jealousy?—that had got possession of this young man. She had not much trouble. Who could have withstood the bright frank smile, and the friendly look of her beautiful dark eyes? Besides, was he not in Juliet's own balcony—not looking up to her, but actually with her—while there was no petulant nurse to call her?

"Don't you mean to dance at all to-night?" said she.

"No."

"Not even with me?"

"Your card is full," said he shortly.

"That is but a joke," she said. "I asked Mr. Drummond to make sure I should have plenty of time to spend with my especial friends; and he took the whole night; and I am not sorry. I fancy, Mr. Drummond, you think that dancing would not accord with the dignity of Mephistopheles, don't you?"

"Nor yet with his age," said he. "Dancing is for young Romeos. Young Romeo, why are you lounging idly here?"

The younger man was looking rather wistfully at Violet. He was beginning to be sorry for his sulkiness. Would she forgive him? Was her kindness real? Or was she only making fun?

"Will you dance this waltz with me?" said he, in desperation; and she assented at once.

They passed into the ballroom.

"I thought you were to dance with Anatolia?" she said, with a smile.

"She had to stay by Lady North," he answered. "I—I am very glad."

"You ought not to say such things: she is my sister. And why did you ask her?"

"I don't know," said he; and presently they were lost in the whirling crowd.

James Drummond and his sister had watched them enter the room. They were a sufficiently handsome couple, these two young people, as they stood there for a moment together—the slim, square-shouldered young fellow in blue velvet and silver, with his fine features all lit up now by a new gratitude and pleasure, and the tall, shapely, proud-featured girl, whose hair seemed blacker than the raven's wing in contrast with the gleaming white of her dress. After that they were visible but from time to time in the whirl of wonderful shapes and colours that moved to the light, rapid, and harmonious music.

"That is the beautiful time of life," Drummond said to his sister, as they watched these two go by. "Youth, health, bright spirits, the joy of living life instead of merely looking at it—and yet there is some sadness about the spectacle. Not to them, of course; only to the looker-on. They are not thinking of to-morrow, nor yet of middle-age, nor of any doubt or disquiet. Look at them—don't you wish you could make this moment eternity for them, and prolong that delight of rapid motion for ever and ever?"

"I do not," his sister said promptly. "I don't know what you mean, James; but you are always coupling these two together, as if they must necessarily marry."

"Why not?" said he, rather absently.

"You know very well: the notion of a proud, high-spirited girl like Violet marrying a young man like that—who has got no more imagination, or feeling, or mind than a block of wood!"

"You are never fair to Young Miller, Sarah; he is quite as intelligent as most young men; and he is far more willing to improve himself than any I know."

"He sha'n't marry Violet."

"You used to like him well enough."

"Yes; because I never dreamed that anything serious would come of that foolish adventure of theirs. But now I am sure he means to marry her if she will let him; and I think she has a sort of tender, half-romantic interest in him at which she laughs, but which is likely to make mischief."

"That is how you describe marriage?" said he.

But at this moment the two young people came back—flushed, eager, gay in spirits; Romeo in especial being delighted, and showing his delight by being anxious to share it. Mrs. Warrenner must really go in and dance. The flashing by of the different characters was wonderful. Had she seen Henry VIII. go down? What was this perfume they were burning?

Then he was anxious that Violet should give him the next dance, and the next dance, and the next again. But she refused. She was not going to desert her friends. When this present dance was over, she invited Mephistopheles to walk with her through the room that they might look at the crowd together; and Romeo and Margaret followed, the former quite glad and contented now. It is true that he had more rivals than ever. Violet North was known to but few of her step-mother's guests; but the appearance of the girl was too striking to escape unnoticed; and there were all sorts of applications to Lady North for an introduction to the beautiful young lady dressed as Juliet. That young lady was exceedingly courteous to these successive

strangers ; but how could she promise them a dance, seeing that her card was full of the very last line ?

So the night went by, in music, laughter, and gladness ; and they had supper all by themselves in that little room, the fair Juliet being queen of the feast ; and Lady North sate with them for a time, and said some pretty things about Margaret's dress ; and Violet's father looked in on them, and said to young Miller, " Well, sir, been running away with any more schoolgirls lately ? " As for the young lady herself, the light on her face was something to look at ; it seemed to one sitting there that youth had nothing more beautiful to give than such a night.

" What do you think of it all ? " she said to Mr. Drummond, when they went back into the ballroom, to look on at a slow and stately minuet that was being danced by a few experts. " Don't you think it is lovely ? "

" I am trying to think what you think of it," said he. " To me the chief delight of it is the delight I see in your face. I have never seen a girl at her first ball before ; it is a good thing to see."

" Why do you speak so sadly ? "

" Do I ? "

" Yes. And when I am not by, I see you looking at the whole affair as if it were fifty miles away. I wish you would dance with me, instead of merely standing and looking on like that."

" It is for young Romeos to dance," that was all he would say—and he said it very kindly to her ; and indeed at this moment young Romeo did come up and claim the next dance, so that she went away with him.

A little time after, when the loud music ceased, and there was nothing heard but a newly-awakened hum of conversation and the shuffling of feet, young Romeo said to his partner—

" Shall we go through that little supper-room, and surprise them in the balcony ? "

" If you like," she said : she was ready for anything.

They got out and round to that small

room ; the candles were still burning brightly on the table. She was leading the way, for there was room but for one to pass, when he put his hand on her hand to detain her. She looked round in some surprise.

" Just a second," said he, and she could not understand why his eyes should look so anxious. " I want to speak to you, Violet—I have something to say to you—"

Then she understood him in a moment ; and she drew back, afraid. Her first impulse was the schoolgirl one, to beat a sudden retreat into the balcony : her second the woman's one, to implore him to spare them both the unnecessary pain of a request and refusal. But she had miscalculated his intentions.

" Only this," said he, in nervous haste, " will you promise me not to marry anybody for two years to come ? "

It was a strange request ; a declaration of jealousy rather than of love. The girl was rather pale, and she was certainly frightened : had she had more self-possession she would have laughed.

" I don't quite know what you mean," she said. " I am not likely to marry any one—I don't think of marrying any one—"

" All I want is a chance," he said, and he put both his hands over that one that he still held, while he looked in her face. " You will let me hope that some day I may persuade you to be my wife—"

" I cannot promise—I cannot promise," she said, almost wildly.

" I don't ask you," he said. " Violet, now don't be hard."

She looked at him—at the entreaty in his eyes.

" What do you want me to say ? " she asked, in a low voice.

" That you will give me leave to hope that some day you will marry me."

" It is only a ' perhaps ' ? " she said, with her eyes turned to the floor.

" It is only a ' perhaps '—that is all," he said eagerly.

" Very well, then."

In his transport he would fain have kissed her ; but he was afraid ; he

kissed her hand passionately, and said she was an angel of kindness.

"And then," said he, "Violet, you know I must ask your father's permission—"

"Oh, no, no!" she cried, instinctively feeling that that would pledge her more and more.

"But only as between him and me," the young man said, with the same impetuous haste. "You have nothing to do with it. You are not bound by that. But of course he sees already why I have become so intimate with the rest of the family; and this would only be putting everything straight and above-board—"

"Oh, very well," said she, rather quickly. "There must be no stupid secret this time. And you will tell my father that I have not promised to marry you—that it is only——"

"I will tell him everything. Violet, how kind you are!"

"Come away," she said hurriedly, and her face was pale. "You must dance with Mrs. Warrener."

What had suddenly raised the spirits of this young man to the verge of madness? He seemed drunk with delight; his face afire with pleasure; his laughter extravagant; his speech rapid and excited. Violet, on the other hand, was pale, concerned, and silent. When George Miller took Mrs. Warrener away into the room, Violet, left alone with Mr. Drummond, said little, but that little was said with an unusual earnestness of kindness. He would have been surprised by it, but that he knew how anxiously kind she always was to her old friends.

He drew her attention to a strange blue light that began to be visible even through the ruddy awning of the balcony. It was time they were getting home.

"And I am so glad that you have been amused. I should have been miserable if you had taken all this trouble and been disappointed."

"Do not fear that," said he, with a smile. "To look at you enjoying yourself would have been enough pleasure for any one."

It was, indeed, the cold grey of the morning when these strange figures issued out of the ruddy hall and made their way home in the new and pale light. Of what were they all thinking, now that another day had come, and the hurry and excitement of that Walpurgis-night over and gone for ever?

One young man, in a four-wheeled cab, making for Piccadilly, was communing with himself thus:

"How handsome she will look at a dinner-table. In her case, any way, a man might fairly be proud of taking his own wife out for a drive. I wonder what my father will do for me—surely something handsome; and then if her father gives her anything at all decent, we shall get on very well. By Jove, what a precious lucky fellow I am. And she sha'n't have to fear any neglect or unkindness from me; I see too much of that going on."

In another vehicle, going in another direction, a tall, thin, middle-aged man, looking rather sad, worn, and tired, was talking to his sister. But surely not of the fancy-dress ball?

"I suppose," he was saying, in his absent and dreamy way, "that Roland, the brave knight Roland, never existed. I don't much care about that; for the man who imagined such a perfect type of manhood—who, among all the trivialities and commonplace of the life around him—the breakfasts, dinners, and suppers, the rising in the morning to wash your face—the wretched details of one hour after another—well, I think the man who managed in the midst of all that to imagine such a splendid figure as Roland was far greater than the Roland he created. Don't you think so, Sarah? I don't care whether King Arthur ever lived; because a greater than Arthur lives now, and tells us about him. And yet I think that Tristram is the bravest knight, and has the most picturesque story, in the *Morte d'Arthur*."

And again—but surely this had nothing to do with the fancy-dress ball?

"I wonder if the wise men of Egypt wished to teach the people a lesson in

humility when they made the beetle an object of worship? Or was it a challenge to faith? Fancy what an imposture the owl was as a symbol of Minerva—the biggest fool of a bird you can find. I suppose owls don't eat grapes; but no bird but a half-blind owl could have been such a fool as to peck at Zeuxis' painted grapes."

And again—but what on earth had this to do with the fancy dress-ball?

"What a fine thing it must have been to carry about with you a sword—the sort of consciousness, I mean, of having the power of life or death with you. If you were weak, the sword became part of yourself, and gave you strength. Now they go to war with engines and machines; and I suppose you seldom know you have killed a man. But don't you think that a great war must leave behind it, in thousands of human bosoms, a secret consciousness of having committed murder?—a suspicion, or a certainty, that a man must not even mention to his wife?—the half glimmer of a dying face, the horrid recollection of a vague splash of blood?"

In the house which these three people had just left a young girl sate alone in

her own room, her face bent down, her hands clasped on her knees.

"Have I promised—have I promised?" this was what she was thinking. "How anxious and pitiful he looked—and that is the time that comes but once to a girl, to be kind or to be cruel to her first lover. I could not be cruel; and yet I am not deeply pledged. We may find out it is all a mistake, after all; and when we are old, I dare say we shall laugh over our youthful romance. When will he speak to my father?"

Her thoughts took another turn—fled southward with the speed of lightning.

"Oh, my good, kind friend," she would have said, if she had translated her fancies into speech, "why were you so sad to-night, and silent, and far away in your look? You said you were pleased—only to please me. Have you no one to ask you what you are thinking about, when you look like that? And don't you know there are some who would give their life—who would willingly and gladly give their own worthless life away—if that would brighten your sad eyes and make you cheerful and happy?"

To be continued.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT AND MODERN BRITISH POETRY.

WITHIN the last few months a highly remarkable volume of poems has been in the hands of many readers. It is published by Messrs. Longmans and Co., and bears the following title:—*Poems by William Bell Scott: Ballads, Studies from Nature, Sonnets, &c.: Illustrated by 17 Etchings by the Author and L. Alma Tadema.* I propose to consider this volume, not solely or so much on its own showing, and by way of analysing its precise constituent parts, but rather in connection with the general course of British poetry for the last half century. The field of survey is an extensive one, and my observations on it must come into small compass; much therefore that might very fittingly find place here will necessarily drop out of sight, and only a few salient points remain.

Barely more than fifty years ago, in 1824, Lord Byron died, his death following after that of Keats in 1821, and of Shelley in 1822. Thus was extinguished by far the greatest and most luminous pharos of poesy which had lighted England since the time (at any rate) of Milton; a triple pharos which required successive puffs from the icy mouth of Death before it wholly ceased to burn. Death, with inexorable pertinacity, blew the one light out after the other, pausing only just so long as might suffice to begin demonstrating the fervour and splendour of each several flame, by the obscurity which ensued when "the jaws of darkness had devoured it up." This date of the death of Byron marks therefore my present point of departure.

Byron was dead; but poetic writers much older than himself, or than the still more youthful Shelley and Keats, survived: Blake, Crabbe, Rogers, Wordsworth, Southey, Landor, Walter Scott, Coleridge, Moore, Campbell. Others still might be named; but these are

more than enough to remind us that the period to which that most illustrious triad had belonged was rich, even apart from them, in all elements and all forms of poetry. It might indeed be hardly too much to say that the vivid intellectual incitement which marked the close of the eighteenth century, and which in France took the political or social direction, and inspired the great Revolution, wrought not less really, nor perhaps less beneficially, in England also, and, through our writers, breathed into poetry a new and fruitful life. In France no such phenomenon was witnessed; but in Germany the great names of Schiller and of Göthe—not to cite any others—attest some community of influence.

Of four of the British poets just specified, I need say little more: three of them count for not much in themselves, and for still less in the general current of mind which has continued to shape the channels of poetry in more recent years. Rogers had a thin line or rill of poetic faculty flowing through a meadow of culture, and half stagrating in a swamp of conventionalism. Southey was a laborious *littérateur*, in whom poetry was a practice and an ambition rather than a gift. Moore has his place among graceful lyrical executants, but hardly among authentic poets, whether lyrists or otherwise. Walter Scott, far the greatest of the four, potent in romance, whether verse or prose served for medium, had already ceased to write poems long before the death of Byron. To the others on our roll a few words must be given.

Blake was an old man in 1824, and to the general public of poetic readers he was then, and remained till recently, simply unknown: he has now emerged into full light, and we are astonished to reflect that here was a giant stalking

and working among pygmies, and not so much as known to be towering above them from the waist upwards. The quality of his work which has most impressed other minds is its oracular primitiveness—that simplicity, as of the first origin of things, that forms a new revelation as each fresh generation begins in infancy: “Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou perfected praise.” Some echo of this quality, and of Blake’s poetic manner as a whole, may be found in Mr. Scott’s exquisitely pure-toned little lyric named *In the Valley*. Crabbe, as a caustic and partly humoristic contemplator of the common in life, maintains a firm position, intellectually bracing to succeeding writers; but his style became old-fashioned under his own hand, and has hardly been aimed at since. The one notable exception to this rule is the excellent poem by Mr. Allingham, *Lawrence Bloomfield in Ireland*—which is indeed only partially on the same model of style as Crabbe, but sufficiently so to be named in this connection. Wordsworth we are wont to regard as the poet of Nature; and certain it is that, about a quarter of a century ago, after a long period of widespread ridicule, exceptional praise, and active debate, this great poet bade fair to be accepted as the very highest and most permanent of the puissant band to which he had belonged—the mere fever of Byronism having by that time abated, the influence of Keats having already had a season of fertility, and that of Shelley being still a little remote and undefined. Prominent thinkers and accredited critics then preached Wordsworth abroad with unremitting zeal, and doubtless his total influence has been wide and deep: yet after a time it has been found that his power was more individual and special than some enthusiasts supposed—an influence warm with life to his own work, but not unmixed with chilliness and restriction for the work of others. “Sern ons in stones” may be exceedingly moving, so long as we lend ear to the stones themselves; but if we try to resolve them into their elements, to be

reconstituted for ulterior use, we find stones and sermons, neither of them highly apt at germinating a novel life. Mr. Scott, it may here be observed, expresses, in three sonnets, a very temperate yet not exactly a derogatory, estimate of Wordsworth’s place in the poetic art. Landor, amid a generation of personal poets, was mainly a literary poet; a literary poet of a very high order, in whom much could be studied and reapplied. He lent, however, no essentially new impulse: only finished models of how classical or other elevated subject-matter could be treated artistically. Coleridge has had a very marked influence, partly through the imaginative character of his best writings, stimulating, and suggesting more than they realized, partly through the lovely harmony and the very free manipulation of his verse: he has been the patron of many excursions of the invention, and many tentative acts of rhythm. Campbell’s influence has been almost directly antagonistic to that of Coleridge. For many years after the death of Byron, Campbell was not only a highly reputed but even a famous poet, and his example was always one of correctness, and of moderation approaching timidity. “No experiment, no hyperbole, no flashes of energy setting self-control at defiance, no essays of imagination which may transgress or be construed into fantasticality. The old models of style are right, and can be adapted to our requirements as modern and living poets, if only we will discriminate, reflect, and polish.” Such was the practical teaching of Campbell, who survived most of the poets of his great era: it told as much against the innovating simplicity and introspective elevation of Wordsworth as against the fascination of Coleridge, or the sublimated allurements—passionate, intellectual, or sensuous—of Byron, Shelley, and Keats.

Two poets of the same generation might still be mentioned who had a considerable ascendancy over their younger contemporaries or immediate successors; two of lower rank, but not perhaps of

less direct and readily traceable influence—Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt. Lamb's poems are indeed of no great account in themselves, but his vigorous and subtle panegyric of the Elizabethan dramatists sank deep into many ardent and productive minds, and had an unmistakable effect upon our earliest poetry of the current half-century. Not less masterful was his humour—quaint, devious, crotchety, and humane—which prompted or loosened many tongues in emulation. Leigh Hunt, as a liberal thinker, an apostle of the kindly and bright side of life, and a deft though too finikin and fulsome executant, was also not without his following: the warmth of a coterie gave him refuge from blustering abuse out of doors. The influence of these two writers, but especially of Lamb in both his main aspects, and also very markedly of Keats, may, I think, be traced in the most original, forcible, and curious poetic mind that blossomed out in the new generation which first succeeded that of Byron and his fellow-workers—Thomas Hood. We discern in Hood a many-sided poetic capacity; imagination and fancy of his own, readily moulded into divers forms according to the model, of recent or of remoter date, that he set to himself for the nonce; and an incomparable and irrepressible faculty of “whim and oddity” which inspired or animated his verse—sometimes threading it like a laughing and sparkling runnel, and sometimes also, one must admit, showing like an ugly patch, or vexing one like the wrong sauce poured over choice viands. A perpetual joker is an oppressive person, especially if his jocularity takes the turn of punning; he is almost certain to be not only oppressive, but in some degree vulgar. A certain obese satisfaction, a *bourgeois* commonness of view and of aim, pertain to the man whose spiritual ear for ever catches, and whose gullet re-echoes, a chuckle in nature and in life. This constant jocularity—not often wholly absent even from his most grave and touching pieces—is at once the great gift and the great failing of Hood. He lulls you with

a strain of delightful sweetness, and then suddenly tickles you: you laugh, for you can't help it, but you feel provoked, before the laugh is over, both with yourself and with your titillator.

The date of the earliest poem in Mr. W. B. Scott's volume is 1831 (the still earlier date of 1826 appended to another poem, a sonnet, being evidently not the year of *composition*). The poem of 1831 is entitled, *To the Memory of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. It was published a year or two afterwards in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, and shows us at once what was about the leading poetical influence that wrought upon the author's mind at the opening of manhood. In this ode Shelley is contemplated as a great poet-prophet, one who foresaw the sublimities of the future, and fore-acted them in the theatre of his own heart and mind. If Mr. Scott still retained this conception of Shelley, he would not be unaccompanied at the present day; it is indeed quintessentially the right one, and no man need be ashamed of entertaining it, unless he is of that unenviable class who own and who parade

“A heart grown cold, a head grown grey, in vain.”

However, Mr. Scott's preface intimates a considerable change of feeling. “Shelley's too easily uttered metaphysics,” he says, “and jejune theories political and moral, derived from and representative of the great French Revolution with its three watchwords continually outraged, will never again be lauded in exactly the same manner.” Perhaps not: and perhaps also Shelley's metaphysics and theories will receive, or are even now receiving, the yet more signal laudation of permeating the ideas and practice of society, and the historical evolution of the race. It will, no doubt, be long ere they animate another human being to such exaltation of intellect and purpose as found embodiment in Shelley himself; for that, we may have to await the unbinding of Prometheus. This same ode to Shelley (wherein, by the way, the

poet is mistakenly addressed as "Alastor," which is not truly the name of the hero of Shelley's poem so entitled, but designates an Evil Genius) includes a tribute to the memory also of Keats. He, we see by this and other indications, was likewise one of the early gods of Mr. Scott's Parnassus. His influence may be descried here and there in the volume; although it is clear that those qualities of lusciousness of natural beauty, and adolescent impulsiveness of desire, which were so peculiarly characteristic of Keats, never bore the same sway over our author as the Shelleyan attributes—ardour of rapt imagination and a craving for the unknown.

This craving is one of the most manifest fountain-heads of Mr. Scott's poetry. It has evidently been a part of his life. In the course of years he may have come to hold more firmly than in youth the conviction that the unknown is the unknowable, and that many of the interpretations men have put upon it, or the hopes and faiths they have built on it, are but devices for hoodwinking their own eyes to the fact of their utter ignorance—shadows which the dim lumour of their mind projects, and which testify to nothing solid beyond, only to the nebular and irresolvable density of the atmosphere athwart which that lumour has to pass. The craving for the unknown naturally goes through various stages, very impressively exemplified in Mr. Scott's poems. There is first craving, accompanied by aspiration and effort; there is a desire for solution, and an attempt to believe that the solution is found. In some minds this attempt succeeds or persists, and conviction, or distinct faith, ensues. To others no such result is possible; discouragement and disappointment supervene. But it is only the weaker minds that remain finally dependent. The sterner and more productive spirit rises resilient from its fall. Baffled and repelled, it is not wholly vanquished, still less unnerved. It can still say: "I am, after all, myself; though greatly unknown to myself, and amid a whole universe of

the unknown and unknowable. My faculties are my own—they shall find their appropriate sphere. My perceptions are my own—to these millions of millions of perceptibles respond, and will continue to respond. My courage is my own—it shall not fail. The primal origin, the ultimate issue, of things, are not for me—not now, and perhaps not ever. My destiny is not mine—it shall take care of itself." To this resolute frame of mind—unsatisfied, not wholly dissatisfied—many men can attain, by stress of fact, by force of character. They attain it, because no better may be, and life has its practical demands, not to be evaded. It is more rare to find a genuinely poetic mind—and such Mr. Scott undoubtedly possesses—in the same mood; and even rarer to find this mood still and inseparably combined with a vital interest in the problems which the intellect has nevertheless long relinquished as insoluble. As problems they are given up, for no process of reasoning makes any impression upon them; they have even ceased to be actively problematic. They are dumb sphinxes; oracles which, having, from "the first syllable of recorded time," never uttered sound, have divested oracularity. But, as objects of contemplation, they yet remain glorious and beautiful; admitted at last to be unfathomable, they have in no wise become unmeaning; they contain most of the past and much of the future history of man, for the human mind is ever teeming with these conceptions—if not as their source, at least as their medium. I am of course not here debating whether any such views of these abstruse matters are right or wrong: I am only endeavouring to exhibit the intellectual relation to them of the poet under review. Mr. Scott, then, appears to have pondered, from the commencement of his poetic career, over the deepest mysteries of life, death, and immortality, of matter and spirit, of revelation and religion, of ethnic and Christian dogma; to have pondered, and to have reached no absolute affirmative conviction; to have settled down, reluctantly but

firmly, into some negations, margined by admitted uncertainties; and nevertheless to have preserved unimpaired his interest in these vast questions, no longer as matter for speculation or decision, but as supreme factors in the world of thought, and as the grandest of motive powers for human action and effort. His is a hand, as one might say, which has tried at unravelling a web that proved wholly defiant of his efforts; but he observes none the less with perennial pleasure the tints of the few unravelled threads which he had picked, and his mental eye recomposes their pattern with satisfaction. In especial, the Christian faith dominates our author's thought: if he offers no worship at the altar, he haunts the vestibule and paces the aisles. A monk, hermit, or cenobite, more than any other man, attracts him; a devout believer in the devil, whether exorcist or sorcerer, needs no further passport to his mental hospitality. The bread and salt are at once produced, and companionably partaken of, and the bond of union is cemented once for all. This is the more remarkable because indications are not wanting of a strong anti-Catholic bias in Mr. Scott. He sincerely glories in the Protestant assault upon Catholicism, as in the belligerency of free thought against all the Churches, and no less of naked human reason against theosophy itself: and yet a Christian is his kin in a degree which no Greek, Hindoo, or Turk can rival, and a monk of the Thebaid in a degree which no evangelical pastor or missionary Scripture-reader can pretend to. He acknowledges in Christianity the greatest spiritual force which the world has yet witnessed, the nucleus of our modern or humanitarian civilisation, the largest and most august mould into which the mind of man has poured whatsoever it owns or images forth of the divine. In one of his sonnets, named *Faith*, belonging to the series entitled *Outside the Temple*, there is an exceedingly grand line,

“And the world listens yet through all her dead,”

which powerfully expresses Mr. Scott's essential view and essential meaning in

these matters. He is deeply impressed with the Christian idea, because he has a strong sense of the history of the race. The sonnet is a very fine one; and although, taken by itself, it might convey an exaggerated notion of the author's opinions in religion, I quote it here entire, as the only specimen from the volume which my limits of space allow:

“‘Follow me,’ Jesus said: and they arose;
Peter and Andrew rose and followed him,
Followed him even to heaven, through
death most grim,
And through a long hard life—without re-
pose
Save in the grand ideal of its close.
‘Take up your cross, and come with me,’
He said:
And the world listens yet through all her
dead,
And still would answer, had we faith like
those.
But who can light again such beacon-fire?
With gladsome haste and with rejoicing
souls
How would men gird themselves for the
emprise!
Leaving their black boats by the dead lake's
mire,
Leaving their slimy nets by the cold shoals,
Leaving their old oars, nor once turn their
eyes.”

For the rest, the poet's personal stand-point has to be taken into account. We see in him the man at once of Scottish nationality and of northern imagination. For ecclesiastical mummery or popish browbeating he has a great contempt, the “dour” antipathy of the hereditary Calvinist; while for anything wild, weird, and uncultured, for intellect and aspiration in the uncouthest guise, for self-devotion running into any extravagance of self-sacrifice or self-abasement, for fury of zeal or fierceness of spiritual conflict, he has the energetic fellow-feeling of a Scandinavian or Teutonic nature. To him not the gallant troubadour but the semi-savage scald is the genuine poetic figure: the learned theologian counts for nothing in religion, but the recluse student for something, and the frenzied ascetic for much. Not indeed that he *approves* this ascetic. He turns towards him the chiller lobe of his brain, and the warmer corner of

his heart. He scrutinizes him, as it were, through a nineteenth-century spy-glass, and sees in him an antic figure worthy of not a little sarcasm: but all the while he feels him to be a much-bedevilled purgatorial brother, whom he proceeds to describe to us in detail, and with unconcealable sympathy.

Many of Mr. Scott's poems might be cited as exhibiting this remarkable mixture of an outside and an inside view of religion; the external observation of the philosopher, who is not committed to believing in that which he sets forth, and the internal perception of what the devotional feeling may be for the devotee himself. I specify the principal examples. *St. Margaret*, a poem describing the last hours of the cloistered saint, small in dimensions, but in emotion and fashioning one of the greatest things in the volume. *Anthony*, a strange narrative, grotesque and grim, of the religion of fear—the hero being an anchorite of the dark ages, with his temptations, terrors, and final backsliding. The series of sonnets already referred to, named *Outside the Temple*, in which the various phases of the author's mind, as affected by these momentous questions, are subtly and movingly shadowed forth—not in a sermonizing nor yet a lecturing tone, not more for iconoclasm than for edification, but with poetical amplitude of conception and sensitiveness of touch: they are indeed capable of making a deep impression, and of finding a very large circle of readers. The blank-verse *Monody* ("On the death of a young Friend," as it used to be entitled). *The Venerable Bede in the Nineteenth Century*, founded on some rhetorical flourishes of adjuration in which Cardinal Wiseman once indulged, and which Mr. Scott, by an ingenious intellectual prolusion, turns to the disparagement of the modern Cardinal, and at the same time to the exaltation of the noble spirit of faith and work in which the recluse religious scholar of old lived and died. The solemn blank-verse address *To the Sphinx, considered as the Symbol*

of Religious Mystery.¹ *The Music of the Spheres*, first published in 1838 under the title *Hades, or the Transit*; an ideal poem in a semi-narrative form, suggesting the not humanly conceivable state of consciousness in which the souls of a Mussulman, a Christian, and a Jew, may all three equally exist after the death of the body—though indeed even this vague presentment of the subject would seem to go beyond the real intention of the author, who probably does not mean to lay it down as an infallible certainty that the souls would have any self-conscious existence at all. Finally, the simply forcible set of ballads, *Four Acts of St. Cuthbert*, in which the direct account of the facts, as devoutly viewed by a contemporary, is not diluted by any sort of running comment from the poet himself. The most elaborate expression which Mr. Scott's speculative opinions ever received—though these may perhaps be gathered with as much completeness and effect from the sonnets *Outside the Temple*—is to be found in a poem not here reprinted. This was published in a volume by itself in 1846, named *The Year of the World, a Philosophical Poem on Redemption from the Fall*. It never obtained many readers; but, of the few whom it did secure, several will no doubt agree in a certain feeling of regret which I entertain in finding it excluded from the present collection. *The Year of the World* shows that one of Shelley's dominant ideas—that of the perfectibility of human nature—was still in 1846 sufficiently compatible with Mr. Scott's creed and aspirations; and it may in various respects claim rank among the best poems extant in which serious speculation has taken on a not incongruous garb of imaginative form.

Of the poets I have already mentioned, all belonging to a generation preceding Mr. Scott's, those whose influence is to some extent perceptible in his writings are Shelley, Keats, and Coleridge: not

¹ *Religious Liberty*, as printed in Mr. Scott's volume, seems to be an error of the press—a rather unfortunate one.

certainly that any one of the three has regulated his conceptions, or stamped his style decisively, but we can trace, in one place or another, the intellectual stress and the formative vestige of these powerful and undying spirits. I shall next proceed to take count of some other poets more nearly alongside of Mr. Scott in point of date. As we have seen, the earliest poem by the latter, as reproduced in the present volume, belongs to the year 1831. For 1832 (or 1831, for the text and the index differ on this point) there is a captivating little poem in octosyllabic metre, named *Midnight*, which holds you as with the very finger of fantasy, half indicative, half ominous; also an ode *To the Memory of John Keats*, and *A Fable*, symbolizing the unequal fates of the true poetic or inventive explorer, and the spurious one. For 1833, *The Incantation of Hervor*; and, about the same time, *The Dance of Death*, an irregular narrative poem, recounting the sudden end of a certain "Clerk Hubert." For 1837, *The Music of the Spheres*, already mentioned. The *Four Acts of St. Cuthbert* may be rather earlier, or rather later, than this. The next date which we find clearly indicated is 1847, to the verses, *I go to be cured at Avilion*, which relate to a picture of King Arthur painted by Mr. Scott himself. I need not particularize any more recent dates. One of the author's early poems not here reproduced is that named at first *Rosabel*, and afterwards *Mary Anne*, narrating the successive stages in the career of a bright country-girl who perishes an unfriended outcast of the town. This (which dates, I suppose, at least as far back as 1840) may not improbably be one of those compositions, adverted to in the preface, "whose subjects or motives have been adopted by later poets, and realized in a more poetical or completer manner." However this may be, I am sorry to miss *Mary Anne*, which is indisputably a prominent example of the writer's genius. It haunts the memory, by virtue especially of its sternly pitying realism: the poet feels so deeply how much there is on

which tender sympathy and commiseration may be expended, and how hopeless their bestowal remains, how dark and fateful the doom which he is watching.

Towards 1831, when Mr. Scott was a beginner, one of the influences most observable on the surface of poetical literature was that of Mrs. Hemans, who, publishing first, at an almost childish age, in 1809, continued writing up to her death in 1835. The warmth of romantic and domestic sentiment is no less manifest in Mrs. Hemans than the moral and religious propriety; but the combination is at best a tepid one, grateful and fragrant to readily believing and easily satisfied readers, but incapable of affecting those stronger minds which, having a poetic fertility of their own, can alone be relied upon for carrying on the true work of poetry from generation to generation. Another poetess, active and conspicuous at the same period, was Miss Landon, who died in 1838. She had, perhaps, a more decided gift than Mrs. Hemans; but her sentiment took a hectic cast, with a kind of feminine Byronism, and her poetry can hardly be said to survive now, save as a literary reminiscence of elderly people. In 1822 Beddoes published his *Bride's Tragedy*, followed in 1850, after the author's death, by the printing of *Death's Jest-book*: both of them dramas in an Elizabethan mould of imagination and language, with a singular degree of poetic exaltation, which cannot, however, blind the reader to structural weakness, and a most arbitrary use of the author's powers. The year 1824 produced another of the few dramatic works of the age having inherent vitality—the *Joseph and his Brethren* of Mr. Charles Wells, to which some attention has at last been secured by the article Mr. Swinburne published in a recent number (February 1875) of the *Fortnightly Review*. The treatment of the episode of Potiphar's wife, Phraxanor, reveals a lofty dramatic instinct, and potential high art; and the language is generally stately, uniting a large and fundamental simplicity to

frugal but effective elaboration. Yet another dramatist appeared in 1827, Sir Henry Taylor, whose *Isaac Commenus*, then published, preceded by seven years the fuller exhibition of his powers furnished by *Philip van Artevelde*. Taylor is, of all the poets of our time, the one perhaps who may most properly be termed eclectic. He does not found himself upon any past writer or period; but shows, in his composed vigour and overruling fineness of sense and taste, the results of much selective and impartial study of many models.

In 1830 was published the first volume of the leading master of the time, Tennyson. The influence of this great artist has been immense. He has carried perfection of verbal form and metrical structure to its uttermost; and has attained so precise a balance between thought and expression, has thrown so much suggestion into his music, and so rich a thrill of harmony into his inventions and his imagery, that, if we regard fineness of execution alone, we might almost say that the predecessors of Tennyson, as an entire class, look somewhat crude and offhand in comparison. But this would be more a literary than a genuinely critical judgment. The perfection of a lyric by Shelley, for instance, is not quite the same as the perfection of a lyric by Tennyson: the former is less exact, and more impulsive—less intended, and more inspired—less provable, not a jot less absolute—more intrinsic, less extrinsic. We inspect it less, and recognize it equally. From the special nature of his excellences, the influence of Tennyson has been to cultivate executants, not to nerve inventors to courageous attempts: he has fostered literary poetry, but not promoted—save in his own most admirable performances—the interests of personal poetry. Just as the fame of Tennyson was getting well established, another poetical meteor crossed the horizon—Philip James Bailey, with his *Festus*. This was in 1833; and probably no poet of the current half century has excited a more positive enthusiasm, has en-

listed more zealous faith or kindled loftier hopes, than Bailey. At the present day *Festus* is little read. It has indeed become a portentous bulk of words; the author having been so ill-advised as to swell out the always inflated dimensions of his book by adding to them huge accretions of other matter that ought either not to have been published at all, or at any rate to have been retained (as some of it at first did appear) in a separate form of publication. The immense ambition of the author of *Festus* is a striking phenomenon. He undertook before the age of twenty this vast elemental drama, in which the first speaker is God, and the last scene the end of the world. *Festus* has a somewhat Swedenborgian tone of theology; it is also conspicuously Swedenborgian in its enormous sweep, and the diluvial overflow of its pages. It is the poem of magnitude, and has many truly great tones and utterances amid the unmeasured swirl and rumble of its march. I have called Mr. Bailey a poetical meteor: it may be feared that at the present day many count him a mere poetical *ignis-fatuus*, but this is, I think, much less than justice to a man of exalted faculty and memorable handiwork. Unfortunately there is a limit to the reading powers of readers; and the poets who will not restrict their writing powers proportionately have to pay the forfeit.

Browning's first avowed poem, *Paracelsus*, appeared in 1835: it had been preceded by the anonymous *Pauline* in 1833. Mr. Browning's has been well termed by Mr. Buxton Forman (and not improbably by others) "psychological poetry;" and the critic has forcibly pointed out the great importance of the monologue in the form of our poet's work. One of the first things that you appreciate in Browning is his many-sidedness; passion, imagination, mental and moral analysis, knowledge of life, pictorial and picturesque *couleur locale*, the devious preferences of a scholar and a student of all sorts of things past and present, make up a most extraordinary personality, whether

individual or literary. Perhaps the mainspring of his whole performance is intellectual keenness; the insight to discern and discriminate, the equally patient, tenacious, and eager energy in scrutinizing. His mind flows into every cranny of his subject; and he presents it to the reader, concrete in itself, and informed besides with new vitality from the mental processes which replenish its forms. It might be compared to one of those anatomical or microscopical preparations into which some colouring-matter has been poured, so as to exhibit all its otherwise undefined veining. One can easily understand that the great danger of such a poet lies in his very subtlety. In manipulating his subject-matter, he teases and tangles it; in addressing the reader, he plies him confusingly—not perhaps confusedly—with thought upon thought, suggestion after suggestion, and side-light traversing side-light. Between the date of his semi-dramatic poem *Paracelsus*, and of his first stage-play *Strafford*, 1840, another dramatist of mark appeared—Mr. Horne; whose *Cosmo de' Medici* and *Death of Marlowe*, both of the Elizabethan type, came out in 1837, followed in 1843 by the sonorous epic strains of *Orion*. Miss Barrett (Mrs. Browning) produced in 1838 her first volume, *The Seraphim, and Other Poems*. This great-souled woman and sibylline poetess may possibly, in a remote future, be found to have scored our poetic literature more deeply than any contemporary—more so even than those few who are beyond dispute or cavil her superiors in the art. Mrs. Browning had passionate sentiment, the acutest and the noblest sympathies, an intellect equally subtle and intense, a marvellous thrill of expressional and musical power: she had besides an inclination to grapple with the problems of her time, which gives an exceptional weight and force to her performances. Above all, she was a woman, one unrivalled in richness and elevation of poetic gift among all English or all modern poetesses; and it is difficult to say what amount of import-

ance may not at some coming time attach to her in this character.

Such is the laurelled band who may be regarded as more especially the contemporaries of Mr. Scott in the period of his chief poetic activity and development:—Mrs. Hemans, Miss Landon, Beddoes, Charles Wells, Henry Taylor, Tennyson, Bailey, Browning, Horne, Mrs. Browning. He does not resemble any one of them; and the only two to whom he may be said to have a certain relation, of scope or execution, are Bailey and Tennyson. To Bailey he has a sort of substantial affinity—mainly because the minds of both reach out by a natural and irrepressible tendency to the highest things in the world of thought and contemplation. Of course, however, there is a radical difference in the speculative goal which the two authors have respectively reached: and they differ *toto cælo* in actual handiwork,—Mr. Scott having written only one long poem, *The Year of the World*, and even this being a specimen of condensation rather than expansion, and his general method being remarkably terse, and full of the reserve, not the expenditure, of force. He utters pregnant words, in the tone almost of a taciturn man: no poet could be less chargeable with glib fluency, none finds less difficulty in leaving off when once he has had his say. Mostly he presents in direct portrayal whatever he has to express: faithful herein to his character as a painter, though not indulging in any excess of pictorial detail or adjunct. He brings the thing saliently before the mental eye, and leaves it to convey its inner meaning through its vivid appeal to the perceptions. As for Tennyson, there is scarcely anything of that great writer in the matter or manner of Mr. Scott. All we can say is that, with comparatively little aim at extreme polish of diction or rounded elaboration of form, there is nevertheless a certain overshadowing here, as elsewhere, of the Tennysonian cycle of style, and a moderate proportion of poems in the same general line of work as those descriptive narratives, idyllically realistic

of which Tennyson has given highly finished examples. Such are *Green Cherries*, *An Artist's Birthplace*, and *Sunday Morning Alone*. This last might be cited as combining observably three of the main currents of Mr. Scott's power as a thinker and poet: the mystic or abstract, the sense of historic development, and the attention, at once intimate and independent, to the practical aspects of everyday life. Of these Mr. Scott always speaks as if he were in them, yet not exactly of them. He bears his share in them, but regards them from a station a little apart. They may invest the spirit, but are dropped if they threaten to encumber it.

Since the period of poetry which we have just been considering, of which the nucleus may be assigned to the years 1830 to 1835, and which we may designate the Tennyson-Bailey-Browning period, no markedly new phase had to be recorded until the advent of the so-called Spasmodic School, constituted chiefly by Mr. Alexander Smith and Mr. Dobell. The last-named was first in the field with his poem named *The Roman*, which, however, has little to do with anything that could be called spasmodic: it was published in 1850. In 1852, heralded by clamorous horn-blowings from Mr. George Gilfillan, appeared the *Life-Drama* of Alexander Smith; and in 1854 the most considerable outcome of the school, the *Balder* of Mr. Dobell, of which only the opening portion has been published. All these works assumed the dramatic form, but without any of that solid substratum of personal character, of moving incident, of climax, and of interaction of motive, passion, and contingency, which can alone turn a poem in dialogue into a genuine drama. The nickname of the "Spasmodic School" is not exceedingly appropriate, but it is convenient, and may be used here partly on that account and partly as recalling to memory the book in which it was first (I think) adopted—the amusing travestie *Fir-milian* by Professor Aytoun, to which so many of us have been indebted for a most hearty laugh. Among those who

laughed were no doubt several who had no wish to see the present extinction of the Spasmodic School; but extinguished it was, to all practical purposes—its weak points had been too neatly punctured and too ludicrously burlesqued by *Fir-milian*. It is apparent that Mr. Bailey had a good deal to do with the genesis of the Spasmodic School; *Festus*, with its yearnings of unsubstantial passion, and of thought adventuring into boundless space, and boxing the compass of speculation, must have pioneered Smith into the staggering fervours of the *Life-Drama*, and Dobell into the magniloquent hysteria of *Balder*. Let us not, however, do injustice to either of these capable and aspiring men; each of them lofty in heart and mind, and with a true poetical inspiration. The *Life-Drama*, written by an inexperienced Scottish youth, drudging in the work of a manufactory, revealed to us nothing new—nothing that we did not know as trite, or disregard as extravagant; but it contained numerous passages of energetic and glowing poetry, and presented many vivid images. *Balder* exhibited to us a strenuous intellect painfully on the stretch, projecting itself with excessive effort, and lapsing into morbidity through self-scrutiny and self-assertion; but it is the work of a potent master of verse, a highly-trained artist, and a thoroughly serious thinker. Some other productions of Dobell show the same faculties with equal eminence, and little of the like alloy. The great defect of both these writers is that, in their most distinctive works, they did not know where to draw in or wind up. They did not sufficiently appreciate their real relation to the reading public. Their idea was to ride the high horse of poetry, prancing and curvetting; while simpler-minded spectators found the whole exhibition a parade, and, after no long interval of expectancy, resented it as an interruption and an imposture. In this they were far from being wholly right; but there is little that can surprise one in such a result.

The Spasmodic School had its day—a

short one—and is now relegated to more than its due dimness of eclipse. Meanwhile other writers had been springing up, who constitute at the present time a living and dominant force in our poetic development. The reader will easily understand why I speak with great reserve on this topic: the names of two of the writers referred to will speak for themselves on that point. Mr. Dante Rossetti began publishing poems in 1850—*The Blessed Damosel*, and others which reappeared with many more in his volume printed in 1870; in 1861 had been issued his translations from the *Early Italian Poets*. Miss Christina Rossetti can also be traced in published type as far back as 1850; her first volume, headed by the poem of *Goblin Market*, came out in 1862, and her second, with *The Prince's Progress*, in 1866. Mr. Morris began in 1858, with *The Defence of Guinevere, and other Poems*, followed in 1867 by *The Life and Death of Jason*, and in 1868 by the first part of *The Earthly Paradise*. Mr. Swinburne published his dramas of *The Queen Mother* and *Rosamond* in 1860, *Atalanta in Calydon* in 1865, the *Poems and Ballads* in 1866. To these succeeded other volumes, of which the last was *Erechtheus* in 1876. I abstain from obtruding on the reader any critical estimate of these four poets: of the former two for an obvious reason, and of the latter two because it would appear to me out of place and out of scale to comment on them, while silence is preserved as to the other pair. There need however be no impropriety in my reminding the reader of the great influence that these four authors (or more especially three of them, omitting the poetess) have exercised over the poetic standard and drift of our time—an influence chiefly manifest on the surface since the appearance of Mr. Swinburne's two volumes of 1865 and 1866; no impropriety also in my bespeaking attention to the various dates which I have quoted. These show that if (as has been often alleged) there is any solidarity between the poetic work of Dante Rossetti, of Morris, and of

Swinburne, and if volumes by Morris and Swinburne were in the hands of readers before any volume by Rossetti, this was nevertheless an introversion of the real order of date, and therefore of poetic precursorship and impulsion; a fact indeed abundantly well known to those readers, among others, who have perused Mr. Swinburne's own recent volume of republished prose *Essays*. It may here be observed that Mr. Scott inscribes his volume to these three poets, saying, in the course of his dedicatory sonnet,

“Which was the earliest? Methinks 'twas
he
Who from the southern laurels fresh leaves
brought,”

—i.e. Dante Rossetti. Now “methinks” may be as handy an archaism as the well-worn “I ween,” which has filled up so many a verse, and furnished so many a rhyme; but, if the insertion of that word in the sonnet should suggest that Mr. Scott is really in any doubt as to whether Rossetti was or was not an earlier writer of poetry, and an earlier appreciator of Mr. Scott himself, than Swinburne and Morris, then the only inference would be that our author has a lax memory for dates.

In speaking of Mr. Scott as a poet, we should not lose sight of the fact (already glanced at here) that he is a painter as well; a painter by profession, a poet by bent of mind, and by frequent yet still subsidiary practice. Some of his smaller poems are on subjects immediately connected with fine art; one of the most significant of these being the sonnet *To the Artists called P.R.B.*, 1857. There is also the deeply impressive *Requiem* for the author's greatly gifted brother, the painter David Scott (who died in March 1849); and again a sonnet *To my Brother, on publishing his Memoir*. Another class of compositions is in the character of ballads—very unlike the old English or Scottish ballads, and yet intellectually related to them by a certain genuine heredity. One of these—probably also one of the latest-written poems in the volume—is *The Witches' Ballad*, a very

striking jet of grotesque imagination, strangely realistic, strangely suggestive. Mr. Scott has undoubtedly been an independent, an original poet, moving along a track of his own, not affecting discipleship nor courting association—and yet so far in harmony with the larger forces of thought in his time that he is found, now his poems are collected, to have been working more than once in a like line with other poets, his coevals or juniors. In such instances, his own work has been done with vigorous singleness of mind and hand. His great aim always is to fix and define an idea, and present a determined and significant image; to evolve poetical matter poetically. To *express* it poetically is also his aim, and one in which he continually succeeds by native gift, and lofty, stately, or incisive style. Musical or noble verses, and full-breathed dignified periods, abound, in his writings. On the other hand, to finish for the sake of literary perfection—to polish so as to charm the reader, and defy critical dissection or demur—this has clearly not been any special object to him. Such being the fact, it is remarkable that one of the forms of verse in which Mr. Scott succeeds best is that form which most urgently demands perfection of execution—the sonnet. This we may probably attribute to two causes: the recent date of several of the finest sonnets, and the writer's perception that in these he was hardly at liberty to tolerate loose texture, or leave ragged edges.

Here I must end this rather scrambling attempt to indicate what phases British poetry has been passing through in the half century since the death of Byron; and how one of our poets worthy of honour, Mr. William Bell Scott, has compared himself as successor, colleague, and predecessor, of various others eminent in the same art. I will only add a few words to point out that I have purposely—in order to husband

my space—omitted all mention of American poets; among whom Edgar Poe, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, and more recently Whitman and Joaquin Miller, have more particularly borne their active part in determining or modifying the poetical development of the times. I will also, in scanty justice to the men themselves, and with some feeling of national pride in so long a list of poetical writers more or less good—and some of them are truly very good indeed—add in conclusion the names, if *but* the names, of some other authors belonging to the period we have been considering. Even these are far indeed from being all that might legitimately be mentioned: I set them down without the least endeavour to assess their merits—or in some cases perchance their demerits. In the earlier years, or broadly speaking in the time between the death of Byron and the advent of Tennyson, there were Allan Cunningham, James Montgomery, James Hogg, Bryan Procter, Motherwell, Hamilton Reynolds, Præd, Sheridan Knowles. In the Tennysonian time, Macaulay, Ebenezer Elliott, George Darley, Bulwer Lytton, Keble, Westland Marston, Barham, Monckton Milnes, Ebenezer Jones, Linton, Patmore, Kingsley, Aubrey de Vere, Clough, Barnes, Matthew Arnold. In recent years—or say roughly from 1850 onwards—George Meredith, Frederick Locker, Robert Lytton, J. H. Newman, Garnett, George Macdonald, Gerald Massey, Richards, Myers, Alfred Austin, Woolner, Robert Buchanan, Rhoades, Miss Ingelow, Mrs. Lewes, Mrs. Webster, Simcox, W. S. Gilbert, Dommett, Nichol, Hake, O'Shaughnessy, Philip Marston, John Payne, Marzials, Ross, Neil, Gosse, James Thomson.

“High spirits call
The future from its cradle, and the past
Out of its grave, and make the present last
In thoughts and joys which sleep but cannot
die.”

W. M. ROSSETTI.

THE GERMAN STAGE—A SKETCH.

SEVERAL articles upon this subject having lately appeared in periodicals and newspapers, an additional view by a German actor may perhaps be of some interest to the English public. Mr. Schutz Wilson's pamphlet is of great information, but it only deals with part of the subject, and leaves unmentioned hosts of illustrious names that have shone on the horizon of dramatic greatness. The German stage achieved its lustre from what is called *Die Hamburger Periode* (the Hamburg period), when the Ackermanns (father, wife, and daughters), Eckhof, Brackmann, and Schroeder, combined with the assistance of Lessing, the father of German literature (who not only shone¹ as a great dramatist, but also as a critic), banished the loose, sensuous French productions from German soil, and planted wholesome, moral, deep thought and language on the German boards. That was a great time for Germany, for it now began to have its own dramatic literature, and paved the way for such illustrious names as Wieland, Goethe, Schiller, Bürger, Kotzebue, Iffland, Schlegel, and Tieck. But it had a still greater significance, for it was at that period that Shakespeare was introduced into Germany and achieved an overwhelming success. On the 20th September, 1777, Schroeder's version of *Hamlet*, based on Wieland's translation, was produced for the first time in Germany. Brackmann played Hamlet, Eckhof the ghost, Schroeder the gravedigger. The sensation was so great that for a time nothing was talked of in Hamburg but Brackmann's Hamlet. Busts, engravings, and medals were made of him, whose conception of the part was principally bitterly ironical and humorous. Schroeder went before

the curtain and announced that this most extraordinary character would be played by several of the company, and four different actors alternated in the part. Schroeder himself (whose Hamlet was most liked) played Laertes and the gravedigger on different occasions. *Hamlet* was followed by *Richard III.*, *Henry IV.*, *King Lear*, and *Othello*—all Schroeder's versions. Schroeder played Iago, and it is remarkable that the actors as a rule cared little for *Othello*. The blacking of the face was a drawback to facial expression, and Garrick's shrewd refusal of the part on the ground that he was too little, and that he would remind the audience of the Moorish boy in one of Hogarth's prints, must to some extent have spread the prejudice. Schroeder—whom, throughout his life, Macready took as his example—was the father of the German stage. As a child of three years old, when playing the part of Innocence in Petersburg, before the Empress Elizabeth (1744), he had to say, "O no; I liberate you!" He spoke the words so sweetly that the Empress kissed and hugged him, and gave a beautiful present to his mother. But he was very nearly lost to art. At Warsaw, in his thirteenth year, his stepfather, Ackermann, placed him in the School of the Jesuits, who produced so great an impression upon him through their kind treatment—so contrary to that he experienced at home—that he yielded to their wish to stay with them. The troupe was to leave. The boy had escaped from home and no one knew where he had gone. The police were called into requisition, but in vain; and nothing but the determination and daring of Krohn the actor, who had on several occasions accompanied Schroeder to the Jesuit cloister, and insisted that he must be concealed there—saved

¹ His theatrical *Bibliothek* was the foundation for future German acting.

him from his fate. Krohn gained entrance to the convent, rushed into the room of the monk and spoke so loud with him, that Schroeder, who was concealed in the next cell, could hear every word he said, but not the low retorts of the priest. At last Krohn exclaimed with a tremendous voice, "Fritz, Fritz, where are you? Your mother is tearing her hair and fainting constantly." The boy gave vent to his feelings and sobbed aloud. The monk opened the door and coldly said, "Had the boy but triumphed over this last trial, he would have been lost to your pernicious profession, and his soul saved for ever." After many successful years of management in Hamburg, Joseph II. called him to Vienna to manage his Burg-theatre, a position which placed him, as he afterwards found out, under a peculiar embarrassment. The good Emperor, who was dotingly fond of the drama, and had built the present Burg-theatre close to his castle, that he might walk from his apartments into his private box, hated *fatal* endings to plays. Schroeder therefore, as Laertes, was compelled to let Hamlet live and reign, as Othello to kill Iago, and live happily with Desdemona, recovered his senses as Lear, and saw a number of grandchildren fondly caressing his white beard, after giving his land to Cordelia. Such perversions were naturally distasteful to Schroeder, and he resigned his honourable and lucrative position for a second management in Hamburg, where he afterwards died in his seventy-third year.

Eckhof is looked upon as the first great actor whom Germany possessed. He was the predecessor of Schroeder and Fleck, had served under Frederick the Great, was released from service by a special decree, and took to a vagrant's life. He soon became the idol of the students and men of letters all over Germany, and may be called the creator of German classic art. With a thin haggard appearance he combined a grave and scholarly nature. He was pedantic and exacting; never was moved himself, though often moving others to

tears. I should say that he was the very prototype of John Kemble, but, alas! not so fortunate, nor as much courted as that great actor. He died in Gotha in great poverty in 1778. The eighteenth was a trying century for art and actors, the constant war-bugle and burning of party factions blew to shatters any lasting interest for the drama. Eckhof, in a letter to Schroeder, relates that his brother-in-law, Steinbrecher, was obliged to take care of a herd of geese for a farmer to obtain a livelihood in his old age. And yet it was the greatest century for Germany, and produced the greatest lights in art and science. The lustre of the German stage became now universal. Goethe and Schiller worked co-operatively under the influence of their kind friend, Duke Karl August in Weimar, and Iffland was creating a new school in Mannheim. It was there that Schiller's *Robbers* first saw the light of day, and that Iffland, in the character of Moor, achieved a triumph which revolutionized the entire theatre. The public was frantic with excitement, and Schiller woke up the next morning to find himself a great man. When he heard of the enormous success of his play, he escaped from the tyranny of Prince Charles's school, and walked from Stuttgart to Mannheim in midwinter in a light summer suit. When there he handed his second play, *Love and Intrigue*, to the management. Intendant von Dahlberg appointed the three stage managers, headed by Wolf, to hear it read by the author. After the reading of the second act, they all shook their heads, and Wolf took Schiller aside and asked whether he was sure that he was the man who had written the *Robbers*. Schiller looked at him with large eyes, and upon Wolf's explanation that he could hardly credit that the author of the *Robbers* could be guilty of such trash as he had just now read, "Is it really so bad?" Schiller asked with a deep sigh. "Very bad indeed, Herr Schiller; but if you will leave the MS. with me, I will read the other acts, and see whether anything can be done with it." Early next morning Schiller

was roused from slumber in his miserable garret by loud knocking, and on opening the door, Wolf flew into his arms, exclaiming, "Schiller, that's a great play of yours; it was your confounded Suabian accent that spoilt it all." Poor Schiller! He was very fond of reading, and, it is said, intended once to enter the profession, a step from which he was only prevented by his friends, who showed him the utter impossibility of success with such an accent. Frau von Kalb, a great friend of his, tells the following story of him. He usually gave her everything to peruse before he placed it in the hands of the printers. One day he read a couple of acts of *Don Carlos* to her. In the middle of his reading she burst out laughing, with the exclamation, "Schiller, that's the worst thing you have ever written." In disgust he threw the MS. on the floor and left the room. She took it up, read it herself, and was in ecstasy. "It was that awful Schwaebische accent!"

Kotzebue had an extremely productive genius, which was only stopped by the fatal dagger of Land. The next great light on the German stage was Ludwig Devrient, the uncle of the three Devrients, Carl, Emil, and Edward. He was perhaps the greatest genius the stage ever possessed. Unlike Garrick, who leaned more towards comedy than tragedy, Devrient was equally great in both. His Shylock and Richard were terrific performances, while in Fips the tailor, in Kotzebue's *Gefährliche Nachbarschaft* (Dangerous Neighbours), he kept the audience convulsed with laughter. Unlike Garrick, he never studied, and was given to intemperance. For nearly fifteen years he was connected with a low strolling company, and it was a sheer accident that made the world familiar with his power. It is said that one night, when he was announced to play Scheva, in Cumberland's *Jew*, about five minutes before the rising of the curtain, the "Inspicient" (an upper call-boy next to the stage-manager) appeared with trembling face before his chief

and announced that Devrient had not arrived. The king was already in his box; messenger after messenger was sent out; and at last Devrient was found in his favourite tavern half seas over. He was taken to the theatre, dressed, and just before the cue was given for him to go on, he found that he had not yet made up his face for the part. There was no time to lose. He looked around for paint, but alas! erratic genius knows nothing of order. He found a little carmine, but black! "Have you any black?" "No!" "Give me your boot; that's right; a little spittle on the hand will rub off the blacking; a dash here and a dot there, that will do."

"But you hav'n't got your beard on!"

"Never mind."

The cue was given; Devrient threw himself into his part. He entered: the house cheered. He looked the part to perfection, and never acted it better.

On another occasion, after the *Robbers*, a jolly party were sitting in an inn where Devrient and his friends used to congregate, when a young man fresh from the provinces, who was in a state of ecstasy over his Moor, was heard to exclaim that he would thank God on his knees if he could see him once off the stage. Devrient advanced and said that his wish was easily fulfilled; here he is. The young man looked him dubiously in the face. "It cannot be you." Devrient threw the expression of Moor on his face, and the young man cried, "Yes, yes; great man, it is you."

Eslair was another great actor of that period. He was particularly happy in old heroes, and was considered the greatest Lear and Wallenstein. He was remarkable for his light and shade. He would recite a long speech with dignity and full rhetorical power, and then suddenly finish the last line or two in a most commonplace and natural tone of voice. The effect (which savoured of clap-trap) was electric, and always brought down the house. He had a

fine manly figure, a good voice, and an intellectual head. Soon after him Seydelman appeared. He was the most persevering and energetic actor the German stage has seen. His motto was, "*Nur dem eisernen ausdauernden Fleiss wird die Sieges-palme zu theil*" (Iron-like perseverance and industry will alone reach the palm of victory). When quite young he stammeringly presented himself to the manager of the Breslau Theatre. The manager laughed and told him that his impediment was a dead-lock against his ever acquiring success. "Demosthenes succeeded," said Seydelman to himself, and went to a small travelling company. Like Demosthenes, he overcame his impediment, was engaged in Olmütz, then in Prague, then in Hanover, and then in Berlin, where he was idolized as the greatest character actor Germany ever possessed. He was rich as a satirist, and was most successful in dry, sardonic parts like Don Carlos in *Clavigo*, Mephistopheles, and De Moor. Almost at the same time Wilhelm Kunst drew the attention of Germany upon himself. Like a phenomenon he appeared, and like a piece of misery he went down. Kunst was the personification of all that nature could possibly bestow on mortal being. Talent, figure, voice, health, youth, fire, enthusiasm, all was in his power; but, alas! no study. Kunst was a "Naturalist," not an artist who through study and art strives to gain perfection, but an actor who only exhibits his natural powers. These were very great. His best part was Otto v. Wittelsbach, where he would come upon the stage with a sword steaming with red-hot blood after the murder of the king. His attraction, as long as youth and health lasted, was immense. He laid the foundation of Karl's fortune in Vienna, and the Karl's-theatre was besieged night after night by crowds of people for three and four hours before the time of opening. His great ambition was to belong to the company of the Burg-theatre in Vienna, but he never succeeded. He was married to the great Sophie Schroeder, who fell in love with

him, and the morning after the marriage left him, and afterwards, through high influence, obtained a divorce. Money had no value for Kunst. In time of prosperity he was liberal to profligacy, and died in the almshouse at Baden, near Vienna, an utter pauper. The actors—myself among them—had actually to make a collection to bury him decently. He was the nearest approach to Edwin Forrest in style, vigour, and appearance, but not in shrewdness.

Karl Devrient, brother to Emil and Edward, and nephew to Ludwig, was also a remarkable character actor. He was for years connected with the Hof-theatre in Hanover, as a player of serious tragedy, and wonderful as it may appear to many of my English colleagues, not satisfied with a most literal translation of Shakespeare, he studied English to enter with greater ease into the depths of his genius. But this led him into all sorts of awkwardnesses, for in the middle of King Lear's curse he would get into the original text, and finish it in the language of the immortal bard, amidst the intense applause of his spectators, who were familiar with his eccentricities and forgave them. He was married to the great Schroeder, and she gave him a son (Fritz Devrient) who might have followed the footsteps of his illustrious ancestors, had not intemperate habits brought him to an early grave. This young man was perhaps the most gifted of all the Devrients, excepting Ludwig, and with him died the talent of this great family, for the sons of Edward are of commonplace mediocrity.

Anschütz of the Burg-theatre, known as *Der alte Anschütz*, and the "father of the present German stage," is one of the "old guard," and was dearly beloved up to his death, which happened only a few years ago. He remembered Schroeder, and in parts like King Lear, *Der Förster in Das Forsthaus*, or Miller in *Love and Intrigue*, was inimitable. Laroche, Löwe, Fichtner, and Joseph Wagner were for years his associates. These five actors, together with Frau Rettich and Hebel, made the fame of that theatre.

They very rarely went on what are called *Gast-rolle* or "starring engagements," but, nevertheless, were great actors. They concentrated their power entirely on their institution. They employed their vacation strictly for the purpose for which it was given, namely, as a recreation for body and mind, and returned after a two months' rest with renewed vigour. Of course they had no anxiety as to their earnings, for their salaries went on whether they played or not, and when they became old they retired on a liberal pension, or in Vienna language a *Decré*. There was no greedy desire after wealth in their disposition, and they lived and died like true artists. Laroche was an excellent actor for old men and character villains. His Sir Peter Teazle was a splendid performance, and he was the original Mephistopheles. When playing as a young man at Weimar, Goethe became very fond of him, and at last consented to have *Faust* produced on the stage. He taught Laroche the part, and when assured of its great success, was even induced to see it. The public was in an ecstasy of delight, but Goethe shook his head and said, "They play a thing called *Faust*, but it is not what I meant for my *Faust*, which was not intended for the stage." This was the last time Goethe ever visited the theatre. In fact he took little interest in it from the moment the *Dog of Aubry* had driven him from the management. Löwe was a fiery, impassioned actor, and took his audience by storm with his intensity of passion, while Joseph Wagner, the idol of the women, was the perfection of a poetic, handsome, godlike man. When I saw him he was in his fiftieth year, but he looked an Apollo. Never were the lines of Ophelia, "the courtier's, scholar's, soldier's eye, tongue, sword; the glass of fashion and the mould of form," more applicable. He was in every true sense of the word "Ein Heldenliebhaber." Parts like De Moor, Othello, or Brutus, he looked and acted to perfection. But he sadly lacked versatility. Fichtner, the greatest light

comedian of the present age, was the fifth of that excellent *ensemble*. He was the Charles Mathews of Germany, but he surpassed Mathews in one sense, and that was in pathos. He could touch to the heart, and his pathos was as deep as Jefferson's. When last I saw him, he must have been almost sixty-five, but he looked twenty. Frau Rettich was a fine rhetorician and a most powerful actress, and so was Frau Hebel, whilst Frau Haitzinger was the perfection of an old woman. This remarkable band, with a constant influx of younger actors and actresses, formed for years the foundation of the Burg-theatre, which reached its high position in art through the wise guidance of Heinrich Laube, the excellent dramatist. Laube has been for several years replaced by Dr. Dingelstedt, whose knowledge of Shakespeare is very profound.

Carl von Holtei, who was almost a contemporary of Ludwig Devrient, and who, as actor, author, and reader, excited no little enthusiasm throughout Germany, is another of those geniuses who have done so much good towards the culture of German art and literature. His *Lorbeerbaum and Bettelstab* (Laurel Tree and Beggarstaff), clumsily produced some years ago on the English stage under the title of *The Man o' Airlie*—has been for years a great stock play. As a Shakespearian reader he was excellent, and he made a very fair actor. I asked him one day why he did not learn English and go to London. "Learn English?" he said; "how can anybody learn a language where you spell a word 'ass' and pronounce it 'donkey?'" He lived a retired life in Gratz, and supported himself by writing novels, of which *Die Vagabunden* made a great stir.

Another extraordinary author, or rather authoress and actress, was Madam Birch-Pfeiffer, the prolific play-writer. This lady, whose maiden name was Birch, and who married Dr. Pfeiffer, wrote more than one hundred plays, and provided the German stage with constant novelties. Since the days of Kotzebue, Germany had not enjoyed a

style of so much freshness, vigour and naturalness, but with the difference that while Kotzebue never repeated himself, and of his two hundred and odd plays every one had an original plot, Birch-Feiffer's were mostly dramatisations, of which only some twenty were thoroughly successful and remained as stock plays. She was a wonderful worker. I had a letter to her when I entered the profession, and the advice she gave me was "Work, work, work." She told me—to give me an illustration of what work could do—that when she managed the Zurich theatre business was bad, and nothing would draw—they wanted novelties. So she looked round, and hearing of a new novel by Bulwer entitled *Night and Morning*, she sent for it, read it, and within eight days it was dramatised, parts copied, studied, rehearsed, and acted. It pulled the people into the house and saved an otherwise disastrous season. She was the best nurse in *Romeo and Juliet* on the German stage. I shall never forget the night I saw her. Lina Fuhr was Juliet, and I have never seen another like her. She was the perfection of an Italian maiden, and Shakespeare himself would have doted on her. I can only compare her, from what I have read, to Miss O'Neil, only that Lina Fuhr was more impassioned. She had raven black hair and jet black eyes, with a transparent white skin, a full bust, and a tall, lovely figure. From the moment she entered you could read upon her brow that fate had doomed her to a fatal end.

The last but not the least of the "old guard" was Dr. Carl Grunert, of the

Hof-theatre at Stuttgart; a most profound scholar and rhetorician, whose learning the faculty of Göttingen had honoured with the diploma of a doctorship in philosophy. Dr. Grunert (whom I should compare with old Vandenhof) was a perfect elocutionist. He was considered peerless in his recital of the *Lay of the Bell*. I claim the honour of having been his pupil, and I look upon him with the most grateful feelings. One night in Pesth, when he played Lear, I stood in the wings looking at him, dressed as Edmund; the tears rolled down my painted cheeks, and when my cue was given to intrigue against the old man, I felt as if I could hate myself. My embodiment of the Bastard that night was certainly the poorest the stage ever saw. Of all actors I ever knew he was the most classic and profound. He never yielded to effect. He regarded the public as an ignorant mass which needed education. His Mephistopheles was the nearest to Goethe's view, but also the feeblest as a piece of dramatic acting. He was the embodiment of Faust's negative spirit, and the scholar could trace in every line the evil "no" to Faust's "yes." This was the Mephistopheles of Goethe, not of the stage; it was "thinking aloud." While Faust was raving and ranting you could see his evil mind in the shape of Mephistopheles whispering soothing words of dissipation, but always in that suggestive sly manner which wins upon our better nature, and to which we yield with repugnance.

DANIEL EDWARD BANDMANN,

VIRGINIA AND THE GENTLEMAN EMIGRANT.

COMMUNICATIONS and suggestions from various quarters have induced me to continue in these pages a paper¹ that was originally intended but as a passing sketch of a country whose name, after the lapse of a century, is again becoming familiar to the ears of Englishmen. Times have changed in Virginia, though in many respects they have but little advanced since George Washington sent home his cargoes of tobacco from the banks of the Potomac, and received, as the historian tells us, from his London tailor the latest thing in square-cutcoats, three-cornered hats, and velvet breeches.

The face of the country has considerably altered since Lord Fairfax made the Shenandoah valley echo to the cry of his hounds; since Virginians and red-coats marched side by side to the disastrous field of Monongahela; and since cargoes of needy parsons were annually landed at Jamestown to minister to the spiritual wants of the colony, who took more interest in the stables of their employers, the dice-box, and the cock-pit, than in their worm-eaten and neglected pulpits.

The same train of events, however, which gave Virginia such a rude awakening from the peaceful slumber of so many years and forced her before the eyes of the world, also tended in a great measure to supplant the dim and hazy ideas which her name would call up in the mind of the educated Englishman. Ideas which connected themselves vaguely with Queen Elizabeth and Sir Walter Raleigh, with the Princess Pocohontas and General Washington, with the blunders of George III. and Thackeray's Madam Esmond Warrington, have given place to others of a more commonplace character generated by flaring placards and by the puff advertisements of emigration agencies; and

the country that two hundred years ago had a herald at arms to keep watch upon its pedigrees and its quarterings, is now in the market side by side with Dakota and Colorado.

It is with some trepidation that I hasten, in accordance with hints that have reached me, to enter into more minute details about the country in which so many of my fellow-countrymen have made their homes; and I have no doubt that when I mention the city of Lynchburg as the centre to which I would lead the would-be emigrant, I shall draw upon my devoted head the anathemas of twenty other districts that vie with one another in the competition for foreign capital; and again, when I become still more invidious, and name the county of Bedford as by far the most desirable of any I have seen, I make no doubt but that I shall have limited my well-wishers to those who dwell in the picturesque homesteads and beneath the venerable oaks of the "Banner" county. But I cry mercy, as an amateur, from the land-agents of Virginia. He would be a bold man indeed who threw down the gauntlet to the framers of those impressive sheets of printed matter that are day by day hurled in at the windows of the train while it stops for dinner at Gordonsville; sheets devoted to the praise of the surrounding soil, climate, and population; columns in which the author entreats the unknowing passenger to alight and become a landed proprietor in the county of _____, sustaining his arguments by a touching allusion to its being the "county of his nativity."

The friends of Farmville scatter pamphlets over England with untiring energy, their covers glowing with representations of old Virginia mansion-houses, and their contents teeming with testimonials from happy beings who

¹ See the number of this Magazine for June 1875.

have tasted, and are presumed to be still tasting, the joys of Amelia County.

Faint echoes even reach the public from the low-lying regions that border on the dismal swamp. Their cries, however, of strawberries and goats fall faintly on the ear, and the land of fever and ague is mostly left to the undisturbed possession of its former owners.

Long-haired, unkempt beings from the distant mountains of Western Virginia stretch out their horny hands to the would-be emigrant, and proclaim their territory to be *par excellence* the sheep-raising country of the two states. Undoubtedly, for a hardy bachelor, there is truth in the statement, but I would as soon recommend a family to plunge into the wilds of Manitoba or Iccas.

From all that I have seen, Bedford county embodies everything that is most desirable for the gentleman emigrant. That there may be spots here and there where as good land, equally well situated, is to be found, would be foolish to deny, or that as good a bargain may be struck from every point of view in many other districts; but when the emigrant asks for counsel, as an ignoramus, I can only affirm with confidence that he cannot possibly make any mistake if he look to that region which is inclosed on three sides by the James River, by the mountains between it and the Peaks of Otter, and by the Lynchburg railroad. When I say he cannot possibly make any mistake, I speak too strongly; I must not be understood to mean that he cannot make a mistake in a purchase in that neighbourhood, for bad land is to be found in Bedford as in other counties, but at the same time there is probably a larger average of good, sound, red land there, in all stages of condition, than is to be found in most districts, while for society, scenery, climate, and sport, it will admit of no superior in the States; and lastly, there are in all probability as many English of the kind with whom our emigrant would wish to associate as are to be found in most sections of the State.

The British gentleman emigrant—a class of individual to which no other country can offer an exact parallel—may, I think, be divided into three classes. First, the man who from failure at home or the mere love of adventure casts himself or is cast penniless upon foreign shores, to take his chance with the hard-fisted millions whose thews and sinews are their daily bread. Secondly, the man with more or less capital who seeks to invest it at greater profit than he sees his way to doing at home, combining with it at the same time his energies and his brains. And lastly, the one whose means are too small to meet the increasing expenses and requirements of English social life.

The first has before him a sorry prospect anywhere and everywhere. I have nothing to say with special reference to Virginia save that, on account of the cheapness of labour, a worse field for his energies could scarcely be selected. There are hundreds of enthusiastic youths in England who cherish vague notions that skill in partridge-shooting or in throwing a fly will somehow or other ensure them success in the New World, and I can with confidence affirm that many hundred such are now living on the charity of their fellow-countrymen whose pity they have evoked; or lying with chills and fever on straw pallets in some Nebraska shanty or Canadian lumber camp; while wealthy fathers stretch their legs comfortably under their mahogany and congratulate themselves that Dick or Tom is learning to hold his own in life's battle.

If a son enlists in the army he is considered a disgrace to his family, and his name banished from the lips of all connected with him; yet those same relations will cheerfully send him with five-and-twenty pounds three thousand miles from home, to work side by side as a labourer with men compared with whom privates in the army are gentlemen, and often under the orders of boors with whom his father's servants would scorn to associate. But enough of this. We have

dismissed our capitalless emigrant with but poor consolation, and gladly turn to the more cheerful side of emigration.

Let us take for instance a married man, with an income of from 250*l.* to 300*l.* a year. We will presume that it is to his income that he mainly looks for a living, and that he has no great ambition as a farmer. A small farm of course he will have, at all events enough to grow his own bread and feed his horses. Nobody is without "a place" of some sort in Virginia; and as everybody from the Governor downwards is more or less of a farmer, so does every conversation turn more or less upon the topic which engrosses the attention of the largest proportion of the inhabitants. What most Englishmen of the kind above-mentioned look for is a good house, together with from one to two hundred acres of land. The former desideratum is sometimes hard to find combined with the latter, not by any means on account of the scarcity of good houses, but from the fact of their being the homesteads of large plantations, and naturally inseparable from them in the sale lists. Such a combination, however is to be had, and even in default of it a framehouse of good dimensions and equal to all emergencies can be put up for 300*l.*

Many of the old residences are brick, though the majority are built of wood, with spacious verandas and inclosed gardens, and possess all necessary out-houses, stables, barns, and cabins. If the purchaser were intending to invest from 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* in a place, he could procure such a one as this for that price, with 150 acres of good average land.

If he were no farmer, such an estate would help greatly to eke out his income, besides giving him constant occupation and pleasure in its improvement. With his house and garden rent-free, his fuel to be had for the hauling, his fruit for the picking, and his game for the shooting—even if he only feed his horses, cows, and servants, and pay his wages out of the farm—what an advantage he has over his

fellow dragging out an aimless existence at a French watering-place, or hunted from one haven to another by the merciless invasion of fashion or "shoddy."

If the emigrant's sole wish be for society at the lowest price, for the education of a large family at the cheapest rate, and other such advantages pertaining to towns and cities, I should recommend him to look elsewhere than to Virginia. Of Virginian country-towns the less said the better: they are merely irregular and unsightly masses of buildings, dedicated to the sale of tobacco, and the supplying of ordinary necessities to the districts of which they are the centre. The streets are mere tracks of mud and rocks, crossed, like mountain streams, by stepping-stones, while the pavements and shop-floors bear ample evidence that the salivary glands of the citizens are drawn upon to an extent that would astonish a European; for, in Yankee parlance, "They spit where they—please." Richmond is a striking exception to her provincial sisters in appearance, though Norfolk is said, alone of Virginian towns, to understand how to make life pleasant.

While on this subject, I may take the opportunity of warning the emigrant not to expect the hundred and one little social excitements to which the Englishman is accustomed. There is no parallel in Virginia to the cricket-matches, the archery-meetings, the horse-races, the regattas, the balls, the coursing-meetings, the ploughing-matches, the innumerable club-dinners that in their different ways relieve the monotony of the most retired country districts in merry England.

It may be said with truth that in Virginia every head of a family has his plantation to manage, while the gentler sex, on account of the irresponsibility of the black servants, are even more tied to their daily avocations. Their dissipations are indeed few, being limited to a round now and again of formal calls, and an occasional ride to church or meeting.

This distaste for all sports calling for physical exertion is by no means peculiar to Virginia, but is more or less common to rural life everywhere throughout the States. Admiration for muscular Christianity has no more place in the breast of an American farmer or storekeeper than it has in that of a Frenchman. A man who walked out partridge-shooting while anything with four legs stood in his stable would be considered a fool; and exhibitions of skill, pluck, and endurance that are as much applauded in Boston or Philadelphia as they would be in London or Liverpool, may be said to have no place in the Southern States.

To eyes accustomed to the compact dwellings of Europe a Virginian country house presents at first sight the appearance of a small village. Let us glance at one. Two or three acres of short, green turf, inclosed by white-washed or painted palings, surround it; scattered about the inclosure are locust or acacia trees, cedars, yews, and ornamental shrubs; no carriage-drive, as in England, leads up to the door, neither are gay flower-beds or trim walks to be seen; but the grass grows, and the saddle-horses graze freely up to the windows of the house, which is of wood, painted white, and very frequently built in the form of the letter T. There is generally a large, lofty dairy, with many windows, over which, all through the summer months, green venetian shutters are closed. Verandas or porches stand out from each of the many doors. The rooms are usually few, but large, cool in summer and cold in winter; brick chimneys, built up at each extremity of the house like buttresses, afford an outlet for the smoke of the blazing log-fires, around which the Virginian, more domestic in his habits than the majority of his countrymen, loves to assemble every generation of his family in the long evenings of winter.

Immediately in the rear stand the kitchens—which are always separate from the house—the smoke-houses, ice-

houses, hen-yards, and wood-sheds, while behind them again are the farm buildings, the labourers' cabins, and an inclosed vegetable-garden. They are snug places, those old Virginian homesteads; they wear such an appearance of easy-going comfort, and such an utter contempt for economy in space is evinced on every side. The wood-pile covers a quarter of an acre, the out-houses extend for two hundred yards, the fencing suddenly jumps from a neat white paling to the roughest snake-fence tottering with old age; venerable oaks shed their leaves year after year upon worm-eaten wagons, and upon the skeletons of lumbering coaches that carried to church and court-house generations that have passed away, and sleep in the family graveyard in a neighbouring field. Here and there within doors the floors have bent beneath the weight of massive mahogany furniture, brought over from England before Patrick Henry poured forth his tirades against the mother-country to the citizens of Bedford and the surrounding counties, assembled in the wooden buildings of New London, a place that now depends for pre-eminence on its historical associations alone, having dwindled to the limited dimensions of a blacksmith's shop and a store. The remains of the old fort, erected to withstand the hordes of Indians that swept over the Blue Ridge Mountains, are still pointed out.

All classes of houses are built more with the view of modifying the heats of July and August than of resisting the snows and cold winds of January and February and early March. These are by far the coldest months of the year, and during that time the thermometer frequently denotes changes of temperature within twelve hours, that would be impossible in England. Warm spring days often occur in February that would be eagerly welcomed in England late in March, followed by fifteen or twenty degrees of frost, which, as a rule, is the greatest cold experienced in Virginia. Yet there

are exceptions, notably the year 1875, when in February the mercury stood at zero for two or three days. Spring, however, frequently opens for good and all late in March, and by the beginning of April the whole country bursts into blossom; the peach-orchards blaze out a mass of pink, the apples follow with their snowy white; the valleys in the mountains are resplendent with the flowers of the wild ivy, the rhododendron, and the dog-wood trees; while horned stock can live without assistance in the rough pastures and the woods.

May is a pleasant, genial month, somewhat resembling an English June, though the growth that all crops make then is marvellous; wheat that in March had scarcely begun to branch, and was being grazed by sheep and cattle, is in ear by the end of May; oats and hay come in a little later.

June, July, and August are undeniably warm; the thermometer, even in the neighbourhood of the mountains, frequently for days together denotes 90° in the shade, varying from that to 95°. Fresh breezes, however, prevail more or less in the districts to which I allude throughout the summer; and on the score of health the Englishman need have little to fear, unless, indeed, he impair his digestion by the too great consumption of ice-cream, a luxury to which all Virginians are much addicted. There is an old couplet I have heard the negroes sing as they were cradling wheat, to the effect that—

“Ole Virginy never tire
To eat ice-cream and sit by de fire,”

alluding I suppose to the favourite diet of their masters, and to their dread of the cold in winter, which cold has no terror for those accustomed to the climate of England, for with the exception of a week or two now and again during the winter, it is anything but formidable. In a good season the Indian summer reigns supreme from September well nigh to Christmas; bright frosty nights and still dreamy sunny days succeed each other week after week. The full

wheat is put in, the corn and tobacco crops are housed, the “Fall” tints are in all their glory and clothe the mountains in dazzling robes, the sky is bright and cloudless, and not a breath of wind stirs the forest; the blue wreaths of smoke curl up from a hundred tobacco-barns, while a soft haze hangs sometimes for days over everything, and shuts out the distance. Then it is that the sportsman revels in the vast stubble-fields, and the gaunt long-haired mountaineer creeps stealthily over the rocks and through the silent gorges of the mountains in pursuit of the wild turkey, while the tooting of cow-horns and the music of the hounds both by night and day, speak of foxes and coons about to expiate their crimes on the altars of Diana. The roads too are now in good order, and social intercourse between different families is more frequent than at other seasons of the year.

Towards Christmas, however, bad weather begins to blow up; ceaseless trains of tobacco-laden waggons combine with the elements to convert the roads into mere tracks of deep and tenacious mud; snow falls frequently, but seldom lies on the ground for more than a few hours, after which it melts and renders the slush more appalling than ever. The probability is that throughout the months of December, January and February, the thermometer does not register more than fifteen degrees of frost, and generally speaking, the winter may be said to resemble the same season in England. But against this must be placed the unfitness of Virginian houses to keep out the cold. The cry for wood is loud and long all day, the wind whistles through the lofty corridors, rattles the ill-fitting window-sashes, rushes up through the floors, and blows about the pictures on the walls. In vain the oak logs blaze and roar in the huge chimneys, and in vain the inmates huddle round them; their faces indeed are scorching, but their backs are freezing. Small houses of course offer a remedy for some of these evils, but they in their turn have their disadvantages.

To answer the important question, "Does farming pay?" is easy enough when the inquirer is one with whose tastes, capabilities, and qualifications we are acquainted; but it is quite another matter when one definite answer is expected to apply to all indiscriminately. To the half-pay officer who is eager to commute his pay and invest the entire proceeds in the first huge track of land, good or bad, that attracts his fancy; to the school-boy of seventeen, whose doting father purchases for him a cabin passage to New York, and is further prepared to advance him 25*l.* as a start, if he send home good accounts of this El Dorado; or again, to the shrewd, practical man who is certain to do well wherever he goes, who is content to wait till he has acquired knowledge enough of the country to invest his money in the most profitable way, and whose experience has taught him to despise nothing in a new country till he has seen it tested—a contempt which is the weak point in all emigrants—to all these it is impossible to reply in the same key.

Perhaps the best answer to give is that few Virginians have the capital which most Englishmen land with, that a large proportion purchase farms on credit and pay for them in after years, and that very few indeed possess an income beyond what their farm produces; yet they live and are by no means the most miserable of mortals. Their system of farming is undoubtedly bad, in most instances unavoidably so, from want of capital. It must surely then be the fault of a fairly practical Englishman with 2,000*l.* of capital, clear and unencumbered by debt, if he cannot make farming pay. Ready money properly handled will go a long way in Virginia, and the scarcity of money in the country districts would seem almost incredible to anyone accustomed to the easy flow of gold and silver in England.

For whatever the farmer sells in the towns he gets ready cash; this and other reasons combine to make tobacco the crop to which most attention is paid in

Virginia, and with the high prices of latter years it undoubtedly pays well, though a troublesome crop to raise, and requiring some apprenticeship. It is more easily brought into market than any other, and is invariably sold by public auction. Indian corn is the great "keep crop," and on the whole is the surest raised in Virginia, producing heavy yields both of corn and fodder. A considerable area of wheat is annually sown, the heavy red clays being peculiarly adapted for it, and in quality the Virginian wheat has probably no equal in America, prices ranging from \$1 25*c.* to \$1 75*c.* per bushel. Oats are regularly grown on every farm, though good crops are the exception rather than the rule. It is too far south to expect the oat to do really well, a bushel only weighing three quarters of the European or Northern standard weight.

Concerning grass there are no two opinions, and those farmers who have paid attention to that branch of agriculture are universally the most successful in the State, making large profits both in seed and stock. Lands that have been too much run down to produce good "sets" are easily brought up to the required standard by one or at most two ploughings in of a green crop.

Labour is generally plentiful; there are two methods of hiring hands, the one giving a standard wage of \$110 a year and food—in all about \$140; the other giving them an interest in the crops and finding them only a cabin and a garden.

Owing to the slave system white men and women of a similar class to our farm labourers are continually struggling against the one bugbear of their lives, namely, being put on the same footing as the negroes, and assume airs that appear grotesque to the foreigner. From this it may be gathered that white domestic servants are well nigh unprocurable, and the few that do hire out are absolutely worthless. For the same reason the importation of English servants is generally

a failure, as intercourse with Virginians of their own class soon renders them equally objectionable.

The negro women then are mainly relied upon, and in some respects they make fair servants, in others execrable ones. They are good-tempered, obliging, and robust, but they are also dishonest, slovenly, and ignorant; as mere plain cooks some of them are fairly proficient, but of the higher branches of the culinary art they know absolutely nothing; as a rule there is no great difficulty in getting them. I need hardly say a great deal depends on what family they formerly belonged to, as it is undoubtedly preferable to have a servant that has been accustomed to sweep carpets, dust ornaments, and wait properly at table, than one whose existence has been spent in cooking bacon, holding the plough, and hoeing corn.

What makes the expenses of an English family living in Virginia so comparatively small is, not so much the cheapness of the necessaries of life—for almost everything beyond mere eatables is more expensive—but the fact of being able to dispense with the hundred and one extras and luxuries that society in England demands of all who would live within its pale. On this subject I once heard the lengthiest argument to which I ever had the pleasure of listening. It took place in one of our colonies, and the disputants were both great travellers, men of wide experience and much intelligence. The one contended that in the country in which they then were the cost of living was cheaper by one half than in England, instancing—it was an evening party—the company before them, and comparing their relative incomes with those of people in the same sphere in English society. The other not only denied the truth of the assertion, but was for completely reversing the statement, affirming that if the colonial families considered necessary everything that was so in the Old country, and pro-

cured it at whatever cost, living would not only be as expensive, but considerably more so than in England; but the fact was, they did without things that though useless in themselves, society at home imperatively demands. It is needless to say they were arguing on parallel lines; in short, both were right, and the whole argument hinged on the fact that one party felt more keenly than the other the loss of his sherry and champagne, his juicy beef-steak and Guinness's stout.

Thus it is in Virginia; the requirements are far less than in England, and the household expenses consequently lighter.

I may add that for the married emigrant it is far better to make a pioneer trip before he rashly transports his wife, family, and household goods across the Atlantic. It is better if he have some friend in the country in whom he can put implicit faith, since he himself as a new-comer will be far more incapable than he likes to admit of forming an accurate judgment on what he sees.

The one great advantage that Virginia possesses over almost every other centre of emigration is, that while all others have some one known drawback, she may be said to have nothing to stand in her way, and from her central position a future awaits her that will far eclipse the past days of rude plenty, the loss of which her sons now bewail.

That furnaces will one day blaze, and the rattle of trucks be heard where now the deer and the bear roam undisturbed, is doubted by none; and that a country which ought to be the garden of the United States will remain for ever a wilderness, now the causes that kept it so are removed, can scarcely be conceived. Looking, however, on the present only, for those fond of a rural life, there are many worse countries to live in than that which Captain Smith and his hardy followers wrested from the Indians in the days of good Queen Bess.

A DREAM OF RANNOCH:

RANNADHAIL.

HENCE, begone, repugnant menial!
 Leave those blinds alone, I say!
 Rouse me not from night's dear visions
 To the sights and sounds of day!
 To the vile vehiculation,
 Tramways, busses,—heaven knows what!
 To the dull committee meeting,
 To the tiresome caller's chat;
 To that Pelion of unanswered
 Letters piled upon my head;
 To the morning's dreary duties,
 To the night's white-chokered 'spread.'
 Rouse me not from golden August,
 Purple mountain, muirland brown,
 To the drizzle of December
 And the miry ways of town!

I have had a dream of Rannoch!
 Ah, why was it but a dream?
 And I stood knee-deep in heather
 By the Tummel's rushing stream;
 Saw Ben Vrackie's giant summit
 Basking in the autumn glow;
 Saw the Loch, like burning crystal
 Set in ruddy bronze below;
 Saw the Moor in lonely grandeur
 Sweeping westward far away;
 Saw the Black-wood's ancient shadow,
 Saw Schiehallion's shoulder gray;
 Saw the solemn lights and shadows
 Flit across the folded hills;
 Heard the wild bee's drowsy humming,
 Heard the chiming of the rills;
 In the hollow of the granite
 Heard the cataract far apart;
 Heard the low wind in the bracken,
 Heard the beating of my heart.
 And the awful mountain silence
 On my transcéd spirit fell,
 With a ghostly music winding
 All my being in its spell;
 Till along its tingling channels
 Pulsed the torrent of my blood,
 As through riven crag and boulder
 Thunders Garry when in flood.

And great memories grew within me,
 As within the narrow glen
 Grows the whirlwind in the midnight;
 And I seemed to live again,
 With a dream's strange concentration,
 All the old heroic life,
 With its passion, pride, and pathos,
 With its turmoil and its strife.
 And I heard the war-horn moaning,
 And the sounding of the shields;
 Heard the great-pipe's haughty slogan
 From a hundred stricken fields:
 As from crag and corrie gathered,
 Like the cloudrack of a storm,
 Mail-clad shape of count and warrior,
 Chief and chieftain's plaided form,
 Charging in the van of battle,
 Down upon the southron foe;
 Oft victorious, vanquished oft,
 But ever giving blow for blow.
 To the Northland ever faithful,
 Ever loyal to their king;
 For 'the Old Cause' counting ruin,
 Death itself, a little thing!

Then arose a sound of wailing,
 As Culloden's direful plain
 Loomed in lurid light before me,
 Cumbered with its noble slain.
 Bright-haired boys, and hoary swordsmen
 Who with dauntless Ian Dhu
 Cleared the way at Killiecrankie—
 Well each stately corse I knew!
 And my anguish broke in curses
 As I saw the Victor tread
 With a demon's vengeful triumph
 In the dust my kindred dead,
 And by blazing tower and clachan,
 Lighting far the ghastly night,
 Stamp with murder's gory seal
 The charter of an alien right. . . .

From my view the vision faded,
 And once more the landscape lay
 Stretched in tranquil beauty round me
 In the gleam of parting day.
 But on ben and glen the shadow
 Of its presence lingered yet,
 Like the mournful light that lingers
 Where the waning moon hath set;
 And a wierd wind sobbed and whispered
 Through the pine-woods of the shore,
 And the rushing of the river
 Echoed—"We return no more!" . . .

Then a touch was laid upon me,
 And I turned with sudden dread,
 As a voice said, "Rannoch is not
 Peopled only by the dead!
 No doubt all these lonely musings
 On the Past are very fine,
 But the Present, too, is something,
 And mortality must dine!"

'Twas no spectre! but Milady
 Strephon, graithed in mountain gear—
 Crook and bonnet—who beside me
 Stood,—no object of my fear!
 And I said—o'er jewelled fingers
 Meekly bowed,— "I can't dispute
 The deep wisdom of the maxims
 You enunciate. And, *sans doute*,
 Better is the bright-eyed Present
 Than the gray Past's face of woe!
 Living friend than dead proavus—
 I am contrite,—let us go!"

Then I ate the black-faced mutton,
 And I quaffed the rosy wine,
 And discussed with maid and matron
 All things secular and divine;
 Talked of grilse, and grouse, and game laws;
 Schools and school-boards far and near—
 Talked of Huxley—talked of Plimsoll—
 Talked of Bishops and of Beer;
 Talked of Shakespeare and the Shakers—
 Till the pipes' prelusive squeal
 From those lofty matters called us
 Forth to Tulloch's glorious reel.
 And I danced in "knives and nothing"¹
 As man never danced before,
 Tempest-tossed upon the music
 'Twixt the ceiling and the floor.
 O! the whisking of the garments!
 And the flashing of the eyes!
 O! the shuffling and the stamping,
 O! the frantic 'Hooch's' and 'Hi's!'
 Ever swifter—ever wilder,
 As we cleeked, and set, and wheeled,
 Till the trophied walls around us
 To our rhythmic rapture reeled:
 Walls, and roof, and floor, and dancers,
 Silks and tartans wildly tossed,
 Blent in one ecstatic chaos—
 In one glittering maelstrom lost!
 But at last even Highland mettle
 Must succumb to Nature's laws;

¹ The characteristic description of "The Garb of Old Gaul" recently given by the correspondent of a Sheffield newspaper.

And the living vortex sundered ;
 But *my* frenzy knew no pause !
 For the fierce Berserker spirit
 Was upon me.—“What, sit still ?
 Never, Madam !—play up, pipers !
 I must either dance—or kill !”
 So the Highland Fling I gave them
 In a manner quite my own ;
Cro-nan-gobhar, and *Shen-trūas*.
 Then, my wondrous feats to crown,
 Gave them also *Gillie Callum*—!—
 O ! divine *Terpsichore*,
 Hadst thou been last night in Rannoch,
 Thou hadst got some hints from me !

But with groan of mortal anguish
 Ceased the pipes ; and from her seat
 Rose *Milady* and addressed me
 With a smile bewitching sweet :
 “Thou at last hast done thy duty :
 Thou hast come and dined and danced ;
 Now receive the promised guerdon ;”
 Here towards the door she glanced,
 And a hurricane of pipers,
 Belted, sworded, plumed, and all
 In *Cland h’s* ruddy tartan,
 Burst into the echoing hall.
 Mighty men of calf and whisker—
 Deep of thirst and strong of wind—
 Frowning swift annihilation
 On all merely human kind !
 O ! it *was* a sight to see them
 Strut and storm across the floor,
 Lilting ‘Lift the Cattle, Duncan,’
 While a brace of gillies bore
 In their wake a mighty *DEER’S-HEAD*,
 Branching like a goodly tree—
 Well I knew its gallant slayer !
 Well I knew IT WAS FOR ME !
 And I forward sprang to grasp it,
 With a wild exultant scream ;
 But it dwindled—faded—vanished !
 ’Twas a dream ! ’Twas all a dream !

NOEL PATON.

THE SWISS SONDERBUND WAR.

THE¹ struggle between the believers in Papal Infallibility and their opponents, which to-day divides all Central and Southern Europe into two hostile camps, is by no means the new thing that it is the fashion to believe. No doubt the Vatican Council and its uncompromising decision have given Ultramontanism a more definite form, and its adversaries a clearer war cry. But Ultramontanism, with all its present aims, belief, and teaching, existed thirty years since as a political power. Its restless spirit of aggression, concentrated at that time in a country that seemed especially open to assault, first broke the stillness of the long peace that followed Waterloo, and gave astonished Europe the spectacle of war on a great scale—one altogether unknown to the greater part of the then living generation. Switzerland, now recognised within and without as one and indivisible for all political ends, was in 1847 little better than a heterogeneous mass of separate states, each governed by its own laws, and following its own customs, and in great part regarding the cantonal authority as something more sacred than that of the Federation, and the union in which they were bound as one rather of common convenience than of binding obligation. The views of a large section of her citizens were in fact politically identical as regarded the question of State or Federal government with those of the Virginians who in 1861 were driven, sorely against their personal will, to decide for immediate secession or permanent federation, and to whom loyalty to Virginia, and the cause she espoused, seemed a more sacred tie than allegiance to the side of the majority resolved to uphold the Union by force of arms. It is true that the question

of the institution of slavery, long sanctioned but at last openly assailed, was not present, as in America, to force on a contest. But its place was fully supplied by the activity of the Catholic party, which, hopeless of imposing its will on the Federal Diet, aimed to create a smaller Switzerland of its own, where the true religion might hold its sway unchecked.

For years past this party had been seeking domination by means of winning particular cantons. Its followers could command but eight of the twenty-five cantonal administrations that exist: the twenty-two cantons being thus enlarged in practice by the separation into two for all administrative purposes of Appenzell, Basle, and Unterwald. They had struggled hard for the mastery in others which were more divided; but a sharp defeat in St. Gall had now come to range that powerful canton against them in the Diet, and made it certain to contain a majority of their avowed opponents. The Jesuits, though nominally proscribed, had been not only present, but as usual especially active in the cause of Rome, and had drawn upon themselves a more than usual share of the obloquy their policy has so often had to bear in civil strife. And it is hard to say whether the open introduction of the Order by the Catholics of Lucerne, or the sudden suppression on the other side of all conventual establishments by the Protestant majority in Aargau, acted more powerfully in heating the passions already raised. The Catholic cantons finally, after much discussion of the oppression with which they declared themselves threatened, came to the resolve of forming a Sonderbund or "separate confederacy" of their own, able to guard its own interests if the Diet declared against them. Lucerne, Friburg, Valais, Schwytz, Uri, Zug, and Unterwald,

¹ From the posthumous *Campagne du Sonderbund*, by the late General Dufour. (Published by Sandoz of Neuchâtel, 1875.)

accordingly concluded a private treaty for joint offence or defence. They even began to arm their militia, and raise works on the most exposed parts of their frontiers. They formed a common council of war, and named secretly the commanders who were to head their joint contingents. In fact they took measures, just as the Southern members of the Washington cabinet did before Lincoln was sworn in, designed to put them ahead of their adversaries before the National Council met. And though probably enough their leaders were honestly desirous to avoid the appeal to arms, they hardly expected to be able to do so when their deputies left them to meet at Berne; whilst a large part of their people were anxious for open struggle, believing themselves at once the supporters of a just cause, and the fit representatives of the heroic Switzerland of old days, and quite strong enough to hold their own by force against the rest of the Federation, made up as this was in great part of modern aggregations, as Geneva, the Grisons, and Neufchatel, which had had no share in the glories of the olden struggles of the land for freedom.

Nor was their belief altogether presumptuous, despite a great numerical inferiority. It is true that the most extensive of all, the Valais, was cut off from the rest of Switzerland by the Bernese Alps, and could only influence the cause of a struggle remotely, unless it took the field singlehanded at the first, with extraordinary promptitude. Friburg also, large, civilised, and powerful, was yet an isolated canton, divided from its proposed allies by the whole width of Berne, staunchly Protestant in faith and bound by every tie to the Federation, which had made it the chief state, and the seat of the government. But the other five lay clustered together in the very heart of the Republic. Schwytz gave its very name to the once warlike and still proud Federation. Uri, Unterwald, Zug, and Lucerne joined it round the historic "Lake of the Four Forest Cantons," still known as such to the Swiss them-

selves, though the fair sheet of water takes its ordinary name from the last only. If true to each other, their happy situation, with easy water communication to aid it, must surely enable them to divide the scattered forces of the outlying cantons, and should open war come, to beat them in detail. Old associations, joint interests, and common pride in a history unstained by defeat: all these, now lit up by religious fire, seemed to promise the ardour and endurance that lead to success. Mindful, however, of the fact that their cantons included a large Protestant population, the leaders of the movement from first to last strove to give it a political aspect, and to impress on all that listened to them that it was a constitutional, and not a religious struggle. The Jesuit question was admitted to be the actual point of rupture; but this was represented throughout the seven cantons as merely a test chosen to see how far the Government of the Federation would attempt to override its members; and for this reason, more than for his actual reputation, the general, Salis, whom they named as their chief commander, was himself a Protestant.

By the 21st October, 1847, the rupture within the Diet had gone so far that it became plain both sides were resolved on the appeal to arms. The deputies of the Sonderbund were still indeed present at Berne. But they now openly repudiated the dictation of the majority as to any of the internal affairs of the cantons, and their friends at home were busy arming and drilling the 40,000 men whom they boasted of having ready to defend the new confederacy. The Diet therefore voted the rather long-delayed step of naming its general for the coming contest: an act of the highest importance in that constitutionally governed country, for it created an entirely new set of functions and powers outside the ordinary machinery of administration. Switzerland has no general to her army under ordinary circumstances. Indeed the title is strictly reserved for one or two distinguished men who have borne the commission of Com-

mander-in-chief in the field. Her militia forces, whether embodied for training or not called out, are left to the sole charge, so far as the Federation is concerned, of a Minister of War, who may be a civilian. Discipline is administered chiefly through the inspectors of the various arms, and the so-called Federal staff has very limited duties and powers. But when once a Commander-in-chief is appointed in such an emergency as that which arose in 1847, his powers may be said to be supreme, being exercised unquestioned over men and material so far as they exist; and even financially he is subject to little of the control which often checks such officers in other states, his responsibility ceasing after the crisis has passed away. It is, in fact, taken for granted that the Republic does the best and wisest thing for the time by choosing out the citizen fittest to save it, and then committing its fortunes absolutely to his hands. Such a choice is therefore doubly momentous. In this case it assumed plainly that civil war was imminent, a war for separation or union; and it left the question of the future integrity of the Federation to be settled practically by the judgment and genius of a single soldier.

No councillors ever made a wiser selection than those who unanimously voted Guillaume Henri Dufour of Geneva to this high office. There were other ex-officers of the old Napoleonist army in Switzerland who had seen more of war than he; for his actual service under fire had been confined to the single sea-engagement off Corfu where he fell, desperately wounded, into British hands. But he was one of those soldiers who, wherever placed, direct their whole energies to a profession that to most seems thankless during long peace. He had become known all over Europe by his works on military engineering and tactics. And he was at least as much a patriot as a soldier or author. His fellow-citizens at Geneva had admired the self-abnegation which led him, on the separation of the canton from France after Napoleon's fall, to refuse the step offered him by the new Government in

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his old service, and to resign his commission, not from any political antipathy to the Bourbons, but on the simple ground that having now become a Swiss citizen (for Geneva had fallen to the Federation), his duty was to Switzerland, and not to France under any ruler, were it emperor or king. He had devoted himself to his new duty on being charged with the organization of the local militia, with as much zeal as though he had been named to lead some newly-formed corps in the Grand Army. And the devotion had been rewarded by his being taken into the service of the Federation for similar objects, but with larger means; so that he formed a military school of such excellence as to draw admiration from regular soldiers of all armies, and framed a system of training and discipline for the Republican militia on which Switzerland still relies. Its true praise is that those who have come after him believe that they have but to perfect what he roughly framed in order to solve one of the greatest political problems of modern times, the power of defending a nation by arms without maintaining a standing army. Pure, unselfish, of true republican simplicity in habit and thought, with large views on foreign policy, but abstaining systematically from the domestic differences that distracted his country, this worthy soldier was as well qualified by nature to meet the storm of revolution in council, as he was by the close professional training pursued systematically ever since he entered the *École Polytechnique* as an unknown student forty years before, to guide masses of men to the field.

"If we must come to the last extremity," he wrote in his letter to the Diet, accepting the trust laid on him, "I will never go beyond the limits of moderation and humanity. I shall not lose sight of the fact that the action is between fellow-citizens of a Federation. I shall discard all political excitement, and confining myself exclusively to my military duties, strive to maintain order and discipline among the Federal troops, to cause public and private property to

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be respected, to protect the Catholic religion in the persons of its ministers, houses of worship and religious establishments ; in a word, do all that in me lies to soften the inevitable evils of war."

Four days later the Diet expressed its full confidence in its new general by calling out a levy of 50,000 militia, and confiding them absolutely to his authority.

Although one or two of the cantons hesitated at first, like the border States of America in 1861, to respond to the appeal, others armed supplementary battalions to support the cause of union in addition to their prescribed contingents; so that in a short time more men were actually under arms than the levy required. This somewhat complicated the task of the necessary organization into brigades and divisions; but whilst this work went forward under Colonel Frey, his zealous and active chief of staff, Dufour himself laid out the scheme of his campaign. It has been pointed out that the Sonderbund was geographically divided into three separate parts; that known as the Waldstetten or Forest Cantons, comprising the five cantons lying round or near Lake Lucerne, and Friburg, and the Valais; which last two lay each separate from its allies. Dufour had first to consider the assembly of the six divisions in which he collected his army; and he distributed their head-quarters partly with a view to the convenience of gathering them together rapidly, and partly to occupying certain points where the agents of the Sonderbund had been busy stirring up disaffection, or calling at least for neutrality in those cantons that voted against them in the Diet. But coming military exigencies were also borne in view. And so the First Division, collected in and on the north of Lake Geneva, cut Friburg off from the Valais on the other side of that lake. The Second Division formed in Berne, and chiefly on the side of Friburg, served to separate that state from the Forest Cantons. The Third, Fourth, and Fifth, at points on an arc between Berne and

Zurich, all faced towards the Forest Cantons, and were soon apparently ready to enter them by a concentric movement. The Sixth was outside all immediate operations, being formed in the outlying cantons of the Grisons and Ticino. Dufour's cavalry was collected in the open country about Solothurn, behind the three divisions formed to threaten Lucerne and its neighbours. Although so much enthusiasm was shown in certain cantons, the order to form these divisions showed a serious falling off from the Diet; for Neuchâtel and the Inner Appenzell declared that they would remain neutral in this war of brothers. And at the same time the need of action was more apparent than ever, for on learning the preparations making to sustain the Federal authority, the deputies of the Sonderbund quitted the Diet in a body, declaring that they threw on the majority the responsibility of the war forced on them. On the 4th of November the final decree of Federal execution was resolved on by the majority that remained. It ordered the dissolution of the rebellious Confederacy by force of arms; and that the General of the Diet might not lack the needful force, the whole of the cantonal reserves which had been assembling locally by brigades, in their respective districts, were now added to the active army, and so passed under his orders, doubling at a word the numbers at his disposal.

The unknown and obscure men who ruled at Berne understood the task before them, as will appear later, much better than President Lincoln did fourteen years afterwards, when he called out 75,000 three-months' volunteers to put down a Confederacy which had tenfold the strength of the Sonderbund. Yet it would be rash to conclude from this their superiority to the American President, or to condemn utterly his want of foresight, and that of his adviser, Seward, whose diplomacy abroad was founded on the same delusion as Lincoln's call to arms. What may be safely affirmed is, that neither of these American statesmen had the innate genius which enables some few rulers of men to dis-

pense with professional knowledge ; and that whilst wholly ignorant of military questions they attempted to act as if these were familiar to them. Lincoln's Secretary at War, when warned by the only soldier who distinctly foresaw them, of the vast proportions the coming conflict would assume, withdrew irritated from the conference to denounce General Sherman privately as out of his mind. The Berne Diet, having vainly tried to preserve the Federation by political appeals, chose the best officer to command, and trusted the issue of the struggle implicitly to his hands.

Dufour knew that his adversaries reckoned on having 40,000 armed men, but that many of them were *landsturm* : that is, men who had been long discharged from service in the cantonal contingents, and whom it would be difficult to move. This, and the news that the Sonderbund had commissioned separate generals to command in the Friburg and Valais, showed him clearly that they did not hope, notwithstanding their earlier start, to unite their tripartite forces at once. For the moment, if he moved boldly, they would certainly be thrown on the defensive, and this and the separation already effected by the collection of his troops, gave him the key to the necessary strategy. A sudden attack on Friburg, close to which were two divisions ready for such a purpose, would not only put this canton in his hands, but leave the Valais without any possible communication at all with the rest of the Sonderbund, except by the high and difficult road over the Furca pass. Friburg being once disposed of, five divisions, with the supplementary brigades that were joining them would be available to enter the Forest Cantons from the west and north-west, and penetrate to their heart at Lucerne. The Valais, being so far off, might be safely left to be dealt with later separately. Never was the conception of a campaign laid out more clearly and justly. Never, it may be added, was the design worked out more promptly and unhesitatingly. As was natural, Dufour had pressing

applications for help from all parts of the Federation that thought themselves specially menaced. He was particularly urged, too, by some of the party that had put him into power, to occupy Neuchâtel, where a feeling of dull hostility to the Federal government existed that went far beyond mere neutrality, giving evil presage of the trouble into which a certain party in this canton plunged the whole of Switzerland by its intrigues with Prussia nine years later. But the general turned a deaf ear to their entreaties, and went straight to the objects before him, confident that if these were attained, Friburg reduced, and the centre of the Sonderbund in his power, minor differences elsewhere would settle themselves easily enough without any military intervention. Whilst preparing his troops for their first essay, and waiting the distribution of the four days' rations that each man was to carry, Dufour received a touching proof of the confidence felt in him by the government which had confided its fortunes to his care. Colonel Ochsenbein, the President of the Diet, resigned his post in order to place his military services at the disposal of the general. Dufour immediately formed under him a Seventh division out of the reserve brigades of Berne, which played an important part in the first act of the drama. By the night of the 9th November the issues of biscuits and pay were made in advance to the troops about to be moved, and orders sent out for the march at daybreak. Indeed, politically there was no time to be lost, for France, ever ready to assert her predominance in European politics, was showing unmistakable signs of a design to interfere between the contending parties, which would have been in effect to act on the side of the remonstrant Sonderbund ; and her minister was leaving Berne with suspicious promptitude on the refusal of Dufour's staff to allow free passage through the lines to a member of the embassy who was to have been sent to Lucerne to confer with the insurgents.

Friburg, as became its wealth and

importance, promised to be extremely well defended for a single canton. General Maillardoz, who headed the Confederates here, disposed of some twelve or fourteen thousand men, a third of all the force of the Sonderbund, with forty guns. The direct road from Berne through *Mariahilf* ran through very strong positions; and the Friburg commander, though aware that he would probably soon be attacked by superior forces, had little doubt of holding these. The enemy's head-quarters being at Berne up to the 9th of November, he disregarded the fact that he left their First Division behind him on the opposite or westward frontier of the canton, when he marched to take up his front across what he supposed certain to be Dufour's line of approach. But, unfortunately for him, the Federal commander was not so simple as to give him all the odds of a well chosen and carefully occupied position. Dufour knew well that in a struggle between raw troops it is a very serious thing to make a deliberate front attack on those which are strongly posted, and protected by an efficient artillery force. In that particular case the advantages ordinarily inherent in the offensive seem to disappear, those incidental to the defence to be magnified. Foreseeing what his adversary's design would be, he resolved to thwart it by simply marching rapidly round him. Cross roads leading to the right, over the river *Sarine*, would enable his Second Division, if not discovered, to march from their posts before Berne to the further or westward side of the city of Friburg in less than three days. The same space or less might bring up to the same ground the First Division, moving by a direct march from *Lausanne*. A part of the Third, the nearest of the three that were watching the *Waldstetten*, was to be called off secretly to move across Berne from east to west, and follow and support the Second. Finally the newly formed Seventh Division, under *Ochsenbein*, was to make sufficient demonstration along the direct road to keep the Friburg army in its defensive attitude, whilst

the flanking movements went on undiscovered.

All these arrangements, though apparently complicated for such raw troops as Dufour led, were carried out exactly. The Swiss militia are by nature excellent marchers. Dufour's practical knowledge, gained in his training for Napoleon's engineer service, enabled him to foresee and prepare for such difficulties as the broken-up roads and removed bridges which, with *abattis* placed here and there, proved to be the only obstacles his troops encountered. The double movement began on the 10th of November, the sixth day of the war, and continued unsuspected by Maillardoz. Such a flank march as that performed by the Federal troops from Berne round a vigilant enemy, well covered with cavalry, would have been an operation as dangerous as delicate. As it was it succeeded perfectly; and on the 13th, whilst the Friburg army still calmly lay expecting a direct attack on its position, and wondering that the enemy, *Ochsenbein's* division which had shown itself in front, did not come on, 20,000 Federal troops with sixty guns met on the other or west side of the city, and approached within two miles of it before the inhabitants were even aware of the extent of their danger. The place was at once summoned; and the magistrates asking for a brief armistice in which to make up their minds, Dufour granted it till daylight next morning: the more willingly as he needed the time to close up his columns and prepare for possible battle. It is not necessary to describe the dispositions that he made to ensure the capture should the place be obstinate. Maillardoz, recalled in haste, was too late even to post his troops to cover it effectively. Early on the 14th, as Dufour anticipated, plenipotentiaries from the city met him with terms of submission. The works that had been thrown up for defence were placed in his hands; a capitulation duly signed, and the lives and property of the defenders guaranteed. Of course, a cry of treachery was raised against the outwitted Confederate general,

no better grounded than such as always assails the unsuccessful leaders of revolutionary forces. For history it is enough to say that in his former instructor Maillardoz had found one as much his master in the field as he had been acknowledged the fittest teacher of the Swiss staff in the early days when it was first formed in his lecture room at Thun.

The fall of Friburg may be said to have in reality put an end to the vision of a Catholic Confederacy. For this victory, won as bloodlessly as speedily over the chief of the rebellious cantons, restored the authority of the Federal Government in the eyes of all half-hearted citizens; gave it abroad the diplomatic prestige that had seemed to be slipping from its ministers; and left the Valais completely severed from the heart of the movement in the Forest Cantons, and the latter exposed to almost certain defeat by the superior forces now to be wholly concentrated against them.

Dufour did not allow them time to recover from the effects of the blow that the news must inflict. Indeed he hurried on his next operations the more on hearing of an offensive movement the Sonderbund commander-in-chief had attempted on its northern side, and of its miscarriage. General Salis, on learning that his adversary was concentrating his troops against Friburg, had resolved to relieve that canton, and draw the Federals off in the opposite direction by attacking Aargau. This canton, lying close to the Sonderbund, to the north of Lucerne and Zug, had been much divided in opinion, as it was in religion; and one company of Catholic militia, instead of obeying the orders of their own magistrates, had recently gone over with their arms and baggage to the new Confederacy. Salis therefore had some hopes of raising part of its people at any rate on his side, and sought at once to raise the spirits of the Sonderbund, and draw Dufour's attention away from Friburg by entering Aargau in four columns early on the 12th of November. For the latter object he was, of course,

altogether too late, for Dufour's combined forces were at that very time getting note of each other's approach from opposite quarters to the west of Friburg; and the invasion itself failed utterly in its more immediate purpose. Two of the columns, whether intended only for false attacks, or missing their way, were turned back from the Aargau territory without any serious effort to hold it. The other two, guided by Salis himself and his chief of staff, penetrated a day's march into the canton, but missing their point of combination at Muri, which was well guarded by the Federals, made slight and disconnected attacks on it, which were easily repulsed. At the same time part of Salis's own column detached to the river Reuss, which flowed beyond his right, found the bridges well guarded, and, after a purposeless cannonade, fell back on the rest, the whole finally retreating ingloriously southward on the Lucerne territory from which they had moved. They had shared all the uncertainty and weakness that is to be expected of raw militia that have no special confidence in their leaders, and are not vigorously handled. Salis's combinations were also far too complicated for the powers of his officers to carry out, and had the effect of so dividing the small force that it came to believe itself outnumbered, though really in greatly superior strength. This invasion, in fact, may be used as a warning that such troops as he led must be guided to their object by movements as direct and simple as possible, and should especially not be sub-divided, save where it is strictly necessary. It is worth observing also that, despite this absolute failure, the advance threw consternation throughout the Federal cantonments round the north and west of the Sonderbund, the very fact of its being so feeble causing the scattered Federal commanders to believe that it was but a feint, to be followed by one more serious elsewhere. And so Dufour, though he heard particulars of the repulse, found a state of nervous alarm prevailing still when he arrived at Aargau, the chief town of the canton,

behind the lately-threatened portion of his lines on the 16th of November, two days after the surrender of Friburg.

This portion, it should be remembered, was held by his Fourth and Fifth Divisions. The Sixth was still wholly detached beyond the Bernese Alps. The other four had been employed in the late operations against Friburg. Leaving the First to see the convention for the submission of that canton fairly carried out, Dufour had, immediately on its signature, ordered the Second, Third, and Seventh to retrace their steps, and move eastward towards Lucerne. By the 17th their head-quarters had reached the various parts assigned them close to the frontier of that portion of the hostile canton which projects westward between Berne and Aargau. Being near enough to support each other, they at once made the Federals stronger on this side than Salis; and that general was reduced henceforward, by the failure of his first advance, either to a strict defensive, or to a rapid advance to his right, due north, in the direction of Lake Zurich which would have brought him down the Reuss, on the eastern extremity of the curve occupied by his adversaries, and for the moment in superior force at the point of contact. To have done this suddenly might have gained him some temporary success. But Dufour, who rarely comments on his opponent's errors, here gives his opinion distinctly that the time when the face of the war might possibly have been changed by any such bold action had gone by; and, in doing this of course justifies the more passive attitude which the Confederates deliberately adopted.

Their army was formed in two divisions, each nearly 10,000 strong, while a landsturm levy of the old discharged militiamen was being collected behind, which would nearly double it: but many of the latter were ill-armed as well as untrained, and could not be reckoned on for any serious shock. Salis relied rather on the works and the strong artillery with which he covered the principal approaches to Lucerne across the Emme and Reuss,

which rivers, uniting but a short way below the point where the mighty stream of the latter leaves at once the lake and the city, flow round the inner part of the canton about Lucerne itself in a sweeping course, covering it on the west and north, the two sides on which the Federals lay. He had spent much pains in breaking up the roads leading to these approaches, and barring them by obstacles, but seems to have trusted chiefly to the defence of the streams themselves, behind which there were strong natural positions.

In attacking these, Dufour had to weigh counter disadvantages. If he collected his army of some 60,000 or 70,000 men on one or two points, as strict military principles might seem to demand, the confined nature of the open ground in the valleys which run from Lucerne would compel it to act on a narrow front, and lose it for the time the numerical advantage. If he moved his divisions concentrically, a bold enemy might fall on a single one, since they would necessarily be acting in distinct valleys. He decided on the latter course as, on the whole, the most direct and least wasteful of time, as well as properly applicable against the strictly defensive attitude taken up by the other side. To which reasons, it may be added, as a comment, that he could well afford to risk a check on one line if, in delivering it, the enemy uncovered Lucerne, the real object of the advance, to the troops on another. He gave orders therefore for simultaneous, rather than united, movements, but kept his two left divisions, the fourth and fifth, near to each other to deliver the principal attack. This would be made through Muri, against the passage of the Reuss at Gislikon, nearly on the line on which the troops of Salis had failed; and, if successful, it would presently separate Lucerne from its next eastern neighbour, the canton of Schwytz, and so from the rest of the Sonderbund on that side. His right centre, the Second Division, moved on the great bridge over the Emme, just above its junction with the Reuss below Lucerne. The Seventh covered this to the west, and the Third

connected it as far as possible with the left wing along the Reuss. The attack on the Emme was to be made with a view rather to call attention from those on the Reuss as much as possible, than to be seriously pressed; but it was to be pushed, if the defence was obviously weak, or should be suddenly discouraged by the loss of the passage of the Reuss on the other side of the city. The danger obvious at first in the division of his troops, Dufour conceived to be met by the very precautions his enemies had taken; they having managed to confine all approach to the streams to the two points mentioned so completely as to restrict their own opportunities for any counter-attack on the separated Federal forces. As the bridges were reported to be mined, the means of crossing were to be independent of them: and the left attack carried with it boats, and bridge-gear fitted to them, whilst the right had a supply of trestles sufficient for crossing the lesser stream of the Emme.

It was while making his rapid preparations that Dufour learnt that the Sonderbund leaders were attempting a fresh diversion. Friburg they could not now save; and it was difficult for them to reach the Valais. But in the Ticino canton, on the Italian side of the Alps, a Catholic district entirely, their cause had many advocates, and it was resolved to attempt to raise the standard of the new Confederacy in that quarter. On the 17th of November, a large detachment made for the purpose crossed the St. Gothard so suddenly as to surprise and drive off in confusion the Federal party on the other side, belonging to the scattered Sixth Division, which it had not been possible to collect in any central position. The officers in command called loudly for succour; and the cry was, of course, repeated round Dufour, that the loyal party in the Ticino must be supported at all costs. The general viewed things very differently. He knew that the real strength of the Sonderbund was entirely round Lucerne, and was not unwilling that Salis

should weaken his already inferior force by detachments which could not affect the main issue of the war. He contented himself therefore with ordering some of the outlying battalions recently assembled in Eastern Switzerland to be formed into a new brigade to support that in the Ticino, and went steadily forward with his preparations for the attack. His own great professional skill, gained first in the French school at Metz, and fully developed by practical study, supplied the deficiencies of his rude engineer service. As to the supplies, he wrote his chief commissaries the simple orders:—"Spare no expense whatever; it will well repay us in the result. And for yourselves, let every man in the department try to work like four."

On the 21st of November all was ready, and the final instructions given personally to the leaders of divisions. But on this morning, before the troops marched, an event occurred which was at once a moral encouragement and a great aid to their movement strategically. A deputation came in from the canton of Zug, offering to abandon the Sonderbund, and submit on the same terms already granted to Friburg. The thrifty plenipotentiaries pressed for an additional clause granting their small state, in compensation for its early surrender, some aid in repairing the bridges destroyed by the armies. Dufour was not disposed to lose time in discussing terms. He granted their request on the spot, and a few hours later his left stretched out sufficiently to enter the canton, and make another diversion on that side, which should still farther distract the attention of General Salis, as well as ultimately turn the defences of Réuss on its right or east bank, by advancing along the strip of Zug which lies between the lake of the same name and the river.

On the 22nd the great movement began, on the success of which Dufour staked the future of the Republic. His pithy address to the Federal militia spoke cheerfully as of assured victory, and reminded them strongly of the

duty of sparing their vanquished fellow-countrymen when it should be fairly won. "Show yourselves worthy of the name you bear," were the concluding words; and the advanced guard carried with them copies of an address prepared for distribution in Lucerne, and exhorting the citizens to submit peaceably and at once to the orders of the Diet. The winter was now well advanced, and snow had fallen; but the troops were in high spirits, and that day sufficed to bring up into line the outer wings, and prepare for the double attack, fixed for the morrow at dawn, the main one on the left now including the advance of the Fifth Division by the roads lately opened to it through Zug, east of the Reuss.

It is not necessary to follow the events of the 23rd in detail. Suffice it to say that their whole course was just that which Dufour had anticipated in his instructions. His right met with sharp opposition from the enemy's advanced parties across the Emme, and spent the afternoon in driving them back on that stream, and uniting the hitherto divided columns for the proposed passage next day. But on the Federal left affairs went differently, although General Salis, foreseeing that the serious attack would be made here, more especially since the defection of Zug laid that flank comparatively open, had taken personal command in that quarter. Judging from Dufour's narrative, it was difficult to get the raw troops on either side to close; and the first six hours upon the Reuss, from 9 A.M., when the Fourth Federal Division appeared before the bridge at Gislikon, passed chiefly in cannonade. But by 3 P.M. the Fifth Division, coming up from the side of Zug, along the right bank, completely turned the defenders' position, which was abandoned as soon as the guns were withdrawn. The bridge was quickly made good, and the two divisions uniting, pushed up the right bank, occupied the village of Roth on the main road to Lucerne, and detaching a brigade to the left, along the foot of Lake Zug, seized the direct approach

to Lucerne from the canton of Schwytz, causing part of the contingent drawn thence to fall back and abandon the centre of the insurrection to its fate.

This was plainly now not to be long delayed. After nightfall, the Fourth Division heard of the success won far to its left, towards Lake Zug, by part of the Fifth, and came again into communication with the rest; and its commander soon after received and refused a request for an armistice from the chief of the Sonderbund troops that had fallen back before him from the passage of the Reuss. This officer proved to be Colonel Abyberg, chief of the staff to General Salis, who had himself been away to his extreme right, vainly endeavouring to stop the advance along Lake Zug. In the morning, Abyberg received the definite answer from Dufour that the Federal troops were ordered to advance at all points, and that complete and immediate submission was the only means of averting further hostilities. The reply was the withdrawal of such forces of the Sonderbund as were yet about the city; and by noon the Federal columns were entering it in triumph. An English clergyman, who had been sent by Sir Robert Peel to Dufour's head-quarters to gather particulars the night before, had been dismissed by the general, who was especially anxious to show that his operations were independent of all foreign influence. And Dufour takes especial pains in his narrative to show that the appearance of this gentleman on the 24th in Lucerne, which gave rise to the cry in the continental press of "Palmerston intrigue," was simply caused by the fact that he had been turned back from the roads choked up by the troops.

Dufour had no sooner entered the city than he despatched letters by flags of truce to the cantons of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwald, pointing out the futility of further resistance, and calling on them to lay down their arms and receive the commissioners that would be deputed to see the Federal decrees carried out. Happily their contingents had effected their several retreats without further

encounter with the victors ; and within three days after the occupation of Lucerne the terms already granted to that canton and to Friburg were extended to the other three, and detachments sent by the lake to support the commissioners, and see the Federal flag respected. The general's only real difficulty at this time was in restraining some slight excesses on the side of the victorious contingents. Several farms outside Lucerne had been wantonly burnt, and threats were held out of further revenge for friends slain or wounded among the two hundred and fifty casualties suffered by the Federals on the 23rd. But Dufour promptly took the necessary measures to repress all such irritating proceedings. A strict commandant of the place was appointed with full powers. The Bernese reserves, which had been loudest in their threats against the Catholics, were ordered home without entering the city. The Lucerne troops, on giving up their arms, and doffing their uniforms, were allowed to resume their civic positions without molestation. And the public attendance of the Catholic part of the Federal militia at mass in the cathedral on the following Sunday at the same hour that the Protestants held their military service in the open air close by, had the happiest effect in quieting all disturbing rumours that the fall of the Sonderbund cause was to be followed by the religious persecution of its adherents.

The Valais only now remained to be dealt with. As before pointed out, that remote canton, lying along the valley of the Upper Rhone, was completely separated from the rest of the Sonderbund, and from the operations we have followed ; nor had the First Federal Division on the northern side of the Lake of Geneva been able to do more than watch its outlets, and that, as already mentioned, ineffectually as regarded separating it from the Ticino. But the Catholic invaders of the latter had thought fit to retire on hearing of the fall of Lucerne. And one of Dufour's first cares after this triumph was

to send orders to the Federal commanders on that side to remain on the defensive until sufficient support should reach them to ensure the early submission of the Valais. But the latter was too completely out of heart with the now lost cause of the Sonderbund to hold out for special terms, and at once offered its full surrender, which was officially accepted by Dufour's lieutenant on the 28th of November—just twenty-five days after the Diet had first decreed Federal execution against the Sonderbund. The Catholic powers of Europe, not the less inclined to intervene because the disturbed state was a republic, were still whispering to each other of joint action, and their journals writing of the unhappy and distracted state of the late Federation, when they learnt to their astonishment that the last musket carried for the Sonderbund had been laid quietly down, the last of the revolted states had peacefully received a Federal commissioner, and all pretext for interference had passed away. As if to prove how real was the reunion won ; when two years later Prussian troops under the present emperor were entering Baden to restore order overthrown by the European revolution, and Switzerland called out a corps of thirty thousand militia to guard her northern border, a sound policy drew the contingents from the very battalions that had recently contended in arms on the banks of the Reuss ; and amid the greetings of comrades preparing to render common service to a threatened country, the last painful reminiscences of 1847 died away. *Il n'y a plus de Sonderbund* was the favourite phrase of the day ; and with it Dufour appropriately closes the history of the war, which his modesty and patriotic feeling kept unpublished during his long lifetime. It is but doing justice to the memory of a great man to make it known beyond his own country ; and indeed the tale has its lessons of interest for the citizen of every free state.

If, before turning from it, we seek the political moral, it can best be discovered

by comparing the results of Federal action against a new Confederacy formed to divide it in 1847, with those of the same drama, repeated by a far larger company in 1861, on the other side of the Atlantic. It may be said, and with perfect truth, that the physical and geographical circumstances were very different in the United States. But it would be altogether false to go on to assume that the ignominious failure of the first Federal efforts in America were due wholly to this difference. The simple fact is—and if any one doubted it before, a perusal of the *Sherman Memoirs* should settle the question for ever—that the politicians at Washington were ignorant of one part of their business. They could not, or would not, recognize the fact that there is a certain time in such crises when the true and only policy that makes for peace is that which takes up arms with unsparing vigour; when the professional politician for a while must give place to the professional soldier. So they wrote diplomatic letters to prove there was no Confederacy existing. They told their military advisers they “could put out the fire in their own chimney” themselves. They called for a three-months’ levy of a force weak in its material, and insufficient in its numbers. They whispered to the press that the soldier who had declared that it would take 200,000 men to restore a single great border state to the Union was a hopeless mad-

man. And four years of desperate war and the sacrifice of a quarter of a million lives, were the results of a blindness which only a noble perseverance crowned by final success redeemed from ignominy. Lincoln and his cabinet, in truth, acted the weak part of a municipality, which, when some destructive epidemic has appeared within its limits, thinks to get rid of the scourge by declaring the reports of it exaggerated. Their prototypes at Berne, lesser men no doubt by nature, but schooled with the hard experience of European politics, faced the domestic danger boldly at the first, and hurled all the forces of the state against it unsparingly. Above all, they saw that the time had come when their constitution wisely provided for a dictator who should seize the helm till the storm was past. And never was choice better justified than that which fell on one who combined the highest qualities of the patriot, statesman, and soldier. Dufour showed in his great trust no less wisdom in council, than energy in action, and moderation in success. And in his modest yet soldierly narrative of the Sonderbund War, we learn how the skill and judgment of one man, trained carefully beforehand for the highest services, and rightly applied at the hour of need, saved a state from ruin, and restored harmony as well as union to its contending sections.

CHAS. C. CHESNEY.

THE RISE OF NATURALISM IN ENGLISH ART.

I.

GAINSBOROUGH painted for his own generation, with a charm which that generation was swift to recognise, first, the portraits of the squires and beaux, and women of the trifling world who flocked to the waters and the assemblies of Bath, and then, in London, of members of a Society more august and governing, ranging upwards to the Duchess of Cumberland herself, and to the fat Prince, his country's hope. He painted these things for his own generation, and his landscapes for ours. They remained upon the walls of Schomberg House—his great house in Pall Mall—and were passed daily with indifference by those whom, whether as sitters or friends of sitters, the portraits more nearly concerned. Here and there, even in early days, a patron, like Sir Philip Thicknesse, blustering and offensive, yet shrewd, discerned some merit in the work; here and there also in later days (but the times were very seldom) a patron like the first Earl Grosvenor gave encouragement and a commission. Sir Joshua could not be blind to the art in the work, but was doubtful of its poetry—deaf, in the main, to its sentiment. Other appreciation, silent, yet more genuine, there may probably have been; but on the whole it was neglected work, done in his best hours, and for the love's sake, by a great cheerful artist, hardly vexed, one thinks, if, in the midst of so much acknowledged success, this one high success had scarcely its due.

And, as the landscape art of Gainsborough was done in obedience to no popular demand, examples of it are both rarer and finer than they might conceivably have been. It is nevertheless of all degrees of technical accomplishment and completion, from the early

finish and multiplicity of labour in the *Great Cornard* picture, bought but lately for our National Gallery, to the bolder vigour of *The Watering Place*, and again to the faintest sketch in pencil or chalk, which the Museum Print Room cherishes. And each of these things bears its own testimony—different from any other—as to the nature and the range of the master's art; yet the testimony of each reinforces that of the rest as to the originality and freshness of the work. Different all this indeed from the scenery which Louthembourg supplied by the square yard, and from that softness-to-order which Zuccarelli furnished, and from that manlier art of Wilson in which English classicism reached its highest level—expressed itself, that is to say, with its least of affectation.

Born in the first year of the reign of George the Second—his father a substantial clothier and crape-maker, of Sudbury in Suffolk—Gainsborough came to London at the age of fifteen; his object, the pursuit of art, and his first master, Gravelot. Gravelot was an artist of many gifts: a Frenchman, born and taught in Paris. He came to England in 1733, and now assisting Hogarth in his early plates, now employed as many another artist has been employed, by private patrons, in antiquarian service—drawing certain of the antiquities of Gloucestershire—he attained, at last, by careful work, in spite of dissipated days, to something of a position in London, and had a frequented drawing-school in the Strand; and there, or possibly earlier, he noticed Gainsborough's promise of power. He employed the country lad at first in designing ornamental borders for Houbraken's portraits: and Boydell, alderman and printseller, likewise employed him. But after four years in

London, Gainsborough went back to the country, looking to the art of portraiture as the means whereby to live. In love, soon afterwards, with Margaret Burr—the daughter, they now tell us, of his father's partner, and not, as Allan Cunningham had romantically claimed, of an exiled prince—he was quickly married; and a house, modestly rented at six pounds a year, sufficed for them at Ipswich. Then came the day of Philip Thicknesse's patronage. Thicknesse, the governor of Landguard Fort, perceived the young man's skill, and used some influence, and moreover himself commissioned that picture of the Fort and its environments and distant Harwich which we know from the engraving. Record, I am informed, exists of the destruction of the picture. It was a work of infinite detail with little concentration: with diversity and multiplicity of subject, for at that time Gainsborough had learned to see a view, but had not learned to see a picture. And so we have a sky little in accord with the conditions of the world below. We have tossed waves and wind-driven ships, and cows by the water, and the donkey on the hill; the meditating traveller, the sleeping traveller, the running traveller; the bit of riven tree-trunk, the near boughs blasted with wind from the sea; and from the upland-down one goes to the heath-covered, pool-spotted coast: a broken path makes for the fort; a slow stream deploys through the level land to the wide estuary, and the calm waters of the estuary pass out into the breeze-tossed sea. Painting now and again a canvas in this kind—of which perhaps a finer example is that *Great Cornard Wood*, now in our National collection, and a recent acquisition there—but painting more commonly (though he loved landscape from the first), painting more commonly the portraits which substantial people in that country side were now willing to commission, Gainsborough lived on at Ipswich till 1759, when the advice of Thicknesse led him to Bath, and at Bath he soon became fashion-

able. Fifteen years were spent there. There his two handsome daughters—his only children—grew to be young women; there his house was the resort of a free and excellent company, in love with art, in love with music; not careless of jest or of good cheer. He was himself a boon companion; "fickle" they say, by which they mean, one is sure, nothing more than changeful and impulsive in his moods: a genial man, but one whose bluntness readily gives offence: not made by nature, like Sir Joshua, for the companionship of the sedatest and most learned; better pleased when trying his fiddle with a music master, or at pranks with the children. And so he prospers much, having the temperament to prosper; having of the artistic, of the poetic temperament, the happy side, and that side only: its capacity for joy, and not for gloom. A prosperous man and a happy one—despite the neglected landscapes—he comes to town, and, Fame having preceded him, is imposingly established in Pall Mall: the admitted rival very soon of the great Sir Joshua himself. The rich, the titled, crowd to his rooms; all that is loveliest and most trained in England, may be painted by his hand. This is in 1774, and he is fourteen years in London; to the last a man unspoilt by success—open and genial to his fellows, and to his art devoted—but yet, before the last, he is a man who must know trouble: shades of mental alienation touch those dearest to him. But he likes life, and lives it out: a great unconquered man of the world: an artist inexhaustible in impulse and resource. He dies in 1788. The curious interest and excitement of the Warren Hastings Trial has led him—like half London—to the Court, where, probably through exposure, he was suddenly struck with pain. A cancerous tumour quickly follows, and he lies, sensible and not dismayed, on his death-bed. Sir Joshua, his rival, now an ageing man, visits him there: and it is in thought of the estrangement that there has been between them that Gainsborough turns on him and says,

"We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke will be of the company." And so with like thoughts of a benign and brotherly inclusiveness, he fades into a heaven which in his dreams can hardly have been more lovely than was the peace of his Art.

We said that each of Gainsborough's works—each, at all events, in the National collections, from the great landscape on canvas to the twenty pencil strokes on blue paper—bore separate testimony to the nature and range of his art. That was as regards the extent of it, but we must try also to define its limitations; the two tasks may be one if we do but consider with some attention the so different examples of his work.

Gainsborough was above all things, in his best time, a sketcher, an indicator, a suggestive poet, who, using his own imagination freely, never dispensed with yours. In the landscape about him, he conceived a picture; he conveyed his conception; he did not finally realize it. Even his earliest works have somewhere, in sea or sky, something of abstraction and generalisation, and as the time proceeded, and mind and method matured, the abstraction was more marked, the generalisation wider, but both, of course, were more serenely ordered, were less faulty, less partial and accidental. We take an example. It is in these respects that the seascape with figures, belonging to the Duke of Westminster, gains upon the *Landguard Fort* and our *Great Cornard* landscape. We have seen the composition of the *Landguard Fort*: its diversity, its absence of concentration. Note now the simpler yet sufficient elements in the composition at Grosvenor House—one of four subjects only, "of this nature," painted by Gainsborough, the catalogue assures us; it was painted for the first Earl Grosvenor, who, as early as 1755, began at Millbank House, in Westminster, the collection his descendant is still enriching. There is a fresh but subdued sunlight, falling on a wind-driven sea, after a night of storm, and on the thin white surf that washes the beach,

and on the broken cliff, and on the caps and gowns of the girls who stand to gaze upon the fish, which a boy, kneeling on the beach, hands from his basket. The fisher-boy's dark hair is caught by the wind, and the scudding boats with full sail bend over to the coast, as they cut, buffeted, through the tumbling sea. And rope and anchor on the sand, and a sailor lying in a beached boat in shadow, make the dark foreground of the picture. The high lights are dispersed on cliff, and sea, and cloud; but here with no sacrifice of unity of effect, rather with an addition to it in general stir of air and lightness over the wide scene; and the distant sea is full of a massive and unbroken movement of wind-blown surge and swell. That seascape, like the *Market Cart*, like the *Watering Place* (pictures which I shall not describe: they may be seen in London any day), is great indeed with that peculiar grace and charm of Gainsborough of which one must speak later, but great also for my present purpose, as these are too, with the abstraction and selection of most great art, whether it be seen on the few lines of a Greek vase, in the three blots of David Cox, or in the measured words of Shakespeare. For we may think of this with Shakespeare's seascape:—

"Timon hath made his everlasting mansion
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;
Who once a day with his embossed froth
The turbulent surge shall cover."

But Gainsborough's art was abstract and generalising beyond the measure of much that is the greatest, and he had therefore the essential drawbacks of his tentative, reticent method. Turner, in his best time, could generalise—in his worst could generalise too much—but in his best he could also set himself with pertinacity of effort, with unerring memory, with I know not what governing and shaping imagination, to the absolute realization not alone of permanent form, but of transient, nay, melting and vanishing effects, strange moving, penetrating forces of light and air in the space of the embattled sky. Look at the sky

of *Hind Head Hill* in *Liber Studiorum*. That is one out of a thousand, of whose intricacies Turner was an un-failing master. And look, then, over all that you will of Gainsborough, and you see on one side, at all events, his limitations set. Sweet, but never all-powerful; with a natural grandeur, but never complete—thus far, and no farther.

But Gainsborough was a sketcher, and well nigh supreme. It is a sketcher's business to know, instinctively and instantly, what to choose and what to reject. Gainsborough knew both. And when he was less than the greatest, that was by reason never of what he *did*, but of what he did not reach to do.

There are pure masters of colour before whose each work you must stand ere it is possible to know them adequately. There are masters whose art on the whole may be judged, at least on the intellectual side of it, by a systematic study of their engraved work. As a landscapist, we may judge Gainsborough by his sketches: by those at all events in the Museum Print Room, for his general characteristics, and without fear of wronging him greatly. These sketches of his are rarely mere parts: each is an undeveloped whole: a definite and ordered conception from the first. They are remarkable in this. And indeed among the few pencil drawings or chalk drawings one can really care for as adequately suggesting the motive of landscapes, are the best of Gainsborough's. It is not every great man who in landscape sketching had the sure and indicative hand of Rembrandt in his etchings. Gainsborough's pencil drawings are often on slightly buff paper: the work ranging from spots of blackest lead to streaks of faintest grey: the drawings in size some ten inches by seven. But sometimes, in chalk, they are on little three-inch squares of blue-grey paper; the sky then suggested and its leading form conveyed, by touches of white. And in such way he will give you, in pencil or chalk—the chalk being certainly the better—a bit of tangled coppice, a wooden bridge, a willow across the stream, a turn in the road

and laden ash tree at the corner of the wood; and always a composition, a group, an ensemble, a balance. And in his homeliest nature there is a certain large dignity. There is a free play of light and shade and form. Nothing is stiff: nothing arrested. It is a changeful nature, of waving boughs, and passing light, and hurrying sky, that Gainsborough sees and draws. And there is always a centre. Between the clustering trees, dark on one side, the uncertain cows come straggling down the lane. And he gives the sense of all their straggle; his own hand being decisive enough. He knows precisely where their uncertainty must lead them, for his picture's sake.

These things are half the size of Stothard's daintiest illustrations; but however small the scale, or slight the touch, never does the thing fail to be a composition: as I said before, a group, an ensemble, a balanced thing. And yet this is got always without sense of artifice: without sense of distortion of fact. And as to manner, that is as large, as bold, as manly, on these three inch squares, as on a four-foot picture hung in a gallery.

In pencil portraits—figure-sketches—the touch becomes finer: every curve is more sharply felt. And never, as in certain portraitists, is the figure sacrificed to the face. The curve of the leg, the arm's bend, the graceful set of the ruffles and gaiters and coat,—the sword, the shoe buckle, the broad sleeve-cuff—are not only seen as well, but, in their own way, are as worthy to be seen as is the head itself. But never, of course, is the significance of head lost in laboured detail on accessories. Once more, we have no isolated thing, but an entire composition: Gainsborough, in his own slight way, is almost Greek by that wide sight and valuing of things as a *whole*.

But though in these figure-sketches the touch does become finer and less scattering, it is yet often loose,—loose not of course in comparison with his impetuous suggestions of landscape—but in comparison with other like work,

done, say, in his own early days and in the time immediately preceding them. Not often can one find in his sketches *cette dernière main que nous désirons*—that final and completing sharpness, that expressive, Watteau-like touch which finishes almost while it begins. Gravelot, his early master, had something of that touch; he was indeed the heir to it. And that gift of Gravelot's has led a writer who has written very pleasantly on Gainsborough to doubt whether indeed the finer of two very similar figure-drawings in the British Museum Print Room be Gainsborough's at all. It is his point, presumably—though he does not expressly say so—that Gainsborough's design never quite reached so keen and expressive an accuracy. The question is a nice one; for there, beside that drawing now deemed doubtful is not only another quite visibly below it in style—though below it at no greater distance than that which divides the work of a man's best hours from that of his weakest—but a girl's head, quite exquisite, for once, in that very quality of precision; and one may remember also that on a larger scale, a happy attitude of movement or of rest could be expressed by Gainsborough (as, notably, in the *Blue Boy*) with a most dexterous yet instinctive grace. On the whole, admirable as is Gravelot's work, there seems to be as yet hardly sufficient reason for doubting that the English master could have risen, in his strongest moments, to the particular excellence of this sitting figure. And, moreover, serious criticism should be the first to pause before setting a limit to a great man's capacity; remembering the conditions under which work is generally done—clogged, baffled, fettered: a prey to a hundred influences of circumstance and need and temperament—remembering, also, how here and there some revealing instance of capacity is unexpectedly declared. The power of a man in his best hours—his possibilities there—these are the last things that we can hope to know.

But that this particular piece of work

—whether it be Gainsborough's or not—is, unlike his general practice by reason of "lines of a flow as confident as it is pure and subtle," is certainly beyond doubt. Gravelot's work—the work of that exquisite master—it well indeed may be. Gainsborough rarely expresses form by pure line: he expresses it by colour, or its substitute, the varying gradations of light and shade. "Gainsborough," says Sir Joshua, in one of his Lectures, "having truly a painter's eye for colouring, cultivated those effects of the art which proceed from colours." And elsewhere the President writes:—"This chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic at a certain distance assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places." He could hardly have written differently had he been writing of the later days of David Cox. But here, at all events in the opinion of judges like the Redgraves, Sir Joshua exaggerates. The painting is done, once for all—is never laboured, never repeated—and though often thin and sketch-like, it is also exact. Look at the hands in Gainsborough's pictures: as against Sir Joshua's they are excellent in form. It is known that Gainsborough copied Vandyke, and he got in part from him the silvery freshness that contrasts with the warmer and more golden tones of Reynolds. Gainsborough delighted in cool flesh colours and cool shadows; in blue, in silver, in grey; and in light and glad-some atmosphere. *Fischer*, in the Dulwich Gallery, *The Parish Clerk*, gentle and saddened, in Trafalgar Square, *Mrs. Siddons*, radiant and alert, in the same place, and *Master Buthall*, the "Blue Boy," in the Duke of Westminster's collection, occur to one as the supreme examples of Gainsborough's happy sympathetic art, in portraiture. And of these I suppose the Duke of Westminster's must still be deemed the greatest, if we dismiss from our minds, as we may, the familiar story of its origin and colour, and are content to give to its charm none of the spurious adventitious interest of a *tour de force*. That thoughtful, contemplative, almost

compassionating face, with its exquisite union of perception and sweetness, is mobile indeed beyond the common mobility of its age, for the boy must be thirteen or fourteen—is no longer a child. Brown hair placed placidly over the quietly shadowed eyes and shadowed brow; a sunny complexion, brownly rose and brownly white; the pale silver-blue dress; the free and full lace collar, cuffs and knee-ties; the black hat, held low by the hand, so that its yellow-white feather flows towards the ground—and then, for background, an autumn sky of brownish green, rather wild and sad, and streaks of yellowish white in the horizon seen between the parted and wind-blown boughs of the autumnal trees—that perhaps is what one may remember best of an indescribable harmony and indescribable grace. And the high triumph of this picture over all its companions of court beauties and court soldiers—confirms that which the portraits of Fischer the musician, of Mrs. Siddons (as no “Tragic Muse”), and of the Parish Clerk, by themselves indicate—that in portraits, as in landscape, Gainsborough’s best power is shown in subjects in themselves picturesque and attractive. To make of an entrancing loveliness, or of a noble pathos, that which is lovely or pathetic to begin with—that is Gainsborough’s strength. He is not, like the greatest of his brethren, Rembrandt, Velasquez, the uncompromising painter of the terrible reality; and when the French call him, with their mild praise, “*un peintre aimable, un peintre agréable*,” that is what they mean. He was born to paint men and women of a noble presence, but living for the most part in the undisturbed ease of a somnolent time. At the keener court of Henry the Eighth, or in the Palace of Lorenzo de’ Medici, or where Velasquez painted the saddened dwarf and the boy king, each in his strange dignity, or where Rem-

brandt traced the lines of thought and care on the brows of the burghers of Amsterdam, Gainsborough would have been less great. But he came at the right moment, and painted George, Prince of Wales, fat and comely and glorious in decorated coat, manfully padded; and the Duchess of Cumberland, magnificent in attitude of stately abandonment; and the Queen, of affability greater than history has recorded; and the three Princesses, fresh and flower-like; and Signora Bacelli, the dancer, with her wan, thin face and wreathed smile and waving draperies; and Mrs. Siddons, radiant; and Lady Spencer, gracefully grave, with broad touches of a solemn woodland landscape at her back; and the benignant Orpin, the old clerk with his homely sweetness. Such is his compass: such, within limits, his variety.

Nor as a landscapist, as we have seen already, is he more easily exhaustible. It is a pastoral poet’s landscape, with ever new combinations of sturdy tree trunk and waving bough and rising field-land: landscape never reaching to terrible energy; avoiding passion, and not failing in it. The classicists of his own time and earlier—Wilson even, the strongest of them,—had composed an artificial nature, had gone abroad, to give us classical Italy or Italianized England. The first English landscapists had been masters of topography: had laboriously traced—and without emotion—the colder aspects of London and the country. But Gainsborough gave us first, of English life and landscape, the selected moment and selected place of beauty and charm. He idealized a little—we have seen—but it was a mild idealising. He put before us, Nature: not in her first aspect; yet his work has no sense of forcing. He did not compel Nature. He gently persuaded her, till she came his way.

To be continued.

OIL-MAKING IN TUSCANY.

“La prima oliva è oro, la seconda argento, la terza non val niente,”—the first olive is golden, the second silver, the third is worthless. Thus said the old contadino Bencino, quoting a Tuscan proverb, on a splendid late November morning, whilst carefully gathering the olives into a queer wicker-basket which hooked into his belt. This basket was like a half-moon, and about three-quarters of a foot deep; it fitted close to Bencino’s waist, and did not impede his movements, or shake the precious fruit and bruise them.

We had driven out from Florence to a “fattoria,” or large farm, in the lower Val d’Arno, to see the process of oil-making; as our host said, “real oil, not the fabricated stuff you poor people in England are used to. You shall see the olives squeezed, and taste the virgin oil.” We made rather a face at this proposal; but the beauty of the country soon drove all disagreeable ideas out of our heads.

After a lunch at the villa, an ancient and original place, with enough old furniture and old china in it to gladden the hearts of a dozen bric-a-brac hunters, we walked two miles through the woods, up to the “podere” (farm) of Bencino, one of the contadini, on the top of a hill. The view was astounding. Florence lay to the right, at our feet, the dark cupolas looming out grandly against the snow-covered hills of Vallombrosa, which rose behind the bright city. In front was the fruitful valley of the Arno, with glimpses of the river here and there, glistening like silver, and the slender leafless branches of the willow glowing scarlet and orange as they tossed in the breeze. The old battlemented walls of Lastra-a-Signa looked stern and weather-beaten, as though still frowning defiance to the enemies of Florence. The Pisans, with the help of English free-lances, pillaged and burnt the old place in 1365, and Galeazzo Visconti again in 1397. Lastra-a-Signa shared the fate of Florence in 1529, and after a gallant defence fell into the hands of the Spaniards,

under the Prince of Orange, who committed such atrocities, that the peasants still scare their naughty children with the threat of giving them to the Spaniards; and an old Tuscan proverb says, “E meglio stare al bosco e magiar pignoli, che stare in Castello con gli Spagnoli”—better to live in the wood and eat stone-pine nuts, than in a castle with the Spaniards. Monte Morello and Monte Terrato rose behind, while the villas dotted here and there on the dark hill-sides gleamed out white in the brilliant sunshine. The picturesque little town of Prato seemed quite close, instead of being twelve miles away, and we could plainly distinguish the beautiful marble cathedral, in which Filippo Lippi worked so well, and inspired his brush with the lovely face of Lucrezia Buti, the young nun who left her cloister at Prato to follow the smooth-tongued painter. In the far distance we could see the peaks of the mountains of Carrara, and to the left rose the majestic and snow-capped Apennines, all rugged and intersected with deep valleys.

The road was steep, and we wondered how the noble, big, white oxen managed to drag the awkward heavy two-wheeled “carro” (country-cart) up such an incline. The ground was arranged in terraces, each with a line of olive-trees on the outside and a line of vines on the inside. The centre was ploughed, and sown with grain, while the banks of the terraces supplied fodder for the cattle. A Tuscan contadino throws away nothing, and manages to cultivate his podere like a garden.

The black shining olives hung thick on the slender branches, which bent low under the weight. The crop was abundant, “una vera grazia di Dio” (a real bounty of God), as Bencino said. All the contadini of this fattoria, whose podere were situated on the slopes of the hills, where the ground is stony, and therefore suitable for the cultivation of olive-trees, were busily engaged gathering the fruit; the men up in the trees

and on ladders, the women and children picking up those which fell to the ground. The bruised berries are kept apart, to make the second quality of oil. The trees are most carefully and severely pruned, hollow in the middle, to form a basket-shaped tree. "Agli olivi, un pazzo sopra e un savio sotto," says the proverb—a mad man at the top of the olive-tree, and a wise man at the roots.

Enough fruit had been picked for the day's pressing, so we climbed up the bare bit of steep road which led to Bencino's house, accompanied by the old man and his four stalwart sons, all of whom had served in the army without ever having a bad mark, as their father told us with considerable pride. The house stood on the brow of a hill, and was built round two sides of a square courtyard paved with bricks; on the third side rose a high wall, with an arched gateway, over which was an old escutcheon, carved in stone, of the fifteenth century, with a lily and "S. M." entwined. A covered staircase was outside the house, and led into a large room, with huge beams and rafters, browned with age and smoke. The fireplace was immense, with seats in the corners. Here we found Bencino's mother, a ruddy, brisk, old dame of near ninety; we wanted to know her exact age, but she could not tell us, and replied with a proverb, "Gli uomini hanno gli anni ch'è sentono, e le donne quelli che mes-trano"—men count the years they feel, and women those they show; adding that she had "molti, ma di molti anni," many, many years, and that those sad years when Carlo and Pasquale, two of her grandsons, were both away at the war, had seemed to her a lifetime. "Ah, Illustrissimo," said she to the "padrone," with tears in her bright old eyes, "let us pray that these kings and great folk don't make any more wars. It would kill me and the 'sposina' there (Carlo's pretty young wife) if he had again to put on his bersagliere coat." The poor old woman clasped her wrinkled, brown hands, and the pretty sposina echoed, "let us pray to God." We had to admire the baby's fat legs, and drink a glass of

Bencino's *vin vecchio*, which was excellent, and then went down into the courtyard, and descended two steps into the "frantojo," or oil-pressing room.

In the centre was an immense stone basin, in which revolved a solid millstone about five feet in diameter, technically called, I believe, an edge-runner, turned by a splendid white ox, which, to our astonishment, was not blindfolded. Our host told us that it was difficult to get oxen to do this work; it takes time and patience to accustom them to it. The millstone was set up on edge and rolled round in the stone basin, secured to a big column of wood which reached to the ceiling. The whole machine was most old-fashioned and clumsy, and the padrone said, laughing, was evidently as old as Noah's ark. Into the stone basin, as clean as a dairy-maid's pan, five sacks of olives were emptied, which, in a short time, were reduced to a mass of dark greenish-brown thick pulp. Stones and all were mashed without any noise, save the occasional lowing of the ox when his tasseled and ornamented nose-bag was empty. When Bencino judged that the olives were sufficiently crushed, the pulp was taken out from the mill, with clean new wooden shovels, and put into a circular shallow basket with a large hole through the middle, made of thick cord, fabricated from rushes grown in the Pisan marshes, and looking very much like open cocoanut matting. As fast as these "gabbie," or cages, as they are called, were filled, they were carried by two men, on a handbarrow with long handles at each end, to the press in the corner of the room, and piled with the greatest exactitude one on the top of the other under the press. Then began the hard work. Two huge posts, clamped with iron, support a colossal beam, through which goes the screw, finishing below in a large square block of wood with two square holes right through it.

Into one of these Carlo stuck a long beam, on the end of which he hooked a rope, which was secured round a turning pillar of wood, about six or eight feet distant, with a handle

against which the men threw their whole weight. With many groans and squeaks the big block of wood revolved slowly to the right, until the rope was all twisted round the pillar, when it was unhooked, the beam lifted out of its hole in the block, and carried on Carlo's stalwart shoulder to be inserted into the hole further back; the rope, untwisted, and again hooked round the end of the beam, and so on until not a drop more could be extracted. The press was then screwed back, and the "gabbie" carried on the hand-barrow to the mill, where they were emptied, and their contents again ground for some time; the gabbie were then filled anew, and put under the press for the second time, when a great deal more oil came dripping out, but of inferior quality. The refuse that remains, called "sansa di olivi," is almost black, and quite dry and gritty. This is sold for threepence or fourpence a "bigoncia" full, about 55lb. in weight, to some people in the Val di Greve, who buy up the "sansa" from all the country round. They wash it in the running water of the Greve, when the pulp and the skin of the olive floats on the surface, and the crushed stones sink. With large, flat, pierced, wooden ladles the pulp and skins are skimmed off the water and boiled in immense cauldrons previous to being again put under the press. About ten per cent. of oil is thus extracted, but of very inferior quality, called "olio lavato" or washed oil. This is chiefly used in Italy for making soap, but a good deal is exported. It has a nasty, sweet, sickly taste, entirely wanting the aromatic bitter so much prized in the good oil. But to return to the press. At its foot is a large marble underground receptacle, into which the oil ran. This was carefully covered with a hinged, wooden lid to prevent any dust or dirt from falling in. Bencino lifted up the lid and showed us the stream of oil falling into a clean wooden "tinello" or small vat.

Olives contain two-thirds of water and one-third of oil, and for some time it came dripping clear and bright like amber; but when the gabbie had

been squeezed and squashed down to about half their original size, and the press was screwed back and the big block of wood raised to admit large heavy rounds of wood, which were screwed down tight again on the pulp, it was more mixed with dirty-yellow water, and lost its golden tint.

The oil naturally floats on the top of the water, and Carlo Bencino was busily engaged in skimming it delicately off with a big tin scoop. He poured it through a funnel into a clean wooden "barile" (a small barrel with narrow ends, held together by large, flat, wooden hoops, and holding about 36 quarts); and when this was full he shouldered it and carried it off to the "chiaritojo," or oil-clearing-room, where the barile is emptied into a large "conca," a terracotta vase like an immense flower-pot, well glazed inside. This room was, like everything else, scrupulously clean, and paved with red bricks sloping towards the middle, where there was another underground marble receptacle, in case of an accident, such as the breaking of a conca. The temperature is kept as equable as possible, and in cold winter weather a brazier is lighted at night. Nothing spoils the look, though not the flavour, of oil so much as getting frozen; it becomes thick, and seldom quite regains its golden limpidity, even when treated by people who thoroughly understand it.

For fifteen or twenty days it is left to clear in these "conche," when the thicker or second quality sinks, and the clear, brilliant, yellow oil is carefully put into barile and sent down in the oxcart to the fattoria, where it is emptied into tall, well-glazed terracotta jars. These are kept in a dark room, with a southern exposure, protected from any violent changes of temperature by a fire during the cold weather.

Ten or twelve barili of oil can be pressed in a day, and as all the other contadini of the fattoria bring their olives and those of the padrone up to the press at Bencino's, this process goes on for some time when the crop is abundant. It is hard work, and must be done with cleanliness and nicety. At

first our host had some difficulty in getting the contadini to see that it was of importance to separate the bruised fruit from the fresh picked, and to keep the press and implements clean. They thought it was only a whim, which they obeyed, partly from a sense of duty, but chiefly because the padrone is extremely beloved by his tenantry.

The jollity and fun of the "battitura" (thrashing) or of the vintage was wanting; the days were short and the wind cold, and as Pasquale said, "one's throat is out of tune in winter, and without a song work seems dull and heavy; however, we make up for it at night when we have 'pan nuto,' (oiled bread)." We asked what this was, and he explained that during the process of pressing the contadini who made the oil always invited their friends to eat "pan nuto," or toasted bread dipped in the new oil. The old folk talk about the crops and family affairs, and the young people sing and dance, and make love to one another. The girls here never dance out of their own homes or even at the houses of friends. On the "festas" and saints' days the young men dance together and the girls look on. Another odd custom is that a girl who is engaged to be married either does not go to the festas, or if she does, she puts on her every-day working dress, and does not wear her best ear-rings or bright coloured little shawl tied coquetishly across her breast. She keeps aloof from the general company, and her "fidanzato," or affianced husband, does not go and talk to her.

The evening passes away merrily, for many of the young men play the guitar or the accordion, and almost all sing the "stornelli," "rispetti," or "canzone" various forms of Tuscan popular songs, written usually by the handicraftsmen or peasants). Some of the old contadini are renowned for their talent as storytellers, but their tales are all about real people. No northern Italian has ever heard of a fairy or hobgoblin; even ghosts are scarce, and are held in small estimation.

Our host insisted on our tasting the new oil, and to our surprise it was

delicious, like a decoction of very aromatic herbs, and entirely free from the rank, nasty taste we generally associate with oil. We now understood why Italian salads are so different from ours, and how a "fritto," or dish of fried meat and vegetables, comes to be so excellent in Tuscany. We came back to the villa by twilight, through the silent woods, and just at the end of our walk met a joyous company going up to pay Bencino a visit and eat "pan nuto." They had two guitars and an accordion, and, after cordial and even affectionate greetings between them and the padrone, passed on, singing in chorus as they breasted the hill. One of the girls was very pretty, which we shrewdly suspected explained Pasquale's blushes, and the padrone said she was a good girl, and so he would allow the marriage. With the "mezzeria,"¹ or "metayage" system (half-and-half tenure) which prevails in Tuscany, no contadina can marry, nor can a son or a daughter leave the paternal home, without permission of the padrone. This sounds very tyrannical to English ears, but the relation between landlord and tenant is so essentially different here that we cannot judge things by our standard. Here it is quite a patriarchal connexion, and the contadini often have been 300 or 400 years in occupation of the same farm, and regard their padrone more as a father than anything else. Indeed, our host addressed all his people as "figliuolo mio" (my son), even men who were thirty years his senior, while the women were invariably "bambina mia" (my little girl), unless he knew their names. Altogether a very pleasant and easy-going life is the Tuscan peasant's. He has a direct interest in the produce of the land, and in bad years his padrone helps him with grain, wine, oil, beans, maize, and other necessaries, often at a heavy loss to himself.

JANET ROSS.

¹ Mezzeria may have its bad side from an economical point of view; but its social and domestic influences are good enough to counterbalance a large set-off of economical disadvantages.

TROIS SAISONS.

Sous le feuillage du doux bocage,
 Parmi l'épine et l'églantine,
 Je vis ma belle.
 C'est au printemps, parmi les champs
 Qu'elle me comprit ni ne s'enfuit ;
 Je n'aimai qu'elle.

Quand la nature à peine murmure,
 Quand l'eau ne coule ni caillou roule,
 Elle murmura,
 "Tout mon amour prends pour toujours,"
 Puis dit doucement, en souriant,
 "Tu m'aimeras ?"

Tout en tombant et s'en allant,
 Lui dit la feuille à la recueille,
 "Viens dans les cieux."
 Et mon ange pure aux yeux d'azur
 Mes fols amours quitta toujours ;—
 Dieu l'aima mieux.

M. TAINÉ'S "ANCIEN RÉGIME."

IN no respect do recent and serious students of the French Revolution differ more from their predecessors than in the much larger share of attention which they give to the social and political conditions which preceded the Revolution, to the period of silent growth and incubation during which the materials of the great explosion were slowly accumulated and prepared. A disposition to explain the Revolution by reference to antecedent causes was never indeed wholly wanting, and some of the contemporary efforts in that direction are amusingly inadequate. One explanation was that the Revolution had been the work of English gold freely scattered among the people. Perfidious Albion, always ready to do France an evil turn, had persuaded virtuous Frenchmen to pull their state to pieces by giving them money, and the Machiavellian scheme succeeded only too well. Another explanation was found in the evil character and ambition of the Duke of Orleans. More than one Duke of Orleans had had a deservedly ill fame in French history, and Philip—one day to be called *Egalité*—seemed capable of emulating the worst. To him, therefore, should be ascribed the popular excitement and unrest which produced the Revolution. There was a third way of accounting for the phenomenon, and while it was as popular as either of the others, it especially recommended itself to more reflective minds, as showing insight into the structure of society and the means by which it is kept together, and this was Marie Antoinette's want of etiquette. "She indeed discarded etiquette: once when her carriage broke down she even entered a hackney-coach. She would walk, too, at Trianon in mere straw hat and perhaps muslin gown. Hence the knot of etiquette being loosed the frame of society broke up, and those

astonishing horrors of the French Revolution supervened." Even the graver persons to whom these explanations were unsatisfactory did not attempt to replace them by others drawn from a deeper scrutiny of the previous condition of France. Neither Mackintosh, nor Paine, nor Priestley, nor Dr. Price seem at all aware of the strength of their case against Burke. They justify the Revolution on what to us appear to be trivial grounds—the disorder of the finances, the incompetence of Necker Calonne and De Brienne, especially the despotism under which the people groaned: as if *that* were a new fact. They do not notice and expose Burke's extraordinary misstatements and presumptuous ignorance. As when he says to his friend, 'the very young gentleman at Paris': "Your constitution was suspended before it was perfected, but you had the elements of a constitution very nearly as good as could be wished."—*Reflections*, p. 50. Paine, though doing his best to convict his adversary of ignorance of French affairs, passes over this remark without comment; the fact being that there were no more elements left of a constitution in France than in Turkey. But when Paine himself tries his hand at accounting for the Revolution, he does not succeed much better. "We find in the writings of Rousseau and the Abbé Raynal a loveliness of sentiment in favour of liberty that excites respect and elevates the human faculties; but having raised this animation they do not direct its operations, and leave the mind in love with an object without describing the means of possessing it"—(*Rights of Man*, p. 91)—a remark which shows a very imperfect appreciation of Rousseau's influence. The two facts on which Paine lays most stress as causes of the Revolution are—"the situation of Dr. Franklin as minister from America to France," and "the peculiar situation of

the then Marquis de la Fayette,"—both of whom are evidently supposed to have brought republicanism in their clothes or trunks from America and to have communicated it to the French people.

Since the days of Burke and Paine historical and social studies have made rapid progress. Indeed the Revolution itself has been a potent means of strengthening historical inquiry. By revealing the stratification of society in a manner never seen or suspected before, it opened a new world of ideas and a new order of investigation. But that interesting aspect of the subject must not detain us now. Confining ourselves to the matter in hand, we notice how the rough and vague declamation about tyranny and the rights of man is agreeably replaced by patient concrete study of the social condition of France under the *Ancien Régime* condition, which produced the Revolution as a natural and appropriate fruit. It is not surprising that in the first instance the extraordinary fruit, the Revolution proper, attracted most attention. But the step backwards, the question as to what manner of tree it was from which that marvellous fruitage sprang, was certain to be taken as soon as the subject was approached with scientific sobriety and calm. The memorable work of De Tocqueville was the first and greatest contribution to the new order of inquiry, and now we have to thank M. Taine for reviving with considerable freshness and vigour our interest in this important subject.

The volume before us is the first instalment of an extensive work. In *Les Origines de la France Contemporaine*, M. Taine proposes to review the Revolution, its antecedents, and results. A loftier theme could hardly be found. To explain the origin of the France we see, to account for the abiding unrest which for nearly a century has tossed a noble people from anarchy to despotism, and back again from despotism to anarchy, is a subject well worthy of the most accomplished political philosopher. M. Taine brings to his task the many literary graces and gifts which a long

series of works from his pen has enabled us to appreciate. Whether he has risen to the height of his argument is a point I shall discuss presently. In the meanwhile I cannot but render tribute to the literary finish, the full knowledge, and the skilful co-ordination of parts which his volume displays. As the comparison with De Tocqueville is inevitable, I may as well say at once that on this score M. Taine has no reason to shun competition or contrast with his illustrious predecessor. Indeed the *grouping* of topics in this *Ancien Régime* is superior to that of its rival. De Tocqueville's work is divided into three books, which have no individuality or synthetical unity of subject,—not even to the extent of special headings; while the subordinate chapters seem to follow each other at random without a trace of organic connection; and this laxity of contexture is no doubt a capital defect in that otherwise admirable study. M. Taine has on the other hand subdivided his matter into compact and well-marked groups, by means of which he obtains a precision and firmness of treatment very welcome to the reader. The five books of which the work consists are entitled as follows:—1. "The Structure of Society." 2. "Manners, and Types of Character." 3. "Intellectual Tendencies and Principles." 4. "The Propagation of Principles." 5. "The People." These five heads comprise apparently, in M. Taine's opinion, all the chief topics with which a student of the pre-revolutionary period is concerned. I think he has both omitted and inserted much ill-advisedly. But the vigorous ability with which he has treated several parts of his subject, as he conceives it, must extort praise from the most captious. The third book especially is a masterpiece of literary and philosophical criticism. M. Taine is here on his own ground, and he manifests powers of no common order. The three chief proselytising schools of French thought led by Voltaire, Diderot, and Rousseau

are treated with a pregnant vivacity and grasp which endow with something like freshness, one of the best worn themes in literature. M. Taine analyses the "Revolutionary Spirit" into two elements: the one scientific, the other literary—which he names the "classical spirit." The first does not call for much remark, being common to Western Europe. The second, though it ultimately penetrated other countries in consequence of the prestige acquired by French letters, was indigenous in France and reached a predominance there to which it never attained elsewhere. "It established itself," says M. Taine, at the same time as the regular monarchy and polite conversation, and accompanies them not by accident but by nature. For it is precisely the production of the new public then formed by the new *régime* and new manners. I mean the aristocracy reduced to idleness by the encroaching monarchy, composed of persons well born and well bred, who, denied the resource of public life, threw themselves into conversation and occupied their leisure in tasting all the delicate and serious pleasures of the mind." It was, I suppose, only the language of the *salons* reduced to writing. But the conversation of drawing-rooms must above all things be clear, flowing, and easily understood. Not only must harsh technicalities be banished, but all scientific depth and abstruseness which could not readily be apprehended by a circle of ladies must be excluded also. "Madame la Maréchale, I am forced to resume my argument rather high up." "As high as you please, if I can only understand you." "If you do not understand me it will be very much my fault." This short dialogue of Diderot's composing shows the mark at which all writers aimed—to be understood on the spot and by everybody; by everybody that is belonging to a certain world of polished but superficial culture. What could not be said in short lucid phrase had better not be said at all, and what was never said was in time forgotten to exist. M. Taine brings out with great clearness and delicacy the

effect this narrowness of expression ultimately had in producing narrowness of ideas, and the contempt thereby acquired for history and the previous experiences of the race, or indeed for any social state different from the one then actually existing.

The classical style in the eighteenth century "was unfit to represent the living thing, the real individual as it exists in nature and history. . . . It cannot receive them or contain them. It pares them down as much as it can, so that at last it retains only an abridged extract, an evaporated residuum, an empty name—what we shortly call a hollow abstraction." "In this style you can translate neither the Bible, nor Homer, nor Dante, nor Shakespeare." Concrete truth, the form and pressure of real fact, are, in short, avoided as indecorous, and polished commonplace becomes the staple of literature. This vague rhetoric was admirably adapted to render the vague utopias and enthusiasms of the time—the return to nature; the abolition of society; the perfectibility of the species; the innate and perfect goodness of men. The colossal sophisms with which the men of that day got intoxicated, as with new wine—"The fruits are for all, and the earth is for no one"—"Man is born free, and everywhere he is in chains"—could only have passed into currency in a society which refused to look for a definite meaning under resonant phrases. I own to a wish that M. Taine had pointed out how it happened that this vague rhetoric came just at the right moment, to enlist in the service of vague sentiment. It was surely not a happy accident. Were not rather both style and sentiment the joint and common product of the social *ensemble*, by which not only the mass of writers and talkers were kept through life at a distance from instructive fact and practical contact with affairs, but in which the social contrasts and inequalities were so scandalous and profane that any dream of amelioration, however delirious, was welcomed as an evangel of hope? I suspect that

a concurrent effect has been mistaken by M. Taine for an independent cause. In any case M. Taine proceeds to show with conspicuous cogency and sequence of deduction the combined operation of vague classicism and vague sentiment in such an environment. Ignorance of human nature on the one hand, and very real social misery and injustice on the other, united to produce the most fantastic conceptions of what the world would be if only a clean sweep were made of all existing institutions. It was accepted as an axiom that both the heart and the mind of man are equally good, and that only iniquitous legislation has perverted them. "Sceptres of iron, insensate laws, it is you we reproach with our inability to fulfil our duty on the earth." When it is said that all men are good, it is manifest that the common people are especially designated. Aristocrats and superior ecclesiastics are evidently not good, though why they are excepted from the birthright of the race is not explained. But the poor man is perfect in all his parts. The singular fact is that this doctrine is not only accepted by those whom it concerns—the suffering multitude—but by all classes. Men whose houses in a few years will be set on fire by a savage peasantry, whose throats will be cut by a ferocious populace, imagine they are living in a Garden of Eden into which evil passions have never entered. "The foundation of human society was vaguely conceived as a scene half bucolic, half theatrical, not unlike the vignettes on the title-pages of illustrated books. Men half naked, or clothed in skins, are assembled under a great oak. In the midst of them a venerable old man rises and speaks to them in the language of reason and nature. He advises them to unite, and explains what this mutual engagement involves; he shows them the concord of public and private interest, and finishes by making them feel the beauties of virtue. They all burst into shouts of joy, embrace one another, crowd about him, and choose him for their magistrate. Then follows a dance under the elms, and

happiness is established upon earth. The addresses to the National Assembly will be in this style. During years the Government will speak to the people as if they were the shepherds of pastoral poetry. The peasants will be entreated not to set fire to the châteaux because it gives pain to their good king. In the height of the Jacquerie the wise men of the time will still believe they are living in full eclogue, and that with flute music they will lead back to the fold the howling pack of bestial instincts and ferocious appetites" (p. 311).

I have dwelt on this third book because it is, in my judgment, by far the best in all M. Taine's volume. But the other four books are full to repletion of apt quotation, well-chosen anecdote, pointed remark, and of all the qualities which a writer of the talent and practice of M. Taine would, as a matter of course, bring to his work. They are a mine of good stories, characteristic traits, and significant facts, selected to give us a notion of the time. In the first book, on "The Structure of Society," M. Taine passes in review the privileged classes, the nobles and the clergy. With regard to the first, what strikes one most is that with all their privileges they are most greedy when taken as a class. Those who can afford to go to court and push their fortunes are the rare exceptions, not one in a hundred. The remainder vegetate on their lands (when these are not all sold) in dull isolation, disgust and *ennui*. The great majority of them are in a state of abject poverty. "In Rouergue many of them have only 1,000 or even 500 francs to live upon. In Limousin out of several thousands there are not more than fifteen who have 20,000 francs a year. In Burgundy they might be seen in gaiters and hobnail shoes, with a rusty old sword under their arm, dying of hunger and refusing to work." Many have parted with most of their land, and retain only the odious privilege of exacting feudal dues. But though the noble is little better than a pauper, he is a formidable enemy to the peasant, not out of malice, but from necessity. M.

Taine thinks the Hobereaux have been traduced, and that they were not worse than their neighbours. But their position was false and injurious in the extreme. "As they live upon their rights they must needs exact them, even when the rights are heavy and the debtor is poor. How can they remit to him their dues of wine and grain when it is the only wine and bread they will have in the year? Being needy they cannot help being exacting" (p. 51). Powerless to do good, cut off from any local action that might bring him into healthy contact with his inferiors, the small country noble inevitably becomes in their eyes a useless parasite living in idleness at their expense. Great is the contrast offered by the fortunate few who bask in the sunshine of court favour. For them places, promotions, sinecures can be had for the asking, if it is only done persistently enough, and as whatever their incomes may be they always exceed them, when in debt large pensions and larger sums down, fall to them almost as a matter of right. The shamelessness with which the public money was squandered on the relatively small number of persons who composed the court almost surpasses belief. When Necker took office he found that twenty-eight millions a year went in pensions to the court sycophants. Marie Antoinette and her friends were a great drain on the treasury. The Comtesse de Polignac received 400,000 francs to pay her debts, and 800,000 for the dowry of her daughter; for herself the promise of an estate worth 35,000 a year, and for her lover, the Comte de Vaudreuil, a pension of nearly the same sum. The Princesse de Lamballe gets 300,000 a year. Sometimes the king's largess took another form, as in the case of the Guéméné family. Lands which they had just bought for four millions, the benevolent Louis XVI. takes off their hands for more than three times that amount, viz., twelve and a half millions—say an amiable present of eight millions. The Polignac family cost the state 700,000 a year, and the Noailles

pretty nearly two millions. Although one reads with pleasure in our great Scotch historian of the Revolution that Marie Antoinette, "the Beautiful High-born that was so foully hurled low," "in her Duchesse de Polignac, in her Princesse de Lamballe, enjoyed something almost like friendship," we see that this interesting sentiment cost the French people perhaps not less than it was worth (p. 107).

It may so readily be supposed that money so easily got was as easily spent. M. Taine gives an amusing picture of the reckless and fantastic extravagance in which people of the great world indulged. To adjust expenditure to income was the mark of the underbred *bourgeois*. It may truly be said that the one occupation of the French *noblesse* for the last fifty years at least of the *Ancien Régime* was to ruin itself as fast as it could. To keep open house and receive sumptuously every day, to supply the guests with horses and servants at their discretion, was a sort of duty in a *grand seigneur*. "Their luxury differed from ours. It did not consist in furniture; that kind of display was left to the financiers. But it was prodigious in all that can give pleasure to others, in horses and carriages and open tables." In the palace of the Rohans at Saverne there were 700 beds and 180 horses. "Five times a week at the house of the Duc de Choiseul, at ten at night the *maitre d'hôtel* came and cast a glance round the reception rooms, and, as he judged the numbers, laid covers for fifty, sixty, or eighty guests. Following this example, all the opulent houses make a point of keeping a table open to all comers." The Romans of the Empire who live in the pages of Juvenal were reproduced and unconsciously imitated. Historical parallels are not often worth much, but it is interesting to note how a similar social condition produced very similar manners. The idle aristocracy of Rome had many points of resemblance to the idle *noblesse* of France. The great object is the ostentation of wealth, even when you have not got it; indeed, to

ignore such vulgar things as money and debt is a part of good breeding. "Monsieur l'Archevêque," said Louis XVI. to a courtier, "I am told that you are in debt, and even to a large amount." "I will inquire, sire, of my steward, and I will then have the honour of informing your majesty." A dainty example of prodigality for its own sake is given by M. Taine. "One day, in the presence of the Prince de Conti, Madame de B. allowed it to be felt that she would like the miniature of her canary in a ring. The prince made offers, which were accepted on condition that the miniature should be very simple and without brilliants. The stipulation was complied with; nothing but a small circlet of gold appeared, but to protect the picture a large diamond reduced to the required thickness formed the glass. Madame de B. returned the diamond. M. le Prince de Conti had it crushed into powder, and used it to dry the ink of the billet which he wrote on the subject to Madame de B. The pinch of diamond dust cost 5,000 francs" (p. 170).

Of course the prodigality of the nobles is utterly dwarfed by that of the king and royal family. Louis XVI. was almost frugal in his own personal expenditure, but the stream of extravagance was too strong for his feeble will to resist, perhaps too strong even for the imperial volition of a Frederick or a Richelieu. The reader will find in Book II. chap. 3, amusing examples of the mad profusion and reckless outlay of the royal household. Louis XV. found use for 4000 horses, and his expenditure was 68 millions (we must at least double the figures to represent the value at the present time), or about a fourth of the revenue of the country. As the financial deficit increased, the royal expenses increased with it. Between 1775 and 1787, the cost of the King's stables had augmented by nearly two millions. Although the chasm of debt widens every year, the purchase of St. Cloud at a cost of nearly eight millions, presents no difficulties. "It is a ring on the Queen's finger," remarked a courtier who knew his busi-

ness. Princes and princesses of the blood royal deplete the treasury in a similar way as occasion serves. Even Marie Antoinette's first baby, Madame Royale, cannot do with less than eighty persons to wait upon her, and it was thought a prodigy of economy to reduce her attendants to that number. The *femmes de chambre* of the Queen receiving nominally 150 francs a year, realise 50,000 by the sale of the wax candles which are lighted, but not burnt every day. Madame Elizabeth, whose natural simplicity of life and taste is well known, yet spends 30,000 francs a year on fish for her frugal table, and 60,000 for wax candles—say about sixteen thousand pounds sterling a year in our money for those two articles. But it is needless to multiply proofs of a recklessness which was almost pathological.

M. Taine's two last books are constructed on the same plan—affluence of quotation, at nearly every line inverted commas, a *bonbonnière* of extracts poured out without stint or relenting. If I may say so without irreverence, the result is rather thin. This tropical luxuriance of citation wants illuminating by reflection and reference to principles. Pointed epigram here and there does not suffice. It is here we miss the austere elevation of De Tocqueville. He also quotes, but it is with studied discretion; a severe reserve which leaves room for the play of thought and inference. In M. Taine's book, we are lost in a flood of miscellaneous facts. We are oppressed by a steady downpour of passages textually quoted, from which, after a period, we long to escape. M. Taine does not seem to have remembered that it is possible not to see the wood for the trees. He has emptied his commonplace book in such a deluge on our heads that we are half tempted to regret that classical style which he has so well described, in which quotation was most sparingly used, if it was admitted at all.

I said above that, in my humble judgment, much was inserted and omitted in M. Taine's book which

moved my regret. I have just referred to the first head of my complaint. As regards the second I make the following suggestions.

In his preface, M. Taine says that he intends to describe the *Ancien Régime* as an entomologist would describe an insect. He has kept his word with an accuracy only too literal. The extracts from his pages already given will show the closeness with which he has studied his subject. What I regret is that the study is so close, so microscopic, that we see the parts so magnified that a view of the whole is never obtained. Further, his work is mainly descriptive, not national and philosophical. He places before us the *Ancien Régime* in all its repulsive features with great detail, and often with great vividness, but he never explains how it came to exist, why this anomalous monster arose in France and nowhere else. He draws attention to the contrast presented in this respect both by England and Germany, acknowledges that in both countries feudalism had existed, but produced very different results. He nowhere accounts for this difference, and yet it involves the capital problem of French history. On several occasions he passes close by it, half shows he is aware of it; but nowhere states it, much less attempts to solve it. Referring to the salutary political action of the English aristocracy, he says (p. 77) "Such is the *régime* in countries where the feudal lords, instead of letting the king ally himself against them with the commons, have allied themselves with the commons against the king." Again: "Before the final catastrophe, France is dissolved, and she is dissolved because the privileged persons have forgotten their character of public men" (p. 109). Now surely to point out the difference as matter of fact between England and France was not a great contribution to political philosophy. The question is, why, having at one time resembled each other so much as they did in the Middle Ages, they came to differ so profoundly at a later period. Why did the aristocracy in England ally itself with the

commons, and fail to do so in France? Why did the privileged orders in France forget their public duties? We know they did so, and that the results were sinister, but we want a reason.

The great fact in French history is that France never had an aristocracy; she never had anything but a *noblesse*. There are few periods or crises in French history which this reflection does not elucidate.

First, as to the matter of fact: at no period of the history of France was the government of the country in the hands of the nobles. During the time of their feudal splendour in the Middle Ages, the great vassals who owned a nominal allegiance to the crown were individually far too high and mighty *seigneurs* to think of coalescing in civic union for the sake of political power. A Duke of Brittany, or Burgundy, or a Count of Toulouse, made and broke alliances when it suited him, as his interests as a great potentate seemed to require; so far was he from looking on his brother nobles as obvious allies, that one of his dearest privileges was the right of making so-called private wars against them whenever it might serve his purpose. He might enter into a league with them against the common enemy, the king, as into any other form of joint warfare. But the league might be, and generally was, broken on the first signal success, or the first signal disaster. In either case his private interests as a great suzerain found reason for his disuniting himself from his temporary allies. Mediæval French history abounds with such leagues, created and dissolved with a facility which shows the utter want of cohesion among the feudal nobles. One of their most serious efforts, the "League for the Public Good," organised against Louis XI., manifests clearly their twofold weakness. (1.) Their want of union among themselves. (2.) The opposition of their interests to those of the common people. The astute king profited by both. "If," he said, in his proclamation against them, "if I had chosen to increase their pensions, and

to allow them to crush their vassals as in times past, they would never have thought of the Public Good." After their triumph, sealed by the treaty of Conflans, so humiliating to the crown, the latter was soon able by bribes and caresses to seduce a sufficient number of the confederates to render the whole movement abortive. They wanted both cohesion among themselves, inspired by common interests, and sympathy and support from the lower orders, who justly regarded them as petty tyrants, far more cruel and formidable than the king.

Secondly, how to account for this position on the part of the feudal nobles. It depended on the conditions amid which the Capetian dynasty arose. When Hugh Capet assumed the title of King of France, he was hardly *primus inter pares*, and his successors were a long time before they emerged from a subordinate sovereignty, which was allowed in name chiefly from a feeling of indifference and contempt. The great feudal magnates, intrenched in their fortresses, treated the king with the unconcern of men who knew that many of them individually were as strong as he, and that if they took the trouble to combine, they had him at their mercy. Even Louis VI. hardly dared make an excursion from Paris to Orleans for fear of the lord of Montlhéry. In short the French feudal lords were too strong individually to feel the need of closing their ranks against the monarchial power. The king was too weak to fight them alone, hence his alliance with the commons.

If now we compare France with England on the one hand and Germany on the other, we see that France occupied a position as it were half-way between the two. In England, owing to the Conquest and the imperial mind which effected it, the kingly power was from the outset paramount. The early Norman and Plantagenet kings were rulers wielding an authority such as no feudal potentate on the Continent could distantly emulate. A century and a half of monarchial despotism sufficed

to throw all classes of the people into opposition against it: even to the extent of overcoming the originally intense animosity between Norman and Saxon. The Barons who assembled and dictated terms to John were in a position which their congeners across the channel could not have conceived, neither at the time nor for centuries afterwards. This salutary preponderance of the crown enforcing a common sense of citizenship, was one of the chief causes of that popular freedom and dignity of the English commons which in the fifteenth century moved the wonder and admiration of Philippe de Comines. In England the chief vices of feudalism were at an early date, if not suppressed, greatly mitigated: a truly political condition was induced in which the sword, if not wholly laid aside, played an essentially subordinate part.

In Germany the direct opposite occurred. The early splendour of the Emperors belonging to the Saxon and Hohenstaufen dynasties was eclipsed in the thirteenth century. The unity of the Empire was dissolved, and a centrifugal movement carried the great feudatories into the separate and complete independence of each in his own domain. "I am Emperor in my own land," said Duke George of Hanover, giving expression to a common sentiment. The result was utterly fatal to Germany as a national whole, and has been in consequence the object of much patriotic lamentation, not without cause. Perhaps there was a compensating side to the matter. But the point I insist on here is that in Germany feudalism ran its natural course to the extreme limit, and ended in the destruction of all political unity. In England, feudalism was at an early period suppressed, and a firmly compact monarchy overarched all classes. In France, there was arrested development, and neither feudalism nor the kingly power gained a complete victory. In spite of the apparent supremacy of the crown even under Louis XIV., the *noblesse* never completely acknowledged their defeat,

and on the eve of the Revolution were still feared and mistrusted by the king. Though as individuals they had become prodigies of servility: as a class they were always able to resist reform. We may even say that their partial subjection carried results with it more injurious than if they had been left in their original independence. Seduced into the position of courtly parasites, they lost or abandoned all local influence for good or evil, while still retaining their odious privileges. The chivalry of France, till crushed by Richelieu and Louis XIV., was composed in the main of men of robust and daring character, riding hard and often drinking deep, but full of the rough popular vigour which excludes contempt; and we find that some of them did manifest,—as could not fail to be the case—a considerable amount of local patriotism. M. Taine cites two instances, the Duc de St. Simon (father of the author of the *Mémoires*) and Mirabeau of the Silver Collar. But when they became mere courtiers pampered with privilege, their influence was purely evil. With all the evils in view with which "*Particularismus*" has afflicted Germany, it at least allowed thirty-seven universities to emerge, and permitted a little oasis like the Weimar of Carl August to throw its leafy shade over Herder, Goethe and Schiller. And, further, if the political condition of Germany was pitiable, it allowed, or perhaps stimulated, an exceptional attention to things of the mind, and this not accompanied with a well-nigh universal misery as in France, but beside a popular wellbeing which, considering the relative fertility of the two countries, is worthy of notice. The following words merit attention. They are from the pen of a contemporary observer, whose competence will be disputed by no one. In 1748, David Hume thus wrote in his *Journal*:—"We have finished a very agreeable journey of 860 miles (so far is Vienna from the Hague) have passed through many a prince's territories, and have had more masters than many of these princes had subjects. Germany

is undoubtedly a very fine country, full of industrious, honest people, and if united it would be the greatest power that ever was in the world. The common people are here almost everywhere much better treated, and more at their ease than in France, and are not much inferior to the English, notwithstanding all the airs which the latter give themselves."

This brief summary of well-known facts, may suffice to indicate the inattention, to say the least, with which M. Taine has allowed himself to speak of the "lords as permitting the king to ally himself against them with the commons," as if this were merely a piece of faulty strategy on their part; a wrong move in a game in which they otherwise showed fair skill. They never engaged in the game at all. They never even felt the need of loyal steadfast union among themselves, much less of union with the commons. How the nobles of France would have met such a proposition, if it had ever been seriously made to them, may be seen from an incident which occurred at the meeting of the States-General in 1614, the last before '89. A speaker belonging to the Third Estate let fall some expressions to the effect that the three orders, clergy, *noblesse*, and commons, were sons of one mother, that is, France; that of these three brothers the clergy was the eldest, the nobility the second, and the commons the youngest—and added some remarks about the fraternal feeling which should exist in such a family. The representative nobles were fired with indignation at these comparisons, they sought the king immediately, and by the mouth of their spokesman, the Baron de Senecy, gave vent to their anger. "It is this order, Sire, composed of people of the country and the towns, who compare themselves to us. I am ashamed to repeat the words which have offended us. They compare your state to a family composed of three brothers (the odious simile is then repeated). Into what a miserable condition have we fallen if these words are true. Pronounce a judgment full

of justice, Sire, and make them return to their duty." These words of their orator were applauded by the nobles, who withdrew from the royal presence saying that they would not allow the sons of shoemakers and cobblers to call them brothers, and that there was as much difference between *noblesse* and Third Estate as between master and valet. Of course M. Taine is familiar with facts to be found in every respectable history of France. The more singular is the tone he uses, which seems to ignore their significance. To imply even remotely that such great social forces operating during centuries of a nation's life, are amenable to human volition, is enough to inspire serious suspicion as to M. Taine's preparation for sociological inquiries. To suggest that it was optional on the part of the French *noblesse* to imitate or not the English aristocracy, in reference to an alliance with the king or the commons, belongs, to say the least, to a disappointing style of remark. Can any one suppose that when the English nobles in the thirteenth century cast in their lot with the commons, they were thinking of the future glories of the English Constitution, that with prophetic insight they perceived the remote consequences of a different policy, and patriotically chose that which four or five hundred years afterwards would permit their country to pass into new conditions without shock or breach of continuity? Can any one suppose that the French nobles, who during the war for the Public Good did their best to dismember France, were actuated by a preternatural wickedness, and foresaw that their course would lead to a profound disintegration of French society, from which nothing but the terrible cataclysm of '89 could rescue it? To ask these questions is to answer them. The secular behaviour of large classes is determined by forces over which the will of individuals has but little control. When large numbers of men in certain social groups are seen during long periods, pursuing a persistent course, *salutary* or *the reverse*, to the well being of the body politic taken as a

whole, we may be sure that their action is directed by motives and impulses which neither the will nor the intellect of man are adequate to interrupt. The social *milieu* is paramount, and there is no more concession to political fatalism involved in this remark than the corresponding influence universally accorded to climate and geographical position, as sources of sociological results beyond the reach of human interference.

It seems to me that M. Taine has rather neglected the political order of causes which led to the Revolution. They are not so obvious and interesting as those social conditions on which he has dwelt at great length and with much talent; but they combined to produce the effect equally with these. The intellectual movement which occupied two-thirds of the eighteenth century in France is one of the very brightest and most fascinating spectacles in the history of the human mind. That M. Taine should have yielded to its incomparable charm, and, absorbed in admiration, should have fallen to drawing it anew, is no way surprising. But I regret that he has not felt that another side of the matter also needed adequate treatment. That side is the political or Governmental side. Allowing all the efficacy conceivable to the criticism which undermined the *Ancien Régime*, from Montesquieu's *Persian Letters* to Beaumarchais' *Mariage de Figaro*, it is manifest that its peculiar powers of corrosion were owing quite as much to the *milieu* in which it worked and the subject which it attacked, as to its own inherent properties. M. Taine owns it was nearly powerless in England. Notwithstanding the spread of French literature in other countries, its effect was not deep. In France alone the acid found the alkali requisite to produce overwhelming effervescence. When, therefore, he begins his book with an inquiry into the structure of society in the eighteenth century, and gives a very graphic picture of its abuses and injustices, we feel he is rather plunging *in medias res*. We want to know how it happened that French society was brought into this

extraordinary condition—by what chain of causes the French people had been led into a position so cruel and intolerable that anything seemed preferable to continuing in it. To dwell on the destructive criticism of the Philosophers; to point out their anarchic doctrines, their false ideals, and perverted sentimentality; to depict them as, during half a century, secreting a social virus, which in the end poisoned the body-politic, is a weakness generally now confined to clergymen of the Roman Church, but which I would not impute to so thoughtful a writer as M. Taine. Still, the great emphasis he lays on the "Doctrine and its Propagation" (Books 3 and 4) may lead many into error on this point. The criticism of the Philosophers was an effect of the political and social state of France before it was a cause operating to the destruction of that state. There was no criticism under Louis XIV.; little under the Regency, or even under Fleury; and yet it is under these representatives of the *Ancien Régime* that the materials of the final conflagration were collected. The capital point to be kept in view is the progressive breakdown of government, which, from the death of Colbert (1683), or of Louvois (1691), went on with hardly an interruption till the great catastrophe. The common phrases that the despotic machine was wearing out, &c., are metaphors containing a certain amount of truth, but too vague to be satisfactory. The despotic machine never seemed more nearly worn out than under the incompetent regency of Anne of Austria, and yet it was capable of the brilliant revival with which the reign of Louis XIV. commenced. Why was no similar revival possible afterwards? If the answer be given—as it must be—that the abhorrent turpitude of Louis XV. prevented all chance of reform, the question is only removed a step backwards, and we have to ask, why were the vices of one loathsome libertine sufficient to paralyse the Government of a great state? History is full of debauched kings. But only one stands charged with such an incubus of infamy as he who is without injustice

regarded as a proximate cause of the French Revolution. The sterile impeachment of prominent individuals, which would make them responsible for the action of great political forces, is rebuked by the justice of modern history. If Louis XV. did the harm we must admit he did, we must blame him with reserved condemnation for the system of which he among others was a product. His vices, and those of his Government, sink from the class of causes to that of effects, which need themselves to be explained and accounted for.

We are thus led back to periods very remote from the eighteenth century, to the long antecedent time in which this strange French monarchy was slowly built. If I mistake not, he who would trace a pertinent history of the causes of the French Revolution must ascend to the epoch of Louis IX., or even of Hugh Capet. He would have to exhibit the false and insecure position of the monarchy from its commencement; the mixture of fraud and violence it was forced to use to subdue the anarchic turbulence of the great feudatories; how this fraud and this violence seemed dictated not only by ambition, but by a genuine regard to the public welfare; how the kingly power was not able to compass even a semblance of political unity, save by such a disastrous suppression of all local life and initiative as in the end proved fatal to itself. The grotesque and barbarous fiscal policy by which the royal treasury was robbed of nearly half the revenue, wrung from the crushed taxpayer, would be set forth in its revolting iniquity. The obliteration of the bulwarks, whether against despotic power or democratic insurgence, afforded by local liberties, would be carefully recorded, and the whole history of the unhallowed French monarchy would be displayed as a logical and consistent whole, during which a noble people was subjected to secular and undeserved iniquity, and of which the vengeance ultimately wreaked was the only fitting conclusion.

MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

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THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND:

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT SION COLLEGE.

I HAVE heard it confidently asserted, that the Church of England is an institution so thoroughly artificial, and of which the justification, if any justification for it can be found, must be sought in reasons so extremely far-fetched, that only highly trained and educated people can be made to see that it has a possible defence at all, and that to undertake its defence before a plain audience of working men would be hopeless. It would be very interesting to try the experiment; and I had long had a half-formed design of endeavouring to show to an audience of working men the case, as I for my part conceived it, on behalf of the Church of England. But meanwhile there comes to me my friend, your President, and reminds me of an old request of his that I should some day speak in this hall, and presses me to comply with it this very season. And if I am to speak at Sion College, and to the London clergy, and at this juncture, how can I help remembering my old design of speaking about the Church of England; remembering it, and being tempted, though before a very different audience, to take that subject?

Jeremy Taylor says: "Every minister ought to concern himself in the faults of them that are present, but not of the absent." "Every minister," he says again, "ought to preach to his hearers and urge *their* duty; St. John the Baptist told the soldiers what the soldiers

should do, but troubled not their heads with what was the duty of the Scribes and Pharisees." And certainly one should not defend the Church of England to an audience of clergy and to an audience of artisans in quite the same way. But perhaps one ought not to care to put at all before the clergy the case for the Church of England, but rather one should bring before them the case against it. For the case of the Church of England is supposed to be their own case, and they are parties interested; and to commend their own case to the parties interested is useless, but what may do them most good is rather to show them its defects. And in this view, the profitable thing for the London clergy at Sion College to hear would be, perhaps, a lecture on disestablishment, an exhortation to "happy despatch." But this is not so, for the simple reason that the Church of England is not a private sect but a national institution. There can be no greater mistake than to regard the cause of the Church of England as the cause of the clergy, and the clergy as the parties concerned for the maintenance of the Church of England. The clergy are a very small minority of the nation. As the Church of England will not be abolished to gratify the jealousy of this and that private sect, also a small minority of the nation, so neither will it be

maintained to gratify the interest of the clergy. Public institutions must have public reasons for existing; and if at any time there arise circumstances and dangers which induce a return to those reasons, to set them in a clear light to oneself again, and to make sure of them, the clergy may with just as much propriety do this, or assist at its being done—nay, they are as much bound to do it—as any other members of the community.

But some one will perhaps be disposed to say, that though there is no impropriety in your hearing the Church of England defended, yet there is an impropriety in my defending it to you. A man who has published a good deal that is at variance with the body of theological doctrine commonly received in the Church of England, and commonly preached by its ministers, cannot well, it may be thought, stand up before the clergy as a friend to their cause and to that of the Church. Professed ardent enemies of the Church have assured me that I am really, in their opinion, one of the worst enemies that the Church has, a much worse enemy than themselves. Perhaps that opinion is shared by some of those who now hear me. I make bold to say that it is totally erroneous. It is founded in an entire misconception of the character and scope of what I have written concerning religion. I regard the Church of England as, in fact, a great national society for the promotion of what is commonly called *goodness*, and for promoting it through the most effectual means possible, the only means which are really and truly effectual for the object—through the means of the Christian religion and of the Bible. This plain practical object is undeniably the object of the Church of England and of the clergy. “Our province,” says Butler, whose sayings come the more readily to my mind because I have been very busy with him lately, “our province is virtue and religion, life and manners, the science of improving the emper and making the heart better. This is the field assigned us to cultivate; how much it has lain neglected is indeed

astonishing. He who should find out one rule to assist us in this work would deserve infinitely better of mankind than all the improvers of other knowledge put together.” This is indeed true religion, true Christianity. “*Illi sunt veri fideles Tui*,” says the “Imitation,” “*qui totam vitam suam ad emendationem disponunt*.” Undoubtedly this is so; and the more we come to see and feel it to be so, the more shall we get a happy sense of clearness and certainty in religion.

Now, to put a new construction upon many things that are said in the Bible, to point out errors in the Bible, errors in the dealings of theologians with it, is exactly the sort of “other knowledge” which Butler disparages by comparison with a knowledge more important. Perhaps he goes too far when he disparages it so absolutely as in another place he does, where he makes Moses conclude, and appears to agree with Moses in concluding, that “*the only knowledge*, which is of any avail to us, is that which teaches us our duty or assists us in the discharge of it.” “If,” says he, “the discoveries of men of deep research and curious inquiry serve the cause of virtue and religion, in the way of proof, motive to practise, or assistance in it; or if they tend to render life less unhappy and promote its satisfactions, then they are most usefully employed; but bringing things to light, alone and of itself, is of no manner of use any otherwise than as entertainment and diversion.” “Bringing things to light” is not properly to be spoken of, I think, quite in this fashion. Still, with the low *comparative* rank which Butler assigns to it I will not quarrel; and when he urges that “knowledge is not our proper happiness,” and that “men of research and curious inquiry should just be put in mind not to mistake what they are doing,” we may all of us readily admit that his admonitions are wise and salutary.

And therefore the object of the Church, which is in large the promotion of goodness, and the business of the clergy, which is to teach men their duty and to assist them in the discharge

of it, do really interest me more, and do appear in my eyes as things much more valuable and important than the object and business pursued in those writings of mine which are in question, writings which seek to put a new construction on much in the Bible, to alter the current criticism of it, to invalidate the conclusions of theologians from it. If the two are to conflict, I had far rather that it should be the object and business of those writings which should have to give way. Most certainly the establishment of an improved biblical criticism, or the demolition of the systems of theologians, will never in itself avail to teach men their duty or to assist them in the discharge of it. Perhaps, even, no one can very much give himself to such tasks without running some risk of over-valuing their importance and of being diverted by them from practice. But there are times when practice itself, when the very object of the Church and of the clergy—the promotion of goodness through the instrumentality of the Christian religion and of the Bible—is endangered, with many persons, from the predominance of the systems of theologians, from the want of a new and better construction than theirs to put upon the Bible. And ours is a time of this kind; such, at least, is my conviction. Nor are persons free to say that we had better all of us stick to practice, and resolve not to trouble ourselves with speculative questions of biblical and theological criticism. No, such questions catch men in a season and manner which does not depend on their own will; and often their whole spirit is bewildered by them, and their former hold on practice seems threatened. Well, then, at this point and for those persons, the criticism which I have attempted is designed to come in, when for want of some such new criticism their practical hold on the Bible and on the Christian religion seems to be threatened. The criticism is not presented as something universally salutary and indispensable, far less as any substitute for a practical hold upon Christianity and the Bible, or of at all comparable

value with it. The user may even, if he likes, having in view the risks which beset practice from the misemployment of such criticism, say while he uses it that he is but making himself friends through the mammon of unrighteousness. It is evident that the author of such criticism, holding this to be its relation to the object of the Church of England and to the business of the clergy, and holding it so cheap by comparison with that object and that business, is by no means constituted, through the fact of his having published it, an enemy of the Church and clergy, or precluded from feeling and expressing a hearty desire for their preservation.

I have called the Church of England—to give the plainest and most direct idea I could of its real reason for existing—a *great national society for the promotion of goodness*. Nothing interests people, after all, so much as goodness; and it is in human nature that what interests men very much they should not leave to private and chance handling, but should give to it a public institution. There may be very important things to which public institution is not given; but it will generally turn out, we shall find, that they are things of which the whole community does not strongly feel the importance. Art and literature are very important things, and art and literature, it is often urged, are not matters of public institution in England; why, then, should religion be? The answer is, that so far as art and literature are not matters of public institution like religion, this is because the whole community has not felt them to be of vital interest and importance to it, as it feels religion to be. In only one famous community, perhaps, has the people at large felt art and literature to be necessities of life, as with us the people at large has felt religion to be. That community was ancient Athens. And in ancient Athens art and literature were matters of public and national institution, like religion. In the Christian nations of modern Europe we find religion, alone of spiritual concerns, to

have had a regular public organisation given to it, because, alone of spiritual concerns, religion was felt by every one to interest the nation profoundly, just like social order and security. It is true, we see a great community across the Atlantic, the United States of America, where it cannot be said that religion does not interest people, and where, notwithstanding, there is no public institution and organisation of religion. But that is because the United States were colonised by people who, from special circumstances, had in this country been led to adopt the theory and the habit, then novel, of separatism, and who carried the already formed theory and habit into America and there gave effect to it. The same is to be said of some of our chief colonial dependencies. Their communities are made up, in a remarkably large proportion, out of that sort and class of English people in whom the theory and habit of separatism exists formed, owing to certain old religious conflicts in this country, already. The theory and the habit of separatism soon make a common form of religion seem a thing both impossible and undesirable, and without a common form of religion there cannot well be a public institution of it. Still, all this does not make the public institution of a thing so important as religion, to be any the less the evident natural instinct of mankind, their plain first impulse in the matter; neither does it make that first impulse to be any the less in itself a just one.

For a just one it is in itself, surely. All that is said to make it out to be so, said by Butler for instance—whom I have already quoted, and whom I have, as I said, just now a special disposition to quote, but whose practical view of things is, besides, in itself almost always so sound and weighty—seems to me of an evidence and solidity quite indisputable. The public institution of religion, he again and again insists, is “a standing publication of the Gospel,” “a serious call upon men to attend to it,” and therefore of an “effect very important and valuable.” A visible Church, with a publicly instituted form of religion,

is, he says, “like a city upon a hill—a standing memorial to the world of the duty which we owe our Maker; to call men continually, both by example and instruction, to attend to it, and, by the form of religion ever before their eyes, to remind them of the reality; to be the repository of the oracles of God; to hold up the light of revelation in aid to that of nature, and to propagate it throughout all generations to the end of the world.” “That which men have accounted religion,” he says again, in his “Charge to the Clergy of Durham,” “has had, generally speaking, a great and conspicuous part in all public appearances, and the face of it has been kept up with great reverence throughout all ranks from the highest to the lowest; and without somewhat of this nature, piety will grow languid even among the better sort of men, and the worst will go on quietly in an abandoned course, with fewer interruptions from within than they would have, were religious reflections forced oftener upon their minds, and, consequently, with less probability of their amendment.” Here, I say, is surely abundant reason suggested, if the thing were not already clear enough of itself, why a society for the promotion of goodness, such as the Church of England in its fundamental design is, should at the same time be a national society, a society with a publicly instituted form of religion.

And yet with what enemies and dangers is this reasonable and natural arrangement now encompassed here! I open the *Fortnightly Review* for the beginning of the present year, in order to read the political summary, sure to be written with ability and vigour, and to find there what lines of agitation are in prospect for us. Well, I am told in the political summary that the disestablishment of the Church of England is “a question which the very Spirit of Time has borne on into the first place.” The Spirit of Time is a personage for whose operations I have myself the greatest respect; whatever he does, is, in my opinion, of the gravest effect. And he has borne, we are told, the question of

the disestablishment of the Church of England into the very first rank of questions in agitation. "The agitation," continues the summarist, "is the least fictitious of any political movement that has taken place in our time. It is the one subject on which you are most certain of having a crowded meeting in any large town in England. It is the one bond of union between the most important groups of Liberals. Even the Tapers and Tadpoles of politics must admit that this party is rapidly becoming really formidable."

Then our writer proceeds to enumerate the forces of his party. It comprises practically, he says, the whole body of the Protestant Nonconformists; this is, indeed, a thing of course. But the Wesleyans, too, he adds, are almost certainly about to join it; while of the Catholics it is calculated that two-thirds would vote for "the policy of taking away artificial advantages from a rival hierarchy." "From within the Church itself," he goes on, "there are gradually coming allies of each of the three colours: Sacramentalists, weary of the Erastian bonds of Parliament and the Privy Council; Evangelicals, exasperated by State connivance with a Romanizing reaction; Broad Churchmen, who are beginning to see, first, that the laity in a Free Church would hold the keys of the treasury, and would therefore be better able than they are now to secure liberality of doctrine in their clergy; and, secondly, are beginning to see, that the straining to make the old bottles of rite and formulary hold the wine of new thought, withers up intellectual manliness, straightforwardness, and vigorous health of conscience, both in those who practise these economies and in those whom their moderation fascinates."

The thing could not well be more forcibly stated, and the prospect for the Established Church does indeed, as thus presented, seem black enough. But we have still to hear of the disposition of the great body of the flock, of the working multitudes. "As for the working classes," the writer says, "the re-

ligious portion would follow the policy of the sect to which the individual happened to belong; while that portion which is not attached either to church or chapel, apart from personal or local considerations of accidental force, would certainly go for disestablishment. Not a single leader of the industrial class, with any pretence to a representative character, but is already strongly and distinctly pledged." And the conclusion is that "the cause of disestablishment, so far from being the forlorn crusade of a handful of fanatics, is in fact a cause to which a greater number of Radicals of all kinds may be expected to rally than to any other cause whatever." And therefore this cause should be made by all Liberals, he says, the real object, and other things should be treated as secondary and contributory to it. "Let us reform our electoral machinery," says he, "by all means, but let us understand, and make others understand, that we only seek this because we seek something else: the disestablishment of the Episcopal Church in England." Such is the programme of what calls itself "scientific liberalism."

By far the most formidable force in the array of dangers which this critic has mustered to threaten the Church of England, is the estrangement of the working classes—of that part of them, too, which has no attachment to Dissent, but which is simply zealous about social and political questions. This part may not be overwhelming in numbers, but it is the living and leading part of the whole to which it belongs—its sentiment tends to become, with time, the sentiment of the whole. If its sentiment is unalterably hostile to the Church of England, if the character of the Church is such that this must needs be so and remain so, then the question of disestablishment is, I think, settled, and the Church of England cannot, in the long run, stand.

Now, the ideal of this class is a future—a future on earth, not up in the sky—which shall profoundly change and ameliorate things for them; an immense social progress, nay, a social

transformation ; in short, as their song goes, "a good time coming." And the Church is supposed to be an appendage to the Barbarians, as I have somewhere, in joke, called it ; an institution devoted above all to the landed gentry, but also to the propertied and satisfied classes generally ; favouring immobility, preaching submission, and reserving transformation in general for the other side of the grave.

Such a Church, I admit, cannot possibly nowadays attach the working classes, or be viewed with anything but disfavour by them. But certainly the superstitious worship of existing social facts, the devoted obsequiousness to the landed and propertied and satisfied classes, does not inhere in the Christian religion ; the Church does not get it from the Bible. Exception is taken to its being said that there is communism in the Bible, because we see that Communists are fierce, violent, insurrectionary people, with temper and actions abhorrent to the spirit of the Bible. But if we say, on the one hand, that the Bible utterly condemns all violence, revolt, fierceness, and self-assertion, then we may safely say, on the other hand, that there is certainly communism in the Bible. The truth is, the Bible enjoins endless self-sacrifice all round ; and to any one who has grasped this idea, the superstitious worship of property, the reverent devotedness to the propertied and satisfied classes, is impossible. And the Christian Church has, I boldly say, been the faithful parent of men who, having grasped this idea, have been exempt from this superstition. Institutions are to be judged by their great men ; in the end, they take their line from their great men. The Christian Church, and the line which is natural to it, and which will one day prevail in it, is to be judged from the saints and the tone of the saints. Now really, if there have been any people in the world free from illusions about the divine origin and divine sanctions of social facts just as they stand—open, therefore, to the popular hopes of a profound renovation and a happier future—it has been those

inspired idiots, the poets and the saints. Nobody nowadays attends much to what the poets say, so I leave them on one side. But listen to a saint on the origin of property ; listen to Pascal. " 'This dog belongs to *me*,' said these poor children ; 'that place in the sun is *mine* !' Behold the beginning and the image of all usurpation upon earth !" Listen to him instructing the young Duke of Roannez as to the source and sacredness of his rank and his estates. First, as to his estates. "Do you imagine," he says, "that it is by some way of nature that your property has passed from your ancestors to you ? Such is not the case. This order is but founded on the simple will and pleasure of legislators, who may have had good reasons for what they did, but not one of their reasons was taken from any natural right of yours over these possessions. If they had chosen to ordain that this property, after having been held by your father during his lifetime, should revert to the commonwealth after his death, you would have had no ground for complaint. Thus your whole title to your property is not a title from nature, but a title of human creation. A different turn of imagination in the law-makers would have left you poor ; and it is only that combination of the chance which produced your birth with the turn of fancy producing laws advantageous to you, which renders you the master of all these possessions."

And then, the property having been dealt with, comes the turn of the rank :—

"There are two sorts of grandeurs in the world ; grandeurs which men have set up, and natural grandeurs. The grandeurs which men have set up depend on the will and pleasure of men. Dignities and nobility are grandeurs of this kind. In one country they honour nobles, in another commoners ; here the eldest son, there the youngest son. Why ? because such has been men's will and pleasure."

There, certainly, speaks a great voice of religion without any superstitious awe of rank and of property. The

treasures of Pascal's scorn are boundless, and they are magnificent; they are poured out in full flood on the superstitious awe in question. The only doubt may be, perhaps, whether they are not poured out on it too cruelly and overwhelmingly; but in what secular writer shall we find anything to match them?

Ay, or in what saint or doctor, some one will say, of the Church of England? If there is a stronghold of stolid defence to the illusions of the aristocratic and propertied classes, the Church of England, many people will maintain, is that stronghold. It is the most formidable complaint against the Church, the complaint which creates its most serious danger. There is nothing like having the very words of the complainants themselves in a case of this sort. "I wish," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "I wish the clergy would consider whether something of the decline of Christianity may not be due to the fact that for ages Christianity has been accepted by the clergy of the Established Church as the ally of political and social injustice." "The Church of England," says Mr. John Morley, "is the ally of tyranny, the organ of social oppression, the champion of intellectual bondage." There are the leaders; and the *Beehive* shall give us the opinion of the rank and file. "The clergy could not take money from the employing classes and put it into the pockets of the employed; but they might have insisted on such a human consideration and Christian regard for human welfare as would have so influenced men's dealings in regard to each other as to prevent our present misery and suffering."

You will observe, and it is a touching thing to witness, that the complaint of the real sufferers, as they think themselves, is in a strain comparatively calm and mild; how much milder than the invective of their literary leaders! Still the upshot of the complaint is the same with both: the Church shares and serves the prejudices of rank and property, instead of contending with them.

Now, I say once more that every

Church is to be judged by its great men. Theirs are the authoritative utterances. They survive; they lay hold, sooner or later, and in proportion to their impressiveness and truth, on the minds of Churchmen to whom they come down; they strike the note to be finally taken in the Church. Listen, then, to this on "the seemingly enormous discrimination," as the speaker calls it, "among men:"—

"That distinction which thou standest upon, and which seemeth so vast, between thy poor neighbour and thee, what is it? whence did it come? whither tends it? It is not anywise natural, or according to primitive design. Inequality and private interest in things (together with sicknesses and pains, together with all other infelicities and inconveniences) were the by-blows of our guilt; sin introduced these degrees and distances; it devised the names of rich and poor; it begot those ingrossings and inclosures of things; it forged those two small pestilent words, *meum* and *tuum*, which have engendered so much strife among men, and created so much mischief in the world: these preternatural distinctions were, I say, brooded by our fault, and are in great part fostered and maintained thereby; for were we generally so good, so just, so charitable as we should be, they could hardly subsist, especially in that measure they do. God, indeed (for promoting some good ends and for prevention of some mischiefs apt to spring from our ill-nature in this our lapsed state, particularly to prevent the strife and disorder which scrambling would cause among men, presuming on equal right and parity of force), doth suffer them in some manner to continue; but we mistake if we think that natural equality and community are in effect quite taken away; or that all the world is so cantonized among a few that the rest have no share therein."

Who is it who says that? It is one of the eminently representative men of the English Church, its best and soundest moralist; a man sober-minded, weighty, esteemed: it is Barrow. And

it is Barrow in the full blaze of the Restoration, in his Hospital Sermon of 1671.

Well, then, a fascinated awe of class-privileges, station, and property, a belief in the divine appointment, perfectness, and perpetuity of existing social arrangements, is not the authentic tradition of the Church of England. It is important to insist upon this, important for the Church to feel and avow it, because no institution with these prejudices could possibly carry the working classes with it; and it is necessary for the Church, if it is to live, that it should carry the working classes with it. Suffer me, after quoting to you Jeremy Taylor and Butler and Pascal and Barrow, to quote to you a much less orthodox personage—M. Renan. But what I am going to quote from him is profoundly true. He has been observing that Christianity, at its outset, had an immense attraction for the popular classes, as he calls them; “the popular classes whom the State and religion neglected equally.” And he proceeds: “Here is the great lesson of this history for our own age; the times correspond to one another; the future will belong to that party which can get hold of the popular classes and elevate them.” “But in our days,” M. Renan adds, “the difficulty is far greater than it ever was.” And this is true; the difficulty is great, very great. But the thing has to be done, and the Church is the right power to do it.

Now the Church tends, people say, at present to become more mixed and popular than it used to be in the composition of its clergy; they are recruited from a wider field. Sometimes one hears this lamented, and its disadvantages insisted upon; but in view of a power of comprehending popular ideals and sympathizing with them, it has, I think, its advantage. No one can overlook or deny the immense labours and sacrifices of the clergy for the improvement of the condition of the popular, the working classes; for their schools, for instance, and for their physical well-being in countless ways. But this is not enough without a positive sympathy with popu-

lar ideals; and the great popular ideal is, as I have said, an immense renovation and transformation of things, a far better and happier society in the future than ours is now. Mixed with all manner of alloy and false notions this ideal often is, yet in itself it is precious, it is true; and let me observe, it is also the ideal of our religion. It is the business of our religion to make us believe in this very ideal; it is the business of the clergy to profess and to preach it. In this view it is really well to consider how entirely our religious teaching and preaching, and our creeds, and what passes with us for “the gospel,” turn on quite other matters from the fundamental matter of the primitive gospel, or good news, of our Saviour himself. This gospel was the ideal of popular hope and longing, an immense renovation and transformation of things—the *kingdom of God*. “Jesus came into Galilee proclaiming the good news of God and saying: The time is fulfilled and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent and believe in the good news.” He went about the cities and villages “proclaiming the good news of the kingdom.” The multitudes followed Him, and He “took them and talked to them about the kingdom of God.” He told His disciples to preach this. “Go thou, and spread the news of the kingdom of God.” “Into whatever city ye enter, say to them, The kingdom of God has come nigh unto you!” He told them to pray for it: “Thy kingdom come.” He told them to seek and study it before all things. “Seek first God’s righteousness and kingdom.” He said that it should be proclaimed throughout the world. “This good news of the kingdom shall be proclaimed in the whole world, for a witness to all nations.” And it was a kingdom here on earth, not in some other world unseen; it was “God’s will done, as in heaven, so on earth.”

And in this line the preaching went on for some time after our Saviour’s death. Philip, in Samaria, “delivers the good news concerning the kingdom of God.” Paul, at Ephesus, “discusses and per-

suades concerning the kingdom of God ;” at Rome he “testifies to the kingdom of God,” “proclaims the kingdom of God.” He tells the Corinthians that Christ sent him “not to baptize but to deliver the good news,” the good news of the kingdom of God. True, additions soon appear to the original gospel, which explain how preaching came to diverge from it. The additions were inevitable ; the kingdom of God was realizable only through Jesus—was impossible without Jesus, and therefore the preaching concerning Jesus had necessarily to be added to the preaching concerning the kingdom. Accordingly we find Philip “delivering the good news concerning the kingdom of God and the name of Jesus Christ ;” we find him “delivering (to the eunuch) the good news of Jesus. We find Paul proclaiming Jesus, that he is the Son of God,” “proving that he is the Christ,” putting as the foremost matter of the “good news” His death and resurrection. “The kingdom” was to be won through faith in Christ, in Christ crucified and risen, and crucified and risen, I freely admit, in the plain material sense of those words. And, moreover, “the kingdom” was conceived by the apostles as the triumphant return of Christ, in the lifetime of the very generation then living, to judge the world and to reign in glory with His saints. They conceived “the kingdom,” therefore, amiss ; it was hardly possible for them not to do so. But we can readily understand how thus, as time went on, Christian preaching came more and more to drop, or to leave in the background, its one primitive gospel, “the good news of the kingdom,” and to settle on other points. Yet whoever reverts to it, reverts, I say, to the primitive gospel ; which is the good news of an immense renovation and transformation of this world by the establishment of what the Sermon on the Mount calls (in the most authentic reading of the passage) God’s “righteousness and kingdom.” This was the ideal of Jesus ; the establishment on earth of God’s kingdom, of felicity, not by the violent processes of

our Fifth Monarchy men, or of the German Anabaptists, or of the French Communists, but by the establishment on earth of God’s righteousness. But it is a contracted and insufficient conception of the gospel which takes into view only the establishment of *righteousness*, and does not also take into view the establishment of *the kingdom*. And the establishment of the kingdom does imply an immense renovation and transformation of our actual state of things—that is certain. This then, which is the ideal of the popular classes, of the multitude everywhere, is a legitimate ideal. And a Church of England, devoted to the service and ideals of any limited class, however distinguished, wealthy, or powerful, which is perfectly satisfied with things as they are, is not only out of sympathy with the ideal of the popular classes, it is also out of sympathy with the gospel, of which the ideal does in the main, coincide with theirs. True, the most clear voice one could even desire in favour of such an ideal is found to come, as we have seen, from the Church of England, from a representative man among the clergy of that Church. But it is important that the clergy, as a body, should sympathize heartily with that ideal. And this they can best bring themselves to do, any of them who may require such bringing, by accustoming themselves to see that the ideal is the true original ideal of their religion and of its Founder.

I have dwelt a long while upon this head, because of its extreme importance. If the Church of England is right here, it has, I am persuaded, nothing to fear either from Rome, or from the Protestant Dissenters, or from the secularists. It cannot, I think, stand secure unless it has the sympathy of the popular classes, and it cannot have the sympathy of the popular classes unless it is right on this head ; but if it is right on this head, it may, I feel convinced, flourish and be strong with their sympathy and with that of the nation in general. For it has natural allies in what Burke, that gifted Irishman, so finely calls “the ancient and

inbred integrity, piety, good nature and good humour of the English people." It has an ally in their piety. If the matter were not so serious, one could hardly help smiling at the chagrin and manifest perplexity of such of one's friends as happen to be philosophical Radicals and secularists, at having to reckon with religion again when they thought its day was quite gone by, and that they need not study it any more or take account of it any more, but it was passing out, and a kind of new gospel, half Bentham half Cobden, in which they were themselves particularly strong, was coming in. And perhaps there is no one who more deserves to be compassionated than an elderly or middle-aged man of this kind, such as several of their Parliamentary spokesmen and representatives are. For the younger men of the party may perhaps take heart of grace, and acquaint themselves a little with religion, now that they see its day is by no means over; but for the older ones, their mental habits are formed, and it is almost too late for them to begin such new studies. However, a wave of religious reaction is evidently passing over Europe, due very much to our revolutionary and philosophical friends having insisted upon it that religion was gone by and unnecessary, when it was neither the one nor the other. And what one sees in France and elsewhere really makes some words of Butler (if you are not yet tired of Butler) read like a prophecy. "Indeed," he says, "amongst creatures naturally formed for religion, yet so much under the power of imagination, so apt to deceive themselves, as men are, superstition is an evil, which can never be out of sight. But even against this, true religion is a great security; and the only one. True religion takes up that place in the mind which superstition would usurp, and so leaves little room for it; and likewise lays us under the strongest obligations to oppose it. On the contrary, the danger of superstition cannot but be increased by the prevalence of irreligion; and by its general prevalence, the evil will be unavoidable. For the common

people, wanting a religion, will of course take up with almost any superstition which is thrown in their way; and in process of time, amidst the infinite vicissitudes of the political world, the leaders of parties will certainly be able to serve themselves of that superstition, whatever it be, which is getting ground; and will not fail to carry it on to the utmost lengths their occasions require." And one does see at the present day, in the very places where irreligion had prevailed most, superstition laying hold of those who seemed the last people likely to be laid hold of by it, and politicians making their game out of this state of things. Yet that there should spring up in Paris, for instance, a Catholic Working Men's Union, and that it should prosper, will surprise no one who considers how strong is the need, in human nature, for a moral rule and bridle such as religion, even a superstitious one, affords, and how entirely the Paris workman was without anything of the kind. La Rochefoucauld, who is here a witness that no one will challenge, says most truly: "It is harder to keep oneself from being governed than to govern others." Obedience, strange as it may sound, is a real need of human nature; above all, moral and religious obedience. And it is less hard to a Paris workman to swallow beliefs that one would have thought impossible for him, than to go on in life and conduct in unchartered freedom, like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. Undoubtedly, there are in the popular classes of every country forces of piety and religion capable of being brought into an alliance with the Church, or national society for the promotion of goodness, in that country; and of no people may this be more certainly said than of ours.

Still there is in this English people an *integrity*, as Burke calls it, a native fund of downrightness, plain honesty, integrity, which makes our popular classes very unapt to cheat themselves in religion, and to swallow things down wholesale out of sentiment, or even out of weariness of moral disorder and need

of a moral rule. And therefore I said that Rome was not a real danger for us, and that in the integrity of the English people the Church of England had a natural ally. I say this in view of the popular classes. Higher up, with individuals and even with small classes, sentiment and fantasy, and morbid restlessness and weariness, may come in. But with the popular classes and with the English people as a whole, it is in favour of the Church that it is what Butler called it, and what it is sometimes reproached for being—a *reasonable* Establishment. And it is a reasonable Establishment, and in the good sense; I know of no other Establishment so reasonable. Churches are characterized, I have said, by their great men. Show me any other great Church of which a chief doctor and luminary has a sentence like this sentence, *splendide verax*, of Butler's: "Things are what they are, and the consequences of them will be what they will be; why, then, should we desire to be deceived?" To take in such a sentence as that is an education in moral and intellectual veracity. And after all, intensely Butlerian as the sentence is, yet Butler came to it because he is *English*; because at the bottom of his nature lay such a fund of integrity. Show me another great Church, again, in which a theologian, arguing that a religious doctrine of the truth of which a man is not sure—the doctrine, let us suppose, of a future state of rewards and punishments—may yet properly be made to sway his conduct and practice (a recommendation which seems to me, I must confess, impossible to be carried into effect); but show me in another Church a theologian arguing thus, yet careful at the same time to warn us, that we have no business to tamper with our sense of evidence by *believing* the doctrine any the more, on the ground of its practical importance to us: "To be influenced by this consideration in our *judgment*, to believe or disbelieve upon it, is indeed as much prejudice as anything whatever." The force of integrity, I say, could no

further go. And distracted as is the state of religious opinion amongst us at this moment, in no other great Church is there, I believe, so much sincere desire as there is in the Church of England, in clergy as well as laity, to get at the real truth; so little false pretence of assured knowledge and certainty on points where there can be none; so much disposition to see and to admit with Butler, in regard to such points and to the root of the whole matter in religion, that "mankind are for placing the stress of their religion anywhere rather than upon virtue," and that mankind are wrong in so doing. To this absence of charlatanism, to this largeness of view, to this pressing to the genuine root of the matter, all the constituents assigned to the English people's nature by Burke—their piety, their integrity, their good nature, their good humour, but above all, their *integrity*,—contribute to incline them. That the Church should show a like inclination is in its favour as a National Church.

Equally are those constituents, and the way of thinking that naturally springs from them, in favour of the Church as regards the attacks of the political Dissenters. Plain directness of thinking, a largeness and easiness of mind, are not favourable judges, I think, for the Dissenters at the present moment, for their grievances and for their operations. A sense of piety and religion in the nation is to be supposed to start with. And I suppose it to be clear that the contention no longer is, even on the part of the Dissenters themselves, that a certain Church-order is alone Scriptural and is therefore necessary, and that it is that of the Dissenters, not of the Church; or that *the gospel* consists in one or two famous propositions of speculative doctrine, and that the Dissenters make it so to consist, while the Church does not. At any rate, the nation in general will no longer regard *this* contention as serious, even if some Dissenters do. The serious contention is, that there ought to be perfect religious equality, as it is called, and that the

State ought not to adopt, and by adopting to favour and elevate above the rest, one form of religion out of the many forms that are current. But surely the moment we consider religion and Christianity in a large way, as goodness, and a Church as a society for the promotion of goodness, all that is said about having such a society before men's eyes, as a city set upon a hill—all that is said about making the Gospel more and more a witness to mankind, comes in in favour of the State adopting some form of religion or other—that which seems best suited to the majority—even though it may not be perfect; and putting that forward as the national form of religion. "A reasonable Establishment *has*," surely, as Butler says, "a tendency to keep up a sense of real religion and real Christianity in a nation"—that seems to me to be no more than the plain language of common sense. And I think what follows is true also:—"And it is moreover necessary for the encouragement of learning, some parts of which the Scripture revelation absolutely requires should be cultivated." But what seems to me quite certain is, that, if goodness is the end, and "all good men are" as Butler says, "equally concerned in promoting that end," then, as he goes on to conclude, "to do it more effectually they ought to unite in promoting it; which yet is scarce practicable upon any new models, and quite impossible upon such as every one would think unexceptionable." And as for such, he says, as "think ours liable to objection, it is possible they themselves may be mistaken, and whether they are or no, the very nature of society requires some compliance with others. Upon the whole, therefore, these persons would do well to consider how far they can with reason satisfy themselves in neglecting what is certainly right on account of what is doubtful whether it be wrong; and when the right is of so much greater consequence one way than the supposed wrong can be the other." Here Butler seems to me to be on impregnable ground, and it is the ground

which the largest and surest spirits amongst us have always pitched upon. Sir Matthew Hale, the most moderate of men and the most disposed to comprehension, said: "Those of the separation were good men, but they had narrow souls, who would break the peace of the Church about such inconsiderable matters as the points in difference were." Henry More, that beautiful soul, is exactly to the same effect: "A little religion may make a man schismatical, but a great deal will surely make a man decline division where things are tolerable, which is the case of our English Church." And the more a large way of thinking comes to spread in this nation, which by its good nature and good humour has a natural turn for it, the more will this view come to prevail: that the Church is a society for the promotion of goodness; that such a society is the stronger for being national, and ought to be national; that to make its operations, therefore, more effectual all good men ought to unite in it, and that the objections, of the Protestant Dissenters to uniting in it are trivial.

At least, their *religious* objections to uniting in it are trivial. Their objections from the annoyance and mortification at having, after they have once separated and set up forms of their own, to give in and to accept the established form, and their allegations of their natural jealousy at having to see, if they do not accept it, the clergy preferred before them by being invested with the status of national ministers of religion, these are much more worthy of note. But, in the first place, whatever preference is given, is given for the sake of the whole community, not of those preferred; and many preferences, for its own sake and for what it judges to be the public good, the whole community may and must establish. But that which, as men's minds grow larger, will above all prevent the objections and complaints of the Dissenters from winning sympathy and from attaining effect, is that it will be more and more distinctly perceived that they are, to speak truly,

irreligious objections and complaints, and yet urged in the sphere of religion. To philosophical Radicals in or out of Parliament, who think that religion is all a chimæra, and that in a matter so little important the fancies of the Dissenters, whose political aid is valuable, may well be studied and followed, this will seem nothing. But the more the sense of religion grows, and of religion in a large way—the sense of the beauty and rest of religion, the sense that its charm lies in its grace and peace—the more will the present attitude, objections and complaints of the Dissenters indispose men's minds to them. They will, I firmly believe, lose ground; they will not get hold of the new generations. In most of the mature Dissenters the spirit of scruple, objection-taking, and division, is, I fear, so ingrained, that in any proffered terms of union they are more likely to seize occasion for fresh cavil than occasion for peace; but the new generations will be otherwise minded. As to the Church's want of grace and peace in disputing the ground with Dissent, the justice of what Barrow says will be more and more felt:—"He that being assaulted is constrained to stand on his defence, may not be said to be in peace; yet his not being so (involuntarily) is not to be imputed to him." But the Dissenters have not this excuse for being men of war in a sphere of grace and peace; and they turn themselves into men of war more and more. Look at one of the ablest of them, who is much before the public, and whose abilities I unfeignedly admire—Mr. Dale. Mr. Dale is really a pugilist, a brilliant pugilist. He has his arena down at Birmingham, where he does his practice with Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Jesse Collings, and the rest of his band; and then from time to time he comes up to the metropolis, to London, and gives a public exhibition here of his skill. And a very powerful performance it often is. And the *Times* observes, that the chief Dissenting ministers are becoming quite the intellectual equals of the chief of the clergy. Very likely; this

sort of practice is just the right thing to brace a man's intellectual muscles. I have no fears concerning Mr. Dale's intellectual muscles; what I am a little uneasy about is his religious temper. The essence of religion is grace and peace; and though, no doubt, Mr. Dale cultivates grace and peace at other times, when he is not busy with his anti-Church practice, yet his cultivation of grace and peace can be none the better, and must naturally be something the worse, for the time and energy given to his pugilistic interludes. And the more that mankind, instead of placing their religion in all manner of things where it is not, come to place it in sheer goodness, and in grace and peace—and this is the tendency, I think, with the English people—the less favourable will public opinion be to the proceedings of the political Dissenters, the less has the Church to fear from their pugnacious self-assertion.

Indeed, to eschew self-assertion, to be, instead of always thinking about one's freedom and one's rights and one's equality—to be, as Butler says, "as much afraid of subjection to mere arbitrary will and pleasure in ourselves as to the arbitrary will of others," is the very temper of religion. What the clergy have to desire—and the clergy of London may well bear to hear this, who have, as a body, been so honourably distinguished for their moderation and their intelligence—what the clergy have to aim at, is the character of simple instruments for the public good; what they have to shun, is their action having the appearances of mere arbitrary will and pleasure in the individual. One can hardly speak about the Church at this moment without touching on the Burials Bill. Give me leave to say that the dangerous thing to the Church, as regards this vexed question of burials, has been the opening afforded, in the exclusion of unbaptized persons, to the exercise of what might always seem, and often was, the exercise of mere arbitrary will and pleasure in the individual clergyman. This, it seems to me, ought certainly to be abandoned;

and here, surely, is an occasion for remembering St. Paul's dictum, that "Christ sent him not to baptize, but to deliver the good news." But if this exclusion were wholly abandoned, if the option of silent funerals, and of funerals with a shortened service, were also given, I think as much would have been done as it is for the public advantage (for I put the advantage of the clergy out of question altogether—they have none but that of the community), in the special circumstances of this country, to do ; as much as it will finally be found necessary to do ; and as much as is required in order to end, for sensible people, the need for further occupying themselves with this whole barren and retarding question of *Church and Dissent*.

And I, for my part, now leave this question, I hope, for ever. I became engaged in it against my will, from being led by particular circumstances to remark the deteriorating effect of the temper and strifes of Dissent upon good men, the lamentable waste of power and

usefulness which was thereby caused ; and from being convinced that the right settlement was to be reached in one way only—not by disestablishment, but by comprehension and union. However, as one grows old, one feels that it is not one's business to go on for ever expostulating with other people on their waste of power, but to make progress in grace and peace oneself. And this is the real business of the Church too : to make progress in grace and peace. Force the Church of England has certainly some ; perhaps a good deal. But its true strength is in relying, not on its powers of force, but on its powers of attractiveness. And by opening itself to the glow of the old and true ideal of the Christian Gospel, by fidelity to reason, by placing the stress of its religion on goodness, by cultivating grace and peace, it will inspire attachment, to which the attachment which it inspires now, deep though that is, will be as nothing ; it will last, be sure, as long as this nation.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MADCAP VIOLET.

CHAPTER XIII.

FIRE AND WATER.

IF George Miller had any hope of winning Violet North for a wife, he set about the task in the most wrong-headed of fashions. A little more imagination, and of the perception that accompanies imagination, would have shown him the folly of prematurely brandishing in the face of a high-spirited girl, who dearly loved her liberty, those shackles of matrimony which ought to have been kept in the background, or altogether concealed. He would have seen that his best chances hung on his fostering that sentiment of half-humorous, half-tender romance with which she was disposed to regard her youthful lover; he ought to have let the gentle process of time strengthen this sentiment; he ought to have accustomed her to the notion of losing her liberty by slow and insidious degrees. The matter-of-fact young man missed all that. He wanted to know exactly how they stood. He could not understand why they should not be engaged like other people. What harm was there in a ring? In a word, he was anxious to take possession of a beautiful wife; while she regarded his claims upon her with surprise and distinct aversion—hence all manner of lovers' quarrels, which were exciting enough, but rather dangerous.

First of all, he had gone to Sir Acton North, who received him with much friendliness.

"What!" said he, when the young man had told his story, "you run away with a girl, and then you come and ask her father for permission to court her; that is putting the horse behind the cart, isn't it?"

Mr. Miller was very nervous; but when his proposed father-in-law was

good enough to make a joke, he was bound to laugh at it; so he grinned a ghastly grin.

"What does she say, eh? What does she say herself? That is the point."

Indeed the great railway engineer could have no objection to the young man as a husband for Violet. He was of a rich and reputable family; he was young, good-looking, apparently good-tempered; his business prospects were excellent. There was another point to be considered. Sir Acton had a suspicion that the truce between his wife and her stepdaughter was dangerously hollow; at any moment the girl might have to go; and whither could she go? If she wanted to marry this young man, why should she not? Moreover, he knew he would be paying a compliment to Lady North in rather encouraging the attentions of this young man; so that, while he pleased himself by rendering Violet's future more secure, he would make his consent a favour granted to his wife. This is always good policy on the part of a husband.

"Well, sir," young Miller answered, "I have asked nothing definite. I thought it better to come to you first."

"Quite right, quite right. Well, you must question herself, you know; but be cautious."

Mr. Miller was rather puzzled by the twinkling light that came into the grey eyes of this big, white-bearded man.

"She wants dealing with," said her father, frankly. "She won't be mastered. However, she has been very quiet and good since we came back from Canada—perhaps that will last."

These cautions were rather ominous; but then a young man is always convinced that he knows a dozen times as much about the nature of his sweet-heart as her own father knows, who

has only lived with her for a matter of twenty years or so.

"There is another point," said George Miller, pulling his courage together, and proceeding to talk with a business-like air. "Of course I don't know what she will say; but it may be better if I tell you how my money matters stand. I hope shortly to have about 900*l.* or 1000*l.* a year from this partnership. Then, when I marry, I expect my father will give me 20,000*l.* I don't see how he could give me less than that, because he gave as much to my sister when she married, and I am the only son."

"When you get it, don't put it in railways," said Sir Acton, briefly.

"Oh! dear no," said young Miller (though he would have liked half-an-hour's chat on this matter with so competent an authority). "If I can't get two or three good mortgages—and I suppose it is difficult to get them now-a-days at six per cent—I mean to spread the money over half-a-dozen of the best foreign stocks; and that way you can average nearly six per cent. without very much risk."

"Very good—very good," said Sir Acton; "but keep it nearer five. Five is quite enough; there is never any great safety over five."

"And then," said the young man, rather hesitatingly, "I suppose I shall have about 2,000*l.* a year."

"Very good; quite enough to live on," was Sir Acton's business-like reply. "Too much, I should say, for young people. You ought to save on that."

Mr. Miller waited for a second; he seemed to expect that Sir Acton would say something more. Was there to be no mention—not even the least hint—of the possible dowry on the other side?

A servant came to say the carriage was below.

"You will excuse me, I am sure," said Sir Acton, shaking hands with the young man. "You will go into the drawing-room, I suppose—the girls are sure to be there."

"Sir Acton," the young man said, stopping him, "I haven't said how

much I am grateful to you for—
for——"

"No, no, not at all," said the other, as he hurried away. "You settle it all with her."

Mr. Miller crossed the passage, and entered the drawing-room; the music ceased as he did so, and one of Lady North's daughters left the piano. Altogether there were four girls in the room; one of them being Violet, who, knowing that Mr. Miller was in the house, and guessing the object of his visit, had taken refuge with her half-sisters, so that he should not find her alone.

It was a large and sombre apartment; for Lady North and her daughters affected high art in the matter of house-decoration. What with the dark painting of the ceiling, the bottle-green paper and brown panellings of the walls, the deep unrelieved red of the carpet, the black cabinets, and the stained windows, the spacious and melancholy chamber looked like a great sepulchral vault. It used to be said—but the statement was not true—that Lady North's daughters, when they happened to be at home in the evening, sat in a row in this solemn apartment, all of them silent, all of them dressed in white, each holding a tall white lily in her hand, and having a silver star in her hair. At the present moment, at all events, they were not so engaged. They seemed singularly disturbed, restless, and embarrassed when Mr. Miller entered—all except Violet, who, to tell the truth, looked a little impatient and angry. First of all, the young lady who had been playing said she wished to find some music somewhere; and left the room. After a second or two, another came to the conclusion that Sally would never find the music; and so she set off to look for it. The colour in Miss Violet's face deepened. Then the third and remaining sister sprang up and said,—

"Isn't that the postman, Violet? Oh, I must go and see what he has brought."

This was too much.

"You know it is not the postman," she said, hotly. "I wish, Anatolia, you would stay where you are."

"I shall be back directly," said Anatolia; and then she went quickly, leaving these two in solemn silence, both embarrassed, and one inclined to be vexed, angry, and rebellious.

"Why should you wish them to stay in the room, Violet?" he asked.

"Because I don't like to be made a fool of. They know quite well why you are here to-day. And they believe—they believe—I cannot tell you what nonsense they believe!"

"I know," said he. "The girls are sensible. They believe we are engaged, or about to be. Why shouldn't we be engaged?"

"Because I do not choose to be engaged."

"Everybody approves of it," said he. "Your father has no objections; I am sure Lady North would have none; and I can answer for my people that they would be delighted. And that is another thing, Violet—I should so like to introduce you to my family."

"You are very kind," she said, "but I don't see why I should be introduced to them any more than to other families whom I don't know."

"Well, that is rather strange," said he, "considering our relations."

"I was not aware of any relations existing between us."

"Oh, indeed."

"No."

"I think you are in rather a bad temper to-day."

"I don't wish to offend you," she said, "but it is better to tell you the plain truth. When you talk about an engagement, and about being introduced to your friends, you make me wish I had never seen you; you do, indeed. Look at those girls going away—because they think we have secrets to talk over."

In her impatience she got up and went to the piano.

"What would you like me to play for you?" she said, coldly.

He was quite as much inclined to be

angry at this moment as she was; but he was afraid of the consequences. She was in a mood that might work mischief if she was provoked.

"Violet," he said, "do be reasonable. You are too proud. You dislike the notion of people imagining that you—well, that you care enough for me, or for any man, to think of marrying him. But every girl has to go through that; and if the truth were known, other girls don't laugh at her—they envy her. I do not wish to force you to do anything you don't like; only I must say I expected a little better treatment when I came here to-day."

"I don't wish to treat you badly, or goodly, or any way," she said, with indignant incoherence. "Why can't we be friends like other people? I wish to be kind to you—I do indeed. All the time I was in Canada there was nobody in England I thought more about than you—at least there was next to nobody. And when I saw you over at Mr. Drummond's I thought it would be such a nice thing to be friends with you. And now you want to drag me into engagements and interviews—"

"Well, you are a stupid girl," said he, with a sudden burst of good humour. "Don't you know that you are so pretty that I am bound to try to secure you for my wife? You might go and marry somebody else while that nice friendship was the only bond between us. Come, Violet—"

He took her hand; she drew it away.

"What shall I play for you?" said she.

He suddenly regarded her with a suspicious look.

"Perhaps," said he, with equal coldness, "you have reasons for not wishing that we should be engaged?"

"Plenty," she said, frankly.

"Perhaps there is some one else to whom you would rather be engaged?"

A mischievous notion got into her head at this moment: she answered nothing.

"Am I right?" he said, with an affectation of lofty calmness.

"What if you are?" she said, looking down.

His calmness went.

"Then I consider," he said, warmly, "that, if that is so, you have been treating me shamefully—letting me come here on a fool's errand;—but I don't believe it—I tell you I don't believe it——"

"You don't believe what?"

"That you are likely to be engaged to some one else."

"I never said anything of the kind," she said, with a provoking sweetness. "I thought I had been telling you how I abhorred the notion of being engaged to anybody. If you choose to imagine a lot of foolish things, I cannot help it. I wished to be very friendly with you. I don't see why you should get into a temper. You have not told me what you wish me to play."

"Thank you," said he, "I think I must go now."

She rose, with great gentleness and dignity, and offered him her hand.

"I am sorry you are going so soon," she said.

He stood looking at her with irresolution, regret, anger, and disappointment, all visible at once in his face—disappointment most marked, perhaps.

"Some men," said he, calmly, "would call your conduct by an ugly name—they would say it was the conduct of—a flirt."

The word seemed to sting her like a horsewhip.

"I never flirted with any one in all my life," she said, hotly. "No one would dare to say such a thing to me."

"Why not?" he said, forgetting all his calmness, and becoming as vehement as herself. "You allow a man to ask you to marry him——"

"How could I prevent that?"

"You allow him to go to your father, and make arrangements, and have everything understood; and then you turn round on him, and say there is nothing understood, and hint that you would rather be engaged to somebody else, and all that—and that is not the conduct of a flirt? I wonder what is!"

"Then," said she, with flashing eyes, "if that is your opinion of me, you had better go."

"Yes, I will go," said he; and he crossed the room, took up his hat, bowed to her, and went out.

She sat down, with flaming cheeks, to the piano, and tried to play. That was not much use. She rose, and, hastily going to her own room, flung herself on the bed, and burst into a flood of passionate and angry tears, vowing to herself a thousand times that she would never again have anything to say to any man of woman born, not if she were to live a thousand years.

CHAPTER XIV.

"LIKE GETTING HOME AGAIN."

THE cup of her sorrows was not yet full. When she had quite exhausted her indignation over the perfidy and unreasonableness and bad temper of mankind, and when she had quite resolved that she would never marry—no, not if a king's son were to entreat her—she got up, and washed her face, and arranged her hair, and went to Lady North. In a humble and submissive tone she asked the little, dignified grey-eyed woman to let her have the brougham for that evening.

Lady North was surprised and offended. Her daughter Anatolia had run quickly to tell her that now there was no longer any doubt about Violet being engaged; for Mr. Miller was in the study in confidential talk with Sir Acton; while Violet, silent and embarrassed, sat in the drawing-room, and would answer no questions about the young man. When, therefore, Violet now presented herself before her stepmother, that lady naturally concluded she had come to inform her of the engagement. In place of that she only asked for the brougham.

"Violet," said Lady North, coldly, "I do *not* think that this excessive secrecy becomes a young girl."

"I don't know what you mean," the girl said, with a sudden flash of indignation in her eyes. "What secrecy?"

"I do not wish to inquire, if you do not wish to confide in me," said the other, in her slow, precise fashion. "I should have thought I was the proper person to whom you ought to have come for advice. I have no doubt you want the brougham to go over to your friends in Camberwell."

"I am very glad to have friends in Camberwell," said the girl, proudly. "It is something to have true friends anywhere. But what is the secrecy? What have I concealed?"

"You appear not to know," said Lady North, fixing her cold, keen grey eyes on the girl, "that I was aware of Mr. Miller being with your papa?"

"And what is that to me?" Violet said, rapidly, and with hot cheeks. "Why should I come and report to you what does not concern me? If you were anxious to know what my father and Mr. Miller were talking about, why not ask themselves? There is something quite as bad as secrecy and concealment—and that is suspicion—constant suspicion, watching you at every turn, when you have nothing at all to conceal——"

She suddenly altered her tone; drawing herself up, and speaking with a certain proud indifference.

"I suppose you don't wish me to have the brougham?"

"Your papa won't be home till late this evening. Really the responsibility——"

"All right," said the girl, turning towards the door, "a four-wheeled cab will do as well."

"Ah! Violet," said her stepmother, with a sigh, "no one seems to have the least control over you."

"No, because no one has ever cared to have," said the girl, bitterly, as she left the room—"never since I was born."

When she got outside the house, she seemed to breathe a freer and fresher air. Adventuring out by herself in this fashion did not seem to concern her much. She had no difficulty in getting a four-wheeled cab; and she bade the man, before crossing Waterloo Bridge, stop for a few minutes in the Strand.

She went into one shop, and bought a huge flagon of lavender-water, or some such scent: that was for Mrs. Warrener. She went into another shop, and bought a beautiful little kerchief: that was for Amy. Then she went into a bookseller's shop.

"I want you to give me a book on philosophy, if you please," said the handsome young lady, in her gentlest way.

"Certainly," said the bookseller; and then he awaited further instructions.

"Oh, but I don't know what," she said, observing this. "You must tell me. It is for a gentleman who has studied nearly everything; and it must be a very good one. What is the best one you have got?"

"Really I don't know," said the bookseller, with a smile. "Here is John Stuart Mill's——"

"Oh, he won't do at all," said Violet, promptly. "He is alive."

The bookseller began to be interested and amused.

"I beg your pardon," said he respectfully, "but you do not mean that your friend is wiser than anybody alive?"

"I did not quite say that," she answered, simply. "However, you must give me something he is not likely to have read—something very difficult, and first-class, and good."

Now if this customer had been a fussy old gentleman in spectacles, or a wrinkled old lady in black satin, the bookseller would have politely declined the responsibility; but there was a good deal of persuasive influence in the presence of this tall and handsome girl, with the big, dark eyes, and the sweetly-parted lips. He did not even laugh at her. He was most kind and patient in making suggestions, and in taking her round the shelves. And at last she pounced upon the proper book in triumph; for she remembered to have heard Mr. Drummond complaining that Mr. Darwin's last book had not arrived from the library, and here were the two green volumes of the *Descent of Man* staring her in the face.

"I am sorry to have given you so much trouble," she said, with one of her sweetest smiles.

"I am sure it is no trouble at all," said the bookseller, with quite unusual emphasis; and then, when the glass doors had shut behind that beautiful vision of youthful grace, he could not help wondering who was the happy man who had won the admiration and reverence of so lovely a creature.

So Violet and her treasures were bundled into the ancient four-wheeler; and once more she set out for her journey. By this time the lurid and sultry evening had died down into a gloomy and thunderous darkness; and by the time she had got near to Camberwell Grove night seemed to have come on prematurely. The lamps were being lit as the first low rumble of the thunder was heard; and presently the people began to flee from the pavements, where the splashes of the rain were leaving marks of the breadth of half-a-crown. The cabman stopped in order to pull out a waterproof cape.

"Why don't you drive on and get underneath the trees?" she called out to him; for they were now near the foot of the Grove.

When at length he was forced to pull up under the thick branches of the tall elms, the rain was coming down in fierce, straight torrents, hissing out in the middle of the road, and rushing down the gutter in a brown flood. All the ominous stillness of the evening had gone; the wind had risen and was blowing about the summits of the elms and poplars; there was an echo of the distant thunder from time to time; the dark green branches swayed and creaked. By slow degrees, however, all this noise and tumult ceased; there was a pattering of heavy drops in the trees, but less hissing of rain in the road, as the cabman resumed his journey, and proceeded to urge his patient steed up the steep hill.

Now when Violet stepped out of the cab, up there near the top of the hill, all the world had grown clear and sweet after the rain. There was a look of

lingering twilight in the sky; and one or two stars were becoming visible; while the high black branches of the trees seemed to delight in the wet, as they stretched up there into the pale serenity of the heavens. As she walked round and into the garden some quaint fancy struck her that she was herself like this sultry and sulky evening that had at last burst into torrents of rain, and then become calm and serene. A great peacefulness stole in upon her heart as she passed through the small garden-gate; it seemed to her that now she was at home, and at rest. And clear and still as the sky now was with its pale stars beginning to twinkle, it was no more clear, and still, and placid than the light that shone in her eyes when she went forward to greet her friends.

They had come out directly the shower was over, to breathe the sweet freshness of the air and the scents of the flowers. They, of course, were almost in darkness, but the small cottage was lit up; and what could be a more cheerful picture than the open French windows of the parlour, all aglow with orange light, and showing the bright, warm snugness within? They were compassionating her on having encountered the fierce storm; she felt as though she would gladly have encountered a dozen such storms to reach this haven of shelter and peace at last.

"Ah! you don't know," she said to Mrs. Warrener, with her arms linked in hers, "you don't know what it is to feel like getting home again."

"But I know how glad I am to hear you say that, Violet," her friend said, "for sometimes I think you are sure in time to go away and forget all about us."

"Yes—when I am dead," said the girl. "Not before then."

They went indoors, and, when Violet had put her hat aside, she sat down to the piano, and asked Amy to sing to her. She suggested the song, too; for she began to play "Home, sweet home;" and then the companion of her schoolgirl days sang, in a simple, tender fashion, the old familiar ballad.

What was James Drummond doing meanwhile? He was lying back in his easy-chair, regarding rather wistfully the figure at the piano, and saying to himself—

“Is it possible, then, that this girl has never had the sensation of being at home and at peace except in the house of people who are little more than strangers to her?”

She came away from the piano, and sat down on a stool which was lying on the hearth-rug.

“You don’t think it is a very clever song?” she said to him, timidly: it was a sort of apology for asking a person of his superior culture to listen to school-girl sentiment.

“I don’t think cleverness has much to do with it,” said he. “Did you ever carefully read the words of a song that pleased you? Does anybody? No, no. A chance phrase of tenderness touches you; and you give up all the rest—you are fascinated by some note of farewell, let us say, at the beginning of the lyric, and you forget afterwards to look particularly at the despairing sighs, and the raging main, and the usual stock-in-trade of the song-writer. That is how I look at it, anyway. The song-writer has only to catch you with a bit of melody, or sentiment, and you don’t search for sense subsequently. But indeed, I have always had a suspicion of rhymed poetry——”

Here she clasped her hands over her knees. She had started him off. She was happy.

“I have always a sort of suspicion that the man has been led to overstate, or understate, or invent a new theory altogether, at the diabolical temptation of a rhyme or a particularly catching phrase. I cannot be sure of it; but I always suspect it, don’t you see? I believe that the suggestion of a happy rhyme is responsible for many a brilliant flight of fancy and for many a poetical assertion that is now taken to be full of a deep philosophy. Oh, by the way, about those lyrics; don’t you notice how many of the Scotch songs consist of nothing but one or two catching phrases

continually repeated? The phrase is something to sing, something a mother could dandle a baby to; there is no sense in the repetition, no story to tell, nothing in fact—but the song passes muster as a fine song for all that. But talking about songs is like scraping a rose-leaf to see where the colour is. Why did you leave the piano, Violet? Won’t you sing something now?”

“Ah! no,” she said. “My songs are all wicked songs—they are all about drinking and fighting; for I used to wish I could be a student at a German University—that was about the only ambition I ever had—and be able to drink flagons of beer, and fight with broadswords, and sing the Burschenlieder. My songs are mostly Burschenlieder now—they are too stormy for such a quiet, pleasant evening. I propose that we go on chatting; Mr. Drummond, do you really think there was ever such a person as Ossian?”

But this bid for the higher criticism was too obvious: Mr. Drummond burst into a fit of laughter.

“Miss Violet,” said he, “you shall not induce me to talk your head off. My dear friends, we will postpone our lecture on Ossian until we can look across to the blue hills of Morven—more especially as I hear the humble but useful Mary rattling the supper things about the place.”

At this moment, indeed, Mary came into the room, and began to lay the cloth.

“You were speaking of the Highlands,” said Violet, timidly.

“Yes,” said he, “I fear we are discounting all the pleasures of the expedition by continually dreaming and dreaming of it.”

“Oh, I am sure not,” she said, rather wistfully. “It will be most enjoyable for you, I know.”

“But do you know this also,” said he, “that I am taking it for granted you are coming with us too?”

“James,” his sister remonstrated, “before you can take that for granted you must speak to Lady North.”

“I should like to go,” Violet said;

and thereafter she was rather silent for a time.

There were but two things on which James Drummond prided himself—his judgment of landscapes and his method of making a salad. On the present occasion this latter task, as well as that of preparing some claret-cup, kept him busily occupied for several minutes, during which time nothing further was said about that projected journey northward. But by and by, as they all sat comfortably round the white little table, he began. It is highly probable that he himself imagined a general conversation was going on about the sea, and the hills, and shooting, and sailing, whereas, as a matter of fact, not a human being spoke but himself, the others being only too delighted to listen. For, as he rambled on, it seemed as if there was a sound like the lapping of sea-waves in his talk—just as there is in the Mermaid's song in *Oberon*—and his mute audience saw, as he himself seemed to see, a succession of pictures—the early morning, with the scent of sweet-brier in the garden, and the grey mists rising from the far shoulders of Morven—the glad forenoons up on the warm hills, with the ring of the blue sea all round the land—the idling in the big boat with the long lines over the side, as the red sun went down in the west and all the water became as fire—the delightful walks at night-time, by the shore, with the sea plashing, and the cool wind stirring the scents of the bushes, and the stars overhead. These were pleasant things to think of, and to hear of in the hopeless wilderness of London. They forgot the gas-lamps, and the crowded hovels, and the squalor and din; for they were looking into an enchanted land, filled with clear sunshine and the fresh winds from the sea. And somehow or other, whether intentionally or not, Mr. Drummond did take it for granted that Violet North was to be with them. She would see this, and go there; she would have to hear this, and be prepared for that. At last she cried out—

"Oh, I wish it were all true! I wish I were going with you!"

"And so you are," said he, promptly.

"Lady North is going to Venice," Violet said, with a sigh.

"Let her," he exclaimed, recklessly.

"But I am afraid we must all go—unless she and I happen to have a fight before then, and then she will be glad to get rid of me. It is—a great—temptation," she added, thoughtfully.

"What is?" he asked, though he guessed her meaning, for he saw a mischievous smile about the corners of her mouth.

"No," she said, with sudden decision, "it would not be fair to get up a quarrel in order to get away. She has tried to be very civil to me; and I must try to be civil too. But it is hard work to be civil to some people."

They had some further talk about this northern excursion, however, and it was easy to see how anxious the girl was to go with them. She seemed to cling to them somehow, as though they were her only friends. When she was told that the cab was at the door, she rose from the table with a sigh; she was tearing herself away from the one place in the world where she found peace, homeliness, unworldly friends, and sweet guidance.

By and by that jolting vehicle was rattling along the noisy streets, past the glare of lighted shops and dingy groups of human beings. Already it seemed to her that she had left far behind her all that she knew of gentleness, and quiet, and tender companionship. That small household, with its kindly feeling, its unworldly ways, its helpfulness, and charity, and wise counsel, that indeed was home to her; and as she thought of it, the refrain of an old German song—not one of the *Burschenlieder*—seemed to speak for her, and the speech was sad enough:

"Far away—in the beautiful meadows—is the house of my home. Many a time I went out from it into the valley—O you beautiful valley—I greet you a thousand times—Farewell—farewell!"

CHAPTER XV.

MISTAKEN GUESSES.

ON the same evening George Miller hurried along to his club to dress for a small dinner-party to which he had been invited by one of his fellow-members. He was angry and indignant. He would no longer be subject to the caprice of any woman. Of course it flattered a girl's vanity to sue for her hand, and meekly submit to any conditions she might impose; but he would have no more of that. It was an unsatisfactory bargain in which the concession was all on one side. Did she imagine that he would enter upon the duties of a long courtship, without the least intimation from her that anything would come of it? Was he to pledge himself, while she remained absolutely free?

His host on this occasion was a Mr. Arthur Headley, a gentleman who had somehow or other made a large fortune in Australia, and come home to spend it. He was a singularly handsome man, six feet two in height, muscular, lithe, with fairly good features, and a magnificent brown beard. A maid-servant conversant with current fiction would have called him a demigod. It is true he was rather a fool—indeed, his brain seemed to have undergone but little modification in its transmission from the microcephalous ape; but then he was a very amiable and good-natured person. There was but one spice of malice in his nature; and that declared itself in his treatment of the secretary of the club. He generally spent the day in worrying that harmless official. All his literary faculty was employed in composing essays of complaint to be laid before the committee. There was ordinarily more writing on the back than on the front of his dinner-bills. When he walked in the Park, in deep meditation, the chances were a hundred to one he was trying to invent some peculiarly cutting phrase to describe the disgracefully shabby appearance of the ash-trays in the smoking-

room, or the shamelessly careless fashion in which the evening papers were stitched through the middle. Even demigods of six feet two must have an occupation.

They dined in a private room, and the talk was general. If Mr. Miller wished to forget the fickle race of womankind, here was an opportunity. The table was brilliantly lit; the service was quick, silent, efficient; the conversation was of a simple and ingenuous character. Indeed, under the presidency of Mr. Headley, the talk chiefly ran upon the internal arrangements and comparative merits of other clubs, and was directed to show that no institution was so badly managed as the Judæum. One admired the white and gold of the morning-room at the United Universities'; another rather preferred the ecclesiastical gloom of the Junior Universities'; another lamented the absence of a good entrance-hall; and a fourth, when the steward's tariff was under discussion, suddenly exclaimed—

“Why, God bless my soul, do you know they give you cold beef and a pint of claret at the Reform for one and twopence—one shilling and twopence for your lunch?” —after which there was a pause of awestruck silence.

By and by, however, when a little wine had been drunk, everybody wished to talk, except one; and so the conversationalists inadvertently split themselves up into small groups. That one was Mr. Miller. He was rather gloomy. He did not seem to take much interest in what was going on; he listened, in an abstracted fashion, to this or that controversy about wine, or yachts, or bootmakers, and heeded but little.

Suddenly, however, he heard something that made his heart jump.

“Who is that tall girl with the white feather,” asked a gentleman on the other side of the table, some one having been talking of the Park, “who drives the pair of greys?”

“Oh, don't you know?” said Mr. Headley, carelessly. “She's a daughter of North, the railway-man.”

"She's an uncommonly good-looking girl, that's all I know. She has only come quite lately into the Park."

"Well, for my part," said the host, "I don't see anybody to come near Lady——"

"Headley," broke in young Miller, with intemperate wrath, "we will drop this, if you please. I happen to know Miss North."

There was an embarrassed pause; the announcement of the price of cold beef at the Reform Club could not have excited more surprise.

"My dear fellow," said Headley, good-naturedly, "I beg a thousand pardons; and I envy you."

So the little incident passed off quietly enough; but was it not apparent to every one present that there was some special reason for the high colour on the young man's face? Of course, if they had known that he was acquainted with Miss North, they would not have spoken of her; but had they said any harm of her? Would he have been as angry over the mention of the name of the Princess of Wales, or Lady Dudley, or Baroness Burdett-Coutts? They drew their own conclusions.

And as for him—this chance mention of Violet did not increase his happiness. It was evident, then, that she was attracting attention, as was natural. Whatever imagination he had was inflamed by a sudden and secret fire of jealousy; and a thousand devils appeared in the smoke. He hated even the innocent person on the other side of the table who had betrayed interest in Miss North by asking her name. He hated the idle, lolling crowds in the Park, who stared, and criticised, and—worst of all—admired.

Well, as soon as dinner was over, and his companions went up to the smoking-room, he stole off for a few minutes, and sat down to write a letter to Violet North. It was a very penitent letter. He confessed that he had been impatient and unreasonable. If she would forgive him this time, he would not again ask her for any pledge or

assurance. She should be perfectly free. He would be content if she in the meantime would give him only her friendship, and would take his chance of the future. And was she going to the flower-show at South Kensington on Thursday?

This letter he sent up to Euston Square by the club commissionaire, so that Violet received it when she returned in her four-wheeler from visiting her friends in the south. Now she was in a very gentle frame of mind—she generally was after seeing them. It was evident the young man was grieved about their quarrel; and she was sorry to have given him pain. She did not sit down to answer the letter there and then; but she resolved that the reply should be a kind and friendly one.

He received her note the following evening; he had been early at his rooms to wait for it. It was the first scrap of her writing that had come into his possession: a thrill went through his heart even as he looked at his own name outside, written by her hand. He opened the envelope quickly; his eye seemed to catch the sense of the page before he had time to read the lines; he knew at least that she was not deeply offended. He read the letter, and then got up and went to the window, and stared down into Half Moon-street. He read it again, and kept staring at the paper, mechanically noticing the curious fashion (apparently French) in which she formed her capital *I*'s. He read it over two or three times, and yet seemed possessed with the notion that he ought to discover more from these simple words.

There was, indeed, a studied simplicity about them. She told him, briefly and plainly, that she hoped they would remain good friends; that the cause of this recent disagreement was well-known to both of them, and could be avoided; and that she was very glad he had pointed out to her the necessity of guarding against mis-construction. He was very soon to find out what this last phrase meant.

Violet went with Lady North and

her daughters to the flower-show, and there, naturally enough, was Mr. George Miller, very smartly dressed, a trifle self-conscious, and obviously anxious to be attentive to the whole party. The bright summer-day, the rich masses of colours, the sweet and ever-varying perfumes, and the cheerful music outside—all this was pleasant enough; and Violet, who was not sated with the ordinary sights and occupations of London life, was enjoying herself thoroughly, and was most friendly in her treatment of him. A rumour that some royal personages had arrived, and were going through one of the tents, caused a gentle rush of the crowd in that direction, and with the crowd went Lady North and her daughters; so that inadvertently Violet and Mr. Miller were left by themselves, if not quite alone. That did not make any alteration in her manner—she was deeply interested at the moment in a sensitive plant—but it did in his.

"Violet," said he, in a low voice, "I have nothing of yours that—that I can keep by me; will you give me a flower?"

She turned round with something of coldness in her manner.

"That would be flirtation, would it not?" she asked, with some little dignity.

"What is the use of raking up that old quarrel?" he said, in an injured way. "I thought that was to be forgotten."

"Yes," she answered, in the same measured and clear fashion, "but not the lesson of it. I think it is better we should have a distinct understanding about that. I do not wish to do anything you can reproach me with afterwards; for who can tell what may happen?"

Her meaning was clear enough. She was determined to give him none of that "encouragement" on which he might presume to found a claim, or to substantiate a charge of fickleness and treachery. It came to this, then: if he liked to have their present relations continue, well and good; but

it was distinctly to be recognised that she was not responsible. Now this was an intelligible position to be taken up by a young woman who did not find that she cared about a young man to that degree which would warrant her in encouraging his hopes; but it could not be expected to recommend itself to the young man.

"I think you are very hard on me," said he, rather gloomily.

"Oh, don't think so!" she said, quickly, and with an anxious kindness in her eyes. "I don't mean to be so, at any rate. But it is not fair to you, nor to myself, that that——."

"I see how it is," he said, bitterly. "You cannot forgive me for that one phrase."

"Indeed I have," she said, earnestly. "Only it opened my eyes. Perhaps I was wrong in letting you go to papa. But you know you told me that I was absolutely unpledged—that it was all a 'perhaps'—that you were quite content to wait and see——"

"And so I am!" he said, with unusual decision of manner, and his voice was low and rapid. "I don't care what happens; I am too deeply pledged already; you can be as free as you like. Men have done more foolish things for smaller prizes. I will take my chance. And yet, I don't think most girls are as hard as that——"

"I will give you a flower, if you wish it," she said.

She looked around, and at length descried a bit of blossom that had fallen or been cut off.

"Will that do?" she asked.

He took it from her, threw it on the ground, and kicked it aside.

"I don't want it from you in that way. I will wait until you can give me a flower without looking as if I had put you on the treadmill."

"Ah, well," she said, with a sigh, "I am sorry we should quarrel so. Shall we go and see where Lady North has gone?"

"Violet!" he said, "I—I beg your pardon. I don't wish to quarrel; but

yet it seems hard that you should be so proud and indifferent—and I get angry, that's a fact—but I am very sorry. Come, let us be friends again."

"Very well," she said.

"Give me another bit of flower?"

She began to laugh.

"Isn't this just a little too childish? You make me think I am back at Miss Main's again, and quarrelling over a bit of slate-pencil. The flowers don't belong to me."

"It may be childish, and very ridiculous, to you; but it isn't quite so to me. However, I will wait for that flower. Perhaps you will give it to me some day."

"I suppose you mean to tease me until I do?"

"If I thought that would get it for me, I would."

"I have heard of girls being teased into an engagement—giving in through sheer weariness. I think it is rather dangerous. I should fancy the man would take his revenge out after the marriage; for of course he would look on her previous disinclination as mere perversity."

"I wish you would give me the chance," he said, with a bright look on his face. "You would see what revenge I should take."

The aspiration of an honest one. Young Miller had a fair and moderate notion of his own merits. He knew he could not paint fine pictures of his sweetheart, or write poetry about her, or do anything particularly romantic or imaginative; but he had heard in his time of these *dilettante* fellows marrying the objects of their adoration only to neglect them for flirtations with other women. He, now, was a plain and practical person; but he could assure his wife an honest and attentive husband, who would work hard for her, and see that she lived in good style. If he only had the chance, as he said, Violet would see what a husband he would make.

Unfortunately this remark of his only alarmed her. It seemed as though, whatever she might say to him, the conversation always led up to this one

point; and the girl naturally blamed herself for so "encouraging" him. She immediately became rather reserved in manner; and insisted on going off in search of her friends.

They found them easily enough; but in strolling about the grounds, Mr. Miller had plenty of opportunities of talking to Violet by herself.

"I suppose you are going to the Royal Academy conversazione?" said he.

"Would it be making an appointment if I said I was?" she asked, with gentle malice.

"No, it would not; for I haven't got a card."

"Then I am going. Lady North will take Anatolia and me; papa doesn't care about it."

"I should like to go," young Miller said, wistfully. "I suppose Mr. Drummond would let me have his card for once?"

"I hope you won't ask him," said Violet, sharply.

"Why not?" he said, innocently. "It is no novelty to him. He knows all those artist-fellows. What is a conversazione more or less to him? He does not go to one-fifth of the places he is asked to."

"You have no right to demand such a favour," she said. "Besides, the cards are sent to particular people; they are not to be banded about like that. And I know that Mr. Drummond is going."

"Oh, you know he is going?"

"Yes. But I know he would give the card to anybody who asked him—if that is allowed—so I hope you won't ask him."

"You seem very anxious to see him."

"Yes, I am—at least, not anxious, but of course I hope to see him."

"Oh, well," said Mr. Miller, carelessly, "I can easily get a card if I want to go, without asking Mr. Drummond. I know a twopenny-halfpenny sort of fellow called Lavender, who is good at everything but earning a farthing of his own money, and he will get me a card. I suppose a hundred will go to look at the Princes, and one to look at the pictures."

"Then I hope you will be that one," said Violet, sweetly.

"You know what I shall go for," he said; and she turned away at that—the conversation had again led up to one of those awkward climaxes, which seemed to pledge her more and more however definitely she protested.

So the days went by at this time; the young man paying her very nearly as much attention as though an engagement had existed between them; she secretly fearing, and yet sheltering herself behind repeated explanations that she was absolutely free, and unprejudiced by any of his hopes and aspirations. Occasionally, of course, she could not help being kind to him; for she really liked him; and his patient devotion to her moved her pity. Many a time she wished he would go; and then she hesitated to inflict on him the pain of going. It was altogether a dangerous position.

The days going by, too, were gradually bringing the London season to an end; and people were talking of their autumn tours. Violet had not ventured to ask Lady North to let her accompany Mrs. Warrener to the Highlands; but she had spoken about this trip; and hinted that she would rather be going thither than to Venice. Mrs. Warrener had not ceased to entreat her to come with them.

One bright forenoon a pair of small greys were being driven briskly up Camberwell Grove by a young lady who seemed pleased enough with her task. It was a fresh, clear day in July; the yellow road ascending before her was barred across by the grey shadows of the chestnuts; here and there a lime-tree sweetened the air, for there had been rain in the morning. Her only companion was the man behind, who was doing his best to watch over a number of potted fuchsias which gave him the appearance of being an elderly cupid in a grove of flowers. The phaeton was pulled up at the gate leading to a certain boarding-school; and the man, struggling out from among the fuchsias, jumped down and went to the horses' heads.

Now this was rather a tall and shapely

young lady who went into the boarding-school; and she wore a tight-sleeved and tight-fitting dress of chocolate-coloured homespun, with a broad-brimmed hat and bold feather of the Sir Joshua Reynolds' period, just then coming into fashion; and altogether she presented so fine and commanding an appearance that the small schoolmistress, on coming in, was overcome with astonishment, and could only say—

"Oh, Miss North!"

Yet Miss North was not an apparition—at least apparitions do not ordinarily shake one firmly by the hand, and say, with a bright smile—

"You remember me? Have I grown? Oh, Miss Main, it is very strange to call on you; for the moment I came into the hall, I fancied I was going to be punished—I suppose you remember——"

"Oh, yes, I remember," said the schoolmistress, with a shrewd smile, and yet she was still puzzled by the alteration in this old pupil of hers, and had scarcely the presence of mind to ask her to sit down.

"But I thought I would bring something to propitiate you," this handsome young lady continued, with the greatest self-possession and cheerfulness, "so that you won't give me twenty pages of *Minna von Barnhelm* to translate—it is some fuchsias—they are outside—will you please to ask Mary Ann to fetch them in?"

"Oh, that is so kind of you, Miss North," said the schoolmistress (she had not even yet sated her wonder and curiosity over the young lady's dress, and appearance and manner), "but I suppose you don't know Mary Ann has left us. She left to get married more than a year ago."

"I thought she would," said Miss North, calmly. "I used to write her love-letters for her. How much of *Minna von Barnhelm* should I have had to translate if you had found that out, Miss Main?"

"Indeed," said the schoolmistress, frankly, "I think you were the wickedest girl I ever had in my school."

"I am afraid you are right," said Miss North, meekly.

"But what a change there is, to be sure! That's what I often said—I often said you would never be brought under proper control until you were married——"

"But I am not married yet, Miss Main," said the young lady, with heightened colour.

"It will not be long then, I dare say," replied the schoolmistress.

"Indeed it will be a very long time—it will be always and altogether," said Miss North, promptly.

"You mean never to get married?"

"Certainly."

After that Miss Main thought she might as well send for the fuchsias; and when the flowers were brought in, she was greatly pleased by this instance of friendliness on the part of her old pupil, and she would have had her sit down and have some strawberries and cake. But Miss North could not wait to partake of these earthly joys.

"I am going on at once to Mr. Drummond's," she said.

"Mr. Drummond is not at home," said Miss Main, hoping to have an opportunity of showing Lady North's daughter to a later generation of scholars. "I saw him pass here about an hour ago."

"I know," said Violet; "this is the morning he goes to that Society in Jermyn Street. It is Mrs. Warrener I am going to see."

So, with many a friendly word, and promise to repeat the visit, she got into the phaeton again and drove on up the hill. She found Mrs. Warrener alone, as she had expected. She took off her hat and put it on the table. Then she proposed they should go out into the garden.

"For I have something of great importance to say to you," she said, solemnly.

"Indeed!" remarked Mrs. Warrener, expecting to hear of another quarrel with Lady North.

"Oh, it is no laughing matter," Violet said at once. "It is simply

this—Am I or am I not to get engaged to Mr. Miller?"

"Violet?" exclaimed Mrs. Warrener, astounded by the girl's direct habit of speech. "You cannot be talking seriously. Why should you ask such a question of me?"

"Because I have no one else to go to for advice," she answered, simply.

"But surely that is a matter on which no girl needs advice. It ought to be determined by your own feelings."

"If that were all, I should have no difficulty," said the young lady, not without some pride in her tone. "I don't wish to marry anybody. I would rather be free from all the—the bother and persecution——"

"Then why should you suffer it?"

"Well," said she, looking down, "perhaps you may have partly brought it on yourself by your own carelessness—and you don't wish to—to appear—unkind——"

They had now got out into the garden.

"Violet," Mrs. Warrener said, distinctly, "this is the question: Do you really care for him?"

"N—no," the girl stammered.

"Then why not tell him so?"

"You cannot be going about insulting all your friends in that way."

"All your friends are not asking you to marry them."

"Oh, that is a different matter," said Violet, earnestly. "He does not ask me to marry him—not at all. This that he is always asking for is only an engagement—and I am not to be bound by it in any way——"

"Now, what do you really mean?" her friend said, seriously. "Or what can he mean by such proposals? What sort of an engagement is it that binds him and leaves you free? And what sort of an engagement is it that does not promise marriage?"

"Well, that is what he proposes," said Violet, doggedly. "He knows quite well that I will not promise to marry him; for I do not wish to marry anybody. And he does not even talk of that now."

They walked about for a bit, Mrs. Warrener saying nothing. At last she said—

“I think I see how it is. The notion of marriage frightens you—or you are too proud to like the idea of the submission and surrender of marriage—and Mr. Miller, being ashrewd young man, has found that out, so he wants you to enter into a vague engagement—which will not frighten you, or alarm you about the loss of your independence—and you apparently don't quite know what it means. Take care.”

“Oh, but you don't know, Mrs. Warrener,” the girl said, quite humbly, “you don't know what I think about these things, if you fancy I am so proud as that, or that I should like to be always independent. If I were to marry any man I should like to feel myself quite helpless beside him—looking to him always for guidance and wisdom—I should be his one worshipper, and everything he might do would be right to me. I should be ashamed of myself to even dream of independence. But then—but then—” she added, with her eyes still cast down, “the men you can admire and trust like that are not often met with—at least, for my part, I have only——”

“You must have met one, anyway,” said Mrs. Warrener, with a kindly smile.

“Oh, no, not necessarily,” the girl said, almost with alarm. “It is a fancy of mine—you know the nonsense that gets into a schoolgirl's head.”

Mrs. Warrener, with such ability as she possessed, and with a wonderful and friendly patience, was trying to understand this girl and her odd and apparently contradictory sentiments. The only key to these that the worthy little woman could find was this—Here was a proud self-willed girl, who had a sweetheart whom she regarded with a more tender affection than she cared to disclose. Like most girls, she chose to be very reticent on that point; if questioned, she would answer with a stammering “N—no.” On the other hand, the sweetheart is impatient of

these mystifications, and wishes her to promise to marry him. She rebels against this pressure put upon her; probably treats him with undeserved coldness, but all the same comes to a friend to see what the world would think of her entering into some sort of engagement. She wishes some one to tell her she can enter into this engagement without exposing herself to the suspicion—against which she revolts—that her secret affection is stronger than her pride.

Such was Mrs. Warrener's theory. It was ingenious enough, and it was but a natural deduction from what she had seen of the conduct of many girls in similar circumstances, only it was altogether wrong in the case of Violet North, and it was the parent of a terrible amount of mischief.

“Violet,” said she, in her kindly way, “it is no use my advising you, for a girl never quite tells you what her real feelings are about a young man. You said you did not care about Mr. Miller——”

“Perhaps I ought to have said that I like him very well,” she said, looking down. “There is no doubt about that. I like him far better than any of the young men I have met, for he is less languid, and he does not patronise you, and talk to you as if you were a baby; he is earnest and sincere—and then, when you see how anxious he is to be kind to you——”

“Ah, yes,” said Mrs. Warrener, with some little show of triumph, “I thought there was something behind all that reluctance of yours, Violet. It is the way with all you girls. You will admit nothing. You don't care for anybody. You positively hate the notion of being married. But all the same you go and submit to be married, just like your mothers before you, and there is an end of pretence then.”

“I hope you don't think, Mrs. Warrener,” said the girl, with flushed cheeks, “that I have been asking you to advise me to get married?”

“No, no, Violet,” her friend said, gently. “You wouldn't do that. But

I think I can see the end of all this hesitation."

"What end, then?"

"You will marry Mr. Miller."

"I am not married to Mr. Miller yet," she said, almost coldly; and then she abruptly changed the subject.

Another part of her mission was to deliver an invitation to her two friends in the south to dine at Euston Square on the evening of the Royal Academy *soirée*. Sir Acton would be up in Yorkshire; perhaps Mr. Drummond would kindly assume the guardianship of the small party of ladies. Mrs. Warrener could not, of course, answer for her brother, but she was sure he would do anything to please Violet.

Then the young lady went her way. Why did she drive so fast?—her mouth proud and firm, her figure erect.

"I am not married yet"—this was what she was saying to herself—"they will have to wait a little while before they see me married!"

CHAPTER XVI.

AMONG SOME PICTURES.

THIS almost seemed a small family-party that was met round Lady North's dinner-table; and it was in any case a sufficiently merry one. Mr. Drummond was in one of his gravely extravagant moods; and Lady North, following his whimsicalities as far as her fancy permitted, was amused in a fashion, though she was very often puzzled. For who could tell whether this bright-eyed man, with his discursive talk, his impossible stories, his sham advice, was in jest or earnest? Violet was delighted; perhaps the occasional bewilderment of Lady North did not lessen her enjoyment.

"But did you never hear," said he, when his hostess was complaining seriously about the way in which certain groceries or other things were adulterated; "did you never hear, Lady North, of the man who starved himself rather than be cheated?"

"N—no," said she, with wide eyes.

Violet smiled to herself. She knew

there was no such person. There never had been any such person. He was continually lugging in imaginary men of straw, and making them toss their impossible arms about.

"Oh, yes," he continued, calmly; "he was a very strict and just man, and he was so indignant over the way this tradesman and the next tradesman cheated him, that he cut off the supplies, one after the other, to revenge himself on them. First the butcher went, because he was always sending in short measure. Then the baker went, because of alum and other tricks. At last this man was living on nothing but milk, when it occurred to him to have the milk analysed. There was about 30 per cent. added water in it; and that went to his heart. His last hope was gone. To spite the milkman, he resolved to cut off the milk too; and so he shut himself up in a room, and died;—his protest could go no further than that. You see, Lady North, we must make up our mind to be cheated a good deal; and to take it with a good temper. An equable temper is the greatest gift a man can possess. I suppose you've heard of the duke who had everything he could desire, and who died of anxiety?"

Violet nearly burst out laughing this time. Of course there was no such duke.

"Oh, yes; he was so afraid of having his pictures, and rare engravings, and old jewellery burned, that he set about getting them all in duplicate; and he had a duplicate house built to receive them. But of course it was no use. He could not get complete sets of the engravings; and he used to wander about Italian towns searching for old glass and jewellery until he grew to be a haggard and awful skeleton. Care killed him in the end. If you keep brooding over all the possibilities of life, you cannot avoid being miserable. I once knew a man——"

Still another? Violet began to think of the dozen "supers" in the theatre, who are marched round and round the scenery, to represent the ceaseless procession of an army.

“—— who used to be quite unhappy whenever he ate a herring; for he used to wonder whether a herring ever had rheumatism, and then he considered how dreadfully a herring must suffer in such a case, from the quantity of bones it had. But of course you cannot always command your fancies, and say that you will be free from anxiety; and the most helpless time I know is early in the morning, if one has wakened prematurely, and cannot get to sleep again. Then a touch of hoarseness in the throat conjures up visions of diphtheria; and if you cannot recollect some trifling matter, you begin to look on the lapse of memory as a warning of complete mental breakdown and insanity. Everything is bad then; all your affairs are going to the dogs; you have offended your dearest friend. But at breakfast-time, don't you wonder how you could have been so foolish as to vex yourself about nothing? The increased vitality of the system clears the brain of forebodings. There are other times, too, in which the imagination is stronger than the reason. I once knew a very learned man ——”

Another!

“—— who declared to me that seasickness was in nine cases out of ten a matter of apprehension; and that he knew he could argue himself into a quiescent mood that would defy the waves. But just as we were going on board the boat, he looked up and saw a cloud sailing smoothly along, and I could see he was thinking with a great longing how fine it would be to lie down in that cloud and be taken quietly across ——”

“Was he ill in crossing?” demanded the literal little woman at the head of the table.

Mr. Drummond started. He had conjured up the incident so far; but he knew nothing further.

“I don't know,” he said; and Lady North wondered how a reasonable person could tell a story and leave out its chief point of interest.

That evening a young man was flitting rather restlessly about the entrance-hall

of Burlington House, watching the successive carriages come up, and the successive parties of ladies, with their long trains flowing on the stairs, pass up to have their names announced above. He kept looking at his watch; then at the next carriage that came up; and was altogether restless and dissatisfied.

At length, however, a particular carriage came rolling into the courtyard, and he swiftly went down the broad stone steps. He himself opened the door. Who was the first to step out into the light? a tall young girl, who had apparently had her dress designed by an artist, for it was all of a radiant lemon-yellow silk, the sleeves alone, near the shoulder, being slashed with black velvet; while in her jet-black masses of hair were intertwined leaves and blossoms of the yellow-white jessamine. She looked surprised.

“Then you have come after all?” she said, when he was assisting her three companions out of the carriage.

“Yes,” he said; adding, “How fortunate I should meet you here, Lady North. You have no one with you?”

“Oh, yes,” said Lady North. “Mr. Drummond is coming directly, in a hansom.”

“I think we had better go in,” said the young man, “he will find you readily enough when he comes.”

“Oh, no,” remarked the young lady with the pale yellow flowers in her hair—and she spoke with some decision—“we shall wait for him here. I particularly wish Mr. Drummond to take Lady North through the people, because he knows everyone.”

Well, the young man had no objection to that; for, of course, he would be left in charge of the others. Then Mr. Drummond came up, light-hearted, buoyant, and careless; and indeed it seemed to the younger man that this tall and good-humoured person, when he undertook to escort a party of ladies to the Royal Academy conversation, might at least have taken the trouble to tie his necktie a little more accurately.

They passed up the stairs. They

caught a glimpse of many faces and bright lights. Their names were announced. Sir Francis, standing near the door, shook hands with Mr. Drummond as with an old friend—they made their way along the narrow lane that had been formed by people curious to see the new arrivals. Which of this party attracted most attention? Mrs. Warrener, who was by the side of Violet, knew well—whether or not the girl herself was aware—how all eyes followed her as she passed.

If she was aware of it, she was not much embarrassed. They had scarcely got well into the miscellaneous crowd when she suddenly caught her companion's arm.

"Listen!"

There was a sound of soft and harmonious music, the deep voices of men, and the playing of instruments; and then high above that, rising as it were to the vaulted roof, the clear singing of boys, singing as with the one strong, high, and sweet voice of a woman.

"Where are they singing?" Violet asked; and then she led her companion to the central hall, where, with all manner of busts and figures looking strangely down on them, the crowd stood in a circle round the Artillery band, the boys in the centre. By this time Violet and her companion had got separated from Mr. Drummond and Lady North; Mr. George Miller was paying compulsory attention to his friend Anatolia.

But this division of the party did not last, of course, the whole evening. Its various members met and parted in new combinations, as various objects of attraction suggested; this one lost in admiration of the music; the other fascinated by particular costumes; a third anxious that everybody should see his or her favourite picture. On one of these occasions Mr. Drummond and Violet together happened to be looking at a picture based on the tragic death of Helen of Kirkconnell.

It is now two or three years since this picture was exhibited, and I must not hazard overpraise of its merits; but, at

all events, it endeavoured to give visible form to what (as it seems to some of us) is the most passionate and pathetic utterance of human emotion in all modern literature, if this wild, sharp cry of anguish is to be called literature. Moreover, it dealt only with one episode in the brief tragedy, where Helen of Kirkconnell—Burd Helen she is called in some of the versions—is walking with her lover in the evening, and suddenly throws herself before him to receive the death shot fired at him by his rejected rival: it does not deal with the fiercer portion that follows.

"O think na but my heart was sair"—

—this is the pathetic introduction to the wild, glad deed of vengeance—

"When my love fell and spake nae mair,
I laid her down wi' meikle care,
On fair Kirkconnell lea.

"I laid her down: my sword did draw,
Stern was our fight by Kirtleshaw:
I heved him down in pieces sma',
For her that died for me."

"It is a sad story," Drummond said, absently, when he had told it to her.

"I do not think that," she answered, quickly; and he was surprised to see that her face was quite pale, and her dark eyes full of tears. "I think these are the two very happiest people I ever heard of in the world."

She stopped for a moment; he dared not look, for he guessed that the proud lips were trembling.

"Don't you?" she said, boldly. "A woman who is able to die for the man she loves, a man who has the delight of killing the man who slew his sweetheart: I think they have had everything that life can give. But—but that was in the old time—there is no more of that now; when people care for each other now, it is a very gentle affection, and they are more concerned about having a good income, and being able to drive in the Park—"

"But people who drive in the Park may love each other," he said.

"I don't believe it," she said, and then she abruptly turned away.

Mr. George Miller came up.

"Violet," he said, in a gentle and tender voice, "do come over here and look at this picture. I think it is awfully good."

She crossed the room, proudly and silently. Mr. Miller led her to a very nice and pleasing composition, which had rather won upon his heart, and which—who knows?—he may have thought would have a similar influence on her. It represented a quiet nook on the Thames, with a long pleasure-boat moored in at the roots of the trees, and in the boat were two very pretty young ladies and a good-looking young fellow—he was not unlike Miller himself—in boating-flannels and a straw hat. The picture was called "Meditation." There was a luncheon-basket, half-opened, in the stern of the boat.

"Now, that is what I call real life," said Mr. Miller. "That is the sort of thing you actually see. Just look at that swan; you would think he was going to open his mouth for a biscuit."

"That is the sort of picture I hate," she said, with unnecessary vehemence; and he was considerably startled; "and I hate the people quite as much who could live such a trivial, dawdling, purposeless sort of life. I wonder what they are *meditating* on! Very pretty *meditations* they are likely to have! On the advisability of eating lobster-salad? On the sweet poetry the curate quoted on Sunday? On the chances of their winning gloves at Goodwood? And as for him, a tailor's window would be the most suitable place in the world for him."

He was astounded by this outburst; he could not understand what it meant.

"You are rather savage to-night," said he, coldly. "I don't see that the man has done you any harm by painting a pretty picture."

"I detest such pictures."

"Well, you needn't look at them, if they offend you."

"I must look at them when I am asked to do so, and when I am told that they are beautiful."

This was rather a cruel remark; but

Mr. Miller unexpectedly showed good nature.

"Well, there is no accounting for tastes," said he, pleasantly. "I like pictures like that, because I understand them. They are the sort of thing that one sees in real life. Now I have no doubt that the solemn and mysterious business—an ugly woman with her face painted against a green sky—is very fine; but I can't see the beauty of ugliness myself."

"Where is Lady North, do you know?" she said.

"I saw her go into the next room a minute ago," he answered.

Now, if Violet had been put out of temper by being asked to look at a very harmless and innocent picture, she was restored, not only to her usual serenity, but to a quite abundant graciousness, by the news she heard when she again encountered her step-mother.

"Violet," said the little woman, "Mr. Drummond has been pressing me very hard to let you go with his sister and himself to Scotland. Would you like to go?"

"I should like very much to go."

"Well, I don't see any objection," Lady North said, "except that it is rather presuming on their hospitality——"

"Ah, they don't think of such things," said Violet, quickly.

"They are not very rich, you know."

"That is just it," the girl said, rather proudly. "It is because they are not rich that they are generous and kind to everyone; they have not a thought about money——"

"Well, well," said Lady North, "they seem in any case to be very kindly disposed towards you; and you must go and thank them now for the invitation. There is Mr. Drummond over in the corner."

"I—would—rather go to Mrs. Warren," said Violet, with some hesitation. "Where has she gone with Anatolia?"

Lady North was in all simplicity surprised to see the effect of this concession of hers on Violet's friends. Was it really possible that they could

so much enjoy her society? They seemed to be quite grateful to her for allowing Violet to go with them; whereas, she herself had been looking forward with very considerable anxiety to the necessity of taking that young lady to Italy. It was well, she thought, in any case, that the girl had taken this fancy for people who did appear to have some control over her.

Naturally enough, when all the splendour of the evening was over, and the brilliancy of the rooms exchanged for the rainy squalor of the streets, Mr. Drummond and his sister, who went home in a cab, had much to say about this visit to the north, and Violet's going with them. After they got home, too, they kept chatting on about this subject; the time running away unheeded. James Drummond seemed highly pleased about the whole arrangement; and he was already painting all sorts of imaginative pictures of Violet's experiences of Highland lochs, moors, sunsets, and wild seas.

"And then," said his sister, "we must ask Mr. Miller up for a time."

"Oh, certainly."

"I see," she said, with a smile, "I must get over my objection to that young man marrying Violet."

He raised his eyes quickly.

"What do you mean?"

"Well," she said, with a sort of good-natured shrug, "I believe it is inevitable now. Either they are engaged or about to be engaged."

A quick look of pain—so sharp and rapid that she did not notice it—passed over his face.

"Has she told you so?" he said, calmly.

"No; but she came to ask my advice about it the other day; and she talked just as a girl always talks in these circumstances—pretending to care nothing for him—treating his advances as tiresome—and yet showing you quite clearly that she would be very much disgusted if he took her at her word."

"And what did you say?"

"I told her to be governed by her own feelings."

"Yes, of course," he said, absently; and he seemed to be deeply occupied in balancing a paper-knife on its edge. "I am glad her people know of Miller's expectations; that relieves us from responsibility. It will be a pretty spectacle—these two young folks in the holiday-time of their youth enjoying themselves up there in the Highlands."

"I wish she had chosen somebody else," Mrs. Warrener said, ruefully. "I suppose he is a very good match; and he is very fond of her; but he is so dreadfully like every other young man."

"You must wait and see, Sarah," her brother said, gently. "Give him time."

"I would give him everything else in the world—except our Violet," she said. "However, if young people were quite sensible, they would always be finding out defects in each other, and they would never get married at all. He is a very well-intentioned young man: I think if you advised him to become a Buddhist, he would try. We shall see what influence Violet will have on him; perhaps she will conjure up something in him a little more out of the common-place."

She bade him good-night now—though it was very near morning—and left him alone. He sat there, lying back in his easy-chair, with his ordinarily quick and piercing eyes grown vague and distant, as if they were trying to make some mystic words out of the meaningless symbols on the wall-paper. The clock on the mantelpiece ticked gently, the slow progress of the hands being unheeded.

He rose, with the air of a man who had been in a dream, and looked round. His attention was caught by bars of blue appearing through the yellow shutters of the window; the new day was drawing near outside; almost mechanically he passed round into the hall, took his hat, and let himself quietly out.

How still it was, in the half-revealed darkness! Only the topmost leaves of the tall poplars, far away up there in the blue grey, seemed to be having a

low and rustling talk together; down here, amid the darker foliage of the chestnuts, all was silence.

He walked on, quietly and aimlessly, past the voiceless houses and the gardens. Suddenly a sound made his heart leap—it was only a thrush that had burst asunder the spell of the night with the first notes of its morning song. And now there was a more perceptible light in the sky; and the stars were gone; and at last there appeared a strange violet colour, tinted with rose, that shone on the windows of the eastward-looking houses. The dawn had come—after the rain of the night—clear, and coldly roseate, and still.

“So the new days come,” he was thinking to himself, “and the years slip by, and God takes away our youth before we know that we have it. And if all the imaginative longing of youth—that seeks satisfaction in the melancholy of the twilight and in the murmur of the sea, and does not find it there, but must have some human object of sympathy—if that romantic wistfulness of youth clings around the form of a young girl, and endows her with all the poetry of early years, can it ever be repeated again? Love may come again, and love of a stronger, and purer, and less selfish kind; but the wonder—perhaps not! and so I imagine that the old mystery of first love never quite goes even when the love goes, and that in after years, some sudden view of the sea or a new sweet scent in the air will bring back a throb of one’s twentieth year and all the half-forgotten dreams. But if a man knows all that, and has missed it, can he have even a glimpse of it in later life? There are some of us who have had no youth—only hours, and days, and years; the wonder-time of love has never reached

us; and we have learnt physiology instead. I suppose all that must go. We can see the pretty pictures that young love makes; we can smile sadly at its unreasonable caprice, its wild follies, its anger and tears of repentance. Happy youth, that knows not its own happiness—that would impatiently curtail the wonder-time—that is so eager after enjoyment that rose-leaves are dashed down of roses that will never bloom again. But after all, to live is to live; and it is only those who are outside and apart, who are but spectators of the youth of others, who know how youth should be spent, and how grateful it should be for God’s chiefest gifts.”

He was neither sorrowful nor envious, to all appearance, as he walked on and communed with himself, listening to the full chorus of the now awakened birds, and watching the growing glory of the sunlight come over the green and rain-washed foliage of the trees. The tall, thin man, who stooped a little, and who walked briskly along, with one hand in his trousers-pocket, sometimes whistled absently as he went; and he had a quick attention for the flying birds, and the growing light, and the stirring of the leaves. He was all by himself in the newly-awakened world; not another human being was abroad. And when he had tired himself out with his walk, he returned home with something of gladness in his worn face; for it almost seemed as if he had got rid of certain mournful fancies, and had resigned himself to the actual and sufficiently happy life of the new day—the new day that was now shining over the plains where the cattle stood, and over the orchards and farmsteads, and over the glad blue seas all breaking in white foam around our English shores.

To be continued.

LOCAL TAXATION AND LOCAL ADMINISTRATION.

WHEN a great national question like local taxation has been before the public for a considerable length of time, the very fact of the protracted discussion it receives, without any action being taken, becomes in itself a very serious evil. Because nothing is done, it is taken for granted that nothing can be done. The attention of the public becomes diverted from the main subject to the minor issues. In the case of local taxation especially, the vast amount of detail deters most persons from the careful investigation through which alone a complete mastery of the subject can be attained. Hence no real progress is made. It is the keeping close to the matter, and not the taking too much of it in hand at once, which enables any business to be dealt with in a speedy and a satisfactory manner. Long deliberations without results, propositions of reform made but to be rejected, weary men's minds.

“But it would be a great mistake to assume, that because the subject is vast and intricate the investigation of it may be safely disregarded. It would be a great mistake to assume, that because it is not easy to supply a remedy there are no more improvements to be made and no more difficulties to be overcome in our fiscal system. We are competitors in a race in which the smallest inequalities of pressure may give an advantage or a victory to rivals who, with greater skill or greater prudence, have provided for a more unfettered command of their natural aptitude for the contest.”¹

These pithy remarks were made more than twenty years ago. If they were true then, they are more than ever true now. Competition is far keener now than it was at that time. Our foreign rivals run us closer in the race. The increase of local burdens has before this time assisted in causing local trades to migrate from one part of this country

to another, and may, if not checked, assist in driving some out altogether. Though the question is about local government in name, it is of imperial importance in reality, and requires, even more than most public questions, calm, careful, and impartial investigation. But one result of the long delay in the deliberation on the subject is that it has begun to be debated from a personal, not from a national point of view.

During the last few years a great deal of discussion has taken place with respect to the incidence of local taxation, and on the exemption which certain descriptions of property appear to possess from it. The question has rather drifted into the consideration whether certain classes of property, and certain classes of persons, have not obtained an unfair exemption from their due share of the general burden. In order to meet this difficulty two plans have been proposed—the one a system of grants in aid of local expenditure; the other, the handing over some branch of the existing imperial taxes to the local administration. It is these plans, and the only alternative which appears to me possible, that it is proposed to discuss here. It does not seem that a system of grants in aid is likely to prove of any real service, unless accompanied, by what is very difficult to provide, efficient Government supervision. It will, if persisted in, unless guarded by the most careful regulations, go far towards breaking down the feeling of local responsibility, which is the only strong point in our existing local government. A grant in aid, which may be in itself a comparatively large sum, though small in proportion to the entire local burden, will generally prove far from sufficiently important to cause any real diminution in the local burdens. The result, it is to be feared, is that the local authorities, —the Overseers, Guardians, Town Coun-

¹ Tooke and Newmarch's *History of Prices*, vol. v. p. 461.

cillors,—who may find their expenses thus reduced, will, as they are not able to cause any great reduction, naturally think that a fraction of a penny in the pound is too small a thing to be considered, and regard the government grant in aid merely as so much money which they can spend in some other direction. There are always occasions for spending money which, if not sternly repressed, are sure to present themselves. Economy is as unpleasant to the local as to the imperial administrator. The result will be, that in most cases the amount of the government grant will be frittered away, while the taxpayer will in reality pay more: the actual local burdens being nothing diminished, while the imperial taxes must, in some sense, be maintained at a higher level in order to provide for this local expenditure. Almost the only possible arrangement of grants in aid which appears likely to be advantageous is the one proposed by Mr. Rathbone, of assistance towards the maintenance of in-door paupers, coupled with a strict supervision of out-door relief, this latter to be carried out by officials of the imperial government, and to be sufficient to maintain a real uniformity in the mode of administering out-door relief over the country. Undertaking definite portions of local charges without strict supervision over expenditure, will certainly cause a more careless administration, and greater expense.

Another plan which has been seriously discussed is to hand over some existing imperial tax, or portion of an imperial tax, to the benefit of the local exchequer. Sometimes the house-tax has been proposed; sometimes a system corresponding in degree to that of the "*centimes additionnels*" in France, that is, a percentage added on to an existing imperial tax. But to both these plans there are many objections. The British imperial system of taxation now rests on so few points that there is hardly one which could be suitably singled out for the purpose of being handed over to the local authorities, and if there is an imperial tax which could be beneficially selected for this purpose, it is certainly not the

house-tax. If ever the income-tax disappears from the British system of taxation, it is almost certain that some redistribution of the house-tax must then ensue. To hand the house-tax over to local authorities, from whom it could never be reclaimed, would be not only to fix the impost in perpetuity on the country, but to place it permanently beyond the control of the imperial government. Nor is it easy to see how the existing system of rating could be continued together with the house-tax, if both formed the foundation of local taxation. The result would be, beyond doubt, that the house-tax would become quite a different tax in different towns in England. In some it would be very light, in some it would be very heavy. No assistance towards the equitable adjustment of local burdens can be looked for through making any alteration of this character. The inequalities now complained of would remain as great as under the present system. Nor could the plan of adding a percentage to an existing tax answer. I believe that even if local taxation were, as some have desired, levied on the basis of the income-tax assessment, the inequalities in the incidence would continue to be at least as great as they are now.

But while neither a system of grants in aid of local burdens, unless guarded by the most careful regulations, nor the proposed handing over any special additional tax to the local administrator, can be recommended, it is clear that to leave matters as they are is entirely impossible. It could scarcely be safely done if there were any reasonable hope that the total amount of local expenditure were likely to remain stationary, or to be diminished. It becomes obviously impossible when, as at the present time, the country is continually sanctioning fresh outlets for local funds. Better Sanitary conditions, local Improvements, School Boards, to single out only a few heads of increasing local expenditure, cannot be carried out without considerable cost.

As this is the case, the surest ground of hope for better days will be found in going to the root of the matter, not

in proposing a mere re-arrangement of local taxes, but in constructing a better local organization for the country. In order to do this effectually, it is most desirable that those who conduct local administration should have a clear idea of the extent and employment of local expenditure. More information can be obtained on this point now than was possible but a short time ago. Still, the following remark of M. de Parieu, made many years since, is applicable even now :—

“While the tendency of the present day is to divulge everything which concerns the national revenue, and to set it forth in Budgets communicated to the public, local taxation hides itself, on the contrary, in the shade.”

Though it is quite true that a great deal of information may be obtained on this subject, yet it is surprising how many points connected with it are even at this time obscure. In any provincial town, it is a work of some difficulty to ascertain with correctness, the total amount both of the local debt and of the local taxation. Again, of local debts, when they exist, but little is known. It is difficult to ascertain whether the debts have been incurred for productive or unproductive purposes. Whether, compared with ten years since, they are increasing or diminishing; whether, in fact, the town is sinking deeper into debt, and has wasted its resources; or whether it is merely investing more money in improvements which are sure to be ultimately, perhaps largely, remunerative.

It is, therefore, to the improvement of local organization that the first efforts of those who desire any amelioration in our local system should be directed. Amongst older, and I may say standard authorities, in support both of this and of the desirability of leaving the basis of local taxation unchanged, I may quote from Ricardo's remarks on the administration of the poor laws, even though some of the circumstances have somewhat altered since :—

“It is not by raising, in any manner different from the present, the fund from which the poor are supported, that the evil can be mitigated. It would not only be no improvement, but it would be an aggravation of the distress

which we wish to see removed, if the fund were increased in amount, or were levied, according to some late proposals, as a general fund from the country at large. The present mode of its collection and application has served to mitigate its pernicious effects. Each parish raises a separate fund for the support of its own poor. Hence, it becomes an object of more interest and more practicability to keep the rates low, than if one general fund were raised for the relief of the poor of the whole kingdom. A parish is much more interested in an economical collection of the rate, and a sparing distribution of relief, when the whole saving will be for its own benefit, than if hundreds of other parishes were to partake of it.”¹

The first point is to endeavour to enlist the whole power of local interest on the side of good local government. To do this it is essential to obtain the assistance and the co-operation of the inhabitants best fitted by position and intelligence to carry on the local administration, and in some cases to rearrange the areas over which the local government extends. There are no towns or parishes in England, it is to be hoped, likely to be destitute of suitable persons for this purpose; and the interest of these persons in the matter will be quickened when they feel, what they hardly can do at present, that they may be of service to the whole of their immediate neighbourhood as well as to themselves.

I may quote here from the pamphlet on *Corporate Reform* published by the late Sir Francis Palgrave more than forty years ago, as this may show how long since efforts were already made towards the removal of the evils then, as now, strongly requiring reform in our local system. The object of the pamphlet was to promote the reform of the then existing system by incorporating the householders of each place in one united community, all having similar interests, all drawing the same way, all working together for the promotion of the prosperity of the inhabitants. After expressing his regret that care had not been taken in the then existing system to provide for this, the writer continues :—

“But this course not having been taken, city wealth and city honours have parted from

¹ Ricardo's Works, p. 59.

each other. The great capitalist, though his counting-house may be in the city, knows nothing of its government, and affects to despise its offices. He canvasses with the utmost zeal and anxiety to become a Director, but he would be affronted if he were proposed for the Alderman's gown. The various associations and bodies created by modern enterprise, or required for modern traffic or convenience—assurance offices, canal and railroad companies, joint-stock banks—furnish to the trading and commercial classes means of obtaining influence and patronage. Hence, our Municipal Corporations have lost their aristocracy."¹

I have quoted up to this point authorities on local administration who belonged to a past generation. I may now, in support of what follows, quote Mr. William Rathbone. I had arrived at much the same conclusion which Mr. Rathbone set forth in a very able letter to the *Times* of November 30, 1874, and had made considerable progress in the composition of this paper some months before reading that letter; but this appears to me only a stronger reason for expressing an opinion, which I am fortified in holding by a coincidence of thought with one who has given the subject so much consideration as Mr. Rathbone has. I agree with him in thinking that the best arrangement would be to establish one system of local administration in each town, which should undertake every branch of local government; to vest, in fact, the whole local power in towns in a local Town Council. In the rural districts an analogous plan could be readily followed. It is best, whenever it is possible, to preserve old names, and to improve, not to sweep away, old institutions. The old name is well known, and the old idea of a Town Council virtually includes almost every branch of secular local administration. All that is required is to grant additional powers to a body already existing, and at the present time carrying on its functions at least as well as any other "local authority." In the Town Council thus strengthened should be vested the rights of every public governing body of the place. The existing powers of the Town Council, of the

Board of Guardians, of the School Board, should be all merged in this one governing body, which should be appointed, so far as it was an elected Council, at one annual election. The expenses attending all the other elections, such as those of the Board of Guardians and the School Board, would thus be saved. A number of duplicate offices would be consolidated, and, what is of far more importance, one powerful body would be formed, in which everyone who desired to assist in the local administration of his town might find a place. The Town Council, thus re-invigorated, should be elected by electors voting for the whole place at once, not in wards or smaller divisions. This would not only save expense, but it would render bribery almost impossible, or at least far less likely than when the divisions are so small that a minute but irresistible power of local influence, intimidation, and petty bribery can systematically be brought to bear. The mere fact of the improvement in the mode of election would have a strong tendency to cause a better class of candidates to come forward, and when elected they would have a wider field before them than at present. Of a Town Council, Aldermen naturally form a part. To place the election of a proportion of the Aldermen in the hands of the owners of property would insure them representatives in the local government. From this central administration Committees should be formed, which would undertake the duties at present performed by the separate governing bodies. The man who took an interest in education would serve on the School Board Committee; the man who, from his local knowledge and experience would be of use in the new Board of Guardians' Committee, would find his place there; while others would serve on the Town Council Committee for the government of the town, and undertake also the duties of the urban sanitary authorities.

Of the whole Council there might, with advantage, be held at least two, and at most four, general meetings annually: the first of these at the commencement, the last at the close of the financial year. At the first the

¹ *Corporate Reform*, by Sir Francis Palgrave, p. 42.

local finance authority should make his statement of the estimated expense of the total administration. At the concluding meeting an account should be shown of what had been expended. The plan of these Statements would be similar in character to those given by the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the House of Commons. The Local Parliament would thus be able to take into consideration many points which the separate bodies, now carrying on local government are at present entirely unacquainted with, and are in consequence unable to administer. The Statement should be given in separate heads, according to the different branches of the local administration. The Sanitary Committee of the Town Council would have a certain sum allotted to them; the Guardians Committee would have their quota; and the same with the Education Committee, who would take the place of the School Board. Before the first general meeting of the full council was summoned these various Committees would have considered the probable extent of their requirements, and have stated the amount to the local finance authority. But the General Statement should be left in the hands of this member of the Council alone. It would be understood to be his estimate, exactly in the same manner as the Budget is understood to be the Finance Statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, though the several departments have all been consulted and have stated their separate requirements. The advantage of this arrangement would be that one person alone would bear the responsibility of the general finance of each place. There would be one Statement of Accounts, published annually. At the year's end it would be seen whether the expectations formed as to the amount of the local expenditure had been realized; whether the town was more or less in debt; what had become of the money, how it had been spent, and who had spent it. The Imperial Budget extends over the administration of millions, but the Annual Statement is given in a very short Abstract, though the expenditure

is made in countless places and to a vast number of persons, and is really subdivided under a multitude of heads. In a similar way a comparatively short statement would give the local expenditure of each separate local administrative body in the United Kingdom, a reference would be made in it to a Detailed Statement, which should be printed and easily accessible in each place. Every statement being drawn up in a uniform manner, a comparison would be readily made between any one place and another, while the local inquirer who wished to carry his investigations further would readily do so through the means of the Detailed Statement which he could obtain at once from his own bookseller. The inhabitants of a town are often interested to know whether their own local expenditure is larger or smaller than that of another town of similar size, and under similar circumstances. By the above means the needed information would be generally diffused, and a wholesome rivalry in economy would be encouraged between one place and another. If at the year's end it was found that the expectations of the local finance authority had been disappointed, and the expenditure larger than had been anticipated, it would be known at once in what branch of the local administration the extra expenditure had been incurred. That public attention should be immediately drawn to such a circumstance is in itself a very desirable thing. Nothing can check extravagance in the expenditure of other people's money, nothing can check jobbery, so effectually as publicity.

By such an arrangement as is here sketched out it would be possible to attract the most important inhabitants of each place into the Local Governing body, without requiring of them a greater sacrifice of time than they might be willing to make. While every member of the Council would be eligible to serve on each of the Sub-committees, in which the detailed administration of the place would be carried on, it would be needful to arrange that the total number of the

members of their Sub-committee should not amount to more than two-thirds, or at most three-fourths of the whole body. It should be left to each individual member of the Council to state whether he decided to serve on a Sub-committee or not, as well as to choose which Sub-committee he preferred. In case the required number were not forthcoming, the whole body would have to decide when and where individual members should serve. In practice, it is probable that these minor difficulties would be easily overcome, and that the older, as well as the more occupied members of the Council, would be allowed, if they desired it, to serve only on the main body of the Council. This would practically require their attendance at most four times in the year. But it must be remembered that these four occasions would be those, on which the policy of the local administration of the place would practically be decided. The initiative in every point of importance should be reserved for the consideration of the Council at large. The administration in detail should be left to the Sub-committees. The advantage of this arrangement would be felt in many ways. In the first place it would be the means of attracting to the Local Government of every place the persons best qualified to carry it on. The plan would permit both the possessor of little leisure, and the possessor of much leisure to share in the local administration. The locality, whether Union or Borough, would be able to draw into its service the persons best qualified to direct its affairs. In every large business such a sub-division of labour is indispensable. The direction forms one branch of occupation, the detail another. Such a sub-division would thus be provided. Next, each place would be freed at once from all the disadvantages which result from divided, and sometimes clashing, authorities. The Chairman of each Sub-committee would make his report to the general body, and a uniform system of administration would thus be readily brought about. The great advantage would result that each place would know at once and every

year, how much it had expended on local government. If the system at present pursued in local matters were followed in our Imperial Government; if the Admiralty were allowed to raise a special tax for the use of the Navy; the Secretary of State for War another tax for the use of the Army; if the Home Office levied its own special tax, and the Foreign Office another, and each of these special offices had, besides, the power of pledging the credit of the State for its own debts, of borrowing in fact on its own account, what would the inevitable result be? The bare suggestion is enough. Our existing local system of administration produces, fortunately on a comparatively small scale, results really very similar to this. Even as it is, the total debt due by local authorities amounts to more than seventy millions, of which a very large sum has been quite recently raised. The consolidation of local authorities, the consolidation of the powers of local taxation, the consolidation of the debts of local government bodies, would be a vast step towards economical local government.

With an improved system of local administration it would at once be seen that the only desirable method of raising the funds required would be by a rate on visible property, as at present. To adjust taxation in a fair, equitable, uniform manner is a most difficult task. This is one of the special duties of Imperial, as contrasted with Local Government. And since the Imperial Government has in its service a large number of skilled officers, it would be very desirable that the local assessments, as well as the collection of the local rates, should be placed in their hands. Familiar as they already must be with the circumstances of the properties, accustomed as they are to go over the same ground continually, they could assess, levy, and collect the existing rates more equitably and more economically than is done at present.

It is not desirable to go into much detail in this statement, but one or two illustrations will show the manner in which the present system works.

In one borough the amount of poors' rate raised averages about 16,000*l.* yearly. There are about 8,000 separate assessments. The poors' rate is levied quarterly, and a "demand note" as well as a "receipt" have to be made out for every rate. Thus there are at least eight separate visits made every year by the rate-collector to each ratepayer's dwelling, and the average sum collected is 5*s.* for each visit and separate form. In the suburban parish of Leyton there are 1,913 assessments,—a poors' rate of 9,000*l.* a year, and an urban sanitary rate of about 5,000*l.* a year are levied. The poors' rate causes eight visits, the urban sanitary rate four visits, to each taxpayer. In this case the average assessment is considerably higher; but if the rate-collector is paid the first time he calls with the receipt, he would not collect on an average more than about 12*s.* each call. These instances will give some idea of how costly the existing method of collecting the local revenues must be.

When the total amount of local taxation raised in each place was certainly and immediately known at the year's end, it would soon be seen on what classes of persons, or on what localities, local taxation pressed with undue severity. To adjust the pressure of the burden equitably, it would be desirable that special branches of local expenditure and special heads of local administration should be taken under the charge of the Imperial Government, if assistance from it were needed. For the Government to take one main branch of local expenditure into its own hands and to administer that, would be by far the most economical and satisfactory plan for giving assistance to the local taxpayer. The branch of local expenditure, which local governing bodies are probably the least able to manage economically and successfully, is the administration of justice, including the direction of Police and the Prisons. There is no branch of local administration in which it is more likely that economical reforms could be made; but the possibility of effecting these reforms is entirely bound up with the re-arrangement of the

system. Such a task is clearly far beyond the powers of any local governing body; it is a thing which the Imperial Government, and the Imperial Government alone, can perform. Many classes of local administration are far best carried on by local governing bodies. The whole mass of the poor relief, sanitary measures, drainage, and lighting, are far better administered by a local than by a central authority, though in the case of the poors' rate especially, assistance might be given by the central authority if a uniformity of system could be thereby attained. But the Police are distinctly not included in the class of matters which come within this category. It is enough to mention the number of separate jurisdictions now existing, to be assured how far from economical the present plan must be.

The reports of the Inspectors of Constabulary for 1873 show that in the three districts into which England and Wales are divided, there were then, without including the Metropolitan Police, not less than 224 separate forces of police. A body of police which does not exceed fifteen in number can hardly have such a subordination of ranks and division of labour as to allow a very good arrangement of the force; but there were in 1873 seventy forces among the 224—practically one-third—not more than fifteen strong. There were, however, many forces with fewer than fifteen men; there were thirty forces, one in seven of the whole number, with not more than five men. But five is by no means the minimum. There were even "forces" which consisted of only two men. There were actually six "forces" composed only of one man each. It is not wonderful that complaints are made of the difficulty of obtaining suitable men for the service: of the dissatisfaction of those who are receiving pay lower than in competing forces—of the uncertainty about retiring allowances. To attempt to investigate the position of the jails would require space far beyond present limits, but there is no question that in the case of the Prisons, as well as in that of the Police, a considerable economy could be

obtained by consolidation, and consolidation can only be carried out effectually by a central authority. To take over the whole organization of the administration of justice would obviously be the most economical plan. It is true that the amount required would very considerably exceed the most liberal "subvention" in aid of local rates which has yet been proposed. But there is no other portion of local administration which could advantageously be removed from local superintendence; and though the original outlay may be larger, economy is really better promoted by expending a large sum well, than a small sum in a less judicious manner. And since all parties seem agreed on the desirability of affording some assistance to local taxation from the Imperial Exchequer, it is difficult to see what better can be done.

Removal of expenditure from one branch of public government to another is not the only thing that is wanted. The hope for future economy lies in the direction of consolidating the many different bodies now carrying on local government. The existing expense of raising and administering local taxation can only be approximately known, but it is likely to be little less than 8 or 8½ per cent. on the total outlay. A consolidation of the existing authorities under one head might be expected to reduce this charge to about 6 or 6½ per cent. A reduction of 2½ per cent. on the thirty-two millions locally expended in 1873 would be 800,000*l.*, a sum large enough to be of imperial importance. Some further economy might be effected by the consolidation of local debts, many of which bear a higher rate of interest now than that at which it would be possible to raise the money through the intervention of the Government.

The re-arrangement of our Local Government administration is a work

deserving the most careful and unwearied labour. There is no doubt that great changes will shortly be made in it. On these far more may depend than the difference between economy and waste; far more may depend even than this—the difference between a system likely to sap, and one likely to strengthen, the foundations of the Imperial Government.

Years have passed since the first reforms were made in our local administration—years, some of which have been wisely, some fruitlessly spent. I have referred, a few pages back, to the Observations on Corporate Reform by Sir Francis Palgrave. His conviction was, that the only method by which sound Local Government could be obtained was by incorporating all classes in the community in one "body politic, all working together for the promotion of the prosperity" of their locality. I believe that it is not only the partiality of a son which causes me to feel that this, the leading idea among my father's opinions on that subject, indicates the right course to be pursued at the present time. And I may be allowed to conclude by employing here a quotation which Sir F. Palgrave made use of in his work, and which may serve to encourage those who desire to see a better system in force, and yet, owing to the strife of parties, may have to wait for it long:—

"It is an observation," says my Lord of Coke, 4 Inst. cap. 1, "proved by a great number of precedents, that never any good bill was preferred, or good motion made in Parliament, whereof any memorial was made in the journal book or otherwise, though sometimes it succeeded not at first, yet it hath never died, but at one time or another hath taken effect, which may be a great encouragement to worthy and industrious attempts."

R. H. INGLIS PALGRAVE.

MRS. THRALE (PIOZZI) : THE FRIEND OF DR. JOHNSON.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.—1741 TO 1780.

AMONG the crowd of remarkable English-women of the eighteenth century there is none concerning whom so much has been written, in her lifetime and afterwards, and whose story is so mixed up with the literary history of that period, as Hester Lynch Salusbury, known as Mrs. Thrale, afterwards Piozzi, who for twenty years was the most popular leader of literary society in London, and the acknowledged “provider and conductress” of Dr. Johnson.

Mrs. Thrale was not a little proud of her good old Welsh descent, and knew the Salusbury pedigree by heart, from old Adam de Saltzburg, who “came to England with the Conqueror,” downwards. She was born in a little cottage at Bodville, in Caernarvonshire, in January 1741. Her parents were cousins—the mother, a daughter of Sir Thomas Salusbury Cotton, Bart., of Combermere in Cheshire and Llewenny Hall in Denbighshire; and the father, John Salusbury, of the Salusburies of Bachygraig, a younger branch of the same stock. Her mother’s fortune of 10,000*l.* was spent in paying the debts of her husband; and, when John Salusbury inherited Bachygraig, he so impoverished it by looking for lead in its soil that he ended by emigrating to Nova Scotia—his wife and little girl remaining behind, and living as they best could upon the hospitality of richer Salusburies in various parts of the country. The brightest years of Hester’s youth were spent with her mother at Offley Place, in Hertfordshire, the domain of her paternal uncle, Sir Thomas Salusbury, a Judge of the Admiralty, who had married a wealthy heiress; where, when the Nova Scotia adventure had resulted only in duels and

discontents, John Salusbury rejoined his family. Uncle Thomas’s heiress wife died while Hester was still a child; and then Hester’s mother was to all intents and purposes the mistress of Offley Place, and her little girl was tacitly recognised as her childless uncle’s heir. “Here,” says Mrs. Thrale, “I reigned long, a fondled favourite;” and her richest recollections of youth and hope were connected with this Hertfordshire home.

Among Hester’s early friends were Dr. Collier, a kindhearted old dominie, who taught her Latin, logic, and rhetoric, and his friend James Harris, author of a learned treatise upon Language and Universal Grammar. In her later life Mrs. Thrale remembered the conversations and correspondences she had had with these two old sages with an almost tearful enthusiasm.

It was in London, in one of the winters of those happy Offley years, that Hogarth made her sit for his picture of the *Lady’s Last Stake*. He promised her the painting should be hers; but he died soon, and it fell into other hands; and many years afterwards she saw her own young face hanging on the walls of a public exhibition in Pall Mall.

Hester Salusbury was still in her early teens when she blushed into authorship, and her first scribblings appeared anonymously, without the knowledge of her mother or Dr. Collier, in *St. James’s Chronicle*. Her uncle shared his affections pretty equally between her and his horses. His stud was the finest in all the country round; and his house was haunted, she tells us, by young wealthy sportsmen, whom she mimicked for Dr. Collier’s amusement, preferring still the dominie’s learned talk and Latin lessons to the gayest wooer

among them. And so matters went on until, one day, when her father and Dr. Collier were both absent from Offley Place, her uncle Thomas brought news from London that a friend of his, "a real sportsman," was coming to pay them a visit. The next day Mr. Thrale arrived; and it was not long before he won the heart, not of Hester, but of Hester's mother, who with the uncle warmly favoured his suit of her daughter. Hester's father, as soon as he discovered the matrimonial project, proudly resented Thrale's proposal. A family quarrel followed, and Hester with her parents removed to London. Then uncle Thomas, left to his own devices, fell in love with a gay widow, his neighbour, and the home at Offley Place was irrevocably lost. The poor spendthrift father, with his family pride and red-hot temper, died in December 1762. His widow inherited Bachygraig for her life, charged with 5,000*l.* for Hester, to which sum her uncle added another 5,000*l.*; and this ten thousand, with the expectation of Offley Place, constituted her wedding portion. She was married to Mr. Thrale, on October 11th, 1763, when she was twenty-two years and nine months old. "My uncle," she says, "went himself with me to church, gave me away, dined with us at Streatham Park, returned to Hertfordshire, wedded the widow, and then scarce ever saw or wrote to either of us; leaving me to conciliate as I could a husband, who was indeed much kinder than I counted on, to a plain girl, who had not one attraction in his eyes, and on whom he never had thrown five minutes of his time away in any interview unwitnessed by company even till after our wedding day was done."

And so was begun, quietly and sadly enough, it seems, for the only two actors at present on the stage, that memorable and fascinating comedy of real life at Streatham Park which played itself out during the next twenty years.

Thrale's father, known among the friends of the son as "old Thrale," was a son of a still remoter Thrale, a poor man of that same Offley village where

Hester spent her youth, and of his wife Sukey, daughter of a miller named Halsey, at St. Albans in the same county. Sukey's brother, Edmund Halsey, had run away from his home, and in the course of years acquired a fortune in Child's brewery, Southwark, and married old Child's daughter. He sent for sister Sukey's son to London, "said he would make a man of him, and did so." Halsey and his nephew, Ralph Thrale, worked together until Halsey's death, by which time Ralph was rich enough to buy the brewhouse of his cousin, Halsey's daughter and heiress, who had married Lord Cobham. He lived to amass a large fortune, and was at one time member of Parliament for Southwark. "He educated his son," says Mrs. Thrale, "and three daughters, quite in a high style. His son he wisely connected with the Cobhams and their relations—Grenvilles, Lytteltons, and Pitts—to whom he lent money, while they lent assistance of every other kind, so that my Mr. Thrale was bred up at Stowe, and Stoke, and Oxford, and every genteel place." His father allowed him, on leaving the university, a thousand a year, and sent him abroad with Lord Westcote, the rich old brewer paying the expenses of both young men, that his son might have the benefit of a lord for his travelling companion. And so young Thrale had grown up with a taste for horses and other equally expensive pleasures, and was, "when he came down to Offley to see his father's birthplace, a very handsome and well accomplished gentleman." When, however, the young brewer proposed to marry, he found no lady whom he could persuade to live with him in the Borough, where a dwelling-house was attached to the brewery. And Hester Salusbury might also have refused to do this, but that she never saw either the Borough house or Streatham Park until she was taken to dwell there. After her marriage she found plenty to observe and to brood over in her new home besides the dinginess of its neighbourhood. Her husband, seventeen years her senior, of a grave, taciturn disposition, and with

no literary tastes, assumed with her at once the position of "master;" which epithet afterwards became a household word in the family. Her "master" forbade her old pet amusement of riding and hunting as unfeminine, and reserved the joys of his hunting-box at Croydon for his own special use. She was also forbidden to interfere in domestic matters, and was not expected to know what was for dinner until it was on the table. Her mother continued to live with her whenever they were at Streatham, removing in the winter to her own mansion in Dean Street, Soho; "and thither," says Mrs. Thrale, "I went, oh, how willingly! to visit her every day."

Among her husband's bachelor acquaintances was Mr. Arthur Murphy, of some note in the literary world as a dramatist, a thoroughly pleasant fellow, with a light heart, plenty of sense, and a considerable dash of the *bon-vivant*. Mrs. Thrale took to him at once, and liked him better than Simon Luttrell, or Georgey Bodens, or the gossiping old Jesuit physician who used to tell her the family secrets. It is sufficiently plain that, by the time they had been married a year, the Thrales had forfeited many times over their claim to the traditional fitch of bacon; and never was a greater boon conferred on a discontented wife than when Mr. Murphy one day persuaded Thrale over their wine "to wish for Dr. Johnson's conversation, extolling it in terms," says Mrs. Thrale, "which that of no other person could have deserved, till we were only in doubt how to obtain his company and find an excuse for the invitation." Their plans were accordingly laid; and Murphy, one winter afternoon, brought his friend, the great Doctor, to dine in the Borough, to meet a certain young shoemaker, who was also a poet—Murphy cautioning Mrs. Thrale beforehand not to be surprised at Johnson's dress, figure, and behaviour. This first visit was a decided success. Johnson advised the shoemaker to give his nights and days to the study of Addison—which the shoemaker did not proceed to do;

and on every subsequent Thursday through that winter of 1764-5 Johnson was again the guest of the Thrales.

The friendship thus begun matured itself on both sides until, one summer day in 1766, Mr. and Mrs. Thrale called upon Johnson in Fleet Street, and, finding him seriously ill and oppressed with melancholy, persuaded him to go on a long visit to Streatham Park. This visit extended over four months; and from that time until 1782 there was always a room set apart for Dr. Johnson both in the Borough and at Streatham. For almost all the remainder of his life, indeed, Johnson lived more with the Thrales than at his own home; spending usually the middle of each week with them, and reserving the Friday evenings for his Club, and his Saturdays and Sundays for Desmoulins, Williams, and the rest of the menagerie in his own den in Fleet Street.

Mrs. Thrale had heard of Dr. Johnson since she was a child in Hogarth's studio. The witty artist used to tell among his friends an excellent story, which Boswell has preserved, of his first meeting with Johnson in the house of Richardson the novelist. Hogarth and his host were talking together of the recent execution of Dr. Cameron, who had taken part in the Rebellion of 1745, and Hogarth was attempting to justify George II. for what most people regarded as very like a murder in cold blood. "While he was talking, he perceived a person standing at a window in the room, shaking his head, and rolling himself about in a strange, ridiculous manner. He concluded that he was an idiot whom his relations had put under the care of Mr. Richardson as a very good man. To his great surprise, however, this figure stalked forward to where he and Mr. Richardson were sitting, and all at once took up the argument, and burst into an invective against George II., as one who upon all occasions was unrelenting and barbarous, mentioning many instances," &c. "In short," continues the story, "he displayed such a power of eloquence that Hogarth looked at him with astonishment, and

actually imagined that this idiot had been at the moment inspired." But, although Hogarth could laugh at Johnson when he liked, he was none the less one of his admirers, and was very earnest that his young friend Hester Salusbury should obtain the acquaintance, and if possible the friendship, of a man "whose conversation," he told her, "was to the talk of other men like Titian's painting compared to Hudson's." But, now, when at last the rich cadence of Johnson's voice was heard under her roof, it was not only for the sake of his brilliant and learned talk that she gave him so warm a welcome. His friendship with her and her husband was, in the truest sense, an alliance, affecting the habits of life and thought of all three.

From the first Johnson appears to have exerted himself to raise Mrs. Thrale's position in her husband's house. Thrale's well-covered table, and his clever wife, were both to Johnson's taste, as also the "potentiality of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice" which lay stored in the brewer's mighty vats. But the foxhounds at Croydon were an incubus; nor was it long before Thrale himself was stimulated by Johnson's eloquence to new pursuits. "The scene," says his wife, "was soon to change. Foxhounds were sold, and a seat in Parliament was suggested by our new inmate as more suitable to his dignity, more desirable in every respect." It is doubtful whether the change from the hunting-field to the House of Commons was a good one for a man of apoplectic tendencies; but in the meantime it had the effect of bringing Mrs. Thrale at once to the front. "I grew useful now, almost necessary; wrote the advertisements, looked to the treats; and people to whom I was till then unknown admired how happy Mr. Thrale must be in such a wonder of a wife."

An extensive circle and a round of social duties were the immediate result of her husband's parliamentary life. But the society of nonentities was the least pleasure that Dr. Johnson's reforms procured for her. If he did not at once flood her rooms with the

society of the Literary Club and the *Bas Bleus*, he at least brought her a never-failing supply, day after day, of precisely that kind of literary gossip and anecdote which she delighted in. She would hear of the *Traveller* of the Irish Goldsmith, published on December 19th, 1764, and would be told which lines in it were Dr. Johnson's. On one memorable evening, when Johnson was called abruptly from her dinner-table, returning in three hours, she would listen curiously to the story of the poor author who had sent for him to his lodgings in Islington,—how Johnson had found him drinking Madeira wine and fretting over a novel which lay on his table ready for the press, while his enraged landlady and the bailiffs were besieging him for rent; and how Johnson had extricated the author from his difficulty by carrying off the manuscript to the bookseller and exchanging it for a sum of ready money. It was not till ten years afterwards, Mrs. Thrale tells us, that something in Dr. Goldsmith's behaviour suggested to her that he was the man; and then Johnson confessed that he was so, and that the novel which he had sold so expeditiously for 60*l.* was the *Vicar of Wakefield*. Boswell was away on his travels when first the Thrales and Johnson became intimate and there had been summers at Stratfordham and journeys to "Brightelmstone" before he returned. Near at hand, however, were the lions of the Literary Club, established in 1763 or 1764, the original members of which were Johnson himself, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Edmund Burke, Topham Beauclerk, Bennet Langton, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Nugent, while others were added from time to time. This group included Johnson's most intimate associates, most of whom were considerably younger than himself, while all looked up to him as a kind of literary prophet or leader.

At first only heard of, these men became in time habitually the guests of Mrs. Thrale and her hospitable husband. Everybody was glad of access to a

house where Johnson was sure to be found; indeed, it was often hopeless to look for him elsewhere, and the difficulty of securing his company at dinner was a subject of joke with Goldsmith:—

“When come to the place where we all had to dine,
A chair-lumbered closet, just twelve feet by nine,
My friend bade me welcome, but struck me quite dumb
With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come.
‘For I knew it,’ he cried; ‘both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t’other with Thrale.’”

Garrick the actor was another of the Johnsonian set who became intimate at Streatham Park; and, when Mrs. Thrale told him she remembered having sat on his knee while he fed her with cakes, more than twenty years ago, he did not like the story! Boswell was first invited to Streatham in 1768. “On the 5th of October,” he says, “I complied with this obliging invitation, and found at an elegant villa, six miles from town, every circumstance which can make society pleasing. Johnson, though quite at home, was yet looked to with an awe tempered by affection, and seemed to be equally the care of his host and hostess.”

This, indeed, may be said to have been the golden age of their friendship. “On the birthday of our eldest daughter, and that of our friend Dr. Johnson, the 17th and 18th of September,” says Mrs. Thrale, “we every year made up a little dance and supper to divert our servants and their friends, putting the summer-house into their hands for the two evenings, to fill with acquaintance and merriment. Francis (Johnson’s black servant) and his white wife were invited of course. She was eminently pretty, and he was jealous, as my maids told me. On the first of these days’ amusements, I know not what year, Frank took offence at some attentions paid to his Desdemona, and walked away next morning to London in wrath. His master and I, driving the same road an hour after, overtook him.

‘What is the matter, child,’ says Dr. Johnson, ‘that you leave Streatham to-day? *Art sick?*’ ‘He is jealous,’ whispered I. ‘Are you jealous of your wife, you stupid blockhead?’ cries out his master in another tone. The fellow hesitated; and ‘To be sure, sir; I don’t quite approve, sir,’ was the stammering reply. ‘Why, what do they do to her, man? Do the footmen kiss her?’ ‘No, sir, no! Kiss my wife, sir! *I hope not, sir!*’ ‘Why, what do they do to her, my lad?’ ‘Why, nothing, sir! I’m sure, sir!’ ‘Why, then, go back directly and dance, you dog, do! and let’s hear no more of such empty lamentations.’”

Here is another of Mrs. Thrale’s stories of Streatham life:—

“Dr. Johnson was always exceedingly fond of chemistry, and we made up a sort of laboratory at Streatham one summer, and diverted ourselves with drawing essences and colouring liquors. But the danger Mr. Thrale found his friend in, one day when I was driven to London and he had got the children and servants round him to see some experiments performed, put an end to all our entertainment; so well was the master of the house persuaded that his short sight would have been his destruction in a moment, by bringing him close to a fierce and violent flame. Indeed, it was a perpetual miracle that he did not set himself on fire reading abed, as was his constant custom, when exceedingly unable even to keep clear of mischief with our best help; and, accordingly, the fore-top of all his wigs was burnt by the candle down to the very network. Mr. Thrale’s *valet-de-chambre* for that reason kept one always in his own hands, with which he met him at the parlour-door when the bell had called him down to dinner; and, as he went upstairs to sleep in the afternoon, the same man constantly followed him with another.”

Johnson took a lively interest in Mr. Thrale’s parliamentary work. He accompanied Mrs. Thrale in her canvassing expeditions, when she learned by heart every nook of Southwark; and his

first and favourite political pamphlet, *The False Alarm*, was written in her house "between eight o'clock on Wednesday night and twelve o'clock on Thursday night; and we read it," she adds, "to Mr. Thrale when he came very late home from the House of Commons." This was in 1770. In the same year Mr. Thrale was carried from London to Streatham, insensible and dangerously ill. He recovered; but it was not long after this event that what Mrs. Thrale called "the distresses of 1772" set in.

Mr. Thrale had become involved in a fruitless speculation, suggested to him in the first instance by a quack chemist, and, without the knowledge of his family or friends, had constructed a costly manufactory of some curiously useless concoction for the preservation of wood from decay. Twenty thousand hogsheads of "this pernicious mess," as Mrs. Thrale called it, were being brewed in East Smithfield, in which all their money, and a great deal of Government money besides, was swallowed up. "We had, in the commercial phrase, no beer to start for customers. We had no money to purchase with. Our clerks, insulted long, rebelled and *ratted*, but I held them in. A sudden run menaced the house, and death hovered over the head of its principal." The energies and sympathies of every member of the family were stimulated in this hour of distress. Until now Dr. Johnson and Thrale's mother-in-law had never been on good terms, and Mrs. Salusbury had persisted in preferring her newspaper to the Doctor's conversation. Now, however, a common anxiety united them. Poor Thrale was driven to threaten suicide, and Johnson set himself to comfort the frightened women. "Fear not," he said, "the menaces of suicide; the man who has two such females to console him never yet killed himself, and will not now." Each did and gave what they could. Dr. Johnson scarcely left Thrale a moment, and "tried every artifice to amuse, as well as every argument to console, him." But money, in

round thousands, was after all the only effectual medicine for the broken-hearted brewer. In their distress they applied to their surest friends first. Down at Brighton there lived an old gouty solicitor, retired from business, the friend and contemporary of old Ralph Thrale. He had money; but how should they get at him, and at his heart, with this long troublesome story? "Well," says Mrs. Thrale, "first we made free with our mother's money, her little savings, about 3,000*l.*—'twas all she had; and, big as I was with child, I drove down to Brighthelmstone to beg of Mr. Scrase 6,000*l.* more—he gave it us—and Perkins, the head clerk, had never done repeating my short letter to our master, which only said: 'I have done my errand, and you soon shall see returned, whole, as I hope, your heavy but faithful messenger, H. L. T.'" Other friends in due time volunteered their assistance, and the crisis was over. But the business was burdened with a debt of 130,000*l.* "Yet in nine years," continues Mrs. Thrale, "was every shilling paid; one, if not two, elections well contested; and we might at Mr. Thrale's death have had money had he been willing to listen to advice. . . . The baby that I carried lived an *hour*—my mother a year; but she left our minds more easy." Dr. Johnson wrote for this kind and much-suffering mother an affectionate epitaph in finely sounding Latin; and the descendant of old Adam de Saltzburg,—"*Nata* 1707, *Nupta* 1739, *Obiit* 1773,"—slept in peace.

The events of the last three years had linked Johnson and the Thrales more closely than ever. "And who will be my biographer, do you think?" said he to Mrs. Thrale, when she was talking with him, one day in July 1773, of the events of his youth. "Goldsmith, no doubt," she replied, "and he will do it the best among us." "No, Goldy won't do," Johnson thinks; and they talk together of Dr. Taylor of Ashborne, and other old friends of Johnson, who know his life and love him better. "After my coming to London," he said, "to drive the world about a little, you

must all go to Jack Hawkesworth for anecdotes. I lived in great familiarity with him, though I think there was not much affection, from the year 1753 till the time Mr. Thrale and you took me up. I intend, however," he continued, "to disappoint the rogues, and either make you write the life with Taylor's intelligence, or, which is better, do it myself after outliving you all."

The journey of Boswell and Johnson to the Hebrides took place in the autumn of 1773, and it was in Skye that he wrote the graceful Latin Ode to Mrs. Thrale, consisting of five stanzas, which ends thus :—

"*Seu viri curas, pia nupta, mulcet,
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,
Sive cum libris novitate pascit
Sedula mentem ;
Sit memor nostri, fideique merces
Stet fides constans, meritoque blandum
Thralæ discant resonare nomen
Littora Skiaë."*

The following is a literal translation of the entire Ode :—

"I am roaming through lands where the barren rock mingles its stony ruins with the clouds ; where the savage country laughs at the unfruitful labours of the peasant.

"I am wandering among races of uncultivated men ; where life, adorned by no culture, is neglected and deformed, and, foul with the smoke of peat, lurks obscure.

"Amid the hardships of this long tour, amid the babble of an unknown tongue, in how many strains do I ask myself, 'How fares sweet Thrale?'

"Whether she, dutiful spouse, soothes her husband's cares, or whether, indulgent mother, she fondles her offspring, or whether, amid the society of books, she nourishes her mind with new knowledge ;—

"May she be mindful of me ! May faith, the reward of faith, remain constant ! And may the shores of Skye learn to resound the name of Thrale so justly dear."¹

While her name was resounding thus eloquently among the mountains of the Celt, Mrs. Thrale herself was hard at work in the counting-house of the brewery, and superintending the con-

duct of her Welsh estates. Mr. Perkins, head clerk, was away on a commercial journey, and to him she wrote : "Mr. Thrale is still upon his little tour. I opened a letter from you at the counting-house this morning, and am sorry to find you have so much trouble with Grant and his affairs. . . . Careless, of the 'Blue Posts,' has turned refractory, and applied to Hoare's people, who have sent him in their beer. I called on him to-day, however, and by dint of an unwearied solicitation (for I kept him at the coach-side a full half-hour) I got his order for six butts more as the final trial."

It was a terrible disappointment to this energetic little woman of business to discover, upon the death, in 1773, of her uncle, Sir Thomas Salusbury, that he had bequeathed Offley Place and its 2,000*l.* a year of revenue to a distant relative, thus depriving her of what she had hitherto regarded as her inheritance. And the blow fell with peculiar heaviness now, when she would so gladly have brought some grist of her own to the mill.

In 1774 Johnson spent some weeks at Streatham, "to be nursed ;" and in the autumn of that year he accompanied the Thrales and their eldest child, Hester, whom they called "Queeney," upon a tour in Wales, where they visited various Welsh relations, and looked up Bachygrraig, the family mansion of Mrs. Thrale's father. They found a ruined house, two hundred years old, and no garden. Johnson had dreamt of something finer, and was disappointed. Mrs. Thrale was equally disappointed on this occasion in Johnson. He was eminently a poor traveller, short-sighted and deaf, and could not believe in beauties which he neither heard nor saw. His irritable temper was also a sore trial to his travelling companions. "I remember, sir," said Mrs. Thrale long afterwards, when the talk one evening at Streatham was of Johnson's severe and bitter speeches ; "I remember, sir, when we were travelling in Wales, how you called me to account for my civility

¹ More than forty years after this Ode was written Sir Walter Scott visited Skye with a party of friends, and had the curiosity to ask "What was the first idea in every one's mind at landing ?" All answered, separately, that it was Johnson's Latin Ode

to the people. 'Madam,' you said, 'let me have no more of this idle commendation of nothing. Why is it that whatever you see, and whoever you see, you are to be so indiscriminately lavish of praise?' 'Why, I'll tell you, sir,' said I: 'when I am with you and Mr. Thrale and Queeney, I am obliged to be civil for four.'

Nor was it only in Wales that the incivilities of Johnson annoyed Mrs. Thrale. Mr. Thrale would sometimes check him by saying coldly, "There, there! now we have had enough for one lecture, Dr. Johnson; we will not be upon education any more till after dinner, if you please." He lived, Mrs. Thrale tells us, always upon the verge of a quarrel; and she relates how one evening, for example, she came into the room where he and a gentleman had been conversing, and found that a lady who had walked in two minutes before "had blown them both into a flame" by whispering something to Johnson's companion. It was in vain to make explanations, or to attempt to pacify him; the Doctor's suspicions were all alive. "And have a care, sir," he was saying just as Mrs. Thrale entered the room; "the old lion will not bear to be tickled." The gentleman was pale with rage, the lady weeping at the confusion she had caused; "and," adds Mrs. Thrale, "I could only say with Lady Macbeth—

"So! you've displaced the mirth, broke the good meeting
With most admired disorder."

It was as much as Mrs. Thrale could do during the next two or three years to keep her wits clear and her heart from breaking. Business troubles were, it is true, subsiding; but others and heavier were taking their place, which no buoyancy of spirit could overcome, nor friendly skill alleviate. Her husband's health was broken; her children were falling ill, and two or three of them died in rapid succession. No wonder she replied to the dictatorial and exacting letters of her old friend with some petulance: "You ask,

dear sir, if I keep your letters. To be sure I do. . . . My only reason to suppose that we should dislike looking over the correspondence twelve or twenty years hence was because the sight of it would not revive the memory of cheerful times at all. God forbid that I should be less happy than I am now, when I am perpetually bringing or losing babies, both very dreadful operations to me, and which tear mind and body in pieces very cruelly." And again: "You say, too, that I shall not grow wiser in twelve years, which is a bad account of futurity; but if I grow happier I shall grow wiser, for, being less chained down to surrounding circumstances, what power of thinking my mind naturally possesses will have fair play at least." The death of their eldest son, in 1776, then a promising youth already at school, and the pride of Streatham Park, was a heart-breaking matter to both parents. "Poor dear sweet, little boy!" Johnson wrote tenderly on hearing the news of his death; "I loved him as I never expect to love any other little boy; but I could not love him as a parent. I know that such a love is a laceration of the mind. I know that a whole system of hopes and designs and expectations is swept away at once, and nothing left but bottomless vacuity. What you feel I have felt, and hope that your disquiet will be shorter than mine. The old man is remembering his wife dead twenty-four years ago, and his tears are falling while he writes.

It was two years after this event when Dr. Burney took his daughter, the authoress of *Evelina*, to visit Mrs. and Mrs. Thrale at Streatham. By that time Streatham Park had come to be the headquarters of literary society, and for the young novelist, still trembling on the threshold of public life, this was, to use her own words, "the most consequential day she had spent since her birth." The white house upon the common, pleasantly situated in a fine paddock, with hothouses and kitchen-gardens about it, and its lake well stocked with perch, peeps out

vividly enough from the pages of her amusing *Diary and Letters*. The central feature of the house itself was the library. Here the books had been selected by Dr. Johnson, and the friendly faces which hung above them were, one and all, the work of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Over the fireplace were Mrs. Thrale and her eldest daughter, "pretty Queeney," as Johnson used to call her. Mr. Thrale was above the door which led to his study; and the collection round the room included Dr. Johnson, Mr. Murphy, Burke, Dr. Burney, Garrick, Goldsmith, Sir Joshua himself, and other intimate friends of the hospitable brewer. These formed the nucleus of the society of Streatham Park; these were the great few who have made the memory of the white house on the common immortal. But in 1778, as in 1765, the two most familiar faces by the Streatham fireside were still Mr. Murphy's and Dr. Johnson's. There was also a Lady Ladd, Thrale's sister, once a beauty, six feet high, and with very strong opinions concerning "the respect due from the lower class of the people." "I know my place," she would say, "and I always take it, and I've no notion of not taking it; but Mrs. Thrale lets all sorts of people do just as they've a mind by her." Dr. Johnson and Lady Ladd were very good friends; and, when he accosted her ladyship in verse—

"With patches, paint, and jewels on,
Sure Phillis is not twenty-one;
But, if at night you Phillis see,
The dame at least is forty-three!"—

"I know enough of that forty-three," she would cry good-naturedly; "I don't desire to hear any more of it!"

A distinguished visitor at Streatham was Mrs. Montagu, authoress of the essay on the *Genius and Learning of Shakespeare*, the most blue of the Blue-stocking ladies who did homage to Johnson.

"To-morrow, sir, Mrs. Montagu dines here, and then you will have talk enough," says Mrs. Thrale. Dr. Johnson begins to see-saw, with a counte-

nance strongly expressive of inward fun; then suddenly addresses Miss Burney—"Down with her, Burney! down with her, spare her not! attack her, fight her, and down with her at once! You are a rising wit, and she is at the top; and, when I was beginning the world and was nothing and nobody, the joy of my life was to fire at all the established wits, and then everybody loved to halloo me on. But there is no game now; everybody would be glad to see me conquered; but then, when I was new, to vanquish the great ones was all the delight of my poor little dear soul. So, at her, Burney—at her, and down with her!" But the prim little novelist will not bark, and Dr. Johnson "Evelinas" her, folds his ample arm around her not reluctant waist, and blows her trumpet for her—in vain. Mrs. Thrale also is charmed with her novel, and lionises her to her heart's content, but good-naturedly attacks her morbid shyness. "Now you have a new edition coming out, why should you not put your name to it?" Cries Burney, "Oh, ma'am, I would not for the world!" "And why not?" exclaims her hostess; "come, let us have done now with all this diddle-daddle!" When at last Miss Burney was roughly handled by the pamphleteers of the day, and half-starved herself for vexation, Mrs. Thrale wrote upbraiding her behaviour, but added: "What hurts me most is lest you should like me the less for this letter. Yet I will be true to my own sentiments and send it; if you think me coarse and indelicate, I can't help it. You are twenty odd years old, and I am past thirty-six—there's the true difference." (The little lady was past thirty-eight, if the unhappy truth be told.) "I have lost seven children, and been cheated out of two thousand a year, and I cannot, indeed I cannot, sigh and sorrow over pamphlets and paragraphs."

But, although Burney could not bark, she could bite. Among the vivid and sarcastic pictures she has drawn of the guests at Streatham is one of Boswell,

just arrived from Scotland, and on a morning visit at Streatham, where she met him for the first time. At luncheon "little Burney" sat next to Johnson, and Boswell, driven from his usual post of honour, and knowing nothing as yet of *Evelina* or its authoress, sulkily drew another chair, as near as he could place it, behind them. His attention to Johnson's talk as usual amounted almost to pain. "His eyes goggled with eagerness; he leant his ear almost on the shoulder of the Doctor; and his mouth dropt open to catch every syllable that might be uttered." While he was in this rapt state, Dr. Johnson, who had concluded him to be at the other end of the table, called out good-naturedly "Bozzy!" and, discovering by the sound of the reply how close Bozzy was, turned angrily round upon him, and, clapping his hand rather loudly on his knee, said in a tone of displeasure, "What do you do there, sir? Go to the table, sir!" Off went poor Bozzy in sore affright to a distant seat; but presently was running about to look for something he wished to exhibit to the company. "What are you thinking of, sir?" cried the Doctor again, authoritatively; "why do you get up before the cloth is removed? Come back to your place, sir!"—adding, with hidden fun, as he recollected a favourite character in *Evelina*, "Running about in the middle of meals! One would take you for a *Brangton*!"

Among the Streathamite ladies was Miss Sophia Streatfield, a pupil of Mr. Thrale's old dominie, Dr. Collier, of Offley. She was about five years younger than Mrs. Thrale, and her beauty, coquetry, and reputation for learning made her a formidable rival. Mr. Thrale's head was completely turned by her, and his little wife, who endured with tolerable good-humour his flirtations which she did not see, was considerably provoked by this one, which went on at a gala pace under her own eyes. A golden age was this for Blue-stock- ingism in England! Mrs. Thrale was as jealous of Sophia's Greek as she was of her beauty. "Here is Sophia Streatfield again," she writes in her diary,

"handsomer than ever, and flushed with new conquests. The Bishop of Chester feels her power, I am sure. She showed me a letter from him that was as tender and had all the tokens upon it as strong as ever I remember to have seen 'em. I repeated to her out of Pope's *Homer*. 'Very well Sophy,' says I:—

'Range undisturbed among the hostile crew
But touch not Hector; Hector is my due.'

'Miss Streatfield,' says my master 'could have quoted these lines in Greek.' His saying so piqued me because it was true. 'I wish I understood Greek!' Nor were Mr. Thrale and the Bishop of Chester Sophy's only victims. The respectable head of poor dear Dr. Burney was also turned much to the vexation of Miss Fanny. "How she contrives," continues indignant Mrs. Thrale, "to keep bishops and brewers and doctors and directors of the East India Company all in chains, so, and almost all at the same time would amaze a wiser person than me. I can only say" (the little lady is growing terrible!) "let us mark the end!" At first, these ebullitions of wrath were confined to her private diary, which she called her *Thraliana*, but the irritation increased, and at length there was a "scene." She told the story herself many years afterwards. There was a large dinner-party at their house. Johnson sat on one side of Mrs. Thrale, Burke on the other; and Sophia Streatfield was among the guests. Thrale was on this occasion superfluously attentive to the white-throated siren, while his wife, "then near her confinement, and dismally low-spirited," looked on. Presently her husband asked her to give up her place at the head of the table to Sophy, who had a sore throat and did not like her seat near the door. It was a little too hard, and seemed to the poor lady the last drop in her cup of woe. So, bursting into tears, she made some petulant speech—"that perhaps ere long the lady might be at the head of Mr. Thrale's table without displacing the mistress of the house"—and so left

the apartment. "I retired," she says, "to the drawing-room, and for an hour or two contended with my vexation as I best could, when Johnson and Burke came up. On seeing them, I resolved to give a *jobation* to both, but fixed on Johnson for my charge, and asked him

he had noticed what passed, what I suffered, and whether, allowing for the state of my nerves, I was much to blame? He answered, 'Why, possibly not; your feelings were outraged.' I said, 'Yes, greatly so; and I cannot help remarking with what blandness and composure you *witnessed* the outrage. Had this transaction been told of others, your anger would have known no bounds; but towards a man who gives good dinners you were meekness itself!' Johnson," she added, "coloured, and Burke, I thought, looked foolish; but I had not a word of answer from either."

For six years after their first meeting, Miss Burney and Mrs. Thrale continued in a close intimacy; but Mrs. Thrale was not long in taking a correct measure of her friend's character, and was sometimes weary enough of her affectations, her pride, and glaring egotism. Nevertheless she liked her. Fanny was in the very heart of the gay world, and had, in spite of her prudery, no little knowledge of its ways. Mrs. Thrale's fondness for having notables about her too often landed her in dilemmas; but her easy temper and natural light-heartedness helped her wonderfully through them. And when Fanny amused her, fondled her, ill-treated her, Mrs. Thrale would see through it all, and love her still. Accordingly, the young authoress was from the first a privileged "Streathamite," spending a large portion of her time with the Thrales, both in town and in their country quarters.

But, whether among "Blues" or beauties, in the pump-rooms and ball-rooms of fashionable watering-places, or in gay London drawing-rooms, Mrs. Thrale was pretty sure to be the queen of her company, with a character for unrivalled "wit," extensive reading, and sweet vivacity of temper. And,

besides all these, did she not stand pre-eminent above the women of her time in the favour of Dr. Johnson? She was not one to depreciate the distinction. True it was that this friendship between her and the "leviathan of literature" brought her nowadays occasionally more of pain than of happiness. Johnson had spoken truly when he said such sorrows as hers must sweep away a whole system of hopes, and designs, and expectations. And, although he had forgotten that he said it, the fact remained. The pillar needed supporting at last. But, in the meantime, Johnson himself was growing daily more abjectly dependent upon the love of his friends. The calamity of old age, which he had all his life dreaded, was now upon him. His infirmities were increasing — his deafness, his near-sightedness, his rapacious appetite, his exacting, despotic temper. But, with all this, what would Mrs. Thrale's life have been, had he been out of it? For were there not still some outbreaks of the old tenderness, a falling back into the pleasant acquiescent mood of long ago? And who else like that old man could bring back at his will her youth, her dead children's voices, her gay spirit?

Never in her best days had her spirit been gayer than on one memorable evening in the winter of 1779-80, at Dr. Burney's house in St. Martin's Street, where a number of people had been invited to meet the Thrales and Dr. Johnson. In the company were Mrs. Greville and Mrs. Crewe, the one a "wit" of some celebrity and authoress of an *Ode to Indifference*, the other the most admired court beauty of her day. All of them had come to talk and to hear Dr. Johnson talk, and it is probable, too, that Mrs. Greville and Mrs. Thrale were looking forward to a friendly tilt to themselves in the course of the evening. But among the guests was a new singer from Paris, a Signor Piozzi, and Dr. Burney must, forsooth, exhibit his new lion before the old ones were allowed to roar. Now, Dr. Johnson did not know a fugue of Bach from a

street cry, nor were some others present much wiser. When, therefore, Piozzi took his place at the piano and sang them one *scena* after another, it was for most of them simply a monopoly of noise on his part, and, for them, a condemnation to silence. Mrs. Thrale alone was at her ease. She feared nobody; not Dr. Johnson, sitting abstractedly with his back to the piano; not the plaintive Greville, who was perhaps conning her own *Ode*; nor the beautiful Crewe, with her shepherdess airs and court smiles. A sudden sense of the ridiculous position they are in lifts her spirits altogether beyond her own control; and, while the rest of the guests are sitting round the room in frigid silence, she glides on tiptoe

behind the singer, and begins imitating his gestures, squaring her little elbows, shrugging her shoulders, casting up her eyes—doing all of the *aria parlante*, in short, except its music. Dr. Johnson does not see the dumb show, but the ladies open their eyes wider, and Dr. Burney is shocked. With an air of dignified censure, the historian of music conducts the culprit back to her chair, whispering remonstrance; and Mrs. Thrale, with admirable good temper, accepts his rebuke and sits down, like a pretty little miss, for the rest of a humdrum party: in her own heart, however—need we doubt it?—thinking Dr. Burney “a blockhead,” to have wasted such a chance of a brilliant evening.

ROSALINE ORME MASSON.

To be continued.

OUR COMMON LAND.

PROBABLY few persons who have a choice of holidays select a Bank holiday, which falls in the spring or summer, as one on which they will travel, or stroll in the country, unless, indeed, they live in neighbourhoods very far removed from large towns. Every railway station is crowded; every booking-office thronged; every seat, nay, all standing room, is occupied in every kind of public conveyance; the roads leading out of London for miles are crowded with every description of vehicle—van, cart, chaise, gig, drawn by every size and sort of donkey, pony, or horse; if it be a dusty day, a great dull unbroken choking cloud of dust hangs over every line of road.

Yet in spite of all this, and in spite of the really bad sights to be seen at every public house on the road; in spite of the wild songs and boisterous behaviour, and reckless driving home at night, which show how sadly intoxication is still bound up with the idea and practical use of a holiday to hundreds of our people, how much intense enjoyment the day gives! how large a part of this enjoyment is unmixed good! And the evil is kept in check very much. We may see the quiet figure of the mounted policeman as we drive home, dark in the twilight, dark amidst the dust, keeping order among the vehicles, making the drunken drivers mind what they are doing. He keeps very tolerable order. And then these days in the country ought to lessen the number of drunkards every year; and more and more we shall be able to trust to the public opinion of the quiet many to preserve order.

And watch, when at last the open spaces are reached towards which all these lines of vehicles are tending—be it Epping, or Richmond, or Greenwich, or Hampstead—every place seems swarming with an undisciplined, but heartily happy crowd. The swings, the round-

abouts, the donkeys, the stalls, are beset by dozens or even hundreds of pleasure-seekers, gay and happy though they are not always the gentlest or most refined. Look at the happy family groups—father, and mother, and children, with their picnic dinners neatly tied up in handkerchiefs; watch the joy of eager children leaning out of vans to purchase for a halfpenny the wonderful pink paper streamers which they will stick proudly in their caps; see the merry little things running untiringly up and down the bank of sand or grass; notice the affectionate father bringing out the pot of ale to the wife as shes its comfortably tucked up in shawls in the little cart, or treating the children to sweetmeats; sympathise in the hearty energy of the great rough lads who have walked miles, as their dusty boots well show, their round, honest faces have beamed with rough mirth at every joke that has come in their way all day; they have rejoiced more in the clamber to obtain the great branches of may than even in the proud possession of them, though they are carrying them home in triumph. To all these the day brings unmixed good.

Now, have you ever paused to think what Londoners would do without this holiday, or what it would be without these open spaces? Cooped up for many weeks in close rooms in narrow streets, compelled on their holiday to travel for miles in a crowded stream, first between houses, and then between dusty high hedges, suddenly they expand into free uncrowded space under spreading trees, or on to the wide Common from which blue distance is visible; the eye long unrefreshed with sight of growing grass, or star like flowers is rejoiced by them again. To us the Common or forest look indeed crowded with people, but to them the feeling is one of sufficient space, free air, green grass, and colour, with a life without which they might think the place dull. Every atom of open space

you have left to these people is needed ; take care you lose none of it ; it is becoming yearly of more vital importance to save or increase it.

There is now a Bill for regulating inclosure before the House of Commons. Mr. Cross has said what he trusts will be its effect if it becomes law ; but those who have been watching the history of various inclosures, and the trials respecting special Commons, are not so hopeful as Mr. Cross is as to the effect this Bill would have. It makes indeed good provisions for regulating Commons to be kept open for the public when a scheme for regulation is applied for. But the adoption of such a scheme depends in large part on the lord of the manor. Will he in nine cases out of ten ever even apply for a scheme for regulating a Common, when he knows that by doing so he shuts out from himself and his successors for ever the possibility of inclosing it, and appropriating some part of it ? Do any provisions for regulating, however excellent, avail anything when no motive exists which should prompt the lord of the manor to bring the Common under them ? and, as the bill stands, it cannot be so brought without his consent.

Secondly, the Bill provides that urban sanitary authorities can purchase rights which will enable them to keep open any suburban Common, or may accept a gift of the same. But then a suburban Common is defined as one situated within six miles of the outside of a town of 5,000 inhabitants. Now, I hardly know how far out of a large town Bank-holiday excursionists go, but I know they go every year further and further. I am sure that a Common twelve, nay, twenty, miles off from a large town is accessible by cheap trains to hundreds of excursionists all the summer, to whom it is an inestimable boon. Again, is the privilege of space, and light, and air, and beauty not to be considered for the small shopkeeper, for the hard-working clerk, who will probably never own a square yard of English land, but who cares to take his wife and children into the country for a fortnight in the summer ? Do you not

know numbers of neighbourhoods where woods, and Commons, and fields used to be open to pedestrians, and now they must walk, even in the country, on straight roads between hedges ? The more that fields and woods are closed, the more does every atom of Common land, everywhere, all over England, become of importance to the people of every class except that which owns its own parks and woods. "On the lowest computation," says the Report of the Commons Preservation Society, "5,000,000 acres of Common land have been inclosed since Queen Anne's reign ; now there are but 1,000,000 acres left. The right of roving over these lands has been an immense boon to our people ; it becomes at once more valued and rarer year by year. Is it impossible, I would ask lawyers and statesmen, to recognise this right as a legal one acquired by custom, and not to be taken away ? Mr. Lefevre suggested this in a letter to the *Times*. He says :—

"The right of the public to use and enjoy Commons (which they have for centuries exercised) it must be admitted is not distinctly recognised by law, though there is a remarkable absence of adverse testimony on the subject. The law, however, most fully recognises the right of the village to its green, and allows the establishment of such right by evidence as to playing games, &c., but it has failed as yet to recognise the analogy between the great town and its Common, and the village and its Green, however complete in fact that analogy may be. But some of these rights of Common, which are now so prized as a means of keeping Commons open, had, if legal theory is correct, their origin centuries ago in custom. For long they had no legal existence, but the courts of law at last learned to recognise custom as conferring rights. The custom

¹ The amount remaining uninclosed and subject to Common-rights is variously estimated ; a report of the Inclosure Commissioners in 1874 putting it at about 2,600,000 for England and Wales, while the recent return of landowners, prepared by the Local Government Board, makes the uninclosed area little more than 1,500,000 acres.

has altered in kind ; in lieu of cattle, sheep, and pigs turned out to pasture on the Commons, human beings have taken their place, and wear down the turf instead of eating it. I can see no reason why the law, or, if the courts are too slow to move, the Legislature, should not recognise this transfer and legalize this custom. Again, it is probable that Commons belonged originally much more to the inhabitants of a district than to the lord. Feudal theory and its subsequent development—English Real Property Law—have ridden rather roughly over the facts and the rights of the case. The first placed the lord of the manor in his position as lord, giving him certain privileges and coupling with them many responsibilities. The second gradually removed these responsibilities, and converted into a property what was at first little more than an official trust. If these considerations are beyond the scope of the law courts, they are proper for Parliament. One step has been made. It has been proved that it is not necessary to purchase Commons for the public, but that ample means of protecting them from inclosure exist. It is also obvious that the rights which constitute these means are now in practice represented by a public user of Commons for recreation. The Legislature should, I venture to think, recognise this user as a legal right."

If the Legislature would do this Commons all over England might be kept open, which, I venture to think, would be a great gain. Hitherto the right to keep Commons open has been maintained, even in the neighbourhood of towns, by legal questions affecting rights of pasturage, of cutting turf, or carting gravel. This is all very well if it secures the object, but it is on the large ground of public policy, for the sake of the health and enjoyment of the people, that the conscience of the nation supports the attempt to keep them open ; it cares little for the defence of obsolete, and often nearly valueless, customs, and it would be very well if the right acquired by use could be recognised by law, and the defence put at once on its real grounds.

I have referred to the opinion expressed by lawyers and members of Parliament that the opportunity of applying for schemes for regulation provided by the Bill now before the House will not be used at all largely, owing to the necessity of the consent of those owning two-thirds value of the Common, and of the veto possessed by the lord of the manor. They tell me also (and it certainly appears to me that both statements are evident on reading the Bill) that *unless Mr. Cross consents to insert a clause forbidding all inclosures except under this Act*, the passing of it will be followed by a large number of high-handed inclosures under old Acts, or without legal right. For unless the right of some independent body like the public who use the space can be recognised as having a voice in opposing illegal inclosures, what chance have the rural Commons ? The agricultural labourers, often tenants-at-will of a powerful landlord, can be ejected and their rights immediately cancelled : moreover, they do not know the law, they have few to advise them, to plead their cause, or to spend money on expensive lawsuits. Mr. Lefevre says in the same letter quoted above, "I would at least ask them to declare all inclosures not authorised by Parliament to be *prima facie* illegal, and to remove the necessity of litigation by persons actually themselves commoners, by authorising any public body, or public-spirited individual to interfere in the case of any such inclosures, and put the lord to strict proof of his right."

And do not let us be too ready to see the question dealt with as a matter of mere money compensation. It is much to be feared lest the short-sighted cupidity of one generation of rural commoners may lose a great possession for future times. This danger is imminent because we are all so accustomed to treat money value as if it were the only real value ! Can we wonder if the eyes of poor men are often fixed rather on the immediate money value to themselves than on the effect of changes for their descendants ? Should we stand by, we who ought to see further,

and let them part with what ought to be a possession to the many in the future? A few coals at Christmas, which rapidly come to be looked upon as a charity graciously accorded by the rich, or the recipients of which are arbitrarily selected by them, may in many cases be blindly accepted by cottagers in lieu of Common rights. Is the influence of such doles so healthy that we should wish to see them taking the place of a Common right over a little bit of English soil? The issue at a nominal charge of orders to cut turf or furze by a lord of the manor has been known gradually to extinguish the right to do so without his leave. Is the influence of the rich and powerful so slight that we should let it be thus silently strengthened? Is the knowledge just brought so prominently before us that one quarter of the land in England is owned by only 710 persons so satisfactory that we will stand by and see quietly absorbed those few spots which are our common birthright in the soil? It is not likely that farms or estates will diminish in size; and the yeoman class is, I suppose, passing away rapidly. With the small holdings is there to pass away from our people the sense that they have any share in the soil of their native England? I think the sense of owning some spaces of it in common may be healthier for them than even the possession of small bits by individuals, and certainly it now seems more feasible. Lowell tells us that what is free to all is the best of all possessions.

“ ’Tis heaven alone that is given away,
 ’Tis only God may be had for the asking;
 There is no price set on the lavish summer,
 And June may be had by the poorest comer.”

Hugh Miller, too, points out how intimately the right to roam over the land is connected with the love of it, and hence with patriotism. He says, speaking of his first visit to Edinburgh: “I threw myself, as usual, for compensatory pleasures, on my evening walks, but found the inclosed state

of the district and the fence of a rigorously-administered trespass-law serious drawbacks; and ceased to wonder that a thoroughly cultivated country is, in most instances, so much less beloved by its people than a wild and open one. Rights of proprietorship may exist equally in both; but there is an important sense in which the open country belongs to the proprietors and to the people too. All that the heart and intellect can derive from it may be alike free to peasant and aristocrat; whereas the cultivated and strictly fenced country belongs usually, in every sense, to only the proprietor; and as it is a much simpler and more obvious matter to love one’s country as a scene of hills, and streams, and green fields, amid which nature has often been enjoyed, than as a definite locality, in which certain laws and constitutional privileges exist, it is rather to be regretted than wondered at that there should be often less true patriotism in a country of just institutions and equal laws, whose soil has been so exclusively appropriated as to leave only the dusty high-roads to its people, than in wild open countries, in which the popular mind and affections are left free to embrace the soil, but whose institutions are partial and defective.” So writes at least one man of the people; and whether we estimate the relative value of just laws or familiar and beloved scenes quite as he does, or not, I think we must all feel there is deep truth in what he says.

Let us then press Government, while there is still time, that no bit of the small portion of uninclosed ground, which is the common inheritance of us all as English men and women, shall be henceforth inclosed except under this Bill; which simply means that each scheme shall be submitted to a Committee of the House, and considered on its merits.

Surely this is a very reasonable request. Do not let us be satisfied with less. Do not let us deceive ourselves as to the result of this Bill if it pass unamended.

OCTAVIA HILL.

A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

It would be easy to prove that the *genus irritabile vatium* is not so entirely void of the feeling of good fellowship as popular prejudice has frequently asserted. Byron and Shelley, Boileau and Racine, Schiller and Goethe, and many other combinations of illustrious names might furnish materials for a book on the friendships of authors quite as voluminous and certainly quite as edifying as that which the elder Disraeli has devoted to their quarrels. The chief reason why such a book has not been written is perhaps that these friendships are too literary, too pre-vaillingly intellectual, in fact, to allow of a more broadly human treatment apart from the history of the efforts and aspirations on which such connections are usually founded. This remark does not apply to the beautiful intimacy between the two great men and great poets referred to in the heading of the present paper. It is true that the first connecting link between Boccaccio and Petrarch was their common love of poetry, which indeed remained the keynote of their subsequent intercourse. But it is equally true that if, instead of being amongst the brightest stars of Italian literature, and the prime leaders and movers of the glorious Renaissance of art and letters, these two men had been private individuals with no particular claim to notice, yet the record of their friendship would be valuable owing to the rare constancy of their affection, the remarkable circumstances by which it was tested, and the interesting and touching traits of individuality revealed on these occasions. It is all the more to be wondered at that as far as the present writer is aware, a monographic treatment of this interesting subject has never yet been attempted, either in Italy or in any of the countries where the names of the two poets are household words.

Boccaccio and Petrarch became acquainted at a comparatively advanced age, when men as a rule are little apt to indulge in sudden impulses of affection. Both held high places in the republic of letters, both had been employed on important diplomatic missions, and had breathed the chilling atmosphere of Italian courts; both, in short, were men of the world, and of a world of subtlest statecraft and intrigue. Yet their friendship seems to have been instantaneous, a friendship at first sight, as warm and unselfish as was ever contracted by freshmen at college. Like schoolboys, also, they at once begin telling each other their secrets, and their correspondence, commenced soon after their first meeting and continued almost to the last day of their lives, is not surpassed in literature, as regards the variety of topics touched upon and the familiarity and perfect mutual confidence evinced in every turn of expression. Moreover, in spite of its almost impetuous beginning, this intimacy sustained the test of time surprisingly well. No thought of rivalry, but too easily accountable under the circumstances, seems to have crossed their minds; no difference of political opinion was able to disturb the harmony of their intercourse for a moment; they always remained the same stanch friends through good and evil report. Petrarch's last will contains an affectionate remembrance of his friend, and the short period by which the broken-hearted Boccaccio survived his loss was mainly employed in securing the departed poet's fame.

This beautiful and rare instance of immutable affection ceases to surprise us when we consider the characters of the two men a little more closely. They were destined to be friends; the concords and discords of their natures, their tastes and idiosyncrasies, their

strengths and weaknesses, were complementary of each other, and made their union one of almost organic consistency. Their early years had been passed under somewhat analogous circumstances. Belonging both to the upper middle class, Petrarch being the son of a respected notary, Boccaccio the illegitimate offspring of a moderately wealthy merchant, they were brought up to their fathers' callings. But neither of them showed taste or talent for the practical pursuits of life. Boccaccio's master sent back his idle clerk in despair after six years' apprenticeship, and an equal term spent by him in the study of the law the poet counts as an utter and irretrievable loss of time. With little more success was Petrarch sent to the most renowned professors of canon law at Montpellier and Bologna. The great poets and philosophers of ancient Rome engrossed his thoughts, and as soon as the death of his beloved father freed him from restraint, he threw off the hated yoke and wholly gave himself up to the same "alma poesis" which Boccaccio in his epitaph names as the sole study of his own life.

Petrarch represents to us the highest type of an Italian gentleman of the early Renaissance period. His career was an uninterrupted series of brilliant and rapid successes. At the death of his father he entered the Church to secure for himself that moderate competence which enabled him to follow his literary pursuits, and also to meet his great patrons on terms of equality and independence. There was little of the churchman about him. With much humour he reminds his brother, at a later date, "How carefully and painfully we used to dress in the morning, and undress again in the evening; how much we were afraid of disarranging our hair, or of having it disturbed by the wind; how we used to avoid passengers in the street for fear of having our attire creased by their touch." But this period of youthful foppishness was of short duration. On the 6th of April, 1327, a Monday in Holy Week (not Good Friday) Petrarch saw for the first

time, at the church of Sta. Chiara, in Avignon, the beautiful Laura, whose name was to become inseparably united with his own in the annals of literature. His passion, instantaneously conceived for her, transformed the whole being of Petrarch; it made him a poet. No reader of the *Canzoniere* can doubt the truth and fervour of this passion. It was of a high ideal type, much purer, for instance, and perhaps for that reason less humanly tangible than Boccaccio's love for Fiammetta. But its intense reality is proved by the shadow of melancholy it cast over Petrarch's life. For one and twenty years, till the death of Laura, he remained invariably attached to her. Thoughts of her followed him to the courts of Emperor and Pope, and in the solitude of Vaucluse her image inspired him with rhymes of tenderest pathos. Neither the caprice and inexorable virtue of his lady, nor yet the bursts of more earthly passion by which Petrarch occasionally tried to divert his thoughts, were able to stifle the one great flame of his heart.

But although unrequited, his love for Laura was not fruitless to him. His sonnets written in praise of her soon gained a popularity unprecedented at that time, and hardly surpassed by later poets. They were repeated and lauded, to use the fastidious poet's own expression, by popular reciters in taverns and at village fairs, and at least indirectly contributed to his obtaining the much coveted laurel in the Roman Capitol, although this honour was nominally conferred upon him for his Latin poems. It was a proud moment in his life when in a meadow near Vaucluse he received on one and the same day the messages from the Roman senate and from the university of Paris, both offering him the highest honours they could confer, or he desire. But satisfied ambition could not give lasting happiness to a nature like Petrarch's. In the midst of his triumph anxious forebodings fill his mind; he apprehends the power of envy; his friends he fears may join his enemies and detractors whose censures he vainly pretends to

despise. This vague anxiety and unsettledness of mind is characteristic of Petrarch. Traceable perhaps to the deep impress of his early passion or to his poetic nature generally, it sometimes strikes us with startling effect in the career of the renowned statesman and scholar. His early friendship with the Colonnas involved Petrarch in the many political transactions and interests which centred in various members of that powerful family. But the attachment to his patrons never took the form of servile partisanship. It is well known how the poet welcomed with enthusiasm the revolutionary efforts of Cola Rienzi against the oppressions of the Roman nobles and especially of the Colonnas. In the same spirit of noble independence Petrarch rejected the repeated offers of splendid employment made to him by both Emperor and Pope. Hence the high esteem in which he was held by these potentates and the indulgence with which his frequently very candid advice was listened to by ears wholly unaccustomed to such language.

But amidst the gayest bustle of court-life a sadder longing for solitude and quiet contemplation would come over Petrarch. "Natura me solitudinis amatorem genuit," he says of himself; and the statement is borne out by his frequent retirements to Vacluse and Linterno near Milan—L'inferno, as he sometimes calls it with a mild attempt at punning. For months he lived the life of a recluse, studying from morning till night and "battling for his liberty" from vain ambition and power, "and from that dire flame which so long has consumed me." But the same restlessness of nature which had driven him into solitude soon wearies him of its monotonous quiet. In vain he writes an apology of solitary life; no argument can cool his thirst for excitement and action.

Thus, the reader will perceive, Petrarch was not a contented or altogether happy man in spite of his fame and influence. Neither, however, must we picture him to ourselves as the knight

of the woeful countenance. His nature was too sensitive, too much in contact with the great ideas of his time to give way to continued moroseness. We find indeed in his correspondence sallies of humour and even of gaiety, quite at variance with the popular notion of the sentimental singer of Laura. His enjoyment also of the friendly converse of many remarkable contemporaries was keen and salutary. From his earliest youth Petrarch was open to the influence of friendship. His school-fellow at Carpentras, Guido Settimo, afterwards Archbishop of Genoa, he loved with the fervour of youth, and his faithful attachment to Convenerole, his tutor at the same place, is but too well known to lovers of ancient literature. Petrarch used to assist the indigent old man, and being on one occasion himself without money sent him a rare and valuable manuscript of Cicero's work *De Gloria*. Instead of pawning it to meet his immediate wants, Convenerole seems to have sold the codex, which has thus been irretrievably lost to literature. The poet's intimacy with the Colonnas has already been touched upon; a similar connection he kept up for a long time with Giovanni and his nephew Galeazzo Visconti, the rulers of Milan, and with Andrea Dandolo the great Doge of Venice.

But in spite of all this there remained a want unsupplied in Petrarch's sentimental nature; a want of something to fill up the void which Laura's sudden death in 1348 had left in his heart; of a friend in fact, different from his patrons and literary acquaintances, one he could love and fondle and scold and assist and patronise. This friend he found in Giovanni Boccaccio.

Born in 1313 Boccaccio was Petrarch's junior by nine years; his literary reputation also was of comparatively recent date, and although fairly established at the time of his acquaintance with Petrarch, rested on a lower basis than that of his first illustrious friend. It is vain to deny that many of the stories of the *Decameron*, and even parts of the *Teseide* and the *Ameto*, appeal to a class

of readers very different from that moved to tears by Petrarch's purer strains of passion. Nobody was more painfully conscious of this fact than Boccaccio himself. "Leave my tales," he writes in a bitter pang of remorse, "to the determined followers of vice, to those who pride themselves on being considered the corruptors of female virtue." Almost passionately he recognises and proclaims the superiority of his great friend. His own productions appear to him utterly despicable and worthy of the flames by the side of Petrarch's immortal sonnets. Even the name of poet he refuses to accept from the lips of one crowned with well-earned laurel. "You are angry," Petrarch writes to him, "because in my letter I call you a poet. Because you have not received the laurel crown, you think you are unworthy of that name? Supposing no laurel had ever existed do you think the muses would keep silence? Is it wrong to string verse to verse in the shady groves of beech or pine?"

It is beautiful to see how the nobler element of Boccaccio's nature clings to his friend for encouragement; how he looks to him for advice and assistance in all his troubles. This implicit confidence, this almost feminine dependence on his friend's support, is the keynote of Boccaccio's character—a character full of inconsistencies and weaknesses, but lovable withal, and perhaps humanly nearer to us than Petrarch's more self-sustained nature. At the same time it would be unjust to say that the latter was unworthy or neglectful of the confidence bestowed upon him. He always acts as his friend's wise admonitor, warning him of excesses; but he never lapses into prudery or sermonising morality. Of Boccaccio's literary eccentricities he is inclined to take a much more lenient view than the repentant author himself. "If there are some lascivious liberties in your book"—he writes alluding to the *Decameron*—"your youth when you wrote it must be an excuse; also your circumstances, your language (meaning the vernacular Italian, on which Petrarch, the famous

Latin poet, was inclined to look down), the levity of the subjects treated by you, as well as that of your probable readers." How, on one occasion, Boccaccio was saved by his friend's counsel from a fatal step resolved upon in a fit of morbid remorse, we shall see hereafter.

But Petrarch's friendship was not confined to cheap advice. When Boccaccio is repulsed by a great noble, whose hospitable proffers he had taken for genuine, it is Petrarch who offers him a home; when his substance is spent in the purchase of books, it is again Petrarch who bids him share his moderate competence; his roof, his board, his purse, are at his friend's service. Boccaccio, on the other hand, was not remiss in showing his active gratitude for kindnesses so generously offered. On one occasion, presently to be mentioned, he was able to use his political influence successfully on his friend's behalf; and even more welcome were the zeal and courage with which the detractors of Petrarch's literary fame were attacked by his fearless friend. Petrarch thought it unworthy of his position to take notice of those arch-enemies of poets in the fourteenth as well as in the nineteenth century—the critics. He writhed under their attacks, but he covered his wounds with the mantle of dignified silence. But Boccaccio was under no such restraint; he returns hate with hate, scorn with scorn; and the powerful diatribe prefixed to the fourth day of the *Decameron* fully deserves Petrarch's compliment: "You have valiantly defended your book with cudgel and voice from the dogs that were tearing it to pieces." We may imagine the intensified rage excited in Boccaccio's generous heart against the miscreants who dared to attack his friend's most vulnerable point, his great Latin poem, *Africa*, to which he owed his laurel crown, which he infinitely preferred to his immortal sonnets, which he loved, in fact, with all an author's passion for his weakest work. We do not possess Boccaccio's metacriticism, but we can guess its tone from the

letter of thanks addressed to him by Petrarch on the occasion. This letter is highly characteristic of its writer. He cannot conceal his extreme satisfaction at Boccaccio's proceeding, but nevertheless contrives very soon to resume his attitude of quiet contempt. "The defence," he writes, "which, at the dictation of your noble wrath you have held up against my censors, has greatly pleased me; I am delighted with your impulse, your style, your judgment. I know that they (*i.e.*, the critics) have deserved this and worse, but do not let your generous mind be incited to give them their due. They are not worthy of your thoughts or your indignation."

So much about the general features of a friendship, the main incidents of which I now propose to relate in their chronological order, supplementing the narrative by such extracts from letters and published writings as may serve to further elucidate the story. But, first of all, I must ask the reader to glance at an interesting scene of mediæval life which forms, as it were, the prologue to our actual drama.

At the beginning of March, 1341, Petrarch arrived at Naples, on his way to Rome, where the laurel crown, granted to him by the Senate, awaited him. The grounds on which this distinction was conferred appear somewhat slender. His Italian sonnets, on which his posthumous fame is mainly founded, are not cited amongst his claims. It was the classic scholar, the accomplished writer of Latin verse, not the vernacular poet, that the Romans wished to honour. But even of his Latin works comparatively few had been published at the time, and of his great epic, *Africa*, in particular—which rumour placed on a level with the masterpieces of ancient Rome—little was written and less known. It need not therefore surprise us that the intercession of his great patrons with the Roman Senate was eagerly accepted by the ambitious poet. Amongst these the most zealous and the most influential had been King Robert of Naples, a patron of science, and himself a deep scholar; and to show his gratitude the

polite poet now declared that previously to accepting the laurel he desired to undergo an examination by the learned monarch. The ceremony, which took place in the presence of the whole court and of a numerous audience, lasted two days, and ended, it need hardly be added, to the satisfaction of all concerned, the king finally presenting the poet with a beautiful robe, to be worn at the ensuing pageant in the Capitol.

Amongst the crowd assembled might have been noticed a handsome young man of twenty-eight, with beautiful expressive eyes and finely-shaped, though somewhat full, lips. Eagerly he listened to the proceedings, and when Petrarch in impassioned words explained to the king the high mission and power of a poet, the young man's cheeks glowed with noble enthusiasm. This was Boccaccio, then living at Naples as a merchant's clerk, and totally unknown to fame, although well received amongst the *literati* of the city. He did not become personally known to Petrarch on this occasion, but the impression received is said to have greatly contributed to his final resolution of abandoning his hateful profession for the freedom and poverty of a poet. This statement we may readily accept, unless we prefer to ascribe this magic effect to the "blonde hair and indefinitely beautiful eyes" of Maria, immortalised by Boccaccio as Fiammetta, whom he saw for the first time a few weeks after the events related, under circumstances so similar to those of the first meeting of Petrarch with Laura, as to make one almost suspicious of conscious imitation. But then we must remember that, as Guerrazzi sententiously puts it, "Italians fall in love at church;" and as to the genuineness of Boccaccio's passion there can be no doubt, although he may have slightly embellished the story of its commencement.

The first personal acquaintance of the two poets took place nine years after the events just referred to. Boccaccio had just settled down in Florence, by whose citizens he was highly esteemed, and employed on important diplomatic

missions. *Filocolo*, the *Teseide*, *Ameto*, and other works in prose and verse had established his literary reputation, and the stories of the *Decameron*, although not yet published in their collected form, greatly tended to increase his popularity amongst fashionable readers of both sexes. Petrarch happened to pass through Florence on his way to the jubilee celebrated in Rome (1350); he did not love the city of his ancestors, which had expelled his father and confiscated his own heritage. During this, his first visit also, he complains of the cold reception he met with at the hands of the Florentines. All the more must he have been delighted with the kindness of Boccaccio, who, on receiving the news of his arrival, sent him a complimentary Latin poem, invited him to his house, and entertained him with great hospitality during his stay in Florence.

The friendly intercourse thus commenced soon gave rise to further acts of mutual kindness. After the example of several Italian cities, and especially of the rival Pisa, Florence resolved on founding a university, and it may be considered a sign of the strong vitality of the Republic, that this plan was carried out immediately after the terrible plague of 1348, so graphically described by Boccaccio. The latter took a lively interest in the project, and, not without trouble, persuaded the authorities to secure for the university the lustre of Petrarch's name. He moreover undertook the personal delivery of a highly complimentary letter from the Senate to the poet offering him a chair in the university—the choice of a subject for his lectures being left to his own decision. A promise was added, on the part of the Senate, to repurchase, at the public expense, and restore to Petrarch his confiscated patrimony; “a small gift in itself”—the official document says—“but not unimportant, if you consider our laws and customs, and the fact that it has never been granted to any of our citizens.” Petrarch, highly flattered by the offer, and perhaps still more by the

complimentary terms in which it was couched, wrote an enthusiastic letter of acceptance to the Senate. The messenger, it need scarcely be added, was no less welcome than the good news he carried. Boccaccio remained with Petrarch for some time, and the account he has given of his visit conveys a pleasant idea of the genial unceremonious intercourse of the two friends. Even for such a guest, Petrarch would not interrupt his studies, and Boccaccio himself began at once to copy the most important works of his friend, the possession of which had been the goal of his wishes for a long time. But, after their work in the evening, the two friends used to meet in a little orchard, beautiful with the blossoms of spring, and to communicate to each other the ideas nearest and dearest to their hearts. One of these conversations, or rather Petrarch's part of it, has been preserved to us, in which the poet deploras in impressive language the woes and wrongs of his country.

The friends parted with an *al rivedere* in Florence. But this wish was to remain unfulfilled. For Petrarch suddenly changed his mind, and writing a letter of excuse to the Florentines, started for his lonely retreat of Vacluse. Whether one of the poet's fits of misanthropy, or his old prejudice against Florence, never quite overcome, was the cause of this strange conduct cannot be ascertained. Another step he took two years afterwards seems to confirm the latter conjecture. I am alluding to his entering the service of Giovanni Visconti, the warlike Archbishop of Milan and sworn enemy of the Republic, whose conduct Petrarch himself had severely reprovod in his conversation with Boccaccio. The latter felt deeply aggrieved at his friend's inconsistency. “How could you forget,” he writes, “your own dignity, our conversation on the state of Italy, your hatred of the Archbishop, your love of solitude, and of the liberty so necessary for study, and imprison the Muses in that court? . . . How was it that a Visconti could obtain what

King Robert, the Pope, the Emperor, the King of France have vainly asked for? Perhaps you will say that you were induced to accept his offer by your indignation at your fellow-citizens, who, after restoring your patrimony have again deprived you of it.¹ I do not disapprove of your just indignation at such a proceeding; but Heaven forbid that I should call it honest or justifiable in any one to revenge private injury by a wrong done to his country." One recognizes Boccaccio's love in the warmth of his reproaches. He is grieved at seeing his friend and master act in a manner unworthy of his greatness. But there is no bitterness or animosity in his rebuke, only sorrow, and anxious care for his friend's dignity and happiness.

The manly straightforwardness of his conduct cannot be commended too highly, but equally praiseworthy is the manner in which Petrarch received the advice so impetuously offered. He fully appreciates his friend's anxiety, but assures him at the same time that no political connection could ever withdraw him from the great purposes of his life—learning and poetry. The only thing in the letter amounting to a retort is Petrarch's remark, that "talking of service, I do not see that it is worse to serve one man than a whole people of tyrants." There the discussion seems to have ended, although Boccaccio occasionally mentions Petrarch's stay at Milan as a sore point. But their mutual affection remained unalterably the same.

The next meeting of the friends, of which we have authentic information, took place in 1359. Petrarch was staying at Milan, where Boccaccio paid him a visit of considerable duration, it would seem. Political scruples, which might have made him hesitate at entering the city of the Visconti, had given way to higher considerations. About this time we have to date the beginning of a moral revolution in Boccaccio's

¹ It seems from this that the Florentines had punished the poet's fickleness by withdrawing their grant.

nature, which soon was to lead to important results. Petrarch, as has been said before, had from the first been his guide and monitor, and to Petrarch he went again in the present crisis. Their conversation frequently turned upon moral topics, and in an eclogue, purporting to render one of their arguments, Boccaccio extols the new light of a higher ideal suddenly breaking upon him: "If my friend's admonitions," he adds, "did not lead to an immediate triumph over myself, they at least kindled in me the desire of future victory."

But their common interest in literary pursuits was not wholly lost sight of. Boccaccio, on this occasion, presented his friend with several valuable manuscripts of ancient authors, and also with a complete copy of the *Divina Commedia*, all written with his own hand. The last-mentioned gift was one of peculiar significance, and indeed referred to a circumstance which might have been fatal to a friendship founded on a less secure basis.

Boccaccio's enthusiasm for the works of Dante is well known; he was one of his earliest biographers and commentators, and age and infirmity could not prevent him from accepting at a later period the chair created for the exegesis of the *Commedia* in the University of Florence. Petrarch, on the other hand, treated the works of his great predecessor with marked neglect, and his voluminous library did not contain a copy of modern Italy's most glorious poem. His enemies naturally suggested envy as the motive of this strange conduct. Boccaccio himself felt aggrieved and perplexed. Hence his present, accompanied by some Latin verses, in which he exhorts Petrarch to study the work with care, and after this to stop the slanderous rumours by a straightforward utterance of his opinion. Petrarch's answer to this demand is long and elaborate. I will briefly sketch its contents, leaving it for the reader to form his own opinion as to the justice or injustice of the charge which it tries to refute. Any thought of envy on his

part the poet indignantly denies. "*Crede mihi nihil a me longius, nulla mihi pestis ignotior invidia est.* As to Dante, in particular, I have no reason to hate him who lived on terms of intimacy with my father and grandfather, and was banished with them by their political adversaries. I admire his steadfastness of purpose not to be bent by poverty or persecution." His intentional ignorance of Dante's chief work he explains from the fear of unconsciously becoming an imitator; he now unhesitatingly admits Dante to be the first of vernacular authors. But here is the rub. Petrarch's whole pride lay in his reputation as a Latin poet, and we become painfully aware that the genial praise just quoted flows from a patronizing vein. He can afford to be generous in a case where competition with his own fame is out of the question. "How can I envy him who dedicated his whole life to that to which I gave only the flower and first-fruits of my youth?" After the impression which this cool statement has probably made on the reader, it is only fair to remind him that some of the best scholars and authors of the day shared with Petrarch a prejudice against the so-called *lingua volgare* which the poet's own works were so largely instrumental in dispelling.

Boccaccio's visit was shortened by a circumstance which, intimately as it concerned both him and Petrarch, deserves our attention. It leads us naturally to that element in their friendship which connects it with the great current of intellectual progress. News reached the friends of the arrival at Venice of Leontio Pilato, the celebrated Greek scholar, then on his way to the Papal Court at Avignon. Boccaccio at once resolved to secure his services for Italy, and waylaying him he persuaded the learned man to go with him to Florence, where, soon afterwards, he induced the Senate to offer a Greek professorship to Leontio, the first chair of the kind founded in Western Europe since the destruction of the Roman Empire.

We in England are apt to connect the

idea of classic Renaissance with the age of Raphael, Michel Angelo and the Medici, with the *Cinque Cento* in fact. With regard to the literary revival this is a mistake by more than a century. It has already been stated how both Petrarch and Boccaccio encouraged the study of the great Latin authors by word and example. Both were zealous collectors of books, and to Boccaccio in particular belongs the honour of having saved many a valuable manuscript from the callous ignorance of lazy monks; and their interest was not confined to the writers of ancient Rome. At a time when the language of Hellas was ignored by the best scholars of Italy, Petrarch, at a comparatively advanced age, began a serious course of Greek grammar and literature under Barlaam, the ambassador from Constantinople. It is true that his progress was slow and limited, that he remained an *elementarius Graivus*, an elementary Greek according to his own modest confession. But the example set by him acted as an incentive on others, Boccaccio, again, being amongst the first in this race of noble emulation. He now received Leontio Pilato in his house, and with his assistance soon was able to master and enjoy Homer in his original beauty. At his own expense he ordered MSS. of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* from Greece, and by his advice Leontio began and finished in about two years a Latin translation of the two works. It is indeed not too much to say with Gibbon "that the popular writer who derives his reputation from the *Decameron*—an hundred novels of pleasantry and love—may aspire to the more serious praise of restoring in Italy the study of the Greek language."

But this elegant and well-deserved tribute Boccaccio did not earn without much personal sacrifice. Leontio Pilato, great scholar as he was, must have been one of the least desirable companions that can well be imagined. From the quiet annals of scholarship the eccentricities and strange adventures of this man stand out with graphic distinctness. He displays a combination of the highest scholarly attainments

with the habits of a charlatan. One of his tricks was to conceal his Italian nationality, in which he succeeded with the good-natured Boccaccio. But Petrarch was of a less credulous disposition. "Our friend Leo," he writes, evidently in high glee at his discovery, "hails from Calabria, although he wants to be a Thessalian—as if it were nobler to be a Greek than an Italian. I understand, however, that in Greece he is the Italian, so that in either country he enjoys the *prestige* of foreign origin." Boccaccio himself has not much to say in favour of his guest and teacher. His whole aspect, we are told, inspired horror: he had a forbidding countenance, a long beard, and black hair, and always seemed absorbed in meditation. To this were added rude and overbearing manners, and a habit of grumbling at everyone and everything. It required, indeed, all Boccaccio's urbanity and all his love of study to tolerate such an inmate in his home for nearly three years. At the end of that time Leontio grew restless, and persuaded his host to accompany him on a visit to Petrarch, then staying at Venice. There Boccaccio left him and returned to Florence, expecting to see him back again in due time. But instead of his truant guest a letter arrived from Petrarch which is too amusing to be passed over in silence. "This Leone," he writes, "is truly and in all respects a perfect brute (*bestia*). In spite of my wish and prayer he left me shortly after your departure, being indeed more deaf and immovable than the rocks to which he is going. You know both him and me, and might find it difficult to decide which is greater, his moroseness or my good humour. Fearing at last that by living too much with him his temper might prove contagious, and seeing moreover, that something stronger than prayers would be required to keep him back, I permitted him to depart, and gave him as travelling companion Terence, the comic poet, although I do not see what the melancholy Greek and the gay African can have in common. . . . He left me with many sallies of

bitter invective against Italy and everything Latin. But, lo and behold, hardly can he have arrived in Greece when I get from him a letter longer and pricklier than his beard, in which, amongst other things, he praises and extols Italy and curses Constantinople instead, which formerly he used to praise up to the skies. He also asks me for an invitation to come back to Italy with more fervour than that with which the drowning Peter prayed for his rescue from the waves." "But he will never have a letter or message from me," Petrarch adds, writing again to Boccaccio, "to call him back again. Let him stay where he wanted to go; and live in misery where he went with insolence."

But this is not the last we hear of the unfortunate Leontio Pilato. His death was as extraordinary as his life had been. The learned Ravisius Textor, according to Horace Walpole, wrote a book about authors who died laughing. Is there one about such as died by lightning? or did many distinguished men of letters make their exit in that melodramatic manner? I know of one only—the one we have been speaking of. In spite of Petrarch's significant silence, Leontio Pilato resolved to return to Italy, and embarked for that purpose at Constantinople. At sea they were overtaken by a terrible storm, and the frightened scholar ascending the mast of the vessel was there killed in the manner alluded to. Petrarch, in telling Boccaccio the news of his death, cannot suppress a certain feeling of compassion and sorrow: "for in spite of his unpleasant ways I know he was fond of me, and after all we have derived great benefit from him for our studies."

We now come to an episode in Boccaccio's life exceedingly interesting from a psychological point of view, and illustrative at the same time of one important side of his intimacy with Petrarch. The moral standard of Boccaccio, both in his life and his writings, was not a very elevated one, even making allowance for the dissolute manners of his age. He was certainly

not a confirmed debauchee; his refinement of taste, his enthusiasm in the cause of literature, preserved him from such debasement. At the same time these nobler feelings made him all the more sensible of his shortcomings. He was, in fact, one of those complex beings with high moral aspirations, but without sufficient steadiness of purpose to come up to their own ideal. Hence his occasional fits of morbid remorse intensified, at the period we have now reached, by the gloom of ill-health and approaching old age. The traces of this state of feeling we have already discovered in his conversations with Petrarch at Milan. We can therefore imagine the impression produced on his agitated mind, when not long after his return to Florence, a Carthusian monk called on him with the following startling message: "The blessed Peter (another Carthusian monk lately deceased) unknown to thee, although he knew thee well, moved to pity at seeing thee on the straight road to perdition, has sent me to thee with a summons to change thy wicked habits. Repent thee and chastise thyself for the dangerous and immoral purport of thy vernacular writings, a danger which will increase and spread unless thou change thy principles. Thou hast abused the power . . ." and so forth, in the most improved style of monkish oratory, the climax being a threat of imminent death in case of disobedience. The revelation of a secret known only to Boccaccio himself is said to have given additional force to this posthumous admonition.

Boccaccio was deeply moved. His troubled conscience, fear of death, amazement at the supernatural agencies at work, all combined to upset his intellectual equipoise. His first natural impulse in such cases was to seek Petrarch's help. To him, therefore, he wrote a letter, detailing the incidents alluded to, and expressing his firm resolve to sell his library, abandon all profane studies, and prepare himself for his approaching end by a life of repentance and religious seclusion.

Petrarch's reply is extant. It is a

masterpiece of good sense, and amazingly free from the prejudices and superstitions of the time. But it ought to be remembered that Petrarch in matters of intellect was centuries in advance of his age. The much revered and wonderful science of astrology he treated with utter contempt, and a similar feeling of suspicion he, perhaps not unjustly, extended to medicine such as it was practised at the time. His wholesale ridicule of the profession of *unguentarii* (quacksalvers), as he collectively calls them, rivals Molière's satire in sweeping poignancy. A trick of monkish jugglery stood but small chance of success with such a critic. Probably he knew that most of Boccaccio's secrets were certain to be shared by at least one person, of a sex, too, not usually credited with much reticence. At any rate he seems inclined to treat the supernatural part of the story very lightly. "It has frequently happened," he writes, "that fictitious and lying statements have been covered with the cloak of religion; before deciding as to your particular case I should like to see the messenger." "But why," he continues, "do we despise things well known in order to be impressed by what is hidden from us? Did you not know without this monk that the time of your life was measured—a thing that every child could tell? Do not saints and philosophers teach you the same? Ought not man to long for death every day so as to detach himself from material things, and to ascend a height beyond the foul breath of earthly desire? Of the advice you have received retain what is good; divest your spirit of mundane cares, and reform your life and mind. But do not abandon, I implore you, your studies, the healthy food of a healthy mind, although distasteful and nauseous to the weak stomach." Sooner than allow the library of so distinguished a man to be dispersed, he declares his own willingness to become its purchaser, but at the same time exhorts Boccaccio not to part with it. The letter ends with an affectionate invitation to his friend to live with him in his own house

“sufficiently large to shelter two men of the same heart under the same roof.” The fact that Boccaccio continued his Homeric studies with Leontio Pilato (during whose stay at his house the just-related incident must have happened) proves his amenability to good advice; and it ought not to be forgotten that to Petrarch’s salutary interference, the literary world owes the important historical and mythological works of Boccaccio’s later years.

It remains to look at one more scene of this passionless drama—a scene full of tenderness and gentle melancholy. In 1368, after an absence from Italy, Boccaccio once more intended to visit his friend to thank him for some liberal assistance recently received. Petrarch at that time was living with his married daughter in Venice, but on arriving Boccaccio found that both the father of the lady and her husband, Franceschino da Brossano, were absent from home. Tullia, however (this is the name given to Petrarch’s daughter by Boccaccio in the letter containing the incident), received him kindly, and placed her house and her father’s library at his disposal. But, with a delicacy hardly perhaps to be expected from the author of the *Decameron*, Boccaccio declined the lady’s hospitality in the absence of her husband, thinking that neither his grey hairs nor the considerable rotundity of his figure would sufficiently protect Tullia from the suspicions of the wicked. Soon afterwards Franceschino returned, and his offer the poet now gladly accepted, and stayed with the young couple for some time. Boccaccio then mentions Tullia’s little daughter, who, he adds, in her face and in her pretty childish ways, reminded him of his own little girl dead long ago; and it is touching to read his confession to Petrarch, how with great difficulty he tried to hide his tears from the parents.

On the morning of July 19, 1374, Petrarch was found dead in his library, with his head resting on a book. A stroke of apoplexy had suddenly killed him. In his last will he left to Boccaccio, with a slight touch of humour

one might almost think, “fifty Florentine gold florins to buy a winter coat for his nightly studies and lucubrations.” The letter from Franceschino da Brossano announcing his father-in-law’s death, reached Boccaccio at Certaldo, his native place, where he possessed some property. He was slowly recovering from a severe illness, and this new shock completely prostrated him. In his answer to Franceschino he pours forth the fulness of his grief. He deplores Italy who has lost such a son, the surviving friends who are left without a pilot on the ocean of life. Only his extreme weakness prevents him from visiting a tomb enshrining a heart “the seat of the Muses, the sanctuary of philosophy, of eloquence, of artistic perfection.”

Life henceforth had no attraction for him, and he longed for death and reunion with his friend; but one duty remained unfulfilled, a duty to *his* memory. Petrarch’s Latin epic, *Africa*, has already been mentioned in these pages. It was begun at an early age, and, like Goethe’s *Faust*, it remained the object of its author’s love and care almost till his last day. He went on incessantly altering and correcting it with all the severity of his self-critical nature. “*Africa mea*,” he writes to Boccaccio at an advanced age, “*quæ tunc juvenis notior jam famosiorque quam vellem, curis postea multis ac gravibus pressa consenuit.*” At one time he was so dissatisfied with his work that it narrowly escaped death by burning. But in spite of all this anxiety the *opus magnum* of Petrarch’s life remained unfinished at his death. A large portion, however, was known to be extant, and the learned world was eagerly looking forward to its speedy publication. A rumour reached Boccaccio that owing to the negligence of Petrarch’s heirs, the manuscript had been tampered with by illiterate scribblers. Immediately his energy was roused. A letter on the subject written by him to Petrarch’s son-in-law is full of the fire and energy of his early style. He entreats Franceschino to publish at once an authentic copy of the work.

He deploras the carelessness of Petrarch's executors in not appointing a competent person as editor of his literary remains. He even seems to give credence to wild rumours of one or more of Petrarch's "Trionfi" having been destroyed by envious persons, and points out the grave responsibility attaching to the possession of such invaluable treasures. In compliance with his wish Franceschino ordered an exact copy of the work to be made expressly for Boccaccio, who unfortunately died before it was finished. There is, however, little doubt that to his energetic interference the preservation of *Africa* is mainly due; and however much we may differ from contemporary criticism as to the value of that work, we cannot refuse our admiration to a friendship outlasting death itself.

Boccaccio survived his friend one year and five months, dying in December

1375. Shortly before his end he wrote a sonnet, in which the two great affections of his life—for Petrarch and Fiammetta—find pathetic utterance. I have attempted a literal translation, which may fitly close this article:—

“ Now hast thou left me, master dear; now art
At rest in that eternal house, where free
From earthly strife God-chosen souls shall
be
When from this sinful world they do depart.
Now art thou where full many a time thy
heart
Drew thee thy Laura once again to see;
Where with my beautiful Fiammetta she
In God's most blissful presence taketh part.
Cino, Senuccio, Dante, thee around,
Gazing on things our reason may not grasp,
Calmly abide in sempiternal rest.
If here thy trusty friend I have been
found,
Draw me to thee, that I may see and clasp
Her who love's flame first kindled in my
breast.”

F. HUEFFER.

THE LITERARY MALTREATMENT OF MUSIC.

MUSICIANS cannot help now and then being struck by the strange and not always explicable mistakes made by some of our greatest writers in connection with music. They may, perhaps, be reminded in return that if authors frequently make blunders—or, to be precise, write nonsense—on the subject of music, musicians have sometimes shown remarkable ignorance of literature. Ivanoff, the famous Russian tenor, after seeing Beaumarchais' *Barbier de Séville* at the Théâtre Français, told Rossini, as an interesting piece of news, that the French had turned his *Barbier* into a comedy, and that it went remarkably well in its new form. Only the other day an eminent Italian vocalist in London, on being introduced to the eminent English vocalist, Mr. William Shakespeare, expressed much satisfaction at making the acquaintance of our great national dramatist, adding, in an aside, to a friend, "*Je ne le croyais pas si jeune.*" Passing from singers, whose chief business is the production of sound, to composers, who belong to the great family of artistic creators, it would be easy to cite instances of disregard shown by the latter, in their musical settings, for the sense and meaning of words. An Italian Church composer, not finding the words or syllables of the *Credo* sufficiently numerous for the melody to which he was adapting it, is said to have interpolated here and there such words as *ah* and *non*. Thus treated his profession of faith became *Credo, non credo, ah non credo in unum Deum*. Another, as if to show that he at least understood the literal meaning of his words introduced in the orchestral accompaniment of an *Agnus Dei* the conventional instruments of pastoral music. Balfe, in fitting a melody to Tennyson's "Come into the garden, Maud," has strongly accentuated the

first word—on which no accent should fall. It is true that the very fertile, though not always original, composer had borrowed his theme, note for note, from Macbeth's principal air in Verdi's opera of *Macbetto*, which may account for some manipulation of the words. Wallace, in a trio in *Maritana* composed to the words, "Turn on, old Time, thy hour-glass," has made "time" a word of seven syllables, and "hour" a word of two. A French vocalist under the first Republic found himself condemned not to extend one syllable (and that syllable with an *i* in the middle!) over seven notes, but to deliver six syllables where the composer had only furnished music for one. In Montigny's *Déserteur* one of the most popular airs begins with this line :—

"Le roi passait et le tambour battait aux champs."

All mention of "*le roi*" being forbidden, "*la loi*" was found a convenient substitute for the banished word. "*Vive la loi*" did duty for "*Vive le roi*," and in *Le Déserteur* "*la loi*" was described as passing in procession between lines of faithful soldiers. A singer who was unable to realize the idea of an abstract conception riding on horseback or in a carriage, replaced—

"La loi passait et le tambour battait aux champs,"

by—

"Le pouvoir exécutif passait et le tambour battait aux champs."

But the greatest sinners of all in connection with music are our own librettists. In the English version of *Dinorah*, Corentin, the Breton peasant, having to say in verse, and to a particular tune, that some men are brave and others are not, is made to state the case

by means of symbols in the following terms—

“A was born to live in war and thunder,
B is otherwise and so is C.”

The author of these curious lines makes the bad character in Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen* say, in reference to the heroine's beauty (at the beginning of the trio):—

“Can that eye a cottage hide?”

the meaning of the strangely inverted inquiry being—“Can a girl with such eyes as yours consent to remain hidden in a cottage?”

Much better, as regards simplicity and sense, than “A was born,” &c. or “Can that eye a cottage hide,” are the following lines written by an ingenious Frenchman as an additional verse to “God save the king.” When at the time of the Restoration Louis XVIII. was conveyed from Dover to Calais on an English man-of-war by the Duke of Clarence, afterwards William IV., a banquet was given at Calais in honour of the English Lord High Admiral; “God save the king” was sung, and this new stanza was tacked on to the anthem for the occasion:—

“God save noble Clarence,
Who brings her king to France,
God save Clarence!
He maintains the glory
Of the British navy,
O God, make him happy;
God save Clarence!”

The rhymes in these remarkable verses, to a French ear, or rather to a French eye, are probably not bad. It must be admitted, however, that the rhythm, though nearly perfect to the eye, leaves something to be desired by the ear. The words might easily enough be sung to the tune of “God save the king;” but it is difficult to imagine singers giving them with much spirit.

In *Arsinoe*, “the first opera,” according to Addison, “that gave us a taste for Italian music,” Clayton, who afterwards wrote music for Addison's *Rosamond*, and whose works were represented by Steele as a sort of “music of the future,” before which Handel's paltry productions must eventually sink

into insignificance, had to set the following verses:—

“Queen of Darkness, sable night,
Ease a wandering lover's pain;
Guide me, lead me,
Where the nymph whom I adore,
Sleeping, dreaming,
Thinks of love and me no more.”

In the “repeat” of the melody which Clayton fitted to these lines, or to which the lines had to be more or less satisfactorily adjusted, it suited the composer to stop at line the fourth; so that the singer ended the piece, without completing it, by exclaiming—

“Guide me, lead me, a
Where the nymph whom I adore!”

With a similar disregard of the meaning of his author, Shield, who composed a century later than Clayton, has travestied Shakespeare by punctuating him as follows:—

“O happy happy happy fair,
Your eyes are load-stars
And your tongue sweet air.”

But to return to Mr. Clayton, “The style of this music,” he had explained in an address to the public, “is to express the passions, which is the soul of music.” Clayton, apart from music, was probably a clever and agreeable man; and taking him at his own valuation, or judging him, perhaps, by his general ability, the contributors to the *Spectator* came to the conclusion that he was all he believed himself to be. They could follow Clayton in his plausible arguments and in the indignation he expressed at Handel's venturing to introduce a foreign entertainment into England; while Handel's music on the other hand said nothing to them. They did not hesitate then to give the publicity of the *Spectator* to a letter in which Clayton not only proposed to start concerts of British music—or rather of his own so-called Italian music “grafted upon English poetry”—but declared “that favouring our design is no less than reviving an art, which runs to ruin by the utmost barbarism under an affectation of knowledge.” The good opinion which Addison and Steele had formed of Clayton as a musi-

cian reminds one a little of the admiration felt for Berlioz, and indirectly for Berlioz's music, by Heine and Theophile Gautier—who could not fail to be charmed by Berlioz's wit. It reminds one much more of the popularity enjoyed by Thackeray's *Sir George Thrum*, the sturdy representative of native musical talent, whose "downright English stuff" was contrasted with the "infernal twaddle and disgusting slip-slop" of Donizetti. Without being a musician, Thackeray was artist enough to perceive the difference between the music of Donizetti, an Italian composer of the second class, and that of Sir George Thrum, a composer of no class.

Thackeray, with genius and intelligence equally developed, could not write absurdly, in however small a degree, on music, or on any other subject. But he could make mistakes; and it once occurred to him that Beethoven had composed a very beautiful piece, called the *Dream of St. Jerome*, of which no mention is made in any catalogue of Beethoven's works. Beethoven might have produced a piece under that title; but, as a matter of fact, he did not. In due time, however—a proof that Thackeray's conception had nothing ridiculous in it—the dream became a reality; and *St. Jerome's Dream*, composed by L. van Beethoven, may now be purchased of all respectable music-sellers. It is said that one day an admirer of Thackeray and of Beethoven, anxious to learn which of Beethoven's compositions had given so much pleasure to the great novelist, asked timidly, but with an air of conviction, at a West-end music-shop, for "Beethoven's *Dream of St. Jerome*." After a little delay, and probably a brief consultation, the answer returned to the enterprising amateur was to the effect that "the *Dream of St. Jerome* might be had in a few days, but that it was for the moment out of print." It had, of course, been explained that this perfectly imaginary work was spoken of in the *Adventures of Philip* (Chapter xxxii.) And, as if to do honour to Thackeray's fancy, a piece, or portion of a piece, by Beethoven, was engraved under the title,

which Thackeray had probably heard applied, half in pleasantry, half in earnest, to some other piece by the same master. In families where music is much cultivated a composition may easily get to be known by a name of which the significance will be by no means apparent to those unacquainted with its private origin.

After all Thackeray's musical mistake is not worse than a literary mistake made for the first time many years ago by the great Wagner, and dutifully repeated again and again by his faithful followers. Figaro, in *Le Barbier de Séville*, says, as he improvises the words of his air (in the situation where Rossini has placed *Largo al factotum*) "*Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit on le chante.*" Herr Wagner, and the Wagnerites, for "*Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit*" substitute "*Ce qui est trop sot pour être dit*;" and assign the remark, as improved by themselves, not to Beaumarchais' Figaro speaking in jest, but to Voltaire speaking seriously in his own character.

Thackeray is not the only English novelist of the present day who, to an unknown piece of music, has given an unknown name. In Mr. Black's *Three Feathers*, when Wenna goes up to the house to see the old lady, she sits down to the piano, and afterwards, in telling her sister what she has done, says that she played two *Lieder* and "*Beethoven's Farewell*"—under which title, when the piece has been sufficiently asked for, we may hope some day to see a companion to the *Dream of St. Jerome* brought out. Very different in character from these errors as to the titles of works, or as to the existence of works which were never composed, is a mistake which disfigures one of the masterpieces of modern fiction. In the novel in question a "perfect accord of descending fifths," is dwelt upon with a sort of rapture. Now irrespective of all rules on the subject, it would be sufficient to try an "accord of descending fifths" on the piano to see whether or not such a thing is even tolerable. It is to be feared, however, that in the highest literary circles a taste for sequences of fifths is on the

increase. In a volume of very charming songs by one of the most popular novelists of the day the purple cover is ostentatiously adorned with a sequence of ascending fifths printed in notes of gold.

Attention having once been called to the matter, it need hardly be said that "accords of fifths" in music are neither desirable nor undesirable, but simply not to be thought of. Lucy and Stephen no more sang such intolerable sounds than Jules Janin saw live red lobsters—except, indeed, in his mind's eye—when in a celebrated flight of fancy he described the lobster as the "Cardinal of the Sea." Alfred de Musset placed Andalusians in Barcelona—

"Avez-vous vu dans Barcelone,
Une Andalouse au teint bruni?"

But the Duke of Clarence ("God save noble Clarence," &c.) went far beyond Musset, and proved himself as a natural historian at least the equal of Jules Janin. Growing enthusiastic about the clearness of the sea at Malta His Royal Highness is reported to have exclaimed: "At twenty fathoms, sir, you could see the bottom red with lobsters by G—d." There may be red lobsters in the sea (dead ones) as there may be "sequences of fifths" in music. But neither would be delightful.

In *Uncle Tom's Cabin* not only musicians and amateurs of music, but all readers must have been astonished to find one of the personages playing the piano "with an airy and bird-like touch." The bird as a pianist might form a companion picture to *la loi* as an equestrian.

Ouida, in a lively account of the sufferings to which the officers of Her Majesty's brigade of Guards are exposed during the London season, makes one of these unfortunate gentlemen so far forget himself at an evening party as to propose to a young lady "between two movements of a symphony." Ouida or her hero may have had peculiarly bad luck; but as a general rule nothing so formidable as a symphony is presented at an evening party.

To the poet a good deal is permitted. When, however, the poet appears in the

character of novelist, and introduces a musical performance, he ought not to make his players execute a work under impossible conditions. Haydn wrote music of almost all kinds. But he never composed quartets for "three violins and a flute." Yet we are assured, in *Les Misérables*, that on the occasion of Valjean's banquet "three violins and a flute played in an undertone quatuors of Haydn."

It may be said that if Victor Hugo, in an admirable romance, has thought fit to misrepresent the character of Haydn's quartets, his object in writing *Les Misérables* was not to teach music. But, author of the finest romances, the finest lyric poems, the only fine plays, and the best libretto of the period—his own arrangement of *Esmeralda* as an opera-book—it is to be regretted that he should have encouraged by his example a species of carelessness in which it is only too easy to follow him.

In England no disgrace is attached to total ignorance of music and everything connected therewith. But when an author undertakes to enlighten the world on the subject of music and musicians he ought not to mistake a celebrated dramatic singer for a painter. Nor, in speaking of a vocalist so entirely unknown to him, ought he to assume an air of familiarity with the man in that pictorial character which never belonged to him; nor, above all, ought he to make errors of this kind in a book treating not only in a general manner of music, but also in a special manner of "music and morals." In a work published under the title just cited, the author transports us "through the kindness of Dr. Liszt," to what he calls a *levée*—held late in the evening—at Chopin's rooms in the Chaussée d'Antin. Among Chopin's visitors is Adolphe Nourrit, the famous tenor, whom Mr. Haweis mistakes for a painter. "Adolphe Nourrit," writes our author, "the noble and ascetic artist, stands apart. He has something of the grandeur of the Middle Ages about him. In his later years he refused to paint any subject which was wanting in true dignity." That is more than can be said of our guide

to morals in connection with music. Painting, after Liszt, a gathering at Chopin's he produces a flagrantly incorrect copy of a very flashy original. Nourrit is said to have suggested to Meyerbeer the scene of the grand duet which closes so effectively the fourth act of *Les Huguenots*, and to have given valuable hints to Donizetti for *I Martiri*. He, in fact, showed himself in many ways an "artist," but not as he is here imagined, an artist with the brush. The unfortunate "artist," when he found his power as a singer forsaking him, committed suicide. It is almost needless to say that he was at no period of his life a painter.

Mr. Haweis does not think much of the opera as a form of art. He has a perfect right to argue that the musical drama is neither drama nor music; and, in spite of its existence, that it cannot exist. But, as a writer on music and on the connexion between music and morals, he ought not to represent Mendelssohn as condemning the moral tendency of a scene in Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, when the scene which Mendelssohn refers to in the letter quoted in *Music and Morals* belongs to Auber's *Fra Diavolo*. Besides confounding *Fra Diavolo* with *Robert le Diable*, and mistaking the first dramatic singer of his time for a painter of religious pictures, the same writer declares it to be "well known that the opening to the *William Tell* overture was written for a celebrated violoncello at Vienna," whereas it is notorious that *William Tell*, overture and all, was composed for the Grand Opera of Paris. A writer who makes such mistakes as these cannot fail, in the course of 500 and odd pages, to make a great many more of the same kind. In fact he speaks of the "yodelling" of Polish peasants; describes the infant Gluck as "William Christopher Ritter von Gluck" (as though Gluck had been born a knight); makes Mozart's canary sing "in G sharp" (whereas all the poor bird did was to sing an air in which G sharp occurs); cites Oecolampadius (a contemporary of Luther) as one of the biographers of Mendelssohn; and says

mildly of Salieri, who was suspected of having poisoned Mozart, that he "did not appreciate him." The majority, however, of Mr. Haweis's errors are not at all amusing. He makes Mendelssohn die in 1847 and visit England in 1848. He assigns Beethoven's *Adelaida* to the year 1801 instead of 1794; and after referring to the composer's passion for the Countess Guicciardi, observes that in the immortal song of *Adelaida*—composed seven years before—"we can almost hear the refrain of 'My angel! my all! my life!'" (15) and such like passionate utterances."

If an author who professes to instruct and enlighten the public in regard to music—and who is himself a cultivated amateur—commits blunders, not by the dozen or the score, but by hundreds, it was scarcely to be expected that Charles Lamb, who did not care for music, would write very accurately about it. "Much less in voices," he says in the *Chapter on Ears*, "can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough-bass I contrive to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable." It is to be regretted that gentle Elia did not content himself with the simple and sufficient word "bass;" "thorough-bass" meaning something very different from what he intended to express. Elsewhere, in *Imperfect Sympathies*, Lamb, who frankly admitted that he could not "distinguish a soprano from a tenor," speaks of the Hebrew enthusiasm of Braham—who, it need scarcely be said, was a tenor,—breaking out as he sang "When the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea." There are, however, no such words in the tenor part of the Oratorio.

Among other unfounded charges made against Prince Bismarck, the illustrious statesman has been accused of describing Beethoven's Sonata in A flat as Beethoven's "Sonata in A." In that interesting novel of contemporary political life, *For Sceptre and Crown*, the Prussian Foreign Minister (anno 1866) cannot make up his mind to declare war against Austria. Much agitated he calls upon the eminent pianist and politician, Herr von Keudell, to

calm him by playing the funeral march from—as the author, or at least the English translator, puts it—“Beethoven’s Sonata in A.” Prince Bismarck has declared more than once in the Prussian Chamber that he never said “Might before right;” and that his famous remark about the efficacy of blood and iron was not his own, but was quoted from a well known German poem. It would be interesting to hear from Prince Bismarck’s own lips that he never spoke of the piece, which he probably knows as “the Sonata with the funeral march,” as “Beethoven’s Sonata in A.”

Some writers, in dealing with musical matters, commit errors of so simple a nature that one scarcely likes to raise a laugh at their expense. The pedant who makes a mistake ought never to be spared. But there was, at least, no affectation of technical knowledge in the observation addressed to the chief of a French municipality by a secretary, who, commissioned to report as to the manner in which the local theatre was managed, wrote: “The conductor of the orchestra has not played a note since his arrival. If he contents himself with making gestures, I suggest that he be discharged.”

Nothing droller than the above is to be found even in that great repertory of moral and musical blunders from which several choice specimens have already been presented. For the best collection of similar mistakes brought together with derisive intention Berlioz’s *Les Grottesques de la Musique* should be consulted. It is to be observed, however, that whereas the English writer goes wrong only when he speaks of composers, singers, musical historians, and musical works, without showing any fundamental ignorance of music as an art, the errors which Berlioz thought worthy of his attention are those of persons to whom, musicians as they thought themselves, the first principles of music must have been unknown. It will be enough to quote from Berlioz’s entertaining work the substance of two anecdotes. A young lady—says the French composer whose literary productions every

one can admire—buying a piece of music at Brandus’s, was asked whether the fact of its being “in four flats” would be any obstacle to her playing it. She replied that it made no difference to her how many flats were marked, as beyond two she scratched them out with a penknife.

Our second anecdote, after Berlioz, is of a dancer who, rehearsing with the orchestra and finding that something went wrong, thought the fault must lie with the musicians. “What key are you playing in?” he inquired. “E,” replied the conductor. “I thought so,” continued the dancer; “you must transpose the air. I can only dance to it in D.” What would Berlioz have said could he have seen in one of the most beautiful poems in our language these melodious but inaccurate lines?—

“All night have the roses heard

The flute, violin, bassoon;

All night has the casement jessamine stirr’d
To the dancers dancing in tune.”

It is scarcely necessary to point out that dancers, however perfectly they may dance in *time*, cannot, unless they make music with their feet, dance *in tune*. Berlioz, by the way, as a great master of instrumentation, might not have liked the composition of the little orchestra—“flute, violin, bassoon.” But the bassoon was adopted, years ago into English poetry, and, thanks to Coleridge and to Tennyson, will remain there.

What, nevertheless, is to be said about Coleridge and his “loud bassoon,” except that in the first place the bassoon is *not* loud? Out of the *Ancient Mariner* no one ever heard a “loud bassoon.” Having been long accustomed to it, however, people have got to like it, and now would not on any account, see the “loud bassoon” replaced by the “tender trumpet,” or the “gentle ophicleide;” which for the rest would suit neither the rhythm nor the rhyme of the poem. There is, however, another solemn and sonorous instrument which might have served the poet’s purpose. The trombone, since it has been associated with the Statue of the Commander, in *Do*

Juan—who never speaks except to an accompaniment of trombones—has possessed an unearthly character; and, vigorously played, there can be no question as to its being “loud.” If indeed it were permitted to take with Coleridge a tithe of the liberties which everyone is allowed to take with Shakespeare, some commentator of the *Ancient Mariner* would doubtless have re-written the last four lines of the “loud bassoon” stanza with “loud bassoon” replaced more or less ingeniously by “loud trombone.”

The author of *Music and Morals* supposes the life of Mendelssohn to have been written by a contemporary of Luther. An anachronism, however, is a comparatively mild form of absurdity. Shakespeare is full of anachronisms as of other inconsistencies. From Macbeth to Joan of Arc, all Shakespeare's serious characters quote Plutarch, and all his comic characters allude to affairs of the day—not their own day, but Shakespeare's. The old painters, too, committed anachronisms in regard to costumes and accessories of all kinds—including musical instruments. Apollo, the Muses, Orpheus, are represented playing the violin and other instruments by no means of their date; but at least they play them in a becoming manner. The instruments, too, are correctly drawn, and are those of the period at which the pictures were painted. In Paul Veronese's *Marriage of Cana*, in the Louvre, the musicians play on stringed instruments of various kinds, such as the viola and violoncello. Domenichino's *St. Cecilia*, also in the Louvre, plays the violoncello; and it is to be observed that she plays from notes which are held for her by a young angel who bears a strange resemblance to Mr. Buckstone. Many artists in the present day paint impossible instruments, and represent musicians playing under impossible circumstances. A few months ago a picture might have been seen at Christie's, the work of the late Mr. John Philip, in which there was a violin

without bridge or strings. Mr. Du Maurier exhibited the other day in *Punch* a most gracefully drawn sestett party in which the performers had no music before them. Joachim will play his own part in Beethoven's or Mendelssohn's violin concerto without notes; it is the fashion just now for all our pianoforte soloists to play without notes. But the notion of concerted pieces being executed by all concerned without notes is preposterous. In a *Music Party* by an old Italian, Flemish or French painter, it would be as impossible to find players without notes, as to find a violin without bridge or strings.

Are no mistakes made, it may perhaps be asked, except in connection with music? Are not the technical terms of pictorial art abused by critics of painting? Do not amateur strategists commit blunders in describing the operations of war? The answer to these questions is that though every one is liable to make mistakes, no one runs the risk of making ridiculous ones unless he travels beyond the region of what he knows, or has tolerable reason for thinking he knows. As regards music, Fielding, without being a musician, knew that those were impostors who decried the genius of Handel in the interest of his envious British rivals. Similarly Thackeray was not to be deceived by the laudations given by the Bludgers of his time to Sir George Thrum at the expense of Donizetti. But neither Fielding nor Thackeray thought it necessary to go into ecstasies about the “accord of descending fifths.” Mozart, moreover, Mendelssohn, Weber, Spohr, were able in their letters to speak of musical performances without resorting to technicalities; and there are excellent reasons why this rule—followed as a matter of course by the great masters in their familiar correspondence—should be observed by writers who know enough about music to employ musical expressions, but not enough to avoid employing them incorrectly.

LONDON VIOLETS.

CLAD in a faded cotton gown,
 Day-long from spring to spring,
 There wandered one in London town
 Of whom I list to sing.
 Her voice was staid, and soft, and low,
 Yet, breaking woman-wise,
 Its final accent seemed to go
 In music to the skies.

“Violets, sweet violets,”
 It ever was her cry.
 “A penny bunch of violets,
 Good masters, will you buy

Forsooth her face was very fair,
 Although her eyes were blind,
 As daylit moons in azure air
 With mournful night behind.
 But not a flower she held to view
 Upon the stony street,
 Did e'er display a richer hue—
 Was e'er so blindly sweet.

And “Violets, sweet violets,”
 It ever was her cry,
 “A penny bunch of violets
 Fair ladies, will you buy?”

If e'er she saw them where they shoot
 About the stubbled field,
 Or nestle near the thorn-hedge root,
 Or sleep in shady weald,
 Perchance blurred dreams of growing things
 Of tender touch had she,
 Or heard in fancy, angel wings
 Brush round the giant tree.

For “Violets, sweet violets,”
 It ever was her cry,
 “A penny bunch of violets,
 Good masters, will you buy?”

By "masters" she now clearly sees
 She then was rarely seen.
 The "ladies" she was fain to please
 Pleas'd her not oft, I ween.
 God knows, the concourse rough and rude,
 Wherein she sold her ware,
 Held many masters not so good,
 And ladies not so fair.

Yet "Violets, sweet violets,"
 It ever was her cry.
 "A penny bunch of violets,
 Fair ladies, will you buy?"

And she had tasted love, poor thing,
 For, swiftly to her feet,
 A tiny, blue-eyed boy would spring
 To lead her o'er the street.
 Doubtless this motherhood had brought
 Much sweetness to her life,
 Though records might be vainly sought
 To find her written "wife;"

So "Violets, sweet violets,"
 It ever was her cry.
 "A penny bunch of violets,
 Good masters, will you buy?"

So through all good and evil hap,
 While time flew o'er her head,
 Drew she from nature's gracious lap
 Her slender store of bread;
 And with the simple meadow flow'r,
 Gave out her courtly phrase,
 Recalling to a living hour,
 The language of dead days.

O "Violets, sweet violets,"
 It ever was her cry.
 "A penny bunch of violets,
 Fair ladies, will you buy?"

Some said if thus her urchin should
 Supply his parent's need
 While duly earning daily food,
 His mind would run to seed.
 Grave heads were shaken, brows were knit
 Above a flowing cup.
 One scale went down with all their wit,
 One with two hearts went up.

Yet "Violets, sweet violets,"
 A while was still her cry.
 "A penny bunch of violets,
 Good masters, will you buy?"

I cannot tell why, blithely-sad,
 Her salutation plain
 Alike on seeming good and bad
 Fell, just as does the rain.
 Unless, that, being blind, she saw—
 What eyes not oft behold—
 Some opalescence where a flaw
 Scars gems in gilt or gold,—
 For "Violets, sweet violets,"
 To all it was her cry.
 "A penny bunch of violets,
 Fair ladies, will you buy?"

At last they took her boy, and fleet
 A double darkness fell,
 No longer could her timid feet
 Thread streets she knew so well.
 And then the sightless one bereft
 Of all the help she had,
 Moaned out that 'Christ would know if theft
 'Like that were good or bad.'

O "Violets, sweet violets—"
 Was ever such a cry?
 "A penny bunch of violets,
 Good masters, will you buy?"

They put her in a busy place,
 And tried to make her sew.
 They saw the tears course down her face,
 And wondered at her woe.
 Till, guessing what she strove to hide,
 They bade her be of cheer,
 Since he who'd been her daily guide
 Might see her twice a year.

O "Violets, sweet violets,"
 So long had been her cry.
 "A penny bunch of violets,
 Fair ladies, will you buy?"

But God is good. One quiet night
 He sent His triple veil—
 That final darkness ere the light
 Breaks through the golden pale.
 Her violet eyes, through violet skies,
 Saw Him who makes them glow.
 And violets weep, and violets sleep
 Where they have laid her low.

So "Violets, sweet violets,"
 She never more need cry.
 Bunch after bunch of violets
 O'er her will bloom and die.

JAMES M. FLEMING.

SILVER.

THE price of silver having fallen to a point so low as to spread consternation among many classes, it becomes interesting to see the causes of the fall, and to point out its probable effects. We propose, then, to show how far silver has fallen in value, to set forth the apparent reasons for the fall, and to show what classes are affected, and to what extent. The result will be, we think, to relieve the minds of those who fear great disasters from the disturbance in values which the fall brings about, as well as to weaken the ground taken up by those who think that "something should be done" in order to prevent the unchecked course of things hurrying forward all sorts of crises in many quarters.

The price of bar-silver was, in 1833, 59*d.* per standard ounce. It scarcely varied 2 per cent from that figure until 1851, when gold discoveries in Australia coming on the top of similar discoveries in California, raised the price not only of silver, but of every other commodity purchasable by the gold which threatened to become so abundant. In the case of silver, there was an additional reason for a rise of price, because silver-mines were deserted, and silver miners-rushed to share in the profits of gold-digging instead. The next great event, as regards the effect on silver, was the Indian mutiny in 1857, when nearly seventeen millions' worth of that metal was sent to the East; and in 1859, silver went up to 62½*d.* per ounce, consequent on a loan of over five millions to the East India Company, and an export of as much as 14,800,000*l.* worth of silver to the East. After that came a reaction. India had borrowed money in order to pay for the war, but the mutiny over, the interest of that money became a

drain on the finances of the country, and it no longer absorbed silver rapidly. In 1862-4, however, silver remained as high as 61½*d.* per ounce, mainly because India had to be paid for cotton in that metal, the American civil war driving us to India in order to keep the Lancashire looms employed. Since then there has been a persistent fall, quite gradual, however, until 1873, in which year it fell from 60*d.* to 58*d.* on the German Government announcing its intention of no longer using silver as currency, but of selling most of its old silver coins and replacing them with gold. A few weeks ago the price was as low as 52½*d.*, for a panic has occurred.

To what may this panic be ascribed? Is it the threatened demonetisation of the remaining old silver currency of Germany (which is now composed of little but one and two thaler pieces, and amounts to more than fifteen millions sterling worth of silver according to the best estimates)? is it the increased production of the American mines? is it the reduced absorption of silver in the East? or is it all these influences combined, and acting on the fears of those who "hold" that metal? We use the word panic advisedly, because alarm has undoubtedly been the occasion of the sudden fall, and the alarm has been universal.

In the first place, it will be well to begin at the beginning, and see how much silver the German Government has already placed upon the market. When the figures are looked at, it becomes a matter for astonishment that so little demonetised metal has been got rid of by Germany. When a lady of fashion buys a new set of fine dresses, her lady's-maid will probably dispose of the cast-off garments when they are so

replaced ; and similarly, when Germany took it into her head, which was somewhat giddy at the time, to buy a new gold currency, and to discard the silver coins then circulating, it was to be expected that the old silver garments would be discarded and be largely sold, in order to give place to the new golden finery. But, up to the present, this has been the case to only a slight degree. There have been a scheming and planning, a turning and refurbishing—a re-coinage, in short, of much of the old silver, while gold is assuming the predominance on the glittering figure of Germania the Regenerate. To descend to figures: the withdrawal of thaler currency up to the present amounts to only $7\frac{3}{4}$ millions sterling ; of old guildens $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions, and of miscellaneous silver coins $\frac{3}{4}$ million. The total is therefore but fifteen millions, and of this amount more than one-half, viz., $8\frac{1}{2}$ millions, has been re-coined for the purpose of serving as subsidiary currency to the new gold pieces, just as our shillings correspond with the sovereigns in circulation. But Germania is not completely fitted with her new suit ; she yet wears thaler garments, and keeps the new gold marks stored up in reserve. Sooner or later she will slip out of the silver shell entirely, and be golden all over ; sooner or later, that is, she will discard the fifteen millions' worth (estimated) of thaler pieces which are still legal tender, and are not demonetised, and take upon herself the exclusive gold standard. Nobody knows how long it will be before the fifteen millions in question are demonetised, but we venture to think there need be no panic about it ; for although the edict, when it goes forth to the effect that *no silver whatever* shall be a legal payment for sums exceeding forty marks (about 2*l.*), will undoubtedly throw a mass of thalers out of circulation, and on to the bullion markets, yet it may be presumed that a large proportion of the said fifteen millions will be retained for re-coinage into subsidiary mark-currency. So much for Germany

and her new-fashioned garments, which may be well-suited for running the commercial race, but which are expensive, as necessitating the retention of much of the old drapery. The market for the latter is clearly not stirred into panic by the direct results of the sale of her old silver, for she has sold during four years no more than India sometimes absorbs in six months, and she has only about as much again to dispose of in all. This being the case, we must look farther than Germany for the chief causes of the fall in silver.

2. The increased production of the world is the next alleged cause of the great fall. Here we have to do largely with estimates, not being able to obtain exact or comprehensive returns. We ourselves, after hunting up the available materials for stating the annual production of silver throughout the world, have been thrown back at every turn, and can only refer to those best acquainted with the indications of productive activity in the mines if we wish to find out what is the supply of silver for sale. Now, Dr. Lindermann, a United States Mint official, is in a position to estimate the American production with a degree of certainty ; if he says that America now produces nine millions sterling worth of silver annually, we must believe him in preference to any figures as to the transport of the metal, its export or its import. This gentleman may do nothing more than scratch his head with one end of a quill before he dips the other into the ink and puts so large a figure on record, but he is surrounded by silver miners and silver purchasers, he sees reports and accounts, and he hears what the producing power of the great Nevada mines is almost every day, and his estimates are worth worlds of figures. Taking the best available estimates, then, we find that the annual production of silver in the world is given as sixteen millions sterling for the past year (1875), which is double what it was in 1860, and a quarter more than the estimated production of 1872.

The figures for the last ten years run thus :—

	United States.	Mexico and S. America.	Other Countries.	Total.
1866	£2,000,000	£6,000,000	£2,000,000	£10,000,000
1867	2,760,000	6,000,000	2,000,000	10,760,000
1868	2,400,000	5,000,000	2,000,000	9,400,000
1869	2,400,000	5,000,000	2,000,000	9,400,000
1870	3,200,000	5,000,000	2,000,000	10,200,000
1871	4,600,000	5,000,000	2,000,000	11,600,000
1872	5,750,000	5,000,000	2,000,000	12,750,000
1873	7,150,000	5,000,000	2,000,000	14,150,000
1874	7,000,000	5,000,000	2,000,000	14,000,000
1875	9,000,000 ¹	5,000,000	2,000,000	16,000,000

Here, then, is shown to be an annually increasing production, coming at a time when silver is falling into disuse in some parts of the world, and when all the world, with little exception, is fearing to "hold" silver, but inclining rather to pass it on in order to escape loss. What could we expect at such a time but a heavy fall of price?

3. We next come to the consumption of silver, and we find an additional reason for a glut in the market in the fact that shipments to the East have fallen off, instead of increasing as the supply increases. We have the figures for the last ten years before us (in Messrs. Page and Gwyther's bullion report), from which this fact becomes immediately apparent. The figures include gold, but deducting a quarter of each total on that account, we can arrive approximately at the absorption of silver in the East during the past ten years.

	Coin and Bullion taken from Europe.	Deduct $\frac{1}{4}$ for Gold Shipments.	Leaving Net Silver Absorption.
1866	£10,032,000	£2,508,000	£7,524,000
1867	3,659,000	915,000	2,744,000
1868	10,190,000	2,547,000	7,643,000
1869	9,053,000	2,263,000	6,790,000
1870	4,507,000	1,127,000	3,380,000
1871	8,687,000	2,172,000	6,515,000
1872	10,989,000	2,747,000	8,242,000
1873	7,808,000	1,952,000	5,856,000
1874	11,448,000	2,862,000	8,586,000
1875	6,304,000	1,576,000	4,728,000

On condensing these figures and comparing them with the world's production of silver we find that, though the absorbing power of "the East" has increased during the past five years, it has not prevented large sums being

¹ Mr. Hendricks has stated, in the *Daily News*, that this estimate is too high.

thrown on the market because of the increased production:—

	Five Years.	Annual Average Production.	Annual Average Absorption in the East.	Surplus Annual Production.
1866—70	£9,920,000	...	£5,616,000	£4,304,000
1871—75	13,700,000	...	6,785,000	6,915,000

It is evident, then, that the world has an increased supply as compared with that of five years ago, and when we compare the production in 1875—viz. 16 millions—with the Eastern absorption—4 $\frac{3}{4}$ millions—we have a rate of supply grown out of all proportion with the rate of demand. This, we may safely say, goes far to explain the panic fall in silver. Is the fall justified by the facts, or is it merely the result of panic, and therefore temporary?

4. The price of silver means the *gold* price of that marketable metal. Now it is quite possible that the gold price of an article should fall, and yet that the article should be no more abundant, or the estimation in which it is held no lower than before; its *intrinsic* value may be unaltered, but its value as compared with gold may have, at the same time, fallen merely because gold becomes scarcer and more valuable of itself. A soldier, 5ft. 9in. in height, is no shorter because the standard height of his regiment is raised to 5ft. 10in., but he is degraded nevertheless. Similarly, a man with a sovereign in his possession may refuse to take twenty shillings in exchange, not because he thinks worse of the shillings, but better of his sovereign. There is no doubt that gold has been "appreciated" of late years—partly because of the very same change in the German currency which helped to make silver abundant, while it made gold scarce—and if silver had remained as before, it would, with as little doubt, have fallen in value as compared with the increased value of gold. Gold, in commerce, plays the part of a measure—say a sack or a pint, a corn-dealer's bushel or a chemist's graduated phial; when sacks become scarce, more goods are crowded into each available sack. If you were, at such a time, to get a sack of potatoes,

it would possibly contain more potatoes than at a time when sacks were abundant; if you buy a sovereign's worth of silver you might, similarly, get better measure at one period than another. But the value of gold varies little after all; and if you find that prices, expressed in gold, have fallen, it is almost safe to conclude that the depreciated article has really become either more abundant or less prized than before. In the case of silver there cannot be the least doubt on the point; for we have on the one side an increased supply, and on the other a diminished demand. We have seen that Germany has much silver (say half of the fifteen millions already alluded to) to throw upon the market; that America has an increased supply to offer; and more than all that, there is a panic about the price of silver, and no one will "touch" it in the market. We see in the case of silver now what we saw in that of gold after the discoveries of 1848. In India gold began to be so abundant and cheap, that debts, it was feared, would be paid in gold instead of silver, until the Government acted on the fear, and made silver the only legal tender. In Holland so much fear existed that gold would fall in value that the Dutch actually changed their standard and currency to silver, in order to escape the loss which threatened holders of gold. But there is this difference. Now that it is silver which is plentiful, and not gold, we can find no country ready to make shift with silver in place of the more precious, portable, and generally more convenient metal. On the contrary, every country shuns silver, and will continue to do so, at least until it can be seen to what extent the fall will go.

This "at least" is what has chiefly to be looked at in the way of comfort for those who stand to receive their incomes in silver for the next few years. At present, France, Italy, Belgium, Switzerland, and Greece are in a state of indecision about coining silver. Those countries, which represent the Latin Currency Union, have agreed

during the years 1874—6 to coin silver to no more than the following extent:—

	1874. Million Francs.	1875. Million Francs.	1876. Million Francs.
France	60	75	54
Italy	60	50	36
Belgium	12	15	10.8
Switzerland ...	8	10	7.2
Greece	—	—	15
TOTAL.....	140	150	123

The Latin Currency Union are evidently in a state of panic; they dread the influx of depreciated silver, and refuse to buy it for coinage, even to the extent they were willing to coin last year. And they are undecided, too, about adopting gold in place of silver, for that would entail the selling of much of the silver coinage already in their possession, and a heavy loss on its exchange into gold. In turn Holland, which went over to the silver standard when gold threatened to become cheap, has practically returned to gold as the legal measure of values now that it is silver which is depreciated. The upshot is that no European country using a metal currency is willing to take silver; each of them rather strives to bar it out; Germany, instead of taking it, is selling silver; England has little or no use for it except in the matter of manufactures and the arts; America is producing much more than she absorbs, for her money is of paper, and will never be silver to any great extent; Russia and Austria are too poor at present to buy silver, or anything else beyond their immediate requirements, especially when the metal is being scouted from some countries, and so lavishly produced in others that it threatens to come down almost to the level of brass for door-handles.

5. This brings us a step farther. It evidently is panic which has produced the sudden fall of the last few months—panic as to the American production, panic as to the capacity of the East to absorb the increased supply, and a third panic as to the future policy of States hampered with a silver currency, and undecided about adopting a gold one in

its place. We can therefore attempt to answer the other question concerning the *duration* of the unprecedented depression of the latter metal in the market. We know that, at a price, England will take silver largely for use in manufactures, France and the other countries of the Latin convention will re-open their mints (unless they decide in the interim to coin gold and not silver), and the market will begin to right itself. At a price, too, the mines of America will cease to produce heavy masses of silver, for the market price may easily fall too low to pay a profit on the cost of production. We also have some reason for hoping that India's power of absorption will soon increase to a more normal rate. And, lastly, silver having already fallen in value, the tendency in silver-standard countries must be for prices to rise; in that event, the quantity of money in circulation must also increase in such countries, and more silver must be used by them. These are the equalising forces which must begin to operate sooner or later. How soon or how late they will be in asserting themselves is a matter of opinion; but they will inevitably act on the price of silver before long, and with a steady effect.

In the meanwhile what is to be done? Clearly it is a very hard case for those who draw their incomes in silver to find that a sum which used to be worth 100% is now only equal to 85% more or less. An immense number of Indian pensioners are in this position; and so are thousands who subscribe to Indian "rupee" loans, the interest on which is paid in silver; so also are the Indian railways, the Indian Government itself, and in short all persons or corporations who are paid in silver and pay in gold. The materials which Indian railways or the Indian Government want, in order to carry on business, have to be largely imported from England, and therefore payments have to be made with the more precious metal, while the receipts in the way of traffic charges or taxes, as

the case may be, are in the currency of the country, viz. silver. The Manchester merchant, who ships cotton goods to India or China, knows that he will be paid for them in silver, and not in gold; he therefore has to put up with a percentage of loss caused by the depreciation of the former metal. He sends his goods; he draws a bill—say on Shanghai—against the consignment; he sells that bill in London for what it will fetch, but finds that it "fetches" very little in comparison to what it would have done ten years ago; for, though he may obtain as many taels as before for each hundred yards of shirtings, yet he must obtain more taels if he is to be compensated for the depreciated value of that coin. But the consignees cannot pay more taels to the extent required. Evidently there is wide-spread loss resulting from the decline in silver. The loss is undoubtedly a misfortune to all suffering it, but whether it is an injustice to any class is a question which the Select Committee, under Mr. Goschen's able direction, may take in hand to answer, and which we had rather refrain from touching on here.

But whatever injustice may be discovered in the loss which falls on those who receive fixed incomes in silver, it seems clear that any attempt to divert that loss from one class and burden another with it—to alter its incidence, that is—would give indisputable cause for complaint and increase the injustice, if any, which exists in the matter. The hardest case of all, and therefore the test most favourable of all which can be applied to the consideration of redress, is the case of holders of rupee loan stock; for not only is their interest reduced because silver is less valuable than before, but the market value of their stock has fallen heavily. Within the last year the 5½ per cent Indian rupee stock has sunk from a price as high as 103 to 85, which represents the fall in silver and the difference between the silver price—viz., par, or 100%,—and the gold price, which is 15 per cent lower, because

the value of silver had fallen 15 per cent at the time the price of the stock was at 85. Keeping this case of hardship in mind, then, we can proceed to discuss the propositions which are put forth for counteracting the effects of the fall in silver. The holders of rupee stocks state, with good reason and great plausibility, that the Indian Government, in making the contract with the subscribers to the loans, got full value at the time, and therefore the Indian Government should pay back full value when it pays off the loans in question. But this is an appeal *ad misericordiam*, for, had the case been altered and silver had risen instead of fallen in price, the stock-holders would naturally resist to the utmost any attempt to return them less silver than they had originally lent.

Of the propositions for radically mitigating the decline in silver, we may mention four, as being the least wild, but none of which appeals very strongly either to common sense or to a sense of justice. (1) A gold standard for India is advocated. What this means is that silver rupees shall no longer be legal tender for anything but small sums, that gold shall be coined and forced into circulation, and that debts in India, which were formerly payable in silver rupees, shall be payable in gold coins instead. In the first place, such a plan is impracticable, being, as it is, counter to the inherited notions of a slow and suspicious people. Conquered as they are, imbued with the fixed ideas of past ages, and averse to the despotic innovations of a new civilisation, it is *prima facie* useless to think of such a revolution. If the attempt were now made (and if it were necessary at all it would still be ineffective unless done quickly) it would be costly and inexpedient, because to suddenly sell off silver from India would reduce its price still lower than at present; and next, in order to obtain gold sufficient to supply India with a currency of the latter metal, we should have to squeeze the money-markets of the commercial world to an unbearable extent. To replace silver

with gold, we should have to buy in a dear market and look almost in vain for any market to sell in. (2) A somewhat similar proposal has been broached, to the end that silver, and especially silver in India, shall not be so fruitful a cause of loss to all who touch it as of late has been, and continues to be, the case; this is, that larger and more valuable silver rupees shall be coined by the Government and paid to those to whom it owes money in place of the present coin of that name. This plan escapes the criticism that the adoption of gold is subject to, inasmuch as it would not accelerate the fall in silver; but in other respects much can be said against it. To carry it out, all the old rupees in India—250,000,000*l.* worth—would have to be exchanged into as many newly-minted and larger rupees. Why should the Indian Government bear the loss, and who is to if it do not? If the burden be not borne by that Government, the new plan will be like arranging for every one to pay debts in eight half-crowns to the sovereign instead of ten florins; nobody will think of paying ten heavy pieces when the bargain was made for payment in the lighter ones; but if the burden were placed on the Indian Government, and the latter should undertake to pay, so to speak, a half-crown where it used to pay a florin, it would be enduring loss upon loss. In addition to losing upon what it pays in gold—which loss is annually over a million sterling at the present rate of exchange—the Indian Government would lose also upon its silver payments, and bring the loss up to five or six millions annually on its total annual expenditure. The proposal, if it seeks to avoid such loss to the Government, must include all creditors in India; but who is to say—Debtors, pay the new big rupees, although you contracted to pay the old small ones? and what would be the result of such despotism? In the name of all that is unpractical and impracticable may we ask where the line is to be drawn? It also would be manifestly quite impossible to single out certain classes of creditors and to

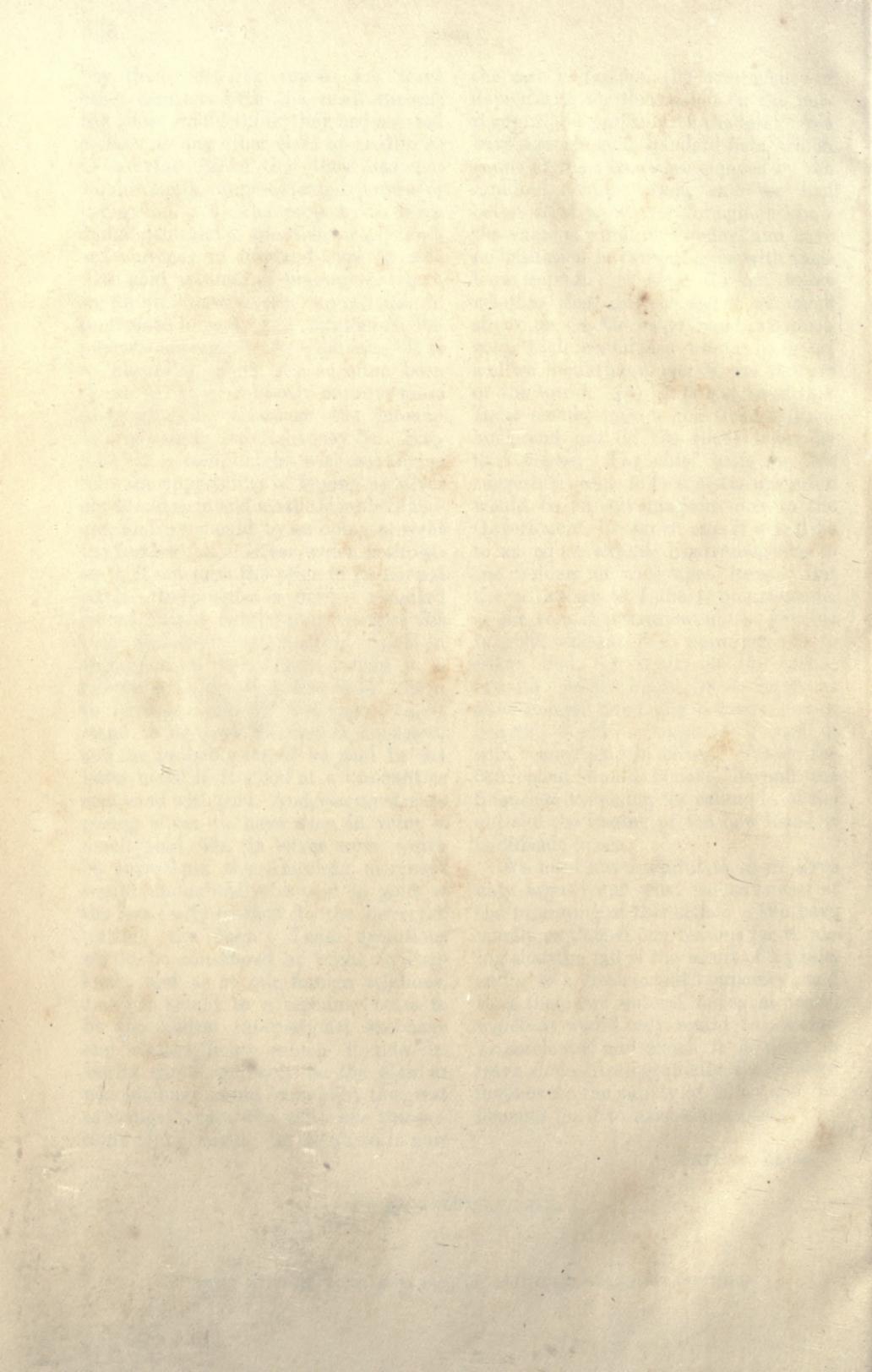
pay them with big rupees and leave other creditors with the small rupees; the latter would think they had as good a claim as any other class of creditors; to convince them that they had not would require unprecedented powers of persuasion. (3) The proposal to leave India alone and to adopt silver as standard currency in England side by side with gold is another suggestion, which we do not know whether to call mad in preference to cool, or to consider its impudence superior to its wildness. It is an absurdity which has so often been shown up that it hardly requires more demonstration whatever the circumstances calling it to light may be. England, it is said, might with advantage seize the opportunity of buying up silver cheap and so introduce the Double Standard, and we should by so doing prevent the further fall of silver which is threatened, if not raise the price to its normal pitch. In practice a double standard means that a debtor may exercise his judgment about paying silver or gold in settlement of his debts. Under it, a merchant in America who sold cotton to Liverpool for $3\frac{1}{2}$ sovereigns might stand to be paid 70s. in silver instead, and he probably *would* be paid in the latter metal if it stood at a discount as compared with gold. And, *vice versa*, supposing silver to have risen in value so much that 69s. in silver were worth $3\frac{1}{2}$ sovereigns, the American merchant would undoubtedly be paid in gold as the less costly method (to the buyer) of settling the debt. These operations would be considered as tricks in England; and as to our foreign relations, London would to a certainty cease to be the central international exchange and clearing-house which it now is. Berlin would probably be the place at which money would be kept by the great exchange houses who settle the transactions of the world; for there, as is now

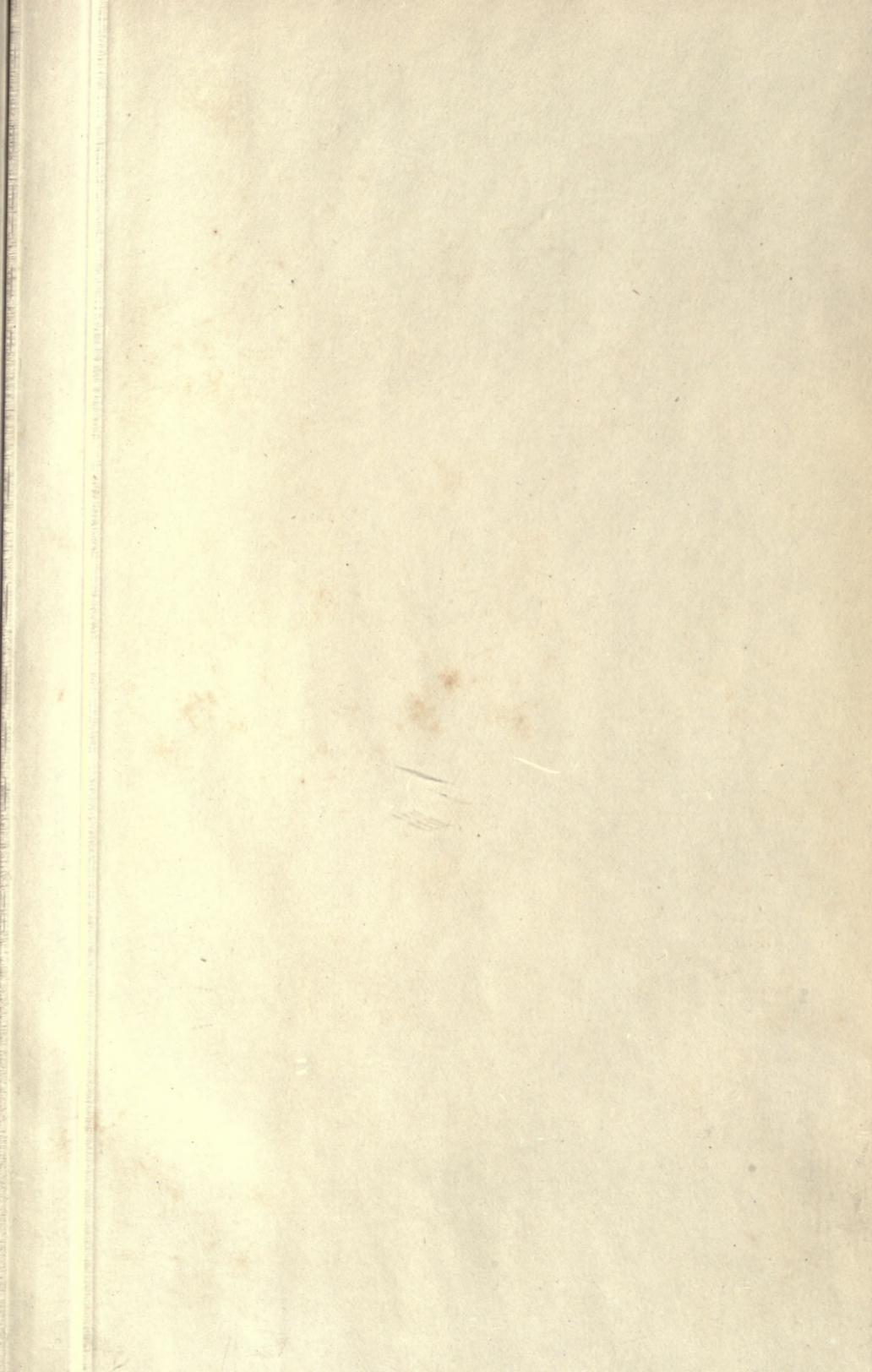
the case in London, the contingency of depreciation or fluctuation in the currency would probably be the least. We have a single gold standard here, which is one of the advantages enjoyed by the London money-market, and we had better stick to it; for foreigners know the value of a bill on London, and have no hesitation in intrusting us with their loose capital. If they did not know whether their money meant so much silver, or, on the other hand, so much gold, their confidence would be gone, and we should no longer be the bankers of the world. (4) It is suggested that India should raise a gold loan in England, and pay off the rupee loans by that means. The chief basis for this suggestion seems to be that the operation would be an advantageous one to the Government, in which case it would be to an equal extent disadvantageous to the holders of the rupee loans. But the advantage to India is questionable, as the annual interest would be payable in gold, whereas it is now payable in silver, and the drain on the public revenue would really be as great as now, though nominally a lower rate of interest would be required if paid in gold than if paid in silver. Whom the conversion would benefit, beyond the financiers managing the calling-in of the old and the issuing of the new loans, it is difficult to see.

We need not recapitulate, as we have only argued out what we advanced at the beginning of this article. We have merely explained our reasons for thinking that the fall is the result of a panic, and is to a great extent temporary; and that there are natural forces at work, which it would only retard to attempt to accelerate, and which it is wiser to leave alone. Acting quietly, these forces must cause the supply of silver and the demand for it to meet—at a price.

ARTHUR ELLIS.

END OF VOLUME XXXIII.





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